The English Illustrated Magazine

Annie Clark

"Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white."—KEATS.

Engraved by E. SCHLADITZ, *from a Picture by* G. LESLIE, R.A.

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The English Illustrated Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1883.

THE COURT OF APPEAL.

FROM THE OLD LAW COURTS TO THE NEW.

THERE were some persons perhaps who on the 4th of December last, when the Queen went in pomp to open the new Law Courts, betook themselves not to the new hall, but to the old. Possibly they had no choice but to put up with the less gorgeous of the two pageants, for they were neither jurors in the Belt case nor otherwise persons of mark. Or it may be they preferred to see the end of an old story—a very old story—to the beginning of a new. For such a choice there was something to be said. They may live to see many noteworthy sights in Mr. Street's new Courts; they will hardly see another procession of judges in Westminster Hall, and when the procession had passed, they may have felt that they had seen what was worth remembering. Not that there was any excuse for profound emotion, but still something had happened; the curtain had fallen on a scene which began who shall say how long ago? Possibly some readers may be so far like-minded with these spectators, that having seen through the artist's eye something of the judges as they sit in their new Courts, and being of the sound opinion that a good picture needs no bush of words, they will be willing to throw a glance back on Westminster Hall.

By a little manipulation of definitions it might be proved that the Courts have not left Westminster, and possibly the proof might satisfy a sentimental craving, for Westminster is the capital of England, and

has been so ever since England has had a capital. This is no place in which to discuss metes and bounds, only let us not think of London as having been the head of the realm and the laws. London from first to last is the stronghold of privilege, chartered and prescriptive; Westminster with no more organisation than that of a mere rural manor,

AN INTERESTED WITNESS.

becomes the home of Common Law, of law, that is, common to the whole land. In a word, London is civic; Westminster is national. Here, well outside the city (we must measure from Ludgate, not from the suburban bar near the Temple) was the king's palace, the centre of all national government. Here was the shrine of Edward the Confessor, whom events which happened after his death, rather than any merits of his own, had made the national saint, the saint of the Common Law. Here king after king promised to his people the laws of St. Edward. Even James the Second made the promise, and surely may be excused for breaking this part of his coronation oath, for if St. Edward had made any laws, and none which can be ascribed to him are forthcoming, they would hardly have met the wants of the polite seventeenth century. But let that be; Edward's law meant national English law, and Westminster was its home.

The great hall too, almost the only part of the old palace that is still standing, is, so far as we know, the very first building within which any English court of justice sat regularly and permanently. Courts had usually been held in the open air, and long after the King's Court had begun to sit within walls, the old local courts of the shire and the hundred were still held on heath or hill, beneath no covering but the sky. All that human negligence can do has been done to burn down the hall at Westminster. Thrice, at least, has the old palace been blazing in flames, in 1298, in 1512, in 1834, and smaller fires have there been without number. Late in the last century the House of Commons awoke to the fact that the hall was surrounded by buildings of the most inflammable sort, that taverns and coffee-houses had nestled themselves in against its western side, and against its very front, and that the kitchen of "the clerk to the deputy usher of the Court of Exchequer"—an official we must suppose of dreadful dignity, was smoking in close proximity. But negligence itself is not omnipotent, and the walls that Rufus built are still standing, walls of rubble work long since encased with newer masonry. Certainly the hall as Rufus built it must have been very different from the hall as we know it. He must have built in the majestic style of his day, the style of which Londoners have so fine an example in the Tower—a hall divided into a nave and aisles by massive pillars. The wonderful roof, the windows, the towers that flank the doorway, the flying buttresses now laid bare to view, and in short, the general look of the hall are the work of Richard the Second. The upper tier of windows and the doors along the western side are quite modern, and still more modern of course are the flight of stairs at the end of the hall and the whole building, St. Stephen's porch, which connects the hall with the new Houses of Parliament. Fears have been felt lest the roof should fall. In pictures of Lord Lovat's trial, we see it supported by wooden props which stand on the floor, and then we hear of the lead being stripped from its outside to make it lighter. But Richard's hall, if not William's hall, has braved time and fire and the restorer, and in December last the judges were leaving the first home of English law, and that home is still standing.

Yet this departure of the judges was but one stage in a process that has been going on for a long time. We can look back to an age when one and the same body—the King's Court—was the one central organ of all government, administrative and judicial. Very gradually it became many. The King's Court became different from the Exchequer, the Exchequer from the Treasury, the Privy Council from the King's Court, the Cabinet from the Privy Council, the Common Bench from the King's Bench.

This process we can see expressed in permanent terms of brick and mortar. The king's palace ceased to be the one place for all national business. Every offshoot of the King's Court found a new home for itself, and the buildings which now line Whitehall, the Government Offices as we call them, are the result. The king himself left his old abode for York House, or Whitehall Palace, for St. James's and elsewhere, and at length the old palace was the seat only of the highest Courts of Law and of the Parliament. We have lived to see one other change; the Courts have gone eastward. If they were to leave the hall, there was but one quarter to which they could go, for ever since there has been a lawyers' quarter it has been the district which lies between Gray's Inn and the river. Indeed, some thirty years ago the Chancery judges began the move, and have since sat in and near Lincoln's Inn, going to Westminster Hall only for a yearly pageant. At a much earlier date and by degrees the old dining hall of Lincoln's Inn became the place where the Chancellor sat out of term time. In this quarter too was the house, once a house of mercy for converted Jews, with which Edward the Third endowed the Master of the Rolls. The name of Cursitor Street marks an early settlement of Chancery officers, *clerici de cursu*, clerks who look after the matters of course. Here too were the serjeants' inns, the inns of court, the inns of chancery. By one means and another societies or guilds of lawyers became possessed of the Temple and of the inns or town houses which had once belonged to great families — Grays, Cliffords, Earls of Lincoln. Only very slowly did a town grow up around the palace of Westminster, and the lawyers had to find dwellings as near their Courts as conveniently might be. This quarter therefore was clearly the district destined from of old to surround the national judgment-seat, if ever that seat were removed from its old place.

PROBATE AND DIVORCE.

But the highest of all Law Courts, the House of Lords, has not yet left the spot where the old palace stood. At least its present chamber is very near that spot. This qualification we are obliged to add, because just before the judges bade farewell to the hall, some of them had been hearing much argument on the momentous question whether Lord Penzance sitting in Committee Room E was sitting within or without or athwart the very boundary of the old palace —a momentous question, for on the answer to it depended, as some supposed, the question whether his lordship could prohibit a clergyman from wearing certain antique vestments. But again we must refuse to discuss metes and bounds, and to us who are not concerned with the legality of chasubles the new palace at Westminster may well enough be the living representative of the old. So judicature and legislature are not yet quite disconnected, and an appeal still lies to the time-honoured place from the Courts which now sit between Lincoln's Inn and the Temple. In the old hall too, as one may suppose, a lord would be tried by his peers, and in the old hall too might be impeached any whom the Commons thought worth an impeachment. But an impeachment we are not likely to see, and we have hopes that our lords will refrain themselves from felony and from treason. The possibility

however that the hall may still be used for a state trial; will give us a good excuse for saying nothing of state trials—those great shows of justice for which the hall has been turned into a theatre; and we will speak of the hall as it looked when ordinary Courts of law were sitting therein to deal with the rights and wrongs of Styles and Nokes, and not of the hall as it looked when Strafford or Charles, Warren Hastings or the Duchess of Kingston, was at the bar in the midst of extraordinary galleries and upholsteries. And this may be well, for in general much more is known of the hall as decked out for some great occasion, than of its normal appearance.

THE REMAINS OF THE OLD COURTS.

Yet the old abodes of law and equity are the backgrounds of many famous scenes of which every one has to form some mental picture, and it is just as well that the picture should be tolerably correct. An elaborate print have we seen in which King Henry the Third is represented as confirming Magna Charta in front of the monstrous stone screen with which an architect of the eighteenth century was suffered to disfigure Westminster Hall. Without being pedants, and not hoping for perfect accuracy, we may wish to avoid such a blunder as this; but names endure, while the things for which they stand are slowly changing, and a familiar phrase may raise in our minds a picture quite false to fact. It may for instance give one a slight shock to think for the first time that there were English judges before there were wigs; but this of course is true. Judges and lawyers took to wigs when other men in a frivolous moment took to them; unfortunately they retained the silliest adornment that human head has yet invented for itself when even physicians and bishops had recovered their wonted sobriety. Indeed, when compared with the dresses which the judges sometimes wear, the wig is quite modern. A "survival," as the naturalist would say, of the really ancient head-dress may be seen in the little round black patch with a white border, which is to be found at the top of the wigs of those judges who are serjeants-at-law, a race which is now becoming extinct. This represents a white coif surmounted by a black cap. The

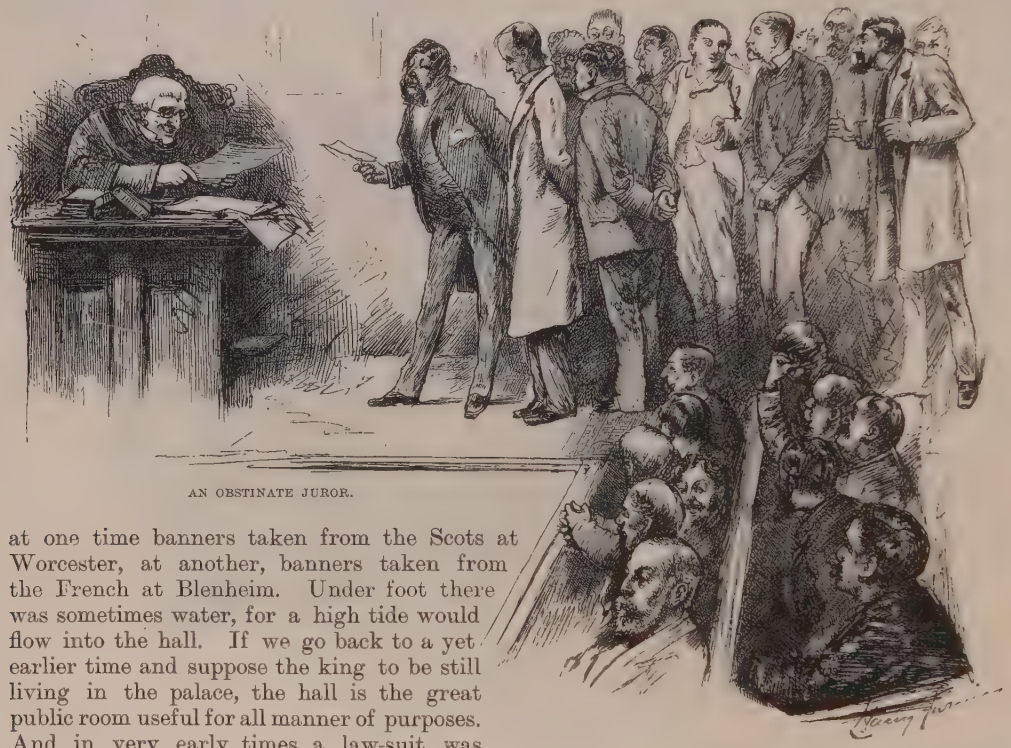
coif was a piece of white silk or lawn drawn over the back and top of the head, and the black cap is still, for some reason or other not known to us, produced at certain dread moments. Probably the history of the judges' robes is much the same as that of their wigs—they were once the ordinary garments worn by men of high station, but while other people changed the cut and colour of their clothes, the judges did not. However some at least of these robes are very old indeed. In an illuminated manuscript of the fifteenth century we may see the five judges of the King's Bench and the eight of the Common Pleas dressed in scarlet robes trimmed with white fur, very like, though not exactly like, those still worn, and we know that even at that date such garments were official and distinctive. A judge of the Queen's Bench Division has many dresses, and these he changes in more or less strict accordance with an elaborate ritual formally settled in 1635; the business in hand, the season of the year, the feasts of the Church, all help in determining what his vestments shall be. But we had better return from our digression, lest we show ignorance or worse.

Of course Westminster Hall was not built to be a mere receptacle for divers courts of justice, any more than St. Stephen's Chapel was built in order that the House of Commons might within its walls make for itself a mean and ugly room, and afterwards cut away those walls that saints and angels might give place to Irish members. The crypt of that chapel was not built for a coal-hole, and to place a kitchen in the middle of the cloister was a brilliant after-thought. Westminster Hall was just the great hall of the old palace. But it may be necessary to remind the reader, so swift are changes in London, that until lately, three out of those four great Courts that went to make up our new High Court of Justice, sat actually in the hall itself.

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE NEW HALL.

These three were the Chancery, the King's Bench, and the Common Pleas; the fourth, the Exchequer, had from of old its own chamber outside the hall. The chief fault, or rather misfortune, of the great hall that is the centre of Mr. Street's new Courts is that only a few jurymen and witnesses have ever any occasion to go there. The Courts which are ranged around it stand on a level much higher than its floor, and to that floor no judge or lawyer need even descend, nor may it be trodden by the mere spectator. But we must get rid of any notion of a silent, deserted, church-like building if we would think of Westminster Hall in old times; we

must even forget what Westminster Hall was until the other day—a vast ante-chamber to Courts which opened out of it. In the hall itself there sat three Courts hardly secluded from a throng of buyers and sellers, loungers and gossips. In the seventeenth and some part of the eighteenth century, the hall was lined by the stalls of booksellers, haberdashers, and the like, a gay, noisy place. The king had quitted the old palace after the fire of 1512, and, somehow or another, the right to let shops in the hall belonged to the Warden of the Fleet. Overhead there were banners; took up distinct positions in and near the hall, they soon appropriated, as it would seem, those stations in which we find them at the beginning of the last century. The hall, let it be remembered, lies almost due north and south at right angles to the Abbey. The great door is at the north end, and the side nearest the river is the east side. Now the Chancery and King's Bench were at the south end of the hall, the Chancery in the south-west corner, the King's Bench in the south-east. The Common Bench was against the west wall, near the north door. The



AN OBSTINATE JUROR.

at one time banners taken from the Scots at Worcester, at another, banners taken from the French at Blenheim. Under foot there was sometimes water, for a high tide would flow into the hall. If we go back to a yet earlier time and suppose the king to be still living in the palace, the hall is the great public room useful for all manner of purposes. And in very early times a law-suit was sometimes a most exciting scene. A litigant, if he could, would bring his friends to "maintain" him in less peaceful fashion than that in which Mr. Newdegate maintained Mr. Clarke. Words might lead to blows, and a free fight take place in the hall itself, in contempt of the king's majesty, and before the very eyes of his judges. On one occasion the defendant was left dying in the hall, while the plaintiff escaped pursued by a strenuous prince soon to be Edward the First. If you fought in Westminster Hall, you might lose your right hand, but the fear of this punishment was not always a sufficient restraint for hot-blooded suitors.

When the four great Courts, the judicial offspring of the omniparent King's Court, Exchequer was not in the hall, and therefore may for the moment be neglected. The three Courts which were in the hall took up but a small part of the area. The Chancery and King's Bench were raised upon a platform or daïs some feet above the floor of the hall. A few steps led to the middle of this platform, and there was a passage between the two Courts, which ended in a door through the south wall below the great window which has since been destroyed. That door recalled one of the tragedies of the hall. It had been made on the occasion of Strafford's trial, in order that the lords who were to try him might easily pass and repass to and from their own house, the ancient Parliament Chamber. Previously the outlets at this end

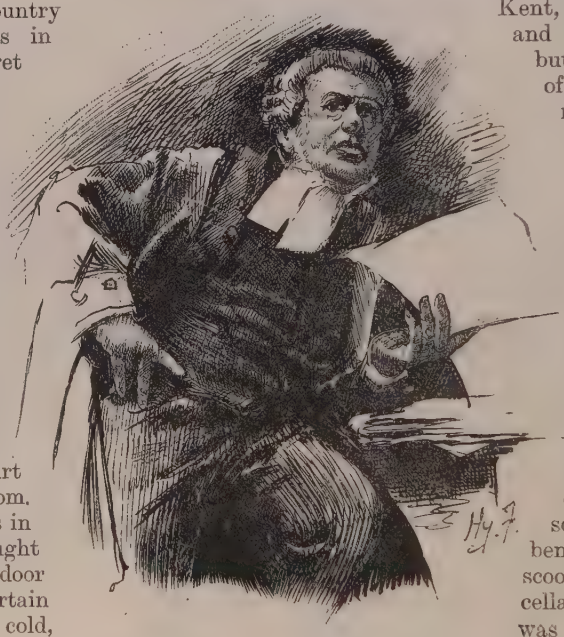
of the hall had been doors in the side walls, and by the way it may be said that at different times, and for different purposes, many doors have been cut in the walls, and again blocked up. The two Courts themselves must have been slight insignificant structures, mere inclosures like loose boxes or family pews, surrounded by a wooden partition but a few feet high. They could be boarded over and galleries raised above them when there was to be a state trial in the body of the hall. They could be removed altogether for a coronation banquet, and then the royal table occupied their platform. The passage between the King's Bench and the Chancery was but narrow, so that the wretched suitor who, having gone to law when he should have gone to equity, or to equity when he should have gone to law, was sent for his remedy to "the other side of Westminster Hall," had but a yard or two to go. In litigation, however, distance from your remedy must be reckoned not by the yard, but by the year, and so reckoned, the gulf between the two Courts was wide indeed. That gulf has now been filled up by wholesome legislation, and Mr. Street's new hall, though it may have four sides in fact, has but one side in law.

Just below these Courts we may see in old drawings a seat or two turned sideways. This is the side-bar where certain formal business was transacted, and "side-bar rules" are still made more than a century after the cause of their name has been swept away. At this side-bar too, even in Queen Anne's day, the judges used to put on and take off their robes in the sight of all men. They had not yet acquired luxurious retiring rooms. Several writers of the last century believed that underneath the platform or daïs of which we have spoken, there were still standing the great marble table at which the business of the Chancery had once been done, and the marble chair in which the chancellors had sat. What has become of them? This question has often been asked without provoking a reply. Perhaps the improver improved them away. Those who did not scruple to

"COURT FULL."

mutilate St. Stephen's Chapel would have had no pity for this ancient lumber. But the improver has so much to answer for touching his dealings at Westminster, that he shall have the benefit of a doubt.

Another inclosure similar to those already described fenced in the place of Common Pleas. It was, as already said, against the west wall near the great door. This, according to tradition, was the "certain place" to which the Great Charter had pointed. "Common Pleas" said King John, "shall not follow our Court, but shall be held in some certain place," that is to say, "If one subject has a suit against another, he shall not henceforth have to go tearing up and down the country for five long years in the attempt to get justice out of a hard-riding king, as Richard of Anesty, one of the early heroes of litigation, has lately done; no, he shall find justice seated in some well-known spot." Many will know the story, for Roger North told it, how Chief Justice Bridgeman refused to leave the hall and hold his Court in an adjoining room. When the wind was in the north, the draught from the great door might make the certain place disagreeably cold, still it was the certain place, and he might not sit elsewhere. Earlier judges had been less pedantic; when the hall was being repaired they sat in the neighbouring Abbey, and it seems that at least on one occasion the Common Bench was set up at York.



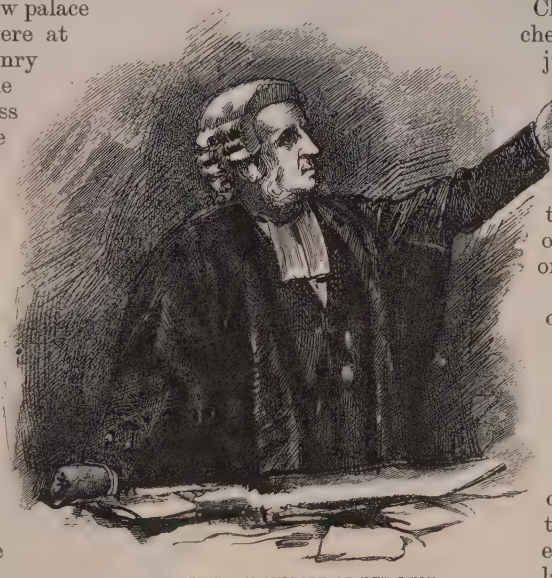
NEW TRIAL—IN SUPPORT OF THE VERDICT.

Just about the middle of the last century this certain place was finally abandoned. The Court retired to a room almost immediately behind the old spot, to which room access was had through an archway cut in the hall's western side. From one source we learn that this room was small and inconvenient, from another, that the archway was a great ogee archway, "silly and vulgar." At about the same time, more permanent and pretentious abodes were built for the Chancery and King's Bench, but each retained its old corner.

A stone screen was built across the hall about one-sixth of the way from the south end, with two tiers of windows in it, and a doorway in the middle approached by a short flight of steps. An indignant antiquary says of this structure that it was a farrago of pinnacles and pine-apples, pointed compartments and ogee arches, buttresses and balustrades, a Grecian entablature and French ornaments. Prints, happily rare (for the inside of the hall has seldom been sketched, except when this strange erection has been hidden by the trappings of a state trial), fully bear out this description. The designer, it is said, was William Kent, painter, architect and landscape gardener, but the only designs of his seen by us are not quite so horrible as the thing that was actually built. Anything less in keeping with the simple hall than this mass of florid confectionery may not be imagined. Having gone up the steps which led to the doorway, one entered the Court of King's Bench on the level of the judges' seats, so that the barristers' benches seemed to be scooped out as in a cellar. What light there was came in from on high; and we are told that the place had a vault-like look, the look of a prison, not of a court. A skylight there must have been, for in 1785 it fell down, perhaps in compliance with Lord Mansfield's favourite adjuration (*fiat justitia, ruat coelum*), but certainly there was also a window high up in the west wall. The judges sat against the south wall just below the three kingly statues which looked down into the court from their canopied niches. All accounts make it a dismal place.

By the way it should be said that each of these Courts needed but one room. We are now sometimes driven into roundabout phrases by the double meaning of the word *Court*. We have to say that in Mr. Street's buildings the Court of Appeal has two courts,

and the High Court of Justice some fifteen courts, and must then explain ourselves as meaning that certain rooms are used by certain judges for certain business. No such difficulty was there until recent days. The Court of King's Bench did not split itself up into sections, each of which wanted a place for itself. Each Court had its court and all its judges sat in a row. Sometimes there might be as many as eight, but gradually four became the fixed number for each Court of Common Law. Even in the Chancery it was only by degrees that the Master of the Rolls became an independent judge—formerly he was but an assessor of the Chancellor, and the Vice-Chancellors have but a very brief history. It may seem strange, but it is true, that there are hardly more judges in our new palace to-day than there were at Westminster in Henry the Sixth's time, while the amount of business to be done must have increased a hundredfold. Among the many explanations of this fact we may here remember that the Courts then sat during a very small part of the year, and then only for three hours in the day—eight o'clock to eleven—and that it took the whole Court to decide any question of law. Also it may be remembered to the credit of the present age, that almost all the great changes which have made our procedure vastly different from that of the fifteenth century are the work of the last sixty years. Blackstone would be much more at home in the Court of King's Bench as it was under Edward the Fourth than in the High Court of Justice as it is under Queen Victoria. But we must go back to Westminster Hall.



NEW TRIAL—IN SUPPORT OF THE RULE.

The Exchequer buildings lay right and left of the hall's north door, and fronted New Palace Yard. Just inside that door there were staircases which led up to the main rooms of those buildings. The staircase on the left as one entered the hall was the way into the Receipt of the Exchequer. Here, down to recent days (a statute of William the Third gives us a good picture) they kept the king's treasure, which was also the national treasure, in a box with three locks; and they kept the national accounts by means of wooden tallies, the burning of which was some day to bring the old palace to the ground; and tellers and chamberlains clerk of the pells and clerk of the pipe, performed, or were supposed to perform (for there were comfortable sinecures in the Exchequer), the old duties in the old rude way according to the ancient course of the Exchequer, very much the course known to Henry the Second. But now the ancient Exchequer has been supplanted by its offspring the all-regulating Treasury, and for the most part our modern financial system is very modern indeed. It is however but eight years ago that the Chancellor of the Exchequer ceased to be a judge, and to handsel his office by hearing a case for form's sake.

By these stairs, too, one came to other Courts, and to one of evil name—the Star Chamber; so called, says popular etymology, because the roof must have been adorned with stars; so called, thinks erudition, because in this part of the old Exchequer the Jews, not yet expelled from England, had to deposit their starra, or as we might say, register their bills of sale, since *starrum* is excellent Anglo-Hebræo-Latin for a written bond or covenant. However that may be, the Star Chamber of modern times, the chamber that was standing in 1834, seems to have been a room of Elizabeth's time, scarcely older therefore than the days which made it infamous. The other, the western staircase, led to the great Exchequer Chamber. Here the barons of the Exchequer sat as a Court of law. This room was sometimes called Elizabeth's Breakfasting Room; above were rooms known as the Tudor Nurseries, and below, rooms in which records might conveniently rot. The front to Palace Yard was seemingly of the Tudor time, but there was much older work within—arches in the earliest pointed style—says one who saw

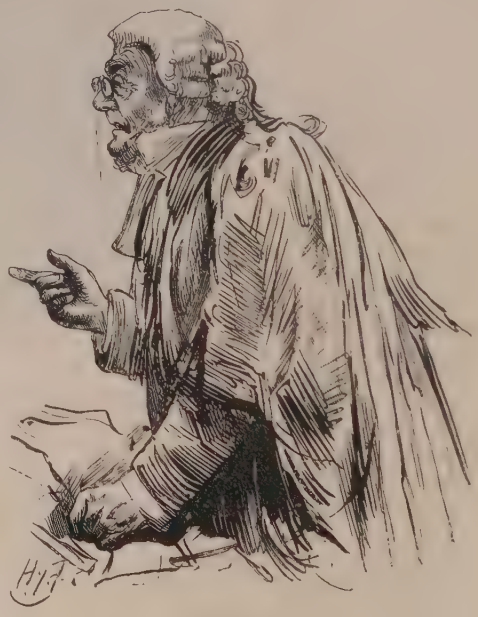
them in the present century. This is supported by a print which shows how the sheriffs of London for 1811 were presented to the Court. It is a fine large room. Immediately below the judges' bench stands

A VICE-CHANCELLOR.

a great square table covered with a chequered cloth, a reminder of days when such a cloth (useful when money is to be counted) gave its name to the King's Exchequer. On the table lie the horse-shoes, nails, and knives with which the City of London still pays rent to the king for certain lands, which, if we mistake not, it has long since ceased to hold—but mummery is immortal.

These Exchequer buildings stretched much further west than did the Courts which have just been demolished. Suppose yourself walking from Whitehall to the east end of Henry the Seventh's chapel, the route you now take was obstructed by these buildings, and to gain your end you would have had to pass down a narrow lane, St. Margaret's Lane, which by successive widenings became first St. Margaret's Street and afterwards the present broad thoroughfare. Somewhere in these buildings were the ancient tenements called Purgatory and Hell. At first they seem to be subterranean rooms under the Exchequer, some say under the hall, but in course of time the names are transferred to neighbouring taverns, and then we begin to hear of a Heaven also, and small wit makes merry. Very likely the king's debtors could once have told why certain cells near the Exchequer should have grim names. Some seventy years ago the keys of Hell were still in official keeping, and indeed it is nearly certain that Hell was a prison.

But George the Fourth came to the throne, and was to be crowned with more than ordinary splendour, the champion of England riding into the hall on a piebald horse obtained from Astley's amphitheatre, and so forth. This seems to have brought to an issue a long projected plan for removing from the Hall the King's Bench and the Chancery. Many designs for new Courts and new Houses of Parliament may yet be seen, for George the Fourth delighted in sumptuous buildings, and actually got built for himself a gorgeous approach to the House of Lords, a Scala Regia in the newest Grecian, or as some said Bœotian style. However, the more magnificent of these designs were not fulfilled, but it was decided that Sir John Soane should build new Law Courts along the western side of the hall. The undertaking was difficult, for there were buildings already upon the site. Along the north stood the Exchequer buildings, while further south was a building "in the Roman style," designed by Kent some time in the eighteenth century which provided a

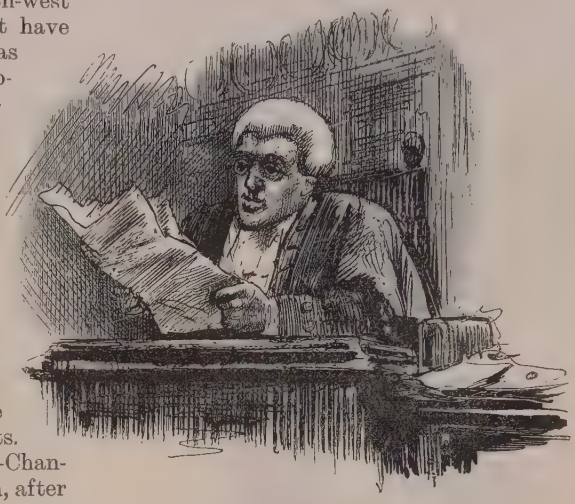


LINCOLN'S INN.

record office for the King's Bench and committee rooms for the House of Commons. It was decided to sacrifice the Exchequer Chamber and incorporate Kent's work; surely an unhappy choice.

Between 1820 and 1824 the work went on and Soane's new courts projected into

Palace Yard beyond the front of Westminster Hall. Then there was a storm in the House of Commons; a committee of taste was appointed, condemned this northward projection, insisted that it must be pulled down, and procured the substitution of that piece of would-be Gothic with an octagonal tower at its north-west angle, which Londoners can hardly yet have forgotten. What we have known as the Law Courts was therefore a composite mass, one part, the southern, considerably older than the rest. To this Soane added a new wing, while the most northerly part of all was tacked on at the bidding of the House of Commons. The internal arrangement was due to Soane, and few who remember the old rooms and now look back at the small area that they covered, and notice how that area is cut up into sections by the great buttresses of the Hall, will deny that the arrangement was clever. There were some subsequent rearrangements. Courts were made for the new Vice-Chancellors up many flights of stairs. Then, after



IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.

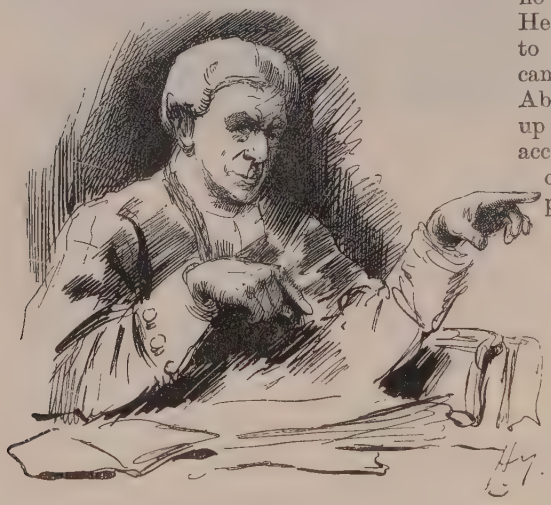
Q.C., M.P.

an interval, the Chancery went off to Lincoln's Inn, where learned judges, as their numbers increased, could be accommodated with a turret or a shed. On the other hand, Probate and Divorce were brought to Westminster from the old Courts Christian in Doctors' Commons and elsewhere.

There was a very general outcry against the new Courts. The predecessors of the gentlemen who last winter regretted aloud the accustomed conveniences of their old home, declared that home intolerable, and even threatened that they would not sit in it. There was no room for the bar, the press, the public; no libraries, no coffee rooms, no waiting place but the chilly hall. One open-mouthed critic denounced the judges' retiring-room as "ugly and gloomy like one of the infernal hells of the Spanish Inquisition." Probably there was the same sort of fuss when the King's Court first left the fresh air to sit within walls; probably there will be the same sort of fuss when the next new law courts are built, and when we consider what human nature is it must be admitted that complaints of Mr. Street's work have indeed been both few and insignificant. Soane defended himself. The fault lay, he said, with the House of Commons, which had mutilated his design and even pulled down what he had built. Let us say no more of a controversy long since forgotten, save that Soane gave it as his opinion, and surely a sound opinion, that no building should abut on Westminster Hall. His courts are demolished; the side of the hall is open to view; may it remain so always.

Here we might end, but some acquaintance with books about Westminster Hall has borne in upon us that every writer who makes that hall his theme, is, or thinks

himself, expected to paint some word-pictures in that vivid allusive style, which is now so fashionable and withal so cheap. A judicious reader knows that the inevitable passage beginning with "Here Burke thundered and here Rufus supped" will come upon him sooner or later. But such flights are altogether beyond our powers, and if for the sake of conformity we mention a single scene, it shall be for the sake of one who played but a mute part in it, and of whom the historians of the hall have never a word to say, but who nevertheless, had of all men the best right to be remembered on the 4th of December, 1882. On the 21st of February, 1764, in the old King's Bench Court, which was then in the south-east corner of the hall, John Wilkes was tried (he was not in court, but safe away



TRYING A SPORTING CASE.

in France) for publishing a seditious libel, No. 45 of the *North Briton*, tried before Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of England. On the same day the City of London was voting its freedom to Mansfield's great rival, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Sir Charles Pratt, soon to be Lord Camden, for had he not been defending the liberties of the subject with copious eloquence? Altogether it was an exciting day in Westminster Hall, and the tide of popular admiration for Wilkes and Liberty was running high. But of Wilkes and his judges and his prosecutors nothing shall here be said; they are well known, and there was one in court who at the present moment is more memorable than any of them. Just below the bench were four seats on which Lord Mansfield suffered law students to sit, and to those students he would from time to time explain in his courteous way a few points of law. On this day one of these seats was filled, for almost the first time, by Jeremy Bentham, then aged sixteen. He was learning to admire Lord Mansfield, and even to write verse in his praise:—

"Hail, noble Mansfield! chief among the just,
The bad man's terror and the good man's trust."

But he was to write prose in good time, prose of the most prosaic kind, and not in praise of Lord Mansfield or Lord Camden or any other judge or lawyer, but prose that would do more towards changing the whole aspect of English law than ever was written by any other; yet if we would see him in the home of English law we must look to no higher seat than this students' bench. He had for the greater part of his long life to preach to deaf ears, but gradually men came round to his opinions one by one. About a century after he seriously took up his pen, one of his larger projects was accomplished, and law and equity became one. Just half a century after he laid that pen down, a court, which he would have called "omnicompetent," left Westminster Hall for a new home.

Perhaps a writer skilled in metaphors might give us some notion of what English law was like at the beginning of the present century, by comparing it to that pile of buildings over which we have cast our eyes. A comparison of this sort would not be very new, but still might be worth his making. We might be asked to notice how an architect employed to build law courts is hampered by old buildings. Here is an Exchequer Chamber refronted in the Tudor time, but with pointed arches inside, there is a more modern building "in the Roman style," and one or both, fit emblems of Common Law and Equity, must be incorporated in the new work. Then there are those flying buttresses; these must at all hazard be retained, or the roof which Richard built for William's Hall will collapse, and those buttresses will determine the ground plan of every court. The walls of that hall are themselves a history of English law. The core is old English rubble work, "the rudest sort of rubble work laid nearly at random, and embedded in an abundance of mortar;" it is cased with stone brought from Caen in Normandy, and repaired with stone brought recently from Bath. Open any window, cut any doorway, pull down any wainscot, and

you may find some grotesque carving, battered statue, faded picture. Dig deep enough and you will lay bare, so it is said, the foundations wrought by the Confessor himself. All this must, if possible, be left as it is. You must not disturb the gorgeous royal staircase wherein your king delights, and the antiquaries will be wroth if you touch the ancient tenement called Hell. It is all wonderfully interesting, but very perplexing to one who has to build law courts.

As a matter of fact, however, our rulers had been ruthless with old buildings, tender with old laws. They would deface St. Stephen's chapel, but leave untouched the thousand absurd archaisms of which the laws were full. So judicial builders had, like Sir John Soane, to build where they could and how they could. They could not pull down so they had to evade. Perhaps a little room could be made under one of the flying buttresses, or a narrow passage carried round outside it. A very large part of the law was made up of fictions, the object of which was to circumvent rules which were once convenient but had long since become mere public nuisances. Of these things no account, not even the shortest, shall here be given; perhaps they are as well known as they deserve to be. But no one spoke against them, no one wrote against them, no one thought seriously about them. The buttresses had always been there, would always be there, were bulwarks of Church and State, of order and liberty, and therefore were to be circumvented as cleverly as might be. A new site was wanted, a site not incumbered by historical curiosities, interesting but obstructive.

The buildings that have just been pulled down at Westminster were used as Law Courts for just about sixty years, and the most eventful sixty years in the history of English law. It were hardly too much to say that within that short space of time the whole law has been re-fashioned. Not that changes are at an end—so much at least we may foretell, though we dare not say what those changes will be. But the debt incurred by a century and a half of neglect and indifference has been well-nigh paid; legislation has now rather to keep pace with national life than to overtake it. Thus the ceremony of last December may well mark an epoch. To the nation's irreparable loss that epoch has been but too plainly marked in a sadder way. Many must remember with regret that as the architect did not live to see the accomplishment of his grandest work, so while that work was nearing its completion, there passed away in quick succession one great judge after another, each of whom had laboured to make the law of England worthy of a well-ordered house built on a fair new plan, and that hardly had the new Courts been consecrated to the cause of sure and speedy and modern justice, by a few judgments of Sir George Jessel, before he also found in death that rest which in life he had never allowed himself if there was any work to be done.

F. W. Maitland.

THE NEW MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

LES CASQUETTES.

I.

FROM the depths of the waters that lighten and darken
With change everlasting of life and of death,
Where hardly by noon if the lulled ear hearken
It hears the sea's as a tired child's breath,
Where hardly by night if an eye dare scan it
The storm lets shipwreck be seen or heard,
As the reefs to the waves and the foam to the granite
Respond one merciless word,

II.

Sheer seen and far, in the sea's live heaven,
A sea-mew's flight from the wild sweet land,
White-plumed with foam if the wind wake, seven
Black helms as of warriors that stir not stand.
From the depths that abide and the waves that environ
Seven rocks rear heads that the midnight masks;
And the strokes of the swords of the storm are as iron
On the steel of the wave-worn casques.

III.

Be night's dark word as the word of a wizard,
Be the word of dawn as a god's glad word,
Like heads of the spirits of darkness visored
That see not for ever, nor ever have heard,
These basnets, plumed as for fight or plumeless,
Crowned of the storm and by storm discrowned,
Keep ward of the lists where the dead lie tombless
And the tale of them is not found.

IV.

Nor eye may number nor hand may reckon
The tithes that are taken of life by the dark,
Or the ways of the path, if doom's hand beckon,
For the soul to fare as a helmless bark—

Fare forth on a way that no sign showeth,
Nor aught of its goal or of aught between;
A path for her flight which no fowl knoweth,
Which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

V.

Here still, though the wave and the wind seem lovers
Lulled half asleep by their own soft words,
A dream as of death in the sun's light hovers,
And a sign in the motions and cries of the birds.
Dark auguries and keen from the sweet sea-swallows
Strike noon with a sense as of midnight's breath,
And the wing that flees and the wing that follows
Are as types of the wings of death.

VI.

For here, when the night roars round, and under
The white sea lightens and leaps like fire,
Acclaimed of storm and applauded in thunder,
Sits death on the throne of his crowned desire.
Yea, hardly the hand of the god might fashion
A seat more strong for his strength to take,
For the might of his heart and the pride of his passion
To rejoice in the wars they make.

VII.

When the heart in him brightens with blitheness of battle
And the depth of its thirst is fulfilled with strife,
And his ear with the ravage of bolts that rattle,
And the soul of death with the pride of life,
Till the darkness is loud with his dark thanksgiving
And wind and cloud are as chords of his hymn,
There is nought save death in the deep night living,
And the whole night worships him.

VIII.

Heaven's height bows down to him, signed with his token,
And the sea's depth, moved as a heart that yearns,
Heaves up to him, strong as a heart half broken,
A heart that breaks in a prayer that burns.

Of cloud is the shrine of his worship moulded,
But the altar therein is of sea-shaped stone,
Whereon, with the strength of his wide wings folded,
Sits death in the dark, alone.

IX.

He hears the word of his servant spoken,
The word that the wind his servant saith;
Storm writes on the front of the night his token,
That the skies may seem to bow down to death.
But the clouds that stoop and the storms that minister
Serve but as thralls that fulfil their tasks;
And his seal is not set save here on the sinister
Crests reared of the crownless casques.

X.

Nor flame nor plume of the storm that crowned them
Gilds or quickens their stark black strength.
Life lightens and murmurs and laughs right round them,
At peace with the noon's whole breadth and length,
At one with the heart of the soft-souled heaven,
At one with the life of the kind wild land:
But its touch may unbrace not the strengths of the seven
Casques hewn of the storm-wind's hand.

XI.

No touch may loosen the black braced helmlets
For the wild elves' heads of the wild waves wrought.
As flowers on the sea are her small green realmlets,
Like heavens made out of a child's heart's thought;
But these as thorns of her desolate places,
Strong fangs that fasten and hold lives fast:
And the vizors are framed as for formless faces
That a dark dream sees go past.

XII.

Of fear and of fate are the frontlets fashioned,
And the heads behind them are dire and dumb.
When the heart of the darkness is scarce impassioned,
Thrilled scarce with sense of the wrath to come,
They bear the sign from of old engraven,
Though peace be round them and strife seem far,
That here is none but the night-wind's haven,
With death for the harbour bar.

XIII.

Of the iron of doom are the casquets carven,
That never the rivets thereof should burst.
When the heart of the darkness is hunger-starven,
And the throats of the gulfs are agape for thirst,
And stars are as flowers that the wind bids wither,
And dawn is as hope struck dead by fear,
The rage of the ravenous night sets hither,
And the crown of her work is here.

XIV.

All shores about and afar lie lonely,
But lonelier are these than the heart of grief,
These loose-linked rivets of rock, whence only
Looks one low tower from the sheer main reef,
With a blind wan face in the wild wan morning,
With a live lit flame on its brows by night,
That the lost may lose not its word's mute warning
And the blind by its grace have sight.

XV.

Here, walled in with the wide waste water,
Grew the grace of a girl's lone life,
The sea's and the sea-wind's foster-daughter
And peace was hers in the main mid strife.
For her were the rocks clothed round with thunder,
And the crests of them carved by the storm-smith's craft:
For her was the mid storm rent in sunder
As with passion that wailed and laughed.

XVI.

For her the sunrise kindled and scattered
The red rose-leaflets of countless cloud:
For her the blasts of the springtide shattered
The strengths reluctant of waves back-bowed.
For her would winds in the mid sky levy
Bright wars that hardly the night bade cease:
At noon, when sleep on the sea lies heavy,
For her would the sun make peace.

XVII.

Peace rose crowned with the dawn on golden
Lit leagues of triumph that flamed and smiled:
Peace lay lulled in the moon-beholden
Warm darkness making the world's heart mild.

For all the wide waves' troubles and treasons,
One word only her soul's ear heard
Speak from stormless and storm-rent seasons,
And nought save peace was the word.

XVIII.

All her life waxed large with the light of it,
All her heart fed full on the sound:
Spirit and sense were exalted in sight of it,
Compassed and girdled and clothed with it round.
Sense was none but a strong still rapture,
Spirit was none but a joy sublime,
Of strength to curb and of craft to capture
The craft and the strength of Time.

XIX.

Time lay bound as in painless prison
There, closed in with a strait small space.
Never thereon as a strange light risen
Change had unveiled for her grief's far face.
Three white walls flung out from the basement
Girt the width of the world whereon
Gazing at night from her frame-lit casement
She saw where the dark sea shone.

XX.

Hardly the breadth of a few brief paces,
Hardly the length of a strong man's stride,
The small court flower-lit with children's faces
Scarce held scope for a bird to hide.
Yet here was a man's brood reared and hidden
Between the rocks and the tower and the foam,
Where peril and pity and peace were bidden
As guests to the same sure home.

XXI.

Here would pity keep watch for peril,
And surety comfort his heart with peace.
No flower save one, where the reefs lie sterile,
Gave of the seed of its heart's increase.
Pity and surety and peace most lowly
Were the root and the stem and the bloom of the flower:
And the light and the breath of the buds kept holy
That maid's else blossomless bower.

XXII.

With never a leaf but the seaweed's tangle,
Never a bird's but the sea-mew's note,
It heard all round it the strong storms wrangle,
Watched far past it the waste wrecks float.
But her soul was stilled by the sky's endurance,
And her heart made glad with the sea's content;
And her faith waxed more in the sun's assurance
For the winds that came and went.

XXIII.

Sweetness was brought for her forth of the bitter
Sea's strength, and light of the deep sea's dark,
From where green lawns on Alderney glitter
To the bastioned crags of the steeps of Sark.
These she knew from afar beholden,
And marvelled haply what life would be
On moors that sunset and dawn leave golden,
In dells that smile on the sea.

XXIV.

And forth she fared as a stout-souled rover,
For a league-long raid on the bounding brine:
And light winds ferried her light bark over
To the lone soft island of fair-limbed kine.
And her heart within her was vexed, and dizzy
The sense of her soul as a wheel that whirled:
She might not endure for a space that busy
Loud coil of the troublous world.

XXV.

Too full, she said, was the world of trouble,
Too dense with noise of the things of earth.
And she turned her again to replenish with double
Delight her desire of the things of her birth
For joy grows loftier in air more lonely,
Where only the sea's brood fain would be;
Where only the heart may receive in it only
The love of the heart of the sea.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE DORMOUSE AT HOME.

IN the hedge by the hazel copse there lives and thrives in quiet retirement a small but active colony of tawny russet dormice. It isn't an easy thing, however, to get a stray glimpse of them in their own chosen quarters: for of all British animals there is probably none so seldom seen or heard by casual observers as the timid little daylight-shunning dormouse. His habits are so very unobtrusive, and his numbers so very small, that hardly anybody ever catches a passing sight of him, except by an unusual piece of good luck in an evening stroll. All day long he sleeps securely in his snug moss-woven nest; and only when the dim shades of night begin to gather does he venture timorously out among the twigs and branches of the copse, in search of the nuts and berries from which he gains his honest livelihood, in fear and trembling. If you want to see him, you must creep out on a fine summer night, in the grey dusk, and seat yourself very quietly on the bank beside the hedgerow. Waiting there quite motionless for a quarter of an hour, you will begin to hear a gentle rustling among the leaves of the nut-trees; and if you look up without stirring or breathing, you may chance to catch a glimpse of half a dozen quiet little reddish-brown bodies running hurriedly and timorously along the ends of the branches, where the filberts are just showing their white nibs through the green envelope of their hairy husks. That is the most you will easily get to see of the nimble small dormice among their native surroundings.

In shape and outer appearance the dormouse is a very obvious and decided squirrel. He has the same pretty, graceful, intelligent head; the same tender, inquiring eyes; the same peculiar proportions of the fore and hind limbs. True, the systematists will tell you that he is really one of the mouse family; and so he is, no doubt, in the most important anatomical points: but anatomical points are not everything, and the real fact seems to be that the dormouse is a mouse-like creature, arrested half-way on its upward path of development into a true squirrel. Or, to put the same thing another way, while

the thorough-going mice are mainly ground rodents, which have adapted themselves to a purely terrestrial and pilfering existence, and while again the thorough-going squirrels are highly-evolved tree-mice, which have adapted themselves to a very advanced arboreal existence, the intermediate dormice are partially-evolved tree-haunters, which have adapted themselves to the middle state, by living among the thickets and under-brush, as the squirrels do among the taller trees. A rapid glance at the gradual stages of habit which lead on from mice to squirrels will help us the better to understand the exact place in nature which the little nocturnal dormouse has carved out for itself.

swimming rudder, as in the beaver; nor shortened into a stump, as in the hares and rabbits; but simply long, and round, and quite central in type. If one compares with a rat or mouse any of the specialised forms, such as the beaver, with its developed gnawing teeth and webbed feet; or the flying squirrel, with its parachute of extensible skin; or the jerboa, with its kangaroo-like jumping legs, and its big shell-shaped ears; one can see at once that the rat type is a relatively simple one, while the other types are relatively specialised. And this, which is true of their outer form, is equally true of their deeper-seated and more genetically important structural peculiarities.

ALPINE MARMOTS.

Our common domestic rats and mice may be roughly looked upon as the typical central form of existing rodents. They are not specialised in any way, as the biologists call it: that is to say, they have not got any of their limbs or organs peculiarly developed for any particular function in the economy of nature. For example, their fore and hind legs are all alike adapted for running along the ground, instead of being different from one another as in the squirrels, where the hind pair are much larger than the fore pair, in adaptation to the tree-climbing habit. Again, their tails are not bushy, as in the arboreal rodents; nor flattened out into a

The rats and mice as a whole are ground animals, with running limbs, and long, almost naked scaly-looking tails. We have one kind of true mouse in England, however, which helps to bridge over the gap towards the semi-arboreal dormice; and that is the dainty little nest-building harvest-mouse. This pretty wee creature, the smallest save one of English quadrupeds, is hardly more than two inches long (without reckoning the tail), and though it does not climb trees, it runs about among the tall grasses and haulms of corn exactly like a miniature monkey. Its hands and feet, if one may so call them, are extremely flexible, and by their aid it grasps the waving

stems of wheat or oats, and climbs up and down the bending stalks as nimbly as a squirrel. When one looks at its diminutive size, the stout corn assumes almost the relative dimensions of bamboos or tropical canes; and as the harvest-mice are much aided in their climbing by their lithe little prehensile tails, the likeness to monkeys or opossums becomes really very close indeed. From such tiny climbers as these, the distance to the dormice and the squirrels is not after all anything to speak of.

There is another particular in which the harvest-mice approach the dormice (functionally at least) beside their grasping paws and climbing habits. They are great nest-builders, and in their nests they lay by seeds and grains against the hard times that come with our English winter. Nowadays, it is true, since man arrived upon the scene with his advanced agriculture to provide them with a home in his richly-stored granaries, they are often carried in unconsciously with the sheaves; and then they fare sumptuously all the winter long, feeding on the grain or grass-seed laid by in the ricks or barns, without trouble or exertion on their own part. But in their natural state, they make themselves a little burrow in the ground, supply it with a reserve of wheat or barley, fatten themselves well during the summer months, and sleep away the greater part of the winter. Their hibernation is not so profound as that of the dormouse; a warm day wakes them up again easily; and then they take in a fresh lot of food from their reserve, to carry them over the next frost: but even so, we see here at least the first step towards perfect torpidity, as we get it in their more fully developed neighbours, the dormice. I need hardly add that the underground nest or burrow of the harvest-mice, to which they retire for their winter sleep, is a very different thing from the soft globular cradle or nursery, formed of woven grass and soft mosses, and lightly suspended on the bending stems of tall grasses, in which they rear their numerous families during the warm summer weather.

Now, when we pass on from the harvest-mouse to the dormouse, we see that the adaptations to a climbing existence are here much more developed. The hand and arm (to call them by their most natural name) are much smaller than the foot and leg; while the whole build of the body is better laid out for the semi-erect attitude of squatting and feeding. Dormice, in fact, are mice which have taken to living among small trees, climbing branches, and feeding off nuts and berries instead of seeds and grains. Accordingly, they have acquired a shape well adapted to their new habits, and including even to some small degree the bushy tail so characteristic of arboreal animals. This form of tail acts much like the pole of the rope-dancer; it helps the creature to balance itself easily, as it runs along slender supports. Moreover, almost all tree-climbers, including even the opossums, can grasp objects all round with their hands, both because this enables them to hang on to branches better, and because it helps them to feed at their ease. The dormouse always raises his fore-paws just like hands, as does also the squirrel; and one may often see him thus holding up an acorn to his mouth in both little paws, and drilling a hole in it industriously with his sharp front teeth. As a rule, however, he does not pick hazel-nuts before eating them, but drills them through as they hang on the boughs, extracting the kernel through the end of the nut: and the presence of such empty bored filberts on a tree is often a good indication that dormice may be found somewhere in the neighbourhood. At times the little creature will even

HARVEST MOUSE.

cling to a small bough by his hind feet, letting himself down by this means to a tempting bunch of cobs below, and robbing them as they grow, while he hangs head-foremost from the over-arching twigs.

The habit which has gained the dormouse its English name, is of course, that of its yearly hibernation, a more developed form of the torpidity that we noticed in its rudimentary stage among the harvest-mice. Tree-feeders are more exposed to famine, in northern climates at least, than ground-feeders, because their supplies run short more completely in the winter; and to guard against it they have acquired to a greater or less degree one or other of two allied instincts: either they pass the colder months in a torpid condition, like the dormouse; or they lay by a store of nuts and acorns, like the squirrels. Indeed, as a rule, they follow both plans, though to varying extents, according to species. Hibernation consists in effect of a protracted sleep, during which the vital action is reduced to a minimum; the heart beats very little, the lungs scarcely breathe, and consequently there is hardly any appreciable waste of energy-yielding material from day to day. Nevertheless, there is some waste: and to provide for this beforehand, the dormouse fattens itself exceedingly during the autumn months. It then makes itself a little round nest of pine leaves, moss, and hay, and after storing it with such food as it can gather, it coils itself up comfortably and goes to sleep for the season. Every now and then it wakes up again, and eats some of its store; but meanwhile it goes on using up its reserve of fat to feed the vital flame: and by the time spring comes round once more, it emerges from its lair, as lean and hungry-looking a small beast as you would wish to see.

Even in summer, the dormouse is usually as sleepy as an owl, when disturbed by man; for, like the owl, it is nocturnal in its habits, and the reason for this is partly due to its tree-haunting propensities. A very large proportion of tree-haunters move out by night only, because they would be too conspicuous to their enemies on their high perches in broad daylight. The same rule holds good, too, for many burrowers, like the rabbits. But even so, their enemies have changed tactics to suit their altered ways: and as dormice and rabbits come out by night only, the owls, too, come out by night to hunt them.

There are two other little creatures closely allied to the dormice, in continental Europe, but not found in England, which help still further to bridge over the gap between them, the true mice, and the squirrels. One of these is the garden dormouse, a somewhat larger animal, which lives mostly in gardens, and does much damage to the apples and peaches. The other, a still bigger relative, the loir, has a tail nearly as bushy as the squirrel's, with the hairs similarly arranged in two rows. Like the dormouse, it hibernates: but it makes its nest in the trunk of a tree, in true squirrel fashion. So innumerable are the gradations and variations by which nature allows us still to trace the original course of evolution! Not that each one of these animals is necessarily a link in the same chain, remaining unaltered to our own time; but each at least shows us by analogy the steps through which the original evolution may have proceeded, while in many cases the whole series may even continue to exist almost unbroken to the present day.

From the dormouse to the true squirrels, the line of connection is thus preserved for us by the European loir. Our own common English squirrel may be taken as an excellent representative of the next stage in the ascending order. Everybody knows him well, with his long bushy tail arched over his little back, and his bright eyes peeping playfully and watchfully out from his russet brows, as he scampers lightly from bough to bough of a tall Scotch fir, or hunts for acorns among the spreading branches of a leafy English oak. In his case, the whole organisation is admirably adapted to a life of rapid jumping and flitting among forest trees; it is for this that he has acquired the flexible toes and sharp nails that dig so cunningly into the clefts of the bark; for this that he has developed the long shadowy tail that balances all his movements, and the light body that permits him to dart with unerring accuracy from limb to limb of the sheltering beech trees. Agility and rapidity are the key-notes of the squirrel tribe. In winter, our English species remains almost as torpid as his ally the dormouse, but his hibernation is neither so long nor so complete; and he provides against it beforehand by a much larger store of nuts, mast, and acorns, on which he feeds during the occasional intervals in his intermittent nap. In fact, it is very hard to draw any definite lines either as to habit or as to structure, among the animals of this closely related rodent group; the peculiar customs of each species are shared in a greater or less degree by all their congeners on either side. The squirrel's winter reserve is not stored in the nest proper, but in surrounding holes, which the

owner visits from time to time when driven by hunger. As spring comes on, our squirrels begin to acquire their wedding favours, in the shape of the pretty little ear-tufts, which are the special ornaments of the pairing season, intended to attract and charm the

ENGLISH SQUIRREL.

giddy eyes of their fastidious mates. In summer, after the brood is reared, these tufts gradually diminish and finally disappear: having served their purpose in the economy of the race, they are no longer needed till next spring comes round again. The young are reared in a regular nest, as with so many related kinds, and do not quit their parents till the end of their first winter, when they acquire their adult ear-tufts, and go forth in turn to seek themselves homes and partners. Once mated, they remain true to one another for life, the modern improvement of divorce not yet having made any headway amongst the squirrel community.

Highest of all the arboreal types come the flying squirrels, whose powers of jumping have almost developed into true flight. This is a common result of a very forestine existence, being seen not only among birds, but also in the case of the little "flying dragon" among reptiles, and of the fruit-bats, flying-foxes, flying-lemur, and anomalure among four-footed beasts. The fact is, even our English squirrels do all but fly; and in the great tropical forests, where so many more dangers surround peaceable rodent life than in temperate climates, any accidental peculiarity which enabled a squirrel-like creature

to glide more easily and securely from branch to branch, or down to the ground, would be certain to give it such an advantage over its neighbours as must result in the perpetuation of the favoured variety. The membrane which gives the flying squirrels their somewhat incorrect popular name is really rather a parachute than a wing: it consists of an extension of the skin between the fore and hind legs into loose folds, which can be stretched tight, so as to break the animal's fall, or even to allow it to glide obliquely through the air (with a

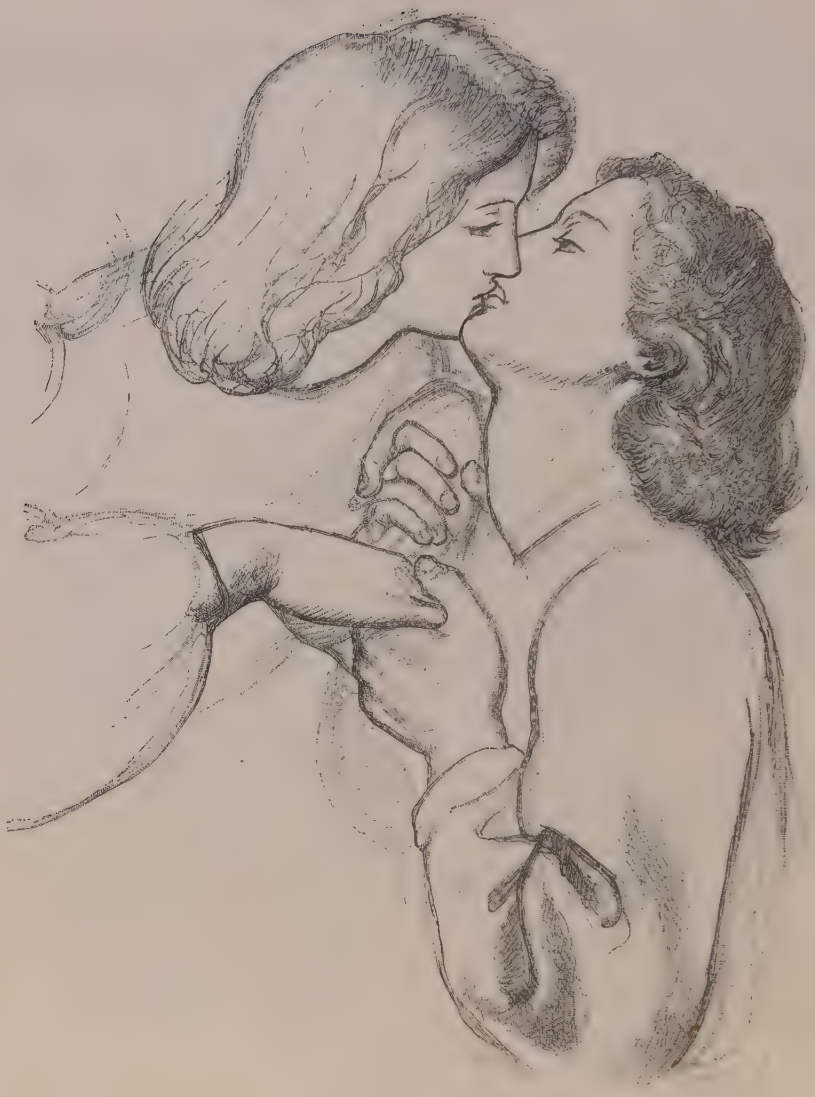
GROUND SQUIRRELS.

powerful leap) from one branch to another slightly below it. Here again, the related species show us some premonitory approach to the special peculiarity of the more advanced type; for our own English squirrels, when taking a long jump, are always careful to spread out the legs, tail, and body to their utmost extent, so as to present the largest possible surface to the air, on the same principle as that of a kite or parachute.

While, however, most of the true squirrels are thus truly arboreal in their habits, being, as it were, more developed dormice, there is another group of squirrel-like creatures which has almost gone back again to the habits of the dormouse, or of the thorough-going rats, without yet having lost most of its advanced squirrel peculiarities. These are the so-called ground-squirrels, of which the common little American chipmunk is perhaps the best known example. The chipmunks are as familiar creatures in Canada, and the Northern States, as mice or rats are in England—prettily striped animals, with intelligent heads, and pleasing affectionate manners. They live among houses and barns, as well as in the woods, burrow in the ground, and feed upon an intermediate diet of nuts, grains, and seeds, which they lay by in their nests like the squirrel and the dormouse. Being almost entirely ground-haunters, they have lost that inequality in the fore and hind limbs which characterises their arboreal relatives; for their legs are all about the same length, and adapted for running along a level surface, rather than for climbing or jumping: but on the other hand, their tails, though much shorter than the squirrel's, are still bushy; and their bodies, though rather stouter, are still essentially squirrel-like in form. It is interesting to note, however, that they possess little cheek-pouches, in which they carry home their food, thus leading on towards their neighbours the marmots, which are still more profoundly terrestrial animals, with short tails and thick bodies, burrowing in the ground, and bearing hardly any outer resemblance to the squirrel type. The American prairie dog shows us the extreme example of the marmot group, living as it does in its own cities of the plain, far away from all trees or bushes, and absolutely adapted to an utterly monotonous burrowing existence.

Thus it is the special glory of the neglected little English dormouse that he forms a sort of central meeting-place or animated Clapham Junction, whence all the radiating threads of the rodent pedigree diverge in the various directions of the rats, the mice, the squirrels, the marmots, the prairie dogs, and even the beavers. All these animals, unlike as they may at first sight appear, are connected together by almost imperceptible links with one another; and the point at which the common ancestry unites is in the person of the most unspecialised and original member of the whole family, our common dormouse.

GRANT ALLEN.



STUDY FOR THE FRONTISPIECE TO "THE EARLY ITALIAN POETS."
From a Pencil Drawing by D. G. ROSSETTI.

ROSSETTI'S INFLUENCE IN ART.

IN the first of the lectures in which Mr. Ruskin has happily renewed his association with Oxford, there is a sentence which defines with eloquence and precision Rossetti's place in the modern art of England. "I may be permitted, in the reverence of sorrow," writes one who has outlived the leader of a movement which he, earliest among us, found the means to welcome and the force to defend, "to speak first of my much loved friend, Gabriel Rossetti. But in justice no less than in the kindness due to death, I believe his name should be placed first on the list of men within my own range of knowledge who have raised and changed the spirit of modern art: raised in absolute attainment, changed in direction of temper." This is a generous tribute to the memory of the deceased painter, and it comes from the right quarter.

The stress of life and work will sometimes seem to put too far asunder the lives of men who, striving with a common purpose, must surely meet again at the goal, and it is therefore a peculiar pleasure to find that the heartiest word that has been said about Rossetti comes from the lips of one who has a full right to share the praise he bestows. Mr. Ruskin here speaks of a fellow-worker in terms that might not inaptly be applied to himself, for with the movement led by Rossetti his own name must ever be associated. He speaks in sympathy as well as with authority, and there is ground for the belief that the deliberate judgment to which he has committed himself is slowly gaining acceptance at the hands of the public. Slowly it must be, because a clear appreciation of the genius of the painter has only lately become possible to the world, and because even now it is still difficult to measure fairly the value of original experiments in art made many years ago, and since carried by more gifted followers to nobler and completer issues. For it is in the earlier work of Rossetti that the true vindication of his fame will ultimately be found, work executed without reference to the public, and for the present somewhat eclipsed in importance by the more disputable achievement of later years.

And yet it is not certain that the seclusion which Rossetti chose to impose upon himself, though it may hinder the due appreciation of his talent, was therefore ill-advised. If his life had been passed in the open market-place of criticism, perhaps he might not have found the courage to follow the ideals he had discovered for himself. These ideals, as we shall see, were strange to the temper of his time, and if the embodiment he was able to give to them has been the subject of exaggerated praise, the ideals themselves, however perfect the form in which they might have been

STUDY OF A HEAD.
From a Drawing in Black Chalk by D. G. ROSSETTI.

expressed, could not at the outset have won immediate or general recognition. Rossetti influenced most powerfully those who were at the time best prepared to receive his influence —men who could distinguish the newly-discovered principles of his art from its imperfections, and who, feeling deeply the worth of what he followed, knew also the difficulties which he had to encounter in the quest, and could therefore make the right allowance for all defect in the result. To his individual fame as an artist the long interval that has passed between the execution of his best work and its publication to the world has doubtless been a grave disadvantage. On a sudden, and with scarce any time for preparation, we are asked to take the measure of a man who brings a new message of beauty, and who brings it encumbered with certain imperfections of style and practice such as the least inspired members of our school can now find a way to

THE EARLY ITALIAN POETS
from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri
translated by D. Gabriel Rossetti.
London. Smith, Elder & Co. 1861

UNPUBLISHED DESIGN FOR THE FRONTISPIECE TO "THE EARLY ITALIAN POETS."
From the Drawing in Pen and Ink by D. G. ROSSETTI.

avoid. Even painters of less pronounced individuality who have not, as he had, to reconquer the whole dialect and phraseology of their art need some time to win attention for the little that is original in them, and it is therefore no wonder that the public should not at once appreciate a body of work new in its essence, and always unfamiliar, if not faulty, in its form. But though Rossetti's fame may suffer for a while from the fact that the time has not yet arrived for a discriminating judgment of the several phases of his career, the historical conscience, which is touched by such a case as his, will ultimately re-assert itself; and in the meantime that which Mr. Ruskin has lately said remains indisputably true, and the cause he loved and which in his best moments we may be sure he valued more than fame, already owes more to him than to any other painter of our day.

And if this is so there can be no reason to speak otherwise than frankly of Rossetti's work. The estimate of his career, which I have borrowed from Mr. Ruskin, can be made good without extravagant or indiscriminate praise, and his genius when it is rightly apprehended will be seen to be of too masculine a temper to need to be championed for its shortcomings and defects. Those who knew Rossetti personally can never be in doubt as to the original and surviving force that was in him. They will be in no fear lest the strength of his individuality should suffer by plain speaking, and although it is true that he shunned criticism while he lived, there can be no reason why his work should not now be temperately and dispassionately discussed, with a fair statement of its great merits and its obvious defects. Rossetti's strong personal feeling in regard to publicity has indeed given rise to some natural misconception as to the strength of his individuality. It is perhaps a plausible presumption that a man who so resolutely detaches himself from the ordinary social life of his time, and who prefers, even as regards his work, to avoid a constant reference to the public judgment of his contemporaries, is therefore secretly apprehensive lest the strength of his convictions should be shaken by attack. But such a conclusion fails to take into account a paradox of the artistic temperament by no means peculiar to Rossetti. The conditions which certain natures demand for the free exercise of their faculties are often wholly unconnected with the strength or weakness of intellectual character: the process of artistic production may be helped or hindered by influences that leave untouched the central faith in which an artist labours: and so it will happen that a little outward discouragement finds sometimes too ready a response in that natural despondency with which every artist of fine temper and noble ambition views an uncompleted task. The disposition which dares not hazard these discouragements is perhaps to this extent sensitive and even morbid, but it is not therefore weak or faltering; for in apparent inconsistency and yet in combination with a character which chooses in this way to guard itself from contact with the outer world it is possible to encounter a clear and masculine judgment, and an intellect in quick and full sympathy with the varied intellectual movement of its time.

That this was so at least in Rossetti's case is known to all who knew him. In his presence it was impossible not to be impressed by the extraordinary range of his intellectual appreciation, by the certainty and strength of his judgments and by the unimpeachable security of his own personal convictions. If he chose to live apart and in seclusion it was assuredly from no inability to vindicate those principles in art which he had deliberately adopted, and for which he sought with steadfast persistence to find a worthy expression. His mind was of too robust a sort to cherish untried illusions or to indulge wilful caprice and affectation; and for what is strange in the direction of his genius or imperfect in the form of its embodiment we must therefore seek some better explanation than that which is suggested by the outward habit of his daily life. For in the man as he was known to his friends nothing was more noticeable than the freedom with which an alert and vigorous intelligence played around all those deeper problems of thought and imagination that can confirm or disturb the principles of action. To this distinguishing quality of his mind—its constant readiness to entertain serious speculation on matters of high spiritual import, and its youthful and generous appreciation of the ideas of youth—must be ascribed much of that peculiar charm and fascination now dearly remembered by all who enjoyed his society. In any earnest talk with Rossetti, even the youngest of the company might safely venture to declare his mind upon the matter. He was sometimes intolerant of indifference, but was always patient with real enthusiasm, and although he had ample store of irony and sarcasm at his command they were weapons he would never employ to discourage imagination. His, indeed, was the higher sort of strength that did not count the love of beauty as a

sign of weakness, and though his robust intellect seized by natural affinity upon the most vigorous achievements in art and literature, it left him with a delicate discernment of the kind of grace and tenderness that is apt to strain through the coarser fabric of minds less finely tempered, though for beauty Carlyle chose to assert his indisputable strength: at every turn in his writings we meet the signs of an ill-concealed impatience with poetry, and an avowed contempt for art: and yet even with him it already becomes plain to us that he lives and will live, not for the opinions he tyrannously

PORTRAIT STUDY.
From a Pencil Drawing by D. G. ROSSETTI.

not more masculine, than his. This association of strength and subtlety, of breadth and delicacy of appreciation, is comparatively rare, even amongst those Englishmen who professedly concern themselves with the things of the imagination. We know, for instance, at what a sacrifice of all that makes sought to impose upon his generation, but for the imaginative and picturesque force he was able to command for their utterance.

In Rossetti's case it is this admixture of robust strength and penetrating refinement which partly explains the influence he has exerted over minds of varying constitution

and destined to choose the most widely divergent paths in art. The force of his personality has been felt and admitted in the practice of men who could never have hoped to appropriate his finer sense of beauty, men who were realists born and bred, but who, nevertheless, found in the uncompromising certainty of expression which stamps his earlier design a means of securing a closer contact with nature. And, on the other hand, the earnest and high purpose with which he sought to enlarge the vision of English painting, and to open to it a nobler inheritance of poetical truth, no less attracted to him the allegiance of others differently gifted, who came with no thought but for the beauty that is born of ideal invention, and who nevertheless equally gained from his example the encouragement and direction of which they stood most in need.

It is the task of criticism to seek to discover in the art of Rossetti the reflex of these high qualities by which he was known as a man. Nor is this altogether an easy task. To the things of the imagination we are too apt to apply a standard of criticism borrowed from the laws of the physical world. That the strength of a chain lies in its weakest link is true in mechanics, but it is not true in art or literature; a painter or a poet can only be fairly tested out of the best that he has given to the world: and yet we are so impatient to be rid of the responsibilities of judgment by the invention of a formula that will seem to simplify our thought, that we are tempted to seize with too eager haste upon those productions of an artist wherein the characteristic features of his style are carried to excess. And in Rossetti's case this natural perversity of criticism is specially favoured by the circumstances of his career.

"FOUND."

Study for the picture; engraved in facsimile from a drawing by D. G. ROSSETTI, *in the possession of* J. B. SCHOTT, ESQ.

The questionable and disputable elements in his art were developed at a time when he was justified by the encouragement of his admirers in attempting work of larger and more important scale, and it happens therefore that the paintings of his which make the most immediate appeal to the public eye are just those wherein the pronounced idiosyncrasies of his style are expressed with greatest extravagance. It was not the Rossetti of *La Bella Mano* or the *Blessed Damozel* who inspired the poetic realism of Millais and the patient labour of Holman Hunt, or who first stimulated and encouraged

the imaginative design of Burne Jones; and yet by the work of the later period of his life, to which these pictures belong, the artist is too often judged and known. At the time when these and other pictures of the class were produced, Rossetti had become possessed by an ideal in art that was not the ideal of his youth and early manhood. Certain individual types of beauty had now taken a morbid hold of his imagination, and human features whose subtlest truth of expression he could at one time patiently win from nature had now been transformed by him into detached symbols of some mystic thought, divorced, he scarcely knew how far, from the absolute semblance of reality. Always and even to the last working with the true temper of a poet, he had nevertheless parted with the secret by which the poet's thought can be translated into the language of art, a secret he himself had been the first to announce to those who looked to him for example. In the desire to press into a single face a message weightier than it can be made to bear, he was sometimes tempted to do violence to the simplicity of nature: the mystic sentiment that he now sought as the dominant motive of his art caused him too often to forget or to neglect those earlier principles of vigorous and compact design, by whose aid alone the shape of a poet's vision can be enduringly fixed upon canvas; and colour, sharing the frailties of form, had become at the last so obscured by overclouded tone that there was scarcely a trace left of that brilliant patterning of vivid tints which had characterised his painting at a time when imagination laboured in such close and constant relation to fact, that the result was fit to inspire men of the most opposite schools of thought and practice.

To understand aright the secret of Rossetti's extraordinary influence, we must betake ourselves to the opposite limit of his artistic career. We must begin where he began, and note the means whereby he first sought and won the allegiance of his followers. Professor Ruskin vindicates his praise of the painter by reference to a single picture, *The Virgin in the House of St. John;* but this, if it be allowed to stand first in the list of his earlier performances, is only the type of much else that was wrought in the same spirit and to the same end. It was in 1858, when Rossetti was already thirty years of age, that this drawing was executed, and he had then been at work for upwards of a decade. As a lad of twenty he had produced the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin*,—lately exhibited at Burlington House—followed almost immediately afterwards by the still more beautiful picture of *The Annunciation*. Nor was it only in sacred legend that he found scope for the exercise of an imagination that stamped upon every theme it touched the impress of a profoundly religious spirit. It is sometimes the custom to speak of Rossetti as though his art had grown up in a sort of mental prison-house, with no outlook upon the world of living men and women, whereas, in fact, there was no painter of the time whose vision took a wider range, or who could penetrate with such keen intellectual sympathy the beauty offered to art in the full store-house of history and romance. And when he was so minded he could touch with scarcely less certainty and force the peculiar pathos of modern life. The picture called *Found*, the design for which was completed in 1853, is, in its subject at least, an exceptional experiment for Rossetti, and yet where,—even in the work of painters who have deliberately devoted themselves to the interpretation of modern drama,—can we match the shamed and pitiful face of this ruined girl, who shrinks from the touch of the faithful lover who had lost her? In the beautiful study of the head, engraved from the drawing belonging to Mr. Schott, may be deciphered almost as clearly as in the poet's own words the sadness of a story that belongs to the darker life of a great city. The tightly-closed lips would fain keep their own secret, as the hidden eyes would shut out the sight of him who brings remembrance of the past, and yet it is of this happier past that we must think as we gaze at the ruined beauty of her suffering face :—

Ah! gave not these two hearts their mutual pledge
Under one mantle sheltered 'neath the hedge
In gloaming courtship? And, O God! to-day
He only knows he holds her;—but what part
Can life now take? She cries in her locked heart,
"Leave me—I do not know you—go away!"

About the time when Rossetti gave this signal proof of his sympathy with the problems of our modern world, his imagination was also busy with the life of the past. In 1852 he produced the beautiful water-colour drawing of *Giotto painting the Portrait of Dante*, and before the close of the year 1855 he had expressed in the same material the design for the picture of *Dante's Dream*, which now ranks as the largest

LADY LILITH.

Engraved from the water colour painting by D. G. ROSSETTI *in the possession of* A. S. STEVENSON, Esq.

and, in some sense, the most important achievement of his career.

Nor was it only with the art and poetry of Italy that his genius chose to ally itself. While William Morris was rekindling in verse the forgotten beauty of the Arthurian legend, Rossetti, in whom the poetic instinct always led and directed the forces of his art, was quick to divine the means by which painting also might share in the treasures of this newly conquered kingdom of Romance. The series of water-colour drawings of this period, some of them directly illustrative of Mr. Morris's poems, must always retain their place as in some sense the most distinctly original work of his life. Such immaturity of power as they doubtless exhibit is far outweighed by the painter's firm grasp of the essential conditions of imaginative design, and by the force of individual impression through which all the material elements that go to the making of a picture are controlled and subdued. This quality of design, which is the life-blood

of all art that strives for equal fellowship with the higher achievements of poetry, Rossetti could then employ with effect even though he denied himself the support and charm of colour. As early as the year 1847 he had produced the superb drawing in black and white of *Taurello's First Sight of Fortune*, a work which, if it is viewed in relation to the current draughtsmanship of the date to which it belongs, will go far to measure the extent of the revolution in art that we now associate with Rossetti's name. To this may be added the beautiful portrait of Miss Siddal standing by a window, a drawing of sustained and animated labour, in which an extreme refinement of tone and modelling is gained by lines of exquisite subtlety and precision: the five, memorable, drawings on wood, for the illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems; the *Hamlet and Ophelia* belonging to Colonel Gillum, and last, though not least, the preparatory study made for the Oxford fresco, of a face which ultimately impressed itself upon the painter's imagination with the force and authority of a settled type of beauty.

All these things belong to the earlier stages of Rossetti's career, and they are but chosen samples of the young painter's rich and varied accomplishments. At the age of thirty, he had already in some sense refashioned the current ideals of English art, appropriating to its uses new stores of poetry and romance, and revealing by his own practice and example the secret by which the visions of the poet might be shaped to the service of pictorial design. This, indeed, constitutes his real claim to distinction, and it is here at last that we reach the true source of his influence over men whose minds were too seriously engaged to be deluded by any empty promise of the reality. The mere desire of ideal beauty would of itself have been no new thing in English art; for it must be allowed that the poetic ambition had haunted the spirit of many an English painter before the advent of Rossetti. Barry, Fuseli, West, Haydon, even Hilton,—they had all been professors of the grand style, had all believed that it was possible to painting to begin again just where Raphael and Michael Angelo left off, and had all so far helped to discredit a cause to which some of them, at least, were passionately attached. It would have been late in the day to revive these hapless and hopeless experiments, nor could the attempt have won the support of a generation that had learned to recognise the supremacy of those English painters who had taken no part in the race for the ideal, but who had won a more enduring fame by simple reliance on nature. Between Reynolds and Barry, between Wilkie and Haydon, there is now no doubtful choice, and at a moment when the claims of realism were once more asserting themselves, any endeavour to revert to a style that was already stamped with failure would most surely have proved fatal to its author and disastrous to his cause.

Nor would such an endeavour have been consistent with the special character of Rossetti's genius. A truer perception of what was possible and needful for the art of his time led him to seek inspiration in the work of those earlier schools of Europe where the realist and the poet still meet on equal terms, and wherein the exercise of the imaginative faculty leaves room for the faithful record of actual fact. To those who have not accustomed themselves to consider carefully the conditions which govern the processes of artistic degeneration and revival, there will appear to be something savouring of caprice in the enthusiasm with which the leaders of the præ-Raphaelite movement selected as models of style men whose work was confessedly immature. To pass by the crowning triumphs of the great schools of painting, and to revert to the tentative experiments of earlier workers who were only struggling towards the same goal, is like a wilful inversion of the true and natural order of things. And in the realm of science perhaps it might be so. But the ascending scale of scientific research in which the last note is always the highest note, has no counterpart in the history of art, least of all in that higher range of art which claims the closest alliance with the imaginative spirit, and is therefore fated to share its shifting fortunes. Here the onward movement of advancing power and accomplishment though it may seem for a while to be steadily maintained, is suddenly hurried forward by the force of individual genius to some triumph of unlooked-for splendour that discourages all hope of further progress. So it was, as we know, with the art of Italy at its crowning moment, and the very greatness of the men whose achievement closed a brilliant epoch is in itself a lasting hindrance to any direct transmission of their power. For, by the time that the forms of simple nature passing through the hands of a race of gifted artists, and receiving from each in turn some new impress of individual feeling, had at last taken the final stamp of Michael Angelo's mighty spirit, the issue, however noble in itself, could scarcely be turned to account by those who were seeking to regain

the first principles of their craft. But the stream which had here grown to a torrent too broad to bridge and too deep to fathom, might be tracked to a point nearer to its source: what has become complex and difficult in the art of Michael Angelo is told in simpler dialect by those who had gone before him; and it was therefore with a true sense of the high ambition of modern art, and a just estimate of its limited resources that Rossetti and those who were with him led the way to the earlier painters of Florence in whom the love of beauty had been newly awakened, and whose utterances are always clear, even though they may not be complete. In all that they gave to the world the modest and yet passionate grasp of spiritual and material truth may well serve as an example and a warning to the artists of every school; for as their searching and quiet realism rebukes the confident audacity of later masters whose skill seems to boast a conquest over nature, so also and in equal degree their intense but reticent expression of emotional truth stands as an implied reproach against the laboured rhetoric of later art that would seek to adorn an idea over which the imagination has gained no real or complete control.

STUDY OF A HEAD.

From the drawing in red chalk by D. G. ROSSETTI, *in the possession of* A. S. STEVENSON, Esq.

It was perhaps fitting that one who was himself both poet and painter should have been the chosen leader of this notable revival. For the revolution which he and others were seeking to effect had already found its counterpart in the history of English literature. The transformation of taste and style which we chiefly associate with the name of Wordsworth owed its strength and its endurance to the persistence

with which the most gifted poets of the century, in despite of ridicule and in the face of criticism, sought a new inspiration in the earlier and simpler forms of poetical composition. The eager delight with which they studied the old English ballads is strictly analogous to the enthusiasm shown by the painters of a later day for the work of the older Italian masters; and as Wordsworth, with his uncompromising determination to test the diction of poetry by reference to is quickened and sustained by a splendid tradition. It is an art of native growth whose highest triumphs are widely enjoyed and well understood. But with painting the case is very different, so different indeed, that the occasional efforts made to raise its vision to the imaginative level of English literature are still very commonly regarded as a deliberate affectation. Men who can read Keats without any violent shock to their common sense, and who will

SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Engraved in facsimile from the pen-and-ink drawing by D. G. ROSSETTI.

the ways of simple speech, may be regarded as the realist of the group, so Keats, whose nature was more deeply penetrated with the spirit of romance, may be distinguished above them all as the poet who welcomed the revolution as a means of securing a higher ideal of beauty. And if no one now thinks of questioning the justice of the instinct which led these men back to the earlier sources of poetry, it is because the literary sense of Englishmen follow the genius of Shelley in its most aerial flights, have scarce any faith left for the artist who seeks to arouse a kindred emotion by the means proper to painting. They will even doubt that he himself has any true belief in his own creation, so strange to the temper of our time is all art that does not found itself on direct portraiture, or on the little drama of every-day life. This is the unavowed prejudice which Rossetti and those who labour in the same field have had

to conquer, and it is because he was among the first to trust to his imagination, and to find, out of the simpler art of the past, a fitting form for its utterance, that he won and still retains the affectionate regard of all who hope for the future of our school.

For the purposes of illustration this analogy between literature and art may even be carried a step further. In the former we are all ready to recognise the distinctions of style and method appropriate to different classes of work. We do not expect, for example, to find in the verse of Keats the keen and pointed reference to the facts of social life that fitly marks the didactic poetry of Pope. We acknowledge without reserve that each has the right to employ the kind of realism that will best serve his ideal; and we do not complain of the sacrifice that is involved in the process. But this same acknowledgment is not so readily made in regard to art. The painter is expected to exhibit in combination all the gathered excellences of every style and school, and if in the endeavour to secure the higher qualities of design he deliberately renounces a measure of imitative illusion in colour, he is likely to be accused of a wilful neglect of the truths of nature. Even in reviewing the great achievements of the past, we do not always preserve a clear sense in this matter. There are many persons who can see no good reason why the sensuous charm of Rubens's flesh painting should not have been added to Leonardo's searching and precise design, and who can scarcely discover how it happened that Tintoret, with both Michael Angelo and Titian for his models, nevertheless failed to unite the excellences of both. And yet this sharp division between different ideals in art must be reckoned as the inevitable consequence of the painter's advancing mastery over his material. It had its origin long ago, while the school of Venice was still in its youth, and when the fading shadow of Mantegna's genius had melted into the golden sunlight of Titian's matchless colouring. He it was who invented for the world a new poetry in art, a poetry that dwells in the painter's brush, and that lives on the inexhaustible beauty that nature offers for imitation. For many a long day after his death the extent of the revolution he had effected was not clearly perceived, for the men who were his successors followed unconsciously in the way he had opened for them, and all the best art of Europe for two centuries to come was based on portraiture, and on that closer and more magical relation to the tones and tints of nature which Titian had been the first to establish. It is only when an attempt is again made to revive the kind of design appropriate to the expression of a distinct poetical image that the artist becomes embarrassed by the need of selection and sacrifice. The resources which modern art has directly inherited by tradition are then seen to be both more and less than he requires for the new adventure. Something has to be deliberately relinquished, something also must be recovered from the almost forgotten art of the past, and at such a juncture it is scarcely wonderful if the leader of the new movement should exhibit in his painting a kind of imperfection from which the unquestioning work of his contemporaries can more readily escape.

In reviewing the later paintings of Rossetti it is easy to perceive that he found it sometimes hard to exclude altogether from his view those tendencies of style against which at the outset of his career he had made the first and the stoutest protest. Something indeed of the change and development that has been noted in the wider history of art finds a reflex in the course of his individual practice. In the ten years immediately succeeding the period which ended with the production of the painting mentioned by Mr. Ruskin, his technical powers reached the highest point of proficiency to which they at any time attained. To these years belong the *Beata Beatrix*, *The Loving Cup*, *The Beloved*, the *Monna Vanna*, *The Blue Bower*, and the *Lady Lilith*. In the early part of the time he had produced the drawing of *Cassandra*, and the design for the frontispiece to *The Italian Poets*, the water-colour drawings of *Paolo and Francesca*, and the *Heart of the Night*. It is the central period of Rossetti's career, a season wherein the earlier and the later ideals of his art meet and divide, and when he could command for the expression of both the fullest measure of technical resource. An unexampled richness and splendour of colour is the one quality that is common to the varied work of these ten years, and in this respect such pictures as the *Monna Vanna* and *The Beloved* are clearly distinguishable from all that had gone before and from all that followed. The pure, gem-like tints of his earlier painting had been fused and blended by a new sense of realism, but they had not yet been tarnished by the obscurity of tone that shrouds and shadows the work of later life. And this nearer approach to illusion in the treatment of colour is indicative of a deeper change in the spiritual direction of Rossetti's art.

Gradually—at first, indeed almost imperceptibly—the individual qualities of the model gain a more complete ascendency over his imagination. He begins to concentrate his forces upon the interpretation of distinct types of beauty, no longer using nature as the material out of which he might carve his own invention, but accepting what it offers as the determining motive of his work. A single comparison will serve to mark the significance of this change, and to illustrate its influence upon his design. The *Lady Lilith* and the drawing for the frontispiece to the Italian Poets are both of about the same date. The latter, as our engraving shows, was executed in 1863, and in the following year the same composition was utilised in the water-colour drawing of *The Rose Garden*. To the year 1864 belongs also the *Lady Lilith*, although the version here reproduced is from the replica in water-colour painted in 1867. But this agreement in point of time is manifestly consistent with a marked divergence of character, for as we contrast the two works we feel instinctively that the one belongs to the future of Rossetti's art and the other to the past. In the frontispiece to *The Italian Poets* the sentiment of design is still uppermost in the artist's mind; nature has been used and even carefully studied, as may be seen by a reference to the beautiful pencil drawing that accompanies the finished work, but it has been used to assist and confirm a settled and preconceived idea of poetical beauty. The *Lady Lilith*, on the contrary, starts from the conception of portraiture, and the ideal suggestion, whatever may be its force and fascination, only follows, and does not directly inspire, the reality. It has its own charm of sensuous and sumptuous beauty, uninjured as yet by the kind of exaggeration that overtook the painter in after years. It marks a period during which the contending forces of his earlier and his later style were held in equilibrium, and when his manner of painting combined in some degree the excellence of both. But even the great and brilliant qualities of such a work as this only serve to emphasise the adoption by the artist of an ideal in which his original gifts of poetical design were destined to hold a subordinate place.

If Rossetti had been content to accept the temper as well as the means that belong to realistic painting, this change in the direction of his art might not have affected its value. There are many men in art as in literature who only win the highest triumphs when they have rid themselves of the kind of poetic ambition that haunts the season of youth, and in its place have gained a keener insight into nature. Some of the noblest painting that remains to us is frankly founded upon the direct and simple observation either of the truths of human character or of the beauty of the outward world, and it therefore implies no reproach against a painter that he should elect in later life to put aside the fanciful ideals that had tempted the vision of a boy. But the course of Rossetti's art tells a different story. He was a poet to the end of his days, and though he might seek to divert the strong imaginative impulse with which he had set out upon his career, he could not escape its influence. And so in his case the change that came over his art was not healthful but hurtful; for the poet's vision, no longer finding for itself the earlier form of utterance, left him still unsatisfied with the kind of beauty that might have contented a different order of mind. The individual forms and faces that he chose to present did not now suffice for the purpose for which he sought to employ them. Unconsciously, perhaps, he began to force and exaggerate the reality he was no longer able to control, and it sometimes happened that the result was far removed alike from the intricate beauty of his early design and from the simplicity and truth of portraiture. This is not the place to attempt to examine the causes that may have led to these significant changes in Rossetti's painting; it is enough for our present purpose to note their effects. It is the penalty which natures such as his have to pay, that their art and their life are closely interwoven and cannot by any means be divorced. From the first Rossetti had thrown himself wholly and passionately into his work, giving to it the best that was in him, and it is scarcely wonderful, therefore, that, with the failing health of later years, there should have come some evidence of a corresponding failure in the task that he had set himself to accomplish.

J. Comyns Carr.

THE SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES OF PATSY CONG.

IT was a clear-shining day in April; we were on a small blue lake set far away among the sterile brown moors of Connemara; and the long salmon-rod lay over the gunwale of the boat, idly trailing behind it forty yards of line and a phantom minnow. Indeed the day was much too fine for proper fishing; one might as well have thrown a fly over the wood pavement in Pall Mall; it was a day rather for laziness, and conversation, and an inquiry into the mysteries of existence, if haply one or other of my companions had chanced to encounter any of these, in this remote and solitary and silent part of the country. But Patsy did not look like a believer, somehow. He was a small, red-headed Celt, with shrewd, twinkling, grey-blue eyes; and there was frequently a sort of quiet, sardonic humour running through his speech, accompanied now and again by a good-natured grin that overspread the little, pinched, sunburnt face. Moreover, Patsy had seen the world. In former years he had tried his luck in America; had been employed on the Union Pacific Railway as far west as Council Bluffs; had had a turn at the Pittsburg iron works; and was now returned to his native district with a wide and general knowledge of mankind. On the other hand, his neighbour at the bow—Tim Mulcahy by name—was nothing but a ghost and an echo. He was a small farmer who came down from his croft in the hills to eke out his living in this way—a characterless, white-faced, depressed-looking, amiable creature, who stared at his boots, lazily pulled at his oar, and limited his conversation to saying ditto to Patsy. "That's so, Patsy." "You're right, Patsy." "Not wan less than fourteen salmon did he catch that day." "Your father was a good man, Patsy; he wouldn't tell a lie for hardly annything." "That's true for you, Patsy; the like of thim for minnows I never saw."

Now at the head of this small lake that we were slowly and idly rowing round and round stood a long, low cottage situated in the middle of a patch of trees—lilac-tinted leafless birches and sparkling dark-green hollies. In summer no doubt this must be a very charming place; even now the situation was picturesque enough—the still waters of the lake in front; the trees along the curving shore; and then rising far behind into the pale blue sky the vast and lonely and arid mountains known as the Twelve Pins of Binabola. This prettily-situated cottage, however, was unmistakably empty. The windows were barred up; there was a look of desolation around; not a sound of any kind came from that scattered grove of birch and holly.

"The very place to be haunted by a leprechaun, isn't it, Patsy?"

"Is it Barney Joyce your honour manes?" says the instantly loquacious Patsy; "the man that comes to look after the house? Well, now, your honour wouldn't believe what a great soldier that Barney is—oh, he is the mighty fine soldier, *by the fire*. Sure the battles he'll fight; and the campaigns, and the stratagims; and the ginerals, and the marchings, and the counter-marchings! I niver heard his aqual; and the divil a foot has he iver stirred out of Connemara!"

"But when the house is empty, Patsy, isn't there a ghost or a goblin somewhere about?"

"Well, indeed, the fairies used to come there," says Patsy, with indifference. "They used to say that. But thim ould stories are all nonsinse."

"They're all nonsinse, Patsy, thim ould stories," says Echo at the bow.

"Did you ever happen to hear what they called the King of the fairies?" I ask—curious to know whether the Don Fierna of the Blackwater and the south reigned also in these western wilds.

But Patsy was puzzled. Then he turned to Tim Mulcahy, and there was a long consultation in Irish, in the course of which a phrase sounding like *Piobara-Shee* was twice repeated.

"Had they a fairy piper, then, Patsy?"

"Begob," says Patsy, eagerly, "that was him. The Fairy Piper was the King of thim; and manny a one has heard him playing in that very house there. I mane that was the ould story, sorr, but sure 'tis all nonsinse."

And now ensued a long and rambling general conversation, which need not be set down here, on the subject of fairies, phantoms, leprechauns, and similar kittle cattle; throughout which Patsy was evidently anxious to show that he had discarded all such superstitions. Was it for one who lived in an age of reason—who had worked on the Union Pacific—to heed such folly? Nevertheless, Patsy was frankly disposed to admit that strange things might have happened—probably did happen—in former times.

"There was a power of witchery in this country in the ould days," said Patsy, gravely shaking his head; "yis, sorr, there was a power of witchery in this country in the ould days; but 'tis all gone away. Sure the people are turned more cunning now."

And then he added, more gloomily—

"But maybe there's more going on than we know."

By this time it had become pretty obvious that Patsy's eagerness to disclaim all belief in ghosts and witchery and the like was assumed—partly, no doubt, in prudent deference to the general opinion of a scientific and sceptical age, but partly, perhaps, because a man who had been to Pittsburg felt bound to pose before a poor creature like Tim Mulcahy, who had never left his native mountains. And so, to find out whether Patsy might not have some reciprocal confidences to volunteer, I told him my own ghost story, which isn't much of a ghost story after all. That a lad of thirteen or fourteen should look in at the open door of a dining-room, and behold there a woman seated before the fire; that he should carefully regard her shawl and hat, and gown, wondering who she could be; that he should forthwith go and ask the other people in the house, and bring them to the door of the room, only to discover that the chair was vacant, and that by no possibility could any stranger have been there and left; and then to find that this portent was followed by no calamity whatever—neither a funeral nor a wedding nor anything—this, it must be confessed, was a poor and weak ghost story, which I should be ashamed to say a word about to the Psychical Society. But it deeply interested Patsy; and he was eager to know whether it was a real ghost; and when I answered that of course it was only an optical illusion, he remained silent for a time, and then repeated his wise aphorism—

"Maybe there's more going on than we know."

Again Patsy was silent for a time; and then, rather with the air of a man who is compelled to confess something against his will, he said—

"Well, sorr, now that we're on it, I will tell you what happened to me; but I don't like spaking of it—the less that's said the better—but I will tell you what happened to me, sorr; and it's manny the year since I tould any one the story. I was nineteen at the time. My mother and me, we had gone to the fair of Letternahinch to sell two sheep; and there we were all day, and the divil a bit could we sell the sheep. 'No matter, Patsy,' said my mother to me, at the ind of the day, 'you'll buy yourself the pair of new boots all the same, for who knows when we'll next be in at Letternahinch from the farm?' And so I bought the pair of boots; and mighty proud I was of thim, sorr, you may be sure; and I kept them on during the evening, until it was time for us to set out to walk back to the farm, for the divil an offer could we get for the sheep. Well, now, sorr, about tree miles from Letternahinch, or maybe 'tis tree miles and a half, there's a wood—and a dark wood it was that night, though it was a moonlight night, and the road as white as silver; and says I, 'Mother, the new boots are hurting my feet; wait a minute now and I'll take them off.' But she went on with the sheep; and I was sitting down at the edge of the wood taking off the boots, whin there was a noise, and something rushed at me from the wood, and hit me a slap, and went by. Sure I hope your honour 'll niver see anything like that terrible beast. 'Twas in the road now, and I was up, with the boots in one hand, and a little bit of a stick in the other; and I kept threatening it when it came near to attack me. I called out to my mother, but she was frightened too; she wouldn't look back. 'Come an, Patsy, come an!' she cried to me; and I dursn't run, for fear of the beast."

"But what was it like, Patsy?"

"Well, sorr, I will make you sinsible of it; though I was all of a thrimble, for it followed me along the road, and sometimes 'twas in the ditch, and when I couldn't see it I heard it, and my mother heard it, and she was as terrified as I was. 'Twas about four or five feet long—yis, sorr, maybe five feet it was—and red, and when it put up its head, 'twas like to strike at me like a snake; but I had a bit of a stick in my hand, and I kept that turned to it. Maybe it had legs, but I could see none; and the body—well now, the body was about the thickness of a thin dog, long and thin it was—and the noise it made was terrible, terrible. Well, now, sorr, maybe it was a fancy. I understand that. Maybe it was something in my own head—like a fever. But manny and manny is the time I have thought over it; and what bothers me intirely is that my mother should have heard it when it was growling at me in the ditch."

Even now the recollection of this strange thing seemed to overshadow Patsy with fear and trembling. His eyes were distraught; and he spoke like one speaking to himself, and describing something that he actually saw before him.

"'Twasn't the size of it, your honour, that frightened me; sure it couldn't reach at me higher than the knee, when it put up its head as if it would strike me; but there was something terrible about it that made me thrimble from me head to me foot. And whin I put down my stick it would keep back, running along by the side o' me, but always wid its head turned to me, and threatening; and sure I was afraid to strike it, if I had had the power, but I was wake with the thrimbling; and my mother she wouldn't look back—'twas a God's truth, your honour, I never was in such a fright as that night. And thin, whin it left the road for a while, I knew it was there still all the time, by hearing of its growling at me; and at such times, whin it was in the ditch, I would have hurried on faster, and got up to my mother, but my legs were wake with the fright, and sure I was afraid it would come up behind me if I was to run. There now, sorr, there may be an explanation—I will not say no to that; maybe 'twas a kind of fever in my head; but sure that couldn't have made my mother hear the beast whin it was growling at me in the ditch, and made her hurry on too, for she was too frightened to look back?"

"But you haven't finished the story, Patsy: what became of the beast?"

"Well, 'twas a terrible night, your honour, and that's a fact. I thought we would never get to the farm, though my mother kept ahead of me with the sheep, and I was afraid to overtake her, for fear of giving the beast a chance at me. Sure I think it must have been between one or two in the morning when we got up to the farm; and the beast kept following me—sometimes in sight, and sometimes in the ditch—all the way, until we were nearly at the door; and then it turned and went away down the hill again, and I saw it as far as the lake, but there I lost sight av it. Divil the wink of sleep did I get that night, you may be sure, sorr; and the next day my mother cautioned me not to spake of it to anny one, for fear of bad luck. Now, sorr, I will tell you something more about that same beast—"

But just at this moment, as it happened, the supernatural world got sudden notice to quit. There was a sharp, shrill shriek of the reel; instantly the rod was seized and raised; and then, forty yards away behind the boat, a creature—that seemed to the excited imagination about as long as the beast that Patsy had seen on the Letternahinch road—sprung into the air and fell back again with a mighty splash. Visionary monsters had to give way to this very actual animal that was now carrying on a series of unseen cantrips in the still waters of the lake. Patsy regarded the stand-up fight with comparative indifference; his ministrations were not needed yet, and apparently he had no doubt of the result. Nor, indeed, with any ordinary care, ought there to have been any doubt of the result; for the fish was hooked with a phantom minnow, the tackle was tested, and the rod was a brand-new one, powerful enough to have hauled out a horse. But whoever thinks that fighting a salmon in such circumstances is too certain a thing, can have all the excitement he wants by importing into it two further conditions. First, let him have for his second boatman a person who, to use the American phrase, comprises within himself nine different sorts of a born fool; and then let him have for his chief boatman a superhumanly smart fellow (who has been to Pittsburg, and all the rest of it) and who is far too clever to gaff the salmon in the ordinary way, but must needs make a plunging shot at the gill. When the twenty minutes or five-and-twenty minutes are over, and when the fish is being towed gradually nearer and nearer to the boat, then the angler will have quite enough of excitement—there will be no lack whatsoever of excitement. For, of course, when the fish happens to sheer along the side of the boat, the nine-ply fool at the bow has his oar rest-

ing on the water; and when he is yelled to to lift his oar, of course he tries to draw it in; and of course the handle catches in the opposite gunwale; and of course the blade goes rasping across the now tightened line; while the language that suddenly fills the air becomes emphatic and figurative. Then the smart gentleman, to save the fish from the slight scar left by the ordinary method of gaffing, must perforce try for the gill; he misses it, and strikes the line; the fish plunges, and there is a pause of breathless despair. However, the upshot on this occasion, as it turns out, is more lucky than we have any right to expect, for after these twin stupidities, the frayed casting-line still holds; the olive-green back of the salmon by and by comes nearer the surface of the water, slowly and ineffectually heading this way and that; and then there is a quick dive of the sharp steel gaff, and the next second there is in the bottom of the boat a splendid large gleaming creature—no longer showing anything of olive-green, but all a flashing and glowing bronze-blue and silver. Of course at such a moment there can be nothing but reconciliation and forgiveness.

"Well, sorr," says Patsy from the deeps of his penitence, "when I missed him I felt sick."

And now the *redintegratio amoris* and the capture of the fish alike call for a modest libation; and presently, with a repetition of the accustomed toasts, "Good sport to your honour!" "A tight line to your honour!" we are again on our way round the lake, leisurely paying out the long line, and quite ready to hear further about the red beast of Letternahinch.

"Yes, sorr," says Patsy, "and this is the strangest part av it. Sure if no one had seen the beast but mesilf, one would say it was a drame, or what a man sees in a fever. But it wasn't the drink, anny way. When I was a young fellow the divil a drop would I touch; I wouldn't have drunk a glass of whisky if my throat had been as dhry as a lime-burner's wig. But now I'll tell your honour what happened after that. 'Twas six months after—six or seven months after. My mother and me we had not been speaking about what had happened on the Letternahinch road, for the fright was on me for manny and manny a day; and my mother would never spake of it either, for fear of bad luck. Well, sorr, one evening I was going into the house—'twas about supper-time—and I was thinking of nawthin' but that; and the door inside was a bit open. Well, sorr, there was a woman standing talking to my mother—well I knew the woman, she lived at Maskene—that was about eight miles further on the road—and my mother was asking her to sit down and rest herself, for 'twas a long way to go, and she had not passed our way for manny and manny a day. 'Thank ye kindly, Mrs. Cong,' says she, 'but 'tis a lonely road to Maskene, and I am frightened to be out after dark since what happened to me at Letternahinch.' Begob, sorr, you may suppose I listened thin; and her back was to me so that she couldn't see me, and my mother couldn't see me nayther because of the door. Well, sorr, what she said was that two years before she had been in at the market at Letternahinch, and she had a power o' things to carry; and so she waited for the night mail-car, that would put her down within a mile or so of Maskene. She was on the back-seat of the car, and there was no one else but the driver; and 'twas a fine clear night. Well, sorr, she declared that whin they were passing a wood about tree miles from Ballynahinch, a terrible beast sprung out of the wood, and sprung right into the car, and stopped there beside her, and the divil a word or a cry could she get out, for the fright that was on her. How long the beast stopped in the car she did not say; nor was she saying annything of what it was like; and my mother seemed too frightened to ask her any questions. But that was the reason she made to my mother for going on in the daylight; and not a minute longer would she stop in the house. Now, sorr, what can anny one make of that? That was a year and a half before what happened to me, and at the very same part of the road."

"You hadn't heard the woman's story before, Patsy, and forgotten it? It wasn't the coming to the wood on the Letternahinch road that suddenly brought it back to your mind and frightened you?"

"Aw, the divil a bit, sorr! Sure I asked my mother about it, and 'twas thin for the first time she heard of it too, though 'twas mighty little you'd get her to spake about it. Well, sorr, that is all I know av it, and 'tis there I'll lave it; but depind on it, sorr, there's more going on than we know."

This, Patsy's favourite maxim, seemed to both his companions so incontrovertible that they acquiesced in silence. As for Patsy himself, he seemed rather glad to get away from those memories. A kind of gloom had hung over him while he was recalling the various particulars; perhaps he shared his mother's fear that no good would come of speaking of such matters. At all events, as soon as he began to talk of legends and

stories and superstitions in which he was not personally concerned, he quite recovered his ordinary cheerfulness of tone; indeed when he came to treat of the water-horses that used to haunt these lakes he spoke in quite a jaunty and matter-of-fact way, as if *their* existence "in the ould days" admitted of no manner of doubt whatever. Of course I was not surprised to find the water-horse myth as common here as it is in my own country, where every other loch has its circumstantial legend;[1] but the curious thing about the Connemara water-horses is that they are reported to have interbred freely with the farm-horses around, and that the offspring were put to work on the farm as an ordinary affair. But they were lazy animals, these half-breeds, and not to be depended on whenever they came near a lake, for then, unless the farmer was on the watch, they would most likely make a bolt for the water, irrespective of what was behind them. In fact, there was a young animal of this uncanny blood employed on a farm belonging to Patsy's uncle; and one day it did make such a bolt, and was only prevented from plunging itself, and the car, and the driver, into a lake by the traces fortunately hitching (how, was not explained) on a rock.

I wonder if it was this same uncle who was the hero of Patsy Cong's next story. By this time, it may be unnecessary to say, I had come to regard my friend Patsy as a rank impostor. His Transatlantic experiences may have given him a thin veneer of scepticism, which he thought it fine to parade before the simple dwellers among the hills; but underneath that and deep down in his nature there obviously remained the ineradicable Celtic belief in a mysterious and magical world, just hidden, and no more than hidden, by the visible phenomena around. Patsy was clearly thrown away in Connemara. If only he had belonged to the wealthier classes, if he had been brought up in a library, and got his brains bemuddled with neo-Platonism and port wine, there is no saying to what eminence he might not have risen as a writer of sentimental history or the constructor of a new ethical system. Here the gates were ajar to no purpose. Here he was tied down to the telling of old wives' tales about water-horses and the like.

"There's more going on than we know," says Patsy, surveying the still blue waters of the lake in an absent kind of way. "I'm sure of that, sorr. It's a positive fact. Maybe I wouldn't belave all the stories that are tould, but there's something — there's something. There was my uncle, now, that lived at Kincree; and he used to be going down to the say-shore, coortin' the young woman that he was to marry. Well, one evening as he was coming back, he stopped to talk to some min that were blasting rocks near the road-side; and I don't know how it was, but there was a quarrel and a fight, and one of the min he takes up the blasting rod and hits my uncle with it over the head, and there he was, a dead man. Well, sorr, it was about a year after my uncle was killed there that a woman living close by in the neighbourhood went out from her cabin with a milking-pail in her hand, and went up the hill-side to milk the cows. They saw her go up—more than one saw her go away—and she was quite alone by herself. Well, sorr, she didn't come down again, and they got frightened, and they went in search of her, and the divil a sight of her could they find annywhere. Well, now, your honour, this is the story av it; sure, I'm only saying what I was tould about it, and what every one about there belaves until this day. 'Twas on the evening of the third day after that that she came down again—looking very quare she was—and she said she had met the man that was murdered the year before—sure, that was my uncle—and he had taken her away with him over the hills, she could not tell where. I don't know what to make av it; but 'twas a strange story annyhow."

"Patsy," remarks one of the two listeners, "was there a *bothan dubh* in those hills?"

"What's that, sorr?"

"What they call in Scotland a *black bothy*[2] —an illicit still. Weren't they brewing a little potheen up in the hills, and glad to get the woman to help them for a day or two?"

"I don't know about that, sorr," said Patsy. "But annyhow, she was never the same woman after it—no, sorr—there was always something weighing on her mind, and she never got the better of it. I suppose she's dead now."

Here Patsy paused, and had a look round the sky, for there had been some faint indications that we might after all get a breath of wind; and then, still working away at the easy oar, he continued:

"No, sorr, I say nawthin' about thim stories but that they were tould to me.

[1] See J. F. Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. iv.

[2] It is said that the "black bothies" have considerably increased in number of late years in several districts of the Highlands, despite the successive raids of the supervisors of the Inland Revenue.

What happened to mesilf on the Letternahinch road, that was different—begob, I'm not likely to forget that. But there was something that happened to my father that was strange too, and I know he wouldn't tell a lie about it."

"Your father was a good man, Patsy, he wouldn't tell a lie about hardly annything," says the meek Chorus.

"'Twas whin I was a boy, but well I remimber it," says Patsy. "He was at work on the farm, and my sister had to carry him his dinner, and they sate down on the side of a little hill where it was too rough and rocky for digging—the divil a thing could a spade do wid it. Well, sorr, there was a woman coming along the road that knew my father, and she sate down wid them for a minute or two, to put the basket off her shoulders, and there they were sitting whin they heard people speaking below them inside the hill. Oh, as clear as annything they heard the voices below the ground, so the woman tould me, for I met her as I was going to the field not five minutes after. And says she, 'Patsy, ask your father was he hearing annything when your sister and him and me were sitting on the hill.' Well, sorr, I went along, and there was my father at his work again; and I went down to him, and asked him about what the woman tould me. 'Yes, Patsy, true it is,' says he, 'but it is not a thing to be spaking about;' and he wouldn't answer no more questions. No, sorr, not thin nor at any other time; he would be getting angry wid us when we were afther asking him anny questions about it. Sure, sorr, there must be somethin' in it. The woman might be making up a story to frighten us childer, but my father wouldn't tell a lie about it. There's something going on, sorr, and that's the truth. It's a positive fact. And if the ould witchery has gone away from the country, since the people are more cunning now, still, there may be other things that we don't know. That's true, sorr, that's a positive fact. But what does your honour think av it, if I may be so bould as to ask?"

But now there is something far more stirring ahead than clattering dry bones of discussion or weaving impalpable webs of theory; for the little varying puffs of wind have been gradually increasing to a good, steady, honest breeze; quickly it is resolved (seeing that Patsy's experiences of the supernatural have carried us on till near lunch time, and the process of landing, collecting sticks, lighting a fire, and cooking our pot of Irish stew is a tedious one) to have a final try with the fly before the picnic begins; so the long line is rapidly got in; the minnow detached; there is a word or so about the rival claims of a "Harlequin," a "Grey Monkey," and the shining "Flower of Kelso;" ultimately these are all discarded in favour of the old, familiar, and ubiquitous "Jock Scott;" and presently we are making our way across the now ruffled bosom of the lake to try our luck in the plashing and whirling waters of the Butt of Derryclare.

William Black.

OYSTERS AND THE OYSTER QUESTION.[1]

IF the conversation which takes place at dinner-tables, especially in that incipient stage of content which follows upon the bad quarter of an hour of waiting, is a fair test of the public interest in any topic, I imagine that the great oyster question may be said to be that about which the general mind is most exercised.

It is a matter which concerns me personally because, since it is known that I hold the office of Inspector of Fisheries, I am almost sure to be attacked, before I have had time to squeeze my lemon, with inquiries why oysters are so dear, and why I do not do something to make them cheaper, just as if I were the minister for molluscous affairs and responsible for their going wrong. So, perhaps, I may be permitted to say publicly, once and for all, that, at present, I have nothing to do with sea fisheries, and therefore that oysters are out of my province. Twenty years ago, however, when I was a Sea Fisheries Commissioner, they were very much in it, on their practical side; while it must be near double that time since they first began to interest me from a scientific point of view. And I have thought it might be interesting to many if I tried to put together into brief compass, the pith and substance of as much as I have been able to learn in the course of my zoological life, about the facts upon which any rational discussion of the oyster question must be based.

And, first, as to the structure and ways of the oyster, of which we must obtain some knowledge if the discussion is to have a sound basis. I suppose that when the sapid and slippery morsel—which is and is gone, like a flash of gustatory summer lightning—glides along the palate, few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery (and going machinery too) greatly more complicated than a watch. But so it is; the oyster possesses representatives of all the most important organs of the higher animals, and is endowed with corresponding functions. The "loves of the oyster" may be mythical, and we may even be sceptical as to its parental tenderness; but no parent can take greater care of its young. And though the oyster seems the type of dull animal vegetation in its adult condition, it passes through a vagabond, if not a stormy youth, between the time in which it is sheltered by the parental roof, and that in which it "ranges itself" as a grave and sedentary member of the oyster community.

Most people are familiar with the appearance of a live oyster, as it may be seen any day in a fishmonger's shop (Fig. 1). It has a shell composed of two pieces or *valves*, the one of which is thick and has a convex outer surface, while the other is thinner and flattened. The contour of each valve is irregularly oval, with a small end, which usually presents a triangular prominence known as the *umbo* or beak (*um*), and which answers to the back or dorsal region of the animal. When this is turned upwards, the opposite or ventral margin is seen to be evenly curved, and to be gradually continued into the curved line of the front margin (*ant*), while the hinder margin (*post*) is usually straighter. By attention to these characters, the right valve can always be distinguished from the left; but, in the great majority of cases, it is more easily known because it is the flat valve. If the oyster is fixed, it is the convex valve which is attached; and free oysters naturally lie on this valve, inasmuch as the other is the lighter, and the more easily raised by the mechanism which will be presently described.

The exterior of the shell is rough and usually of a brownish-green colour. It is marked

[1] A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Friday, May 11, with additions.

by lines, which run approximately parallel with the contour of the shell, around a common centre placed at the summit of the umbo, and indicate the successive layers by the apposition of which the shell has been deposited upon the skin of the animal. The inner face of each valve has the well-known white and opaline or iridescent aspect which appertains to nacre or mother of pearl, except the flattened or concave surfaces of the umbones, which are marked by parallel lines answering to the lines of growth on the exterior. At the bases of the umbones, the valves are joined together, along a short transverse line, in a sort of hinge by a band of dark-brown elastic substance, the *ligament* (*l.*), which, in the middle of the hinge, forms a thicker cushion. About the centre of the inner face of each valve there is a large well defined rounded depression, like a scar, which marks the place of attachment of a strong and important muscle.

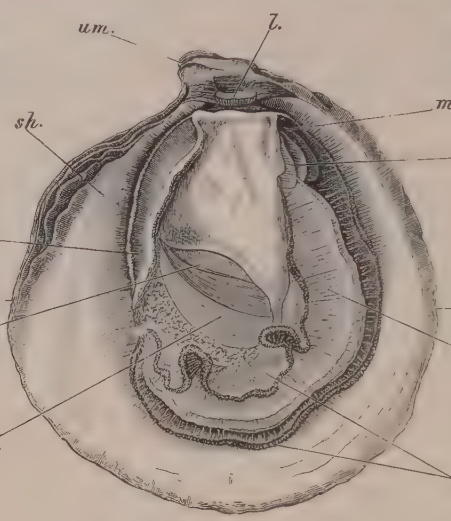


FIG. 1.—AN OYSTER WITH THE RIGHT VALVE OF THE SHELL REMOVED. NATURAL SIZE.

sh. shell; *um,* umbo; *l.* ligament; *m.* mouth; *p.* palps; *br.* branchiæ; *mt.* mantle; *add.* adductor muscle; *h.* heart; *cl.* cloaca; *ant.* anterior; *post.* posterior side.

Each valve is sometimes solid throughout, but in old oysters, and especially in those that live in deep water, the substance of the valves, and more particularly of the thick convex left valve, contains wide cavities, separated only by thin layers of nacreous substance, which are full of sea-water.

In structure, the nacre, or mother of pearl, is very dense, hard, and finely laminated; but the superficial outer layer is made up of small polygonal prisms, and is somewhat friable. Each of these substances, the nacreous and the prismatic, consists of layers of organic matter impregnated with salts of lime.

If the oyster has been left at peace for some time in its native sea-water, the edges of the valves, beyond the hinge, will be seen to be separated by a chink which is wider opposite the umbones. But, upon the least disturbance, the chink is closed and the shut valves cannot be thrust asunder, without the expenditure of an amount of force which usually breaks them.

An expert oyster opener, however, mindful of the maxim, *arte non vi*, gets them apart with the utmost ease. A strong flat-bladed knife is introduced between the margins of the valves, and the knife being kept close to the inner face of one of them, is swept round the region of the muscular impression. If the operation is properly performed, the shell at once gapes widely; and it will now be found that, if the valve which has sprung up is pressed down, it immediately returns to its former position. The shell that, before, could hardly be forced open, now will not keep shut. The reason of this becomes apparent if the soft body, the edible part of the oyster, which lies within the shell is carefully cleaned out so that the interior of the valves can be seen. On looking towards the hinge, the thick elastic cushion formed by the middle of the ligament, will be found to be compressed when the valves are brought together; and, when the external pressure is removed, its elastic reaction suffices to thrust them apart. In fact, it is like the spring of a door, arranged in such a manner as to keep the door ajar. While the oyster is alive, the great muscle already mentioned, which is called the *adductor* (Fig. 1, *add.*), the ends of which are attached to the two scars on the inner face of the valves, is always ready to overcome the elasticity of the ligament and close the valves, when need arises. And what the judicious oyster opener does is to cut this muscle close to one or other of its attachments. Thus the force by which the valves are made to gape is elasticity of a purely mechanical character, and is as active in the dead as in the living oyster; while that by which the valves are closed is the contractility which inheres only in living muscle. Hence a dead oyster is readily known by its persistent gaping.

We shall see that a certain amount of separation of the valves is necessary for the discharge of all the functions of the living

oyster. Hence, it is of advantage to the animal that this condition should be assumed and maintained without any muscular exertion; while intruders and enemies can be shut out, or at any rate sharply pinched, at any moment, by calling the adductor into action.

If one valve is removed very carefully, so as not to injure the soft body within, the form of the latter is seen to have a general correspondence with that of the interior of the shell. It is therefore flattened from side to side, with the left side convex and the right flattened (Fig. 1). Its contour is oval, with the long axis perpendicular to the middle of the hinge; and there is a short dorsal side which answers to the latter, and is excavated in the middle, in correspondence with the convex ventral face of the cushion of the ligament. The dorsal half of the anterior edge of the body is convex, that of the posterior edge is nearly straight, or even slightly excavated, while the ventral margin continues back the curve of the anterior edge. The cut end of the thick adductor muscle is a conspicuous object, and corresponds in shape with the adductor impression on the shell. That is to say, it has the form of a half oval, the straight side of which looks dorsally and a little forward. The upper and anterior portion of the muscle is darker than the rest and sharply defined from it (Fig. 1, *add*).

Just above the straight side of the muscle, a dark patch indicates the place of the heart, which may be seen pulsating in the chamber or *pericardium*, which contains it (Fig. 1, *h*). Above this, the surface of the body is covered by a smooth and delicate skin or integument, through which, in the breeding season, the reticulated whitish tubes of the reproductive gland shine.

The chief part of the body of the oyster, which for want of a better name may be termed the *trunk*, is a somewhat pyriform mass which extends from the ventral contour of the adductor to the posterior half of the dorsal region, and lies much more in the posterior than in the anterior half of the body (Fig. 2 (A)).

The rest of the body of the mollusk is chiefly formed by two broad folds of the integument which are given off from the lateral margins of the trunk on each side; extend backwards, forwards, and downwards; and, closely applied to the inner surfaces of the valves, end by thickened free margins, which have two rows, an inner and an outer, of close-set papillæ. These free folds of the integument are called the *lobes of the mantle* (Fig. 2 (B), *r.mt, l.mt*). Their surfaces are attached by a series of delicate muscular fibres to the inner surface of the shell, at some distance from its margin and from their own free edges; and, in the living state, the fringe, beyond the line of attachment, extends to the edges of the gape and plays the part of a sensory apparatus. The margins of the mantle lobes pass into one another above, at the anterior and posterior ends of the dorsal integument respectively, so that the cleft between them does not extend on to the dorsal surface. The lobes are much deeper in front and below than behind; hence the cavity which they inclose is correspondingly deeper and shallower in the respective regions. If one lobe is cut through, immediately beneath the anterior end of the dorsal integument, and turned back, it is seen to bound a wide space which extends back a long way, in fact nearly to the posterior side of the trunk. This is the *vestibule* (Fig. 2 (A), *vb*), and the dorsal integument which covers it is the anterior hood or *cucullus* (Fig. 2 (A), *c*). Projecting into this is seen a sort of cone which at its upper and front end bears the wide slit-like mouth, bounded by broad lips, one above and one below. The angles of these lips are produced, like an upper and lower moustache, into two broad triangular flaps, the so-called *labial palps* (Fig. 2 (A), *p*). Below these, the mantle lobes, throughout their anterior and ventral regions, include a wide space termed *infrabranchial* (Fig. 2 (B), *in.br.ch.*), because the four plates which constitute the gills or *branchiæ*, and are commonly called the "beard," project into it and form its roof. Each of these plates or *lamellæ* is V-shaped in tranverse section (Fig. 2 (B)). The adjacent upper ends of the four V's (VVVV) are united together, while the outer ends of the right and left V's respectively are attached to the corresponding lobes of the mantle. Hence the gill plates hang down, like so many elongated Gothic sickle-shaped pendants, from the roof of the branchial cavity, which is formed by their conjoined edges. On the posterior side, the cavity inclosed between the pallial lobes is deep below, but rapidly becomes shallower above, where the lobes are narrowed to mere bands. The two bands pass into one another at the posterior end of the dorsal integument—and form a rudimentary posterior hood, the *velamen* (Fig. 1 (A), *ve*), which is very large in many other Lamellibranchs. The intestine projects beneath the integument as it runs obliquely downwards, over the posterior face of the adductor, to end in the short but prominent tubular vent. The

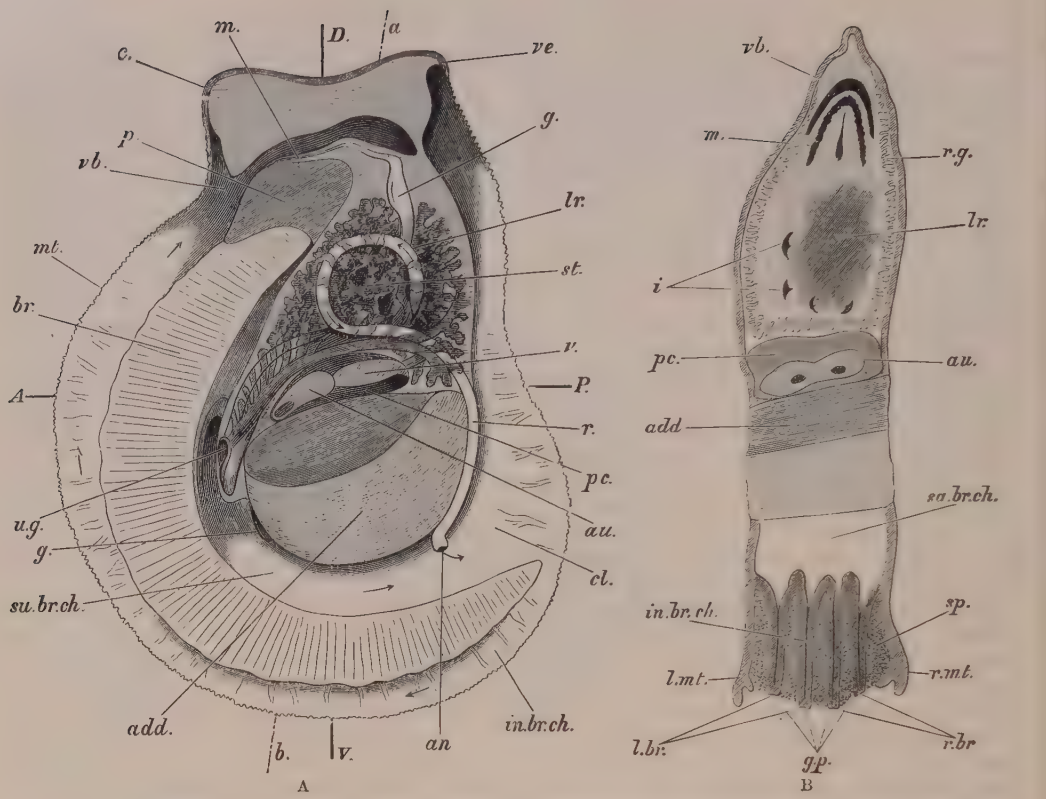


FIG. 2.—(A) DISSECTION OF AN OYSTER FROM THE LEFT SIDE.—(B) TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE SAME TAKEN ALONG THE LINE *a. b.* IN A.

D. dorsal; *V.* ventral; *A.* anterior; *P.* posterior side; *mt.* mantle; *r.mt.*, *l.mt.* its right and left lobes; *c.* cucullus, or anterior hood; *ve.* velamen, or posterior hood; *vb.* vestibule; *cl.* cloaca; *m.* mouth; *p.* palps; *g.* gullet; *st.* stomach; *i.* intestine; *r.* last part of the intestine: *an.* vent; *lr.* liver; *pc.* pericardium; *au.* auricle; *v.* ventricle of the heart; *br.* branchiæ; *gp.* the four lamellæ of the branchiæ, or gill-plates, of which two make up the left branchia (*l.br.*), and two the right (*r.br.*); *su.br.ch.* supra-branchial chamber; *in.br.ch.* infra-branchial chamber, the position of the "spat," or mass of eggs, being shown in the transverse section; *u.g.* urogenital aperture. The duct of the left reproductive gland is seen passing from it and ramifying over the stomach and intestine. In the transverse section, the cæca of the gland are shown forming a layer immediately beneath the integument. Those of the right gland are marked *r.g.*; *g.* position of the two principal nervous ganglia; *add.* adductor muscle.
The arrows in A indicate the course of the inflowing and outflowing currents.

posterior interpallial space into which this opens answers to the *cloacal chamber* of other Lamellibranchs (Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 (A), *cl*). It is continued forwards, between the trunk and the dorsal faces of the gills, into a long *suprabranchial chamber* (Fig. 2 (A), *su.br.ch.*), which extends forwards and upwards, in front of the trunk, as far as the anterior and superior ends of the gills. For their anterior third, the dorsal edges of all the gills become attached to the front face of the trunk. The suprabranchial chamber thus becomes subdivided into four passages, which end blindly in front. The *intralamellar* cavities, which are inclosed by each V-shaped branchial plate, communicate, either indirectly through these passages, or directly, with the suprabranchial chamber, and this widens behind into the cloacal chamber, which opens freely on to the exterior upon the posterior side of the body. But the suprabranchial chamber, its passages, and the intralamellar cavities, would be completely shut off from the infrabranchial chamber by the walls of the gill plates, were it not that these walls are perforated, like a sieve, by multitudes of very narrow parallel slits.

The mouth of the oyster leads into a wide gullet, which passes back for a short distance, and then dilates into a spacious stomach, the lower and anterior end of which is continued into the long conical first part of the intestine, which passes downwards in front of the adductor, closely applied to its anterior contour. The next portion of the intestine then bends sharply upon itself and

turns forwards parallel with the first part; crosses this on the right side, runs up along the back of the stomach, bends forwards and downwards, and turning back on the left side of the stomach (thus forming a completely circular loop) passes at first backwards and then downwards to the vent, the place of which has been already described (Fig. 2 (A)).

The stomach and the circular loop of the intestine are surrounded by a dark brown or greenish organ, the short branched tubules of which unite into larger tubes or ducts which open into the stomach. This organ is known as the liver—though it by no means exactly answers to the organ so called in the higher animals, but secretes the fluid which is the chief agent in digestion.

The heart (Fig. 2 (A)) lies in a spacious pericardial cavity (*pc.*) situated between the flat face of the adductor muscle, behind and below, and the mass of the digestive viscera in front and above. It consists of a large dark-coloured auricular division (*au.*), partly divided into two, which is situated below and in front and which communicates by two short tubular passages with the pear-shaped ventricle (*v*), the long axis of which is directed upwards and backwards. Large arterial trunks are continued from the ventricle, one upwards and backwards along the posterior moiety of the circular loop of the intestine, one forward along the anterior moiety, one downwards to the adductor. The successive contractions of the auricle and the ventricle may be readily seen in the living oyster. The blood is colourless and contains numerous colourless corpuscles. It is conveyed by the arteries to all parts of the body and thence proceeds to a large venous canal, which lies in the middle line of the anterior face of the trunk. From this it passes through the renal organs to the gills, and is thence returned by a main vessel on each side to the auricular division of the heart. The branchiæ consist of the four sickle-shaped plates already mentioned which extend, in pairs, from the palps in front and above, to near the level of the vent behind (Fig. 2 (A) *br.*). Unlike a sickle, however, it is the convex edge of each which is sharp, while the concave edge is broader. Each plate or lamella, as we have seen, is V-shaped, consisting of two *laminæ* which bound the intra-lamellar cavity, and join below to form the edge of the lamella. It can be shown that each gill plate answers to half the gill of those Lamellibranchs in which the structure of the branchia retains its primitive simplicity. Consequently the oyster has two gills and each lamella is a *hemi-branchia* made up of two *laminæ*. Of the three partitions which separate the supra-branchial passages, the right and left represent the stems of the branchiæ, while the middle one is formed by the adherence of the edges of the inner laminæ of the two inner hemi-branchiæ to one another and to the anterior face of the trunk. Even to the naked eye the surface of a hemi-branchia appears marked with regular parallel transverse lines. And a low magnifying power shows that these lines are the optical expression of a series of parallel foldings of the lamina. The re-entering angles of the opposite folds correspond and are united together for some distance, so that the intra-lamellar chamber, or cavity of the hemi-branchia, is divided into a series of parallel transverse tubular cavities, which are widely open above, but which narrow and apparently become closed below. The lamina itself consists of close-set parallel *branchial filaments*. Each of these filaments has the shape of a lath, about $\frac{1}{1200}$th of an inch thick, and five or six times as wide; and they are set edge-wise with their flat faces not more than $\frac{1}{5000}$th of an inch apart. At intervals, transverse bands unite these lath-shaped branchial filaments together. The outwardly turned edges of the 'laths' are closely beset with very long vibratile hair-like processes, known as *cilia;* and, during life, these work in such a fashion as to drive the water through the narrow clefts between the branchial filaments into the cavities of the tubes, whence it escapes into the supra-branchial passages and chamber and thence makes its way out by the cloacal chamber. The place of the water thus swept out of the infra-branchial chamber is, of course, made good by a corresponding flow between the pallial lobes into it. Hence, while the oyster is alive, and in its proper element, a powerful stream constantly sets in on the ventral and anterior side of the body and pours out from the cloacal opening on the posterior side. The direction of the stream is marked by the arrows in Fig. 2 (A).

It is upon the proper maintenance of this current that the life of the oyster depends. For these animals feed upon the microscopic organisms, largely consisting of diatomaceous plants, which live in the sea; and as they possess no organs for seizing such food, they are almost entirely dependent for their supply of nourishment upon the indraught caused by the cilia on the gills, and especially upon those which line the edges of the branchial plates and direct a portion of the

current towards the mouth. The anterior ends of each pair of hemi-branchiæ are attached between the two palps of the side to which they belong. The applied surfaces of the palps, between which lies the commencement of the mouth-cleft, are ridged and richly ciliated, so that anything brought by the ciliary current of the gills is led directly into the oral cavity. The cilia which line this eventually drive it into the stomach. Thus the unimpeded action of the cilia of the gills is essential to the nutrition of the oyster; but it is not less necessary to its respiration, to the carrying away of the waste products of the renal and alimentary organs, and to the expulsion of the reproductive products. For all these processes depend, either on the flow of water through the laminæ of the gills, or upon the current which sets out from the supra-branchial and cloacal chambers.

Hence the importance of tolerably clear water to oysters. If turbid water, laden with coarse sediment, enters the infra-branchial cavity, particles of mud, too large to be moved by the cilia, lodge upon the gills, and, gradually obstructing the current, interfere with the primary functions of feeding and breathing to such an extent as to injure, or even to destroy the animal.

It would be out of place here to give any account of the complicated renal organs of the oyster recently discovered and described by Dr. Hoek. But it is necessary to notice the openings by which the cavity common to them and the reproductive organs debouches. These are the small slit-like apertures (Fig. 2 (A), *ug*), situated one on each side of the lower and front face of the trunk, which open into the supra-branchial cavity.

For the comfort of those lovers of oysters who entertain strong views upon the vivisection question, and who may be perturbed by the reflection that they not only vivisect their favourites, but swallow them alive, it may be well to remark that the nervous system of the oysters is more poorly developed than that of any of their allies among the lamellibranchiate mollusks. Only two out of the three pairs of nerve masses, or *ganglia*, which these animals ordinarily possess have been clearly made out, while, of these, the pair which is most likely to represent the sensorium of higher animals is exceedingly small. Moreover, no organs of special sense have been demonstrated. So that, if any reasoning from analogy is permissible on this subject, it is probable that the sensibility of the oyster is infinitesimally small. Of course I do not suggest that this consideration can have any value in the eyes of those who maintain that the infliction of suffering on animals for the benefit of mankind is absolutely unjustifiable. Rigorists of this class are bound to denounce the brutal deglutition of oysters, no less than the cruel crushing of fleas, and the infamous poisoning and drowning of flies and cockroaches.

Yet one other morphological observation may be permitted. The oyster, as we have seen, possesses one very large adductor muscle, but only one. Almost all other lamellibranchs (*e.g.* cockles, mussels, razor-fish) have two; one in front, near the mouth; and one behind, in a position which exactly answers to that of the single adductor of the oyster. The latter, therefore, is called *monomyary*, or one-muscled, while the former are *dimyary*, or two-muscled; and a series of forms can be selected among the sea mussels and the scallops which show the posterior adductor becoming larger and larger, while the anterior diminishes, until, in the oyster, it disappears.

During the summer and autumn months, from as early as May to as late as, or even later than, September, according to circumstances, of which the temperature and the depth of the water in which the oysters live appear to be the most influential, a certain proportion of the oysters in an oyster-bed pass into a peculiar condition, and are said by the fishermen to be "sick." In about half of these sick oysters, a whitish substance made up of innumerable very minute granules, embedded in, and held together by, a sort of slime, collects in the infra-branchial chamber, filling up the interspaces between the mouth and the gills, and between the gill plates themselves, and even occupying the vestibular cavity so completely that it is difficult to understand how the processes of breathing and feeding can be carried on (Fig. 2 (B)).

This granular slime is what is known as "white spat," and the granules are the eggs of the oyster. By degrees, the granules become more or less coloured; and the mass, acquiring a brownish hue, is termed "black spat." This change depends on the development of the young, which acquire a certain degree of coloration, within the eggs. At the end of a period, the length of which varies with the temperature of the water and other conditions, but appears rarely to exceed a fortnight, the mass of black spat breaks up, and the young, hatched out of the eggs, leave the mantle cavity of the parent in which they have been thus incu-

bated. They become diffused through the water, and swarm in vast multitudes at the surface of the sea.

A single full-grown oyster produces, on the average, about a million of these free-swimming young or *larvæ*. If a glass vessel is filled from the stratum of surface water, in which the larvæ swim, and held up to the light, it will appear full of minute particles—only $\frac{1}{150}$th of an inch long, and therefore just visible to the naked eye—which are in active motion. An ordinary hand magnifier is sufficient to show that these minute organisms have very much the aspect of the *Rotifera*, or "wheel animalcules," so common in fresh water. They have a glassy transparency, and are colourless, except for one or more dark brown patches; while, at one end, there is a disk, like the "wheel" of the Rotifers, the margins of which are apparently in rapid motion, and which serve as the organs of propulsion. When this propeller is moderately active, the larvæ dance up and down in the water, with the disk uppermost; but when the action is more rapid, they swim horizontally with the disk forward.

How long the larval oysters remain in this locomotive state, under natural conditions, is unknown, but they may certainly retain their activity for a week, as I have kept them myself in a bottle of sea water, which was neither changed nor aerated, for that period. But, sooner or later, they settle down, fix themselves by one side to any solid body, and rapidly take on the characters of minute oysters, which have the appearance of flattened disks, $\frac{1}{20}$th of an inch, more or less, in diameter; they are therefore perfectly visible, as white dots, on the surface of the substance to which they adhere. In this condition, the name of "spat" is also applied to them. The locomotive larvæ being practically invisible in the sea, this spat appears to be as it were precipitated out of the water; and, since great quantities appear at once, the oyster fishermen speak of a "fall" of spat.

It is important to observe, that when oyster fishermen say that there has been no "fall" of spat in a given season, all that is really implied is that the young fixed oysters have not made their appearance. The fact of the absence of a "fall of spat" does not justify the conclusion that the oysters have not bred as usual. It is quite possible, that just as many eggs have been deposited in the branchial cavity, and that just as many larvæ have been set free as in other years; but that the larvæ have been destroyed by those changes of temperature to which they are so sensitive, or by other causes. But, of course, it is also quite possible that the oysters have been really barren; or that, although the eggs have reached the mantle cavity, the larvæ have not hatched out. Oyster eggs, no less than hens' eggs, may be addled.

It is obviously useless to speculate upon the causes of a "failure of spat," until, by the examination of samples of oysters from time to time, and by sweeping the superjacent water with a fine towing net, the exact nature of the particular case of failure has been ascertained. There is much reason to believe that the fertility of oysters, preserved in parks, is greatly diminished, although the oysters themselves may be improved in fatness and quality by the process, and that this is especially the case when the water in which they are preserved has a low degree of salinity; and it is very desirable to ascertain the nature of the modifications effected in the structure and functions of the reproductive apparatus of the oyster under these circumstances.

It is unfortunate that the same word "spat" should be applied to things so different in their nature, as the eggs and unhatched young of the oyster, contained within the mantle cavity, on the one hand, and the young fixed oysters, on the other; while there is no familiar name for the very important stage of development which lies between these two. "Brood," "fry," and "spat" would be very convenient names for the three stages, if "brood" were not already in use for the smallest of the young fixed oysters. Perhaps the most convenient course will be to use "fry" for the eggs or embryos which are contained within the mantle cavity of the parent; "larvæ" for the locomotive stage; and "spat" for the final condition.

In order to become spat, the larva appears invariably to fix itself by one side (almost always the left); and, if the surface is favourable, the extent of the surface of adhesion becomes very considerable, and the oyster is fixed throughout life. But, if the surface of adhesion is small, the oyster, as it increases in size, readily becomes detached and lies free, though motionless, on the bottom.

The young oysters grow very rapidly. In five or six months, they attain the size of a threepenny piece; and, by the time they are a twelvemonth old, they may reach an inch or more in diameter. The rate of growth varies with the breed of oyster, and with the conditions to which it is exposed; but it is a roughly accurate and convenient way of putting the matter to say, that, at two years,

the oyster measures two inches across, and at three years, three inches. After this, which may be regarded as the adult age, the growth is much slower, and the shell increases in thickness, much more than in circumference.

The natural term of the oyster's life is not known, but there is reason to believe that it may extend to twenty years or more. An excellent authority, Professor Möbius, is of opinion that most of the adult Schleswig oysters are from seven to ten years old, and that, though oysters over twenty years of age are rare, he has met with occasional specimens which had attained between twenty-five and thirty years.

Oysters breed long before they are full grown, very probably in the first year of their age, certainly in the second. Their productivity appears to reach its maximum at five or six years, and afterwards to decline; but much further observation is needed before any definite rules can be laid down on this subject.

These are the most important obvious phenomena presented by the reproductive processes of the oyster.[1] We must now consider them a little more in detail, and under those aspects which are hidden from ordinary observation.

The oyster, like other animals, takes its origin in an egg, or *ovum*, a minute, relatively structureless, protoplasmic spheroidal body, about $\frac{1}{250}$th of an inch in diameter, by a long series of developmental changes which take place in that ovum after it has united with another living particle of extremely minute size, the *spermatozoon*, and in consequence of the fertilisation effected by that union, just as the ovule of a plant develops in consequence of the influence of the pollen upon it. And the first problem is, Where are these ova and spermatozoa formed? Does each oyster produce both, or are they formed in distinct oysters? This is, in fact, the vexed question of the sexes of the oyster, which has been the subject of so much discussion, and for which the answer is gradually shaping itself, thanks mainly to the recent labours of Möbius and Hoek.

I have already stated that if the surface of the trunk of a full grown oyster is examined carefully with a lens, or even without one, a curious ramified and more or less reticulated whitish marking, which is very obvious in the breeding season, is observable beneath the thin integument. By appropriate methods of investigation it is easily determined that this marking is produced by the ramifications of a tubular organ,—the *reproductive gland*—the trunk of which debouches into a cavity common to it and the renal organs, which again, it will be recollected, communicates by a narrow slit with the suprabranchial chamber (Fig. 2 (A), *ug*). The trunk of the gland, on each side, passes upwards and backwards, in front of and above the adductor and muscle, and gives off a multitude of branches, some of which cross the middle line and become inextricably united with those of the other side, while others form a network beneath the skin which covers the stomach and the liver. From this network, blind offshoots are given off perpendicularly inwards, and extend for a variable depth into the interior of the body. The whole extent of the walls of the tubes of this reproductive gland is lined by nucleated cells, and it is by the metamorphoses of these cells that the ova, on the one hand, and the spermatozoa, on the other, are produced.

During the breeding season, an examination of the adult oysters on an oyster bed shows that the number of individuals the reproductive glands of which contain hardly anything but ova is about equal to that of the individuals in which the reproductive gland contains hardly anything but spermatozoa. I say "hardly anything" because competent observers have affirmed, that careful search will always reveal a few spermatozoa, in the former, and a few ova, in the latter. Whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that, practically, oysters, while actually breeding, are either males or females.

When the ova or spermatozoa are ripe, they flow out of the reproductive gland into the surrounding water. The spermatozoa are carried away by the exhalent currents of the oyster in which they are developed, and are doubtless drawn in by the inhalent currents of adjacent oysters, the eggs of which they fertilise. And, as the eggs already exhibit the first of that series of changes which lead to the formation of the larva, when they leave the reproductive gland, it would appear that they must undergo fertilisation while still within that organ.

The eggs which pass into the suprabranchial chamber must also be driven out by the exhalent current; but it would seem that, when they reach the hinder edge of the branchial partition, they come within

[1] It must be remembered that the account here given holds good only of the *Ostrea edulis* of England and Northern Europe. In the Portuguese Oyster (*O. angulata*) and the American Oyster (*O. virginiana*) the eggs are set free at once, and are not incubated in the mantle cavity of the parents.

the influence of the inhalent current and are thereby swept back into the infra-branchial chamber. Here they accumulate, and becoming embedded in a viscid albuminous matter, secreted by the parent, constitute the "white" fry (Fig. 2 (B)).

From the nature of the case, this account of what takes place is not the result of direct observation; but it seems to be by far the most probable explanation of the facts which can be observed. In an oyster which contains white fry, in fact, the reproductive gland is flaccid, and contains nothing, or hardly anything, but a few unexpelled ova.

The case is different, however, with oysters the eggs of which have been laid so long that they have passed into the condition of "black spat." Here many, or, as I have recently found in one case, the great majority, of the tubes of the gland contain developing spermatozoa, while only a few exhibit ova. And Dr. Hoek has recently made the important observation that, if an oyster which contains fry is kept for a fortnight in an aquarium by itself and then examined, the reproductive organ will be found no longer to contain ova, but abundant developing and fully formed spermatozoa.

After producing eggs, in fact, the female oyster changes its sex and becomes male.

The conclusion, first advocated by M. Davaine many years ago, that the same individual oyster is alternately male and female, is therefore unquestionably correct. What has yet to be made out is the period of recurrence of this extraordinary alternation of sexes. Do oysters change their sexes once or more than once in a season? Until this point is ascertained, all calculations as to the proportionate number of oysters which breed during a season, based on the observation of the proportion of those which at any given time contain fry, are obviously unsafe. If, for example, the alternation took place once a month, not more than half the oysters might at any time contain fry, and yet, in four months, every oyster might have spatted twice.

In the case of the Portuguese and the American oysters, in which both the reproductive products pass at once into the water and no incubation takes place, artificial fecundation is easily effected. The embryos develop normally, pass through their changes within the egg, and their locomotive stage, into the condition of fixed oysters rapidly, when confined in properly arranged aquaria. It is probable, therefore, that artificial breeding will sooner or later be practised on a great scale with these oysters. In the case of our own oysters, artificial propagation by the methods practised in the case of the Portuguese and American forms, which involve the destruction of both parents, is obviously out of the question, unless some substitute can be found for the process of incubation, during which it is probable that the young oysters receive, not merely shelter but nourishment, from the parent. But a careful study of the conditions under which our oysters breed freely, will no doubt enable oyster cultivators to imitate these conditions—and to place their breeding stock under circumstances in which hurtful influences shall be excluded, while the larvæ are prevented from wandering too far and facilities are afforded for their attachment. The oyster grounds at the mouth of the Scheldt, of which a very interesting account was given by Dr. Hubrecht at one of the conferences of the International Fishery Exhibition[1] seem to be in a fair way of realising these conditions.

[1] Papers of the Conferences. "Oyster Culture and Oyster Fisheries in the Netherlands," by Professor Hubrecht.

(To be continued.)

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER I.

THE VERDURER'S LODGE.

"Give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will go buy me fortunes."
"Get you with him, you old dog."
As You Like It.

THE officials of the New Forest have ever since the days of the Conqueror enjoyed some of the pleasantest dwellings that southern England can boast.

The home of the Birkenholt family was not one of the least delightful. It stood at the foot of a rising ground, on which grew a grove of magnificent beeches, their large silvery boles rising majestically like columns into a lofty vaulting of branches, covered above with tender green foliage. Here and there the shade beneath was broken by the gilding of a ray of sunshine on a lower twig, or on a white trunk, but the floor of the vast arcades was almost entirely of the russet brown of the fallen leaves, save where a fern or holly bush made a spot of green. At the foot of the slope lay a stretch of pasture ground, some parts covered by "lady-smocks, all silver white," with the course of the little stream through the midst indicated by a perfect golden river of shining king-cups interspersed with ferns. Beyond lay tracts of brown heath and brilliant gorse and broom, which stretched for miles and miles along the flats, while the dry ground was covered with holly brake, and here and there woods of oak and beech made a sea of verdure, purpling in the distance.

Cultivation was not attempted, but hardy little ponies, cows, goats, sheep, and pigs were feeding, and picking their way about in the marshy mead below, and a small garden of pot-herbs, inclosed by a strong fence of timber, lay on the sunny side of a spacious rambling forest lodge, only one story high, built of solid timber and roofed with shingle. It was not without strong pretensions to beauty, as well as to picturesqueness, for the posts of the door, the architecture of the deep porch, the frames of the latticed windows, and the verge boards were all richly carved in grotesque devices. Over the door was the royal shield, between a pair of magnificent antlers, the spoils of a deer reported to have been slain by King Edward IV., as was denoted by the "glorious sun of York" carved beneath the shield.

In the background among the trees were ranges of stables and kennels, and on the grass plat in front of the windows was a row of beehives. A tame doe lay on the little green sward, not far from a large rough deer-hound, both close friends who could be trusted at large. There was a mournful dispirited look about the hound, evidently an aged animal, for the once black muzzle was touched with grey, and there was a film over one of the keen beautiful eyes, which opened eagerly as he pricked his ears and lifted his head at the rattle of the door latch. Then, as two boys came out, he rose, and with a slowly waving tail, and a wistful appealing air came and laid his head against one of the pair who had appeared in the porch. They were lads of fourteen and fifteen, clad in suits of new mourning, with the short belted doublet, puffed hose, small ruffs and little round caps of early Tudor times. They had dark eyes and hair and honest open faces, the younger ruddy and sunburnt, the elder thinner and more intellectual—and they were so much the same size that the advantage of age was always supposed to be on the side of Stephen, though he was really the junior by nearly a year. Both were sad and grave, and the eyes and cheeks of Stephen showed traces of recent floods of tears, though there was more settled dejection on the countenance of his brother.

"Ay, Spring," said the lad, "'tis winter

with thee now. A poor old rogue! Did the new housewife talk of a halter because he showed his teeth when her ill-nurtured brat wanted to ride on him? Nay, old Spring, thou shalt share thy master's fortunes, changed though they be. Oh, father! father! didst thou guess how it would be with thy boys." And throwing himself on the grass, he hid his face against the dog and sobbed.

"Come, Stephen, Stephen; 'tis time to play the man! What are we to do out in the world if you weep and wail?"

"She might have let us stay for the month's mind," was heard from Stephen.

"Ay, and though we might be more glad to go, we might carry bitterer thoughts along with us. Better be done with it at once, say I."

"There would still be the Forest! And I saw the moor hen sitting yester eve! And the wild ducklings are out on the pool, and the woods are full of song. Oh! Ambrose! I never knew how hard it is to part——"

"Nay, now, Steve, where be all your plots for bravery? You always meant to seek your fortune—not bide here like an acorn for ever."

"I never thought to be thrust forth the very day of our poor father's burial, by a shrewish town-bred vixen, and a base narrow souled——"

"Hist! hist!" said the more prudent Ambrose.

"Let him hear who will! He cannot do worse for us than he has done! All the Forest will cry shame on him for a mean-hearted skinflint to turn his brothers from their home, ere their father and his, be cold in his grave," cried Stephen, clenching the grass with his hands, in his passionate sense of wrong.

"That's womanish," said Ambrose.

"Who'll be the woman when the time comes for drawing cold steel?" cried Stephen, sitting up.

At that moment there came through the porch a man, a few years over thirty, likewise in mourning, with a paler, sharper countenance than the brothers, and an uncomfortable pleading expression of self-justification.

"How now, lads!" he said, "what means this passion? You have taken the matter too hastily. There was no thought that ye should part till you had some purpose in view. Nay, we should be fain for Ambrose to bide on here, so he would leave his portion for me to deal with, and teach little Will his primer and accidence. You are a quiet lad, Ambrose, and can rule your tongue better than Stephen, though you be younger."

"Thanks, brother John," said Ambrose, somewhat sarcastically, "but where Stephen goes I go."

"I would—I would have found Stephen a place among the prickers or rangers, if—" hesitated John. "In sooth, I would yet do it, if he would make it up with the house-wife."

"My father looked higher for his son than a pricker's office," returned Ambrose.

"That do I wot," said John, "and therefore, 'tis for his own good that I would send him forth. His godfather, our uncle Birkenholt, he will assuredly provide for him, and set him forth——"

The door of the house was opened, and a shrewish voice cried, "Mr. Birkenholt, here, husband! You are wanted. Here's little Kate crying to have your smooth pouch to stroke, and I cannot reach it for her."

"Father set store by that otter skin pouch, for poor Prince Arthur slew the otter," cried Stephen. "Surely, John, you'll not let the babes make a toy of that?"

John made a helpless gesture, and at a renewed call, went indoors.

"You are right, Ambrose," said Stephen, "this is no place for us. Why should we tarry any longer to see everything moiled and set at nought? I have couched in the forest before, and 'tis summer time."

"Nay," said Ambrose, "we must make up our fardels and have our money in our pouches before we can depart. We must tarry the night, and call John to his reckoning, and so might we set forth early enough in the morning to lie at Winchester that night and take counsel with our uncle Birkenholt."

"I would not stop short at Winchester," said Stephen. "London for me, where uncle Randall will find us preferment!"

"And what wilt do for Spring?"

"Take him with me, of course!" exclaimed Stephen. "What! would I leave him to be kicked and pinched by Will, and hanged belike by Mistress Maud?"

"I doubt me whether the poor old hound will brook the journey."

"Then I'll carry him!"

Ambrose looked at the big dog as if he thought it would be a serious undertaking, but he had known and loved Spring as his brother's property ever since his memory began, and he scarcely felt that they could be separable for weal or woe.

The verdurers of the New Forest were of gentle blood, and their office was well nigh hereditary. The Birkenholts had held it for

many generations, and the reversion passed as a matter of course to the eldest son of the late holder, who had newly been laid in the burial ground of Beaulieu Abbey. John Birkenholt, whose mother had been of knightly lineage, had resented his father's second marriage with the daughter of a yeoman on the verge of the Forest, suspected of a strain of gypsy blood, and had lived little at home, becoming a sort of agent at Southampton for business connected with the timber which was yearly cut in the Forest to supply material for the shipping. He had wedded the daughter of a person engaged in law business at Southampton, and had only been an occasional visitor at home, even after the death of his stepmother. She had left these two boys, unwelcome appendages in his sight. They had obtained a certain amount of education at Beaulieu Abbey, where a school was kept, and where Ambrose daily studied, though for the last few months Stephen had assisted his father in his forest duties.

Death had come suddenly to break up the household in the early spring of 1515, and John Birkenholt had returned as if to a patrimony, bringing his wife and children with him. The funeral ceremonies had been conducted at Beaulieu Abbey on the extensive scale of the sixteenth century, the requiem, the feast, and the dole, all taking place there, leaving the Forest lodge in its ordinary quiet.

It had always been understood that on their father's death, the two younger sons must make their own way in the world; but he had hoped to live until they were a little older, when he might himself have started them in life, or expressed his wishes respecting them to their elder brother. As it was, however, there was no commendation of them, nothing but a strip of parchment, drawn up by one of the monks of Beaulieu, leaving each of them twenty crowns, with a few small jewels and properties left by their own mother, while everything else went to their brother.

There might have been some jealousy excited by the estimation in which Stephen's efficiency—boy as he was—was evidently held by the plain-spoken underlings of the verdurer; and this added to Mistress Birkenholt's dislike to the presence of her husband's half-brothers, whom she regarded as interlopers without a right to exist. Matters were brought to a climax by old Spring's resentment at being roughly teased by her spoilt children. He had done nothing worse than growl, and show his teeth, but the town-bred dame had taken alarm, and half in terror, half in spite, had insisted on his instant execution, since he was too old to be valuable. Stephen, who loved the dog only less than he loved his brother Ambrose, had come to high words with her; and the end of the altercation had been that she had declared that she would suffer no great lubbers of the half-blood to devour her children's inheritance, and teach them ill manners, and that go they must, and that instantly. John had muttered a little about "not so fast, dame," and "for very shame," but she had turned on him, and rated him with a violence that demonstrated who was ruler in the house, and took away all disposition to tarry long under the new dynasty.

The boys possessed two uncles, one on each side of the house. Their father's elder brother had been a man-at-arms, having preferred a stirring life to the Forest, and had fought in the last surges of the Wars of the Roses. Having become disabled and infirm, he had taken advantage of a corrody, or right of maintenance, as being of kin to a benefactor of Hyde Abbey at Winchester, to which Birkenholt some generations back had presented a few roods of land, in right of which, one descendant at a time might be maintained in the Abbey. Intelligence of his brother's death had been sent to Richard Birkenholt, but answer had been returned that he was too evil-disposed with the gout to attend the burial.

The other uncle, Harry Randall, had disappeared from the country under a cloud connected with the king's deer, leaving behind him the reputation of a careless, thriftless, jovial fellow, the best company in all the Forest, and capable of doing everyone's work save his own.

The two brothers, who were about seven and six years old at the time of his flight, had a lively recollection of his charms as a playmate, and of their mother's grief for him, and refusal to believe any ill of her Hal. Rumours had come of his attainment to vague and unknown greatness at court, under the patronage of the Lord Archbishop of York, which the Verdurer laughed to scorn, though his wife gave credit to them. Gifts had come from time to time, passed through a succession of servants and officials of the king, such as a coral and silver rosary, a jewelled bodkin, an agate carved with St. Catherine, an ivory pouncet box with a pierced gold angel as the lid; but no letter with them, as indeed Hal Randall had never been induced to learn to read or write. Master Birkenholt looked doubtfully at the tokens and hoped Hal had come honestly by them; but his wife had thoroughly imbued her sons with the belief

that Uncle Hal was shining in his proper sphere, where he was better appreciated than at home. Thus their one plan was to go to London to find Uncle Hal, who was sure to put Stephen on the road to fortune, and enable Ambrose to become a great scholar, his favourite ambition.

His gifts would, as Ambrose observed, serve them as tokens, and with the purpose of claiming them, they re-entered the hall, a long low room, with a handsome open roof, and walls tapestried with dressed skins, interspersed with antlers, hung with weapons of the chase. At one end of the hall was a small polished barrel, always replenished with beer, at the other a hearth with a wood fire constantly burning, and there was a table running the whole length of the room; at one end of this was laid a cloth, with a few trenchers on it, and horn cups, surrounding a barley loaf and a cheese, this meagre irregular supper being considered as a sufficient supplement to the funeral baked meats which had abounded at Beaulieu. John Birkenholt sat at the table with a trencher and horn before him, uneasily using his knife to crumble, rather than cut his bread. His wife, a thin, pale, shrewish-looking woman, was warming her child's feet at the fire, before putting him to bed, and an old woman sat spinning and nodding on a settle at a little distance.

"Brother," said Stephen, "we have thought on what you said. We will put our stuff together, and if you will count us out our portions, we will be afoot by sunrise to-morrow."

"Nay, nay, lad, I said not there was such haste; did I, mistress housewife?"—(she snorted); "only that thou art a well-grown lusty fellow, and 'tis time thou wentest forth. For thee, Ambrose, thou wottest I made thee a fair offer of bed and board."

"That is," called out the wife, "if thou wilt make a fair scholar of little Will. 'Tis a mighty good offer. There are not many who would let their child be taught by a mere stripling like thee!"

"Nay," said Ambrose, who could not bring himself to thank her, "I go with Stephen, mistress; I would mend my scholarship ere I teach."

"As you please," said Mistress Maud, shrugging her shoulders, "only never say that a fair offer was not made to you."

"And," said Stephen "so please you, brother John, hand us over our portions, and the jewels as bequeathed to us, and we will be gone."

"Portions, quotha?" returned John. "Boy, they be not due to you till you be come to years of discretion."

The brothers looked at one another, and Stephen said, "Nay, now, brother, I know not how that may be, but I do know that you cannot drive us from our father's house without maintenance, and detain what belongs to us."

And Ambrose muttered something about "my Lord of Beaulieu."

"Look you, now," said John, "did I ever speak of driving you from home without maintenance? Hath not Ambrose had his choice of staying here, and Stephen of waiting till some office be found for him. As for putting forty crowns into the hands of striplings like you, it were mere throwing it to the robbers."

"That being so," said Ambrose turning to Stephen, "we will to Beaulieu, and see what counsel my lord will give us."

"Yea, do, like the vipers ye are, and embroil us with my Lord of Beaulieu," cried Maud from the fire.

"See," said John, in his more caressing fashion, "it is not well to carry family tales to strangers, and—and—"

He was disconcerted by a laugh from the old nurse, "Ho! John Birkenholt, thou wast ever a lad of smooth tongue, but an thou, or madam here, think that thy brothers can be put forth from thy father's door without their due before the good man be cold in his grave, without the Forest ringing with it, thou art mightily out in thy reckoning!"

"Peace, thou old hag; what matter is't of thine?" began Mistress Maud, but again came the harsh laugh.

"Matter of mine! Why, whose matter should it be but mine, that have nursed all three of the lads, ay, and their father before them, besides four more that lie in the graveyard at Beaulieu? Rest their sweet souls! And I tell thee, Master John, an thou do not righteously by these thy brothers, thou mayst back to thy parchments at Southampton, for not a man or beast in the Forest will give thee good day."

They all felt the old woman's authority. She was able and spirited in her homely way, and more mistress of the house than Mrs. Birkenholt herself; and such were the terms of domestic service, that there was no peril of losing her place. Even Maud knew that to turn her out was an impossibility, and that she must be accepted like the loneliness, damp, and other evils of Forest life. John had been under her dominion, and proceeded to persuade her. "Good now, Nurse Joan, what have I denied these rash striplings that my

father would have granted them? Wouldst thou have them carry all their portion in their hands, to be cozened of it at the first ale-house, or robbed on the next heath?"

"I would have thee do a brother's honest part, John Birkenholt. A loving part I say not. Thou wert always like a very popple for hardness, and smoothness, ay, and slipperiness. Heigh ho! but what is right by the lads, thou *shalt* do."

John cowered under her eye as he had done at six years old, and faltered, "I only seek to do them right, nurse."

Nurse Joan uttered an emphatic grunt, but Mistress Maud broke in, "They are not to hang about here in idleness eating my poor child's substance and teaching him ill manners."

"We would not stay here if you paid us for it," returned Stephen.

"And whither would you go?" asked John.

"To Winchester first to seek counsel with our uncle Birkenholt. Then to London, where uncle Randall will help us to our fortunes."

"Gypsy Hal! He is more like to help you to a halter," sneered John, but *sotto voce*, and Joan herself observed, "Their uncle at Winchester will show them better than to run after that there go-by-chance."

However, as no one wished to keep the youths, and they were equally determined to go, an accommodation was come to at last. John was induced to give them three crowns apiece and to yield them up the five small trinkets specified, though not without some murmurs from his wife. It was no doubt safer to leave the rest of the money in his hands than to carry it with them, and he undertook that it should be forthcoming, if needed for any fit purpose, such as the purchase of an office, an apprentice's fee, or an outfit as a squire. It was a vague promise that cost him nothing just then, and so could be readily made, and John's great desire was to get them away so that he could aver that they had gone by their own free will, without any hardship, for he had seen enough at his father's obsequies to show him that the love and sympathy of all the scanty dwellers in the Forest was with them.

Nurse Joan had fought their battles, but with the sore heart of one who was parting with her darlings never to see them again. She bade them doff their suits of mourning that she might make up their fardels, as they would travel in their Lincoln-green suits. To take these she repaired to the little rough shed-like chamber where the two brothers lay for the last time on their pallet bed, awake and watching for her with Spring at their feet. The poor old woman stood over them, as over the motherless nurslings whom she had tended, and she should probably never see more, but she was a woman of shrewd sense, and perceived that "with the new madam in the hall" it was better that they should be gone before worse ensued.

She advised leaving their valuables sealed up in the hands of my Lord Abbot, but they were averse to this — for they said their uncle Randall, who had not seen them since they were little children, would not know them without some pledge.

She shook her head. "The less you deal with Hal Randall the better," she said. "Come now, lads, be advised and go no farther than Winchester, where Master Ambrose may get all the book-learning he is ever craving for, and you, Master Steevie, may prentice yourself to some good trade."

"Prentice," cried Stephen, scornfully.

"Ay, ay. As good blood as thine has been prenticed," returned Joan. "Better so than be a cut-throat sword and buckler fellow, ever slaying some one else or getting thyself slain—a terror to all peaceful folk. But thine uncle will see to that—a steady-minded lad always was he—was Master Dick."

Consoling herself with this hope, the old woman rolled up their new suits with some linen into two neat knapsacks; sighing over the thought that unaccustomed fingers would deal with the shirts she had spun, bleached, and sewn. But she had confidence in "Master Dick," and concluded that to send his nephews to him at Winchester gave a far better chance of their being cared for, than letting them be flouted into ill-doing by their grudging brother and his wife.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRANGE OF SILKSTEDE.

"All Itchen's valley lay,
St. Catherine's breezy side and the woodlands far away,
The huge Cathedral sleeping in venerable gloom,
The modest College tower, and the bedesmen's Norman home."—LORD SELBORNE.

VERY early in the morning, even according to the habits of the time, were Stephen and Ambrose Birkenholt astir. They were full of ardour to enter on the new and unknown world beyond the Forest, and much as they

loved it, any change that kept them still to their altered life would have been distasteful.

Nurse Joan, asking no questions, folded up their fardels on their backs, packed the wallets for their day's journey with ample provision. She charged them to be good lads, to say their Pater, Credo, and Ave daily, and never omit Mass on a Sunday. They kissed her like their mother and promised heartily—and Stephen took his cross-bow. They had had some hope of setting forth so early as to avoid all other *human* farewells, except that Ambrose wished to begin by going to Beaulieu to take leave of the Father who had been his kind master, and get his blessing and counsel. But Beaulieu was three miles out of their way, and Stephen had not the same desire, being less attached to his schoolmaster and more afraid of hindrances being thrown in their way.

Moreover, contrary to their expectation, their elder brother came forth, and declared his intention of setting them forth on their way, bestowing a great amount of good advice, to the same purport as that of nurse Joan, namely, that they should let their uncle Richard Birkenholt find them some employment at Winchester, where they—or at least Ambrose—might even obtain admission into the famous college of St. Mary.

In fact, this excellent elder brother persuaded himself that it would be doing them an absolute wrong to keep such promising youths hidden in the Forest.

The purpose of his going thus far with them made itself evident. It was to see them past the turning to Beaulieu. No doubt he wished to tell the story in his own way, and that they should not present themselves there as orphans expelled from their father's house. It would sound much better that he had sent them to ask counsel of their uncle at Winchester, the fit person to take charge of them. And as he represented that to go to Beaulieu would lengthen their day's journey so much that they might hardly reach Winchester that night, while all Stephen's wishes were to go forward, Ambrose could only send his greetings. There was another debate over Spring, who had followed his master as usual. John uttered an exclamation of vexation at perceiving it, and bade Stephen drive the dog back. "Or give me the leash to drag him. He will never follow me."

"He goes with us," said Stephen.

"He! Thou'lt never have the folly! The old hound is half blind and past use. No man will take thee in with him after thee."

"Then they shall not take me in," said Stephen. "I'll not leave him to be hanged by thee."

"Who spoke of hanging him?"

"Thy wife will soon, if she hath not already."

"Thou wilt be for hanging him thyself ere thou have made a day's journey with him on the king's highway, which is not like these forest paths, I would have thee to know. Why, he limps already."

"Then I'll carry him," said Stephen, doggedly.

"What hast thou to say to that device, Ambrose?" asked John, appealing to the elder and wiser.

But Ambrose only answered "I'll help," and as John had no particular desire to retain the superannuated hound, and preferred on the whole to be spared sentencing him, no more was said on the subject as they went along, until all John's stock of good counsel had been lavished on his brothers' impatient ears. He bade them farewell, and turned back to the lodge, and they struck away along the woodland pathway which they had been told led to Winchester, though they had never been thither, nor seen any town save Southampton and Romsey at long intervals. On they went, sometimes through beech and oak woods of noble, almost primeval, trees, but more often across tracts of holly underwood, illuminated here and there with the snowy garlands of the wild cherry, and beneath with wide spaces covered with young green bracken, whose soft irregular masses on the undulating ground had somewhat the effect of the waves of the sea. These alternated with stretches of yellow gorse and brown heather, sheets of cotton-grass, and pools of white crow-foot, and all the vegetation of a mountain side, only that the mountain was not there.

The brothers looked with eyes untaught to care for beauty, but with a certain love of the home scenes, tempered by youth's impatience for something new. The nightingales sang, the thrushes flew out before them, the wild duck and moor-hen glanced on the pools. Here and there they came on the furrows left by the snout of the wild swine, and in the open tracts rose the graceful heads of the deer, but of inhabitants or travellers they scarce saw any, save when they halted at the little hamlet of Minestead, where a small ale-house was kept by one Will Purkiss, who claimed descent from the charcoal burner who had carried William Rufus's corpse to burial at Winchester—the one fact in history known to all New Foresters, though perhaps Ambrose and John were

the only persons beyond the walls of Beaulieu who did not suppose the affair to have taken place in the last generation.

A draught of ale and a short rest were welcome as the heat of the day came on, making the old dog plod wearily on with his tongue out, so that Stephen began to consider whether he should indeed have to be his bearer—a serious matter, for the creature, at full length, measured nearly as much as he did. They met hardly any one, and they and Spring were alike too well known and trained, for difficulties to arise as to leading a dog through the Forest. Should they ever come to the term of the Forest? It was not easy to tell when they were really beyond it, for the ground was much of the same kind. Only the smooth, treeless hills, where they had always been told Winchester lay, seemed more defined, and they saw no more deer, but here and there were inclosures where wheat and barley were growing, and black timbered farm-houses began to show themselves at intervals. Herd boys, as rough and unkempt as their charges, could be seen looking after little tawny cows, black faced sheep, or spotted pigs, with curs which barked fiercely at poor weary Spring, even as their masters were more disposed to throw stones than to answer questions.

By and by, on the further side of a green valley, could be seen buildings with an encircling wall of flint and mortar faced with ruddy brick, the dark red tiled roofs rising among walnut trees, and an orchard in full bloom spreading into a long green field.

"Winchester must be nigh. The sun is getting low," said Stephen.

"We will ask. The good fathers will at least give us an answer," said Ambrose wearily.

As they reached the gate, a team of plough horses was passing in led by a peasant lad, while a lay brother, with his gown tucked up, rode sideways on one, whistling. An Augustinian monk, ruddy, burly and sunburnt, stood in the farm yard, to receive an account of the day's work, and doffing his cap, Ambrose asked whether Winchester were near.

"Three mile or thereaway, my good lad," said the monk; "thou'lt see the towers an ye mount the hill. Whence art thou?" he added, looking at the two young strangers. "Scholars? The College elects not yet a while."

"We be from the Forest, so please your reverence," replied Ambrose, "and are bound for Hyde Abbey, where our uncle, Master Richard Birkenholt, dwells."

"And oh, sir," added Stephen, "may we crave a drop of water for our dog?"

The monk smiled as he looked at Spring, who had flung himself down to take advantage of the halt, hanging out his tongue, and panting spasmodically. "A noble beast," he said, "of the Windsor breed, is't not?" Then laying his hand on the graceful head, "Poor old hound, thou art o'er travelled. He is aged for such a journey, if you came from the Forest since morn. Twelve years at the least, I should say, by his muzzle."

"Your reverence is right," said Stephen, "he is twelve years old. He is two years younger than I am, and my father gave him to me when he was a little whelp."

"So thou must needs take him to seek thy fortune with thee," said the good-natured Augustinian, not knowing how truly he spoke. "Come in, my lads, here's a drink for him. What said you was your uncle's name?" and as Ambrose repeated it, "Birkenholt! Living on a corrody at Hyde! Ay! ay! My lads, I have a call to Winchester to-morrow, you'd best tarry the night here at Silkstede Grange, and fare forward with me."

The tired boys were heartily glad to accept the invitation, more especially as Spring, happy as he was with the trough of water before him, seemed almost too tired to stand over it, and after the first, tried to lap, lying down. Silkstede was not a regular convent, only a grange or farm-house, presided over by one of the monks, with three or four lay brethren under him, and a little colony of hinds, in the surrounding cottages, to cultivate the farm, and tend a few cattle and numerous sheep, the special care of the Augustinians.

Father Shoveller, as the good-natured monk who had received the travellers was called, took them into the spacious but homely chamber which served as refectory, kitchen and hall. He called to the lay brother who was busy over the open hearth to fry a few more rashers of bacon; and after they had washed away the dust of their journey at the trough where Spring had slaked his thirst, they sat down with him to a hearty supper, which smacked more of the grange than of the monastery, spread on a large solid oak table, and washed down with good ale. The repast was shared by the lay brethren and farm servants, and also by two or three big sheep dogs, who had to be taught their manners towards Spring.

There was none of the formality that Ambrose was accustomed to at Beaulieu in the great refectory, where no one spoke, but

one of the brethren read aloud some theological book from a stone pulpit in the wall. Here Brother Shoveller conversed without stint, chiefly with the brother who seemed to be a kind of bailiff, with whom he discussed the sheep that were to be taken into market the next day, and the prices to be given for them by either the college, the castle, or the butchers of Boucher Row. He however found time to talk to the two guests, and being sprung from a family in the immediate neighbourhood, he knew the verdurer's name, and ere he was a monk, had joined in the chase in the Forest.

There was a little oratory attached to the hall, where he and the lay brethren kept the hours, to a certain degree, putting two or three services into one, on a liberal interpretation of *laborare est orare*. Ambrose's responses made their host observe as they went out, "Thou hast thy Latin pat, my son, there's the making of a scholar in thee."

Then they took their first night's rest away from home, in a small guest-chamber, with a good bed, though bare in all other respects. Brother Shoveller likewise had a cell to himself, but the lay brethren slept promiscuously among their sheep dogs on the floor of the refectory.

All were afoot in the early morning, and Stephen and Ambrose were awakened by the tumultuous bleatings of the flock of sheep that were being driven from their fold to meet their fate at Winchester market. They heard Brother Shoveller shouting his orders to the shepherds in tones a good deal more like those of a farmer than of a monk, and they made haste to dress themselves, and join him as he was muttering a morning abbreviation of his obligatory devotions in the oratory, observing that they might be in time to hear mass at one of the city churches, but the sheep might delay them, and they had best break their fast ere starting.

It was Wednesday, a day usually kept as a moderate fast, so the breakfast was of oatmeal porridge, flavoured with honey, and washed down with mead, after which Brother Shoveller mounted his mule, a sleek creature whose long ears had an air of great contentment, and rode off, accommodating his pace to that of his young companions up a stony cart track which soon led them to the top of a chalk down, whence as in a map they could see Winchester, surrounded by its walls, lying in a hollow between the smooth green hills. At one end rose the castle, its fortifications covering its own hill, beneath, in the valley, the long, low massive Cathedral, the College buildings and tower with its pinnacles, and nearer at hand, among the trees, the Almshouse of Noble Poverty at St. Cross, beneath the round hill of St. Catherine. Churches and monastic buildings stood thickly in the town, and indeed, Brother Shoveller said, shaking his head, that there were well nigh as many churches as folk to go to them; the place was decayed since the time he remembered when Prince Arthur was born there. Hyde Abbey, he could not show them, from where they stood, as it lay further off by the river side, having been removed from the neighbourhood of the minster, because these, the brethren of St. Grimbald could not agree with those of St. Swithun's belonging to the minster, as indeed their buildings were so close together that it was hardly possible to pass between them, and their bells jangled in each other's ears.

Brother Shoveller did not seem to entertain a very high opinion of the monks of St. Grimbald, and he asked the boys whether they were expected there. "No," they said; "tidings of their father's death had been sent by one of the woodmen, and the only answer that had been returned was that Master Richard Birkenholt was ill at ease, but would have masses said for his brother's soul."

"Hem!" said the Augustinian ominously; but at that moment they came up with the sheep, and his attention was wholly absorbed by them, as he joined the lay brothers in directing the shepherds who were driving them across the downs, steering them over the high ground towards the arched West Gate close to the royal castle. The street sloped rapidly down, and Brother Shoveller conducted his young companions between the overhanging houses, with stalls between serving as shops, till they reached the open space round the market cross, on the steps of which women sat with baskets of eggs, butter and poultry, raised above the motley throng of cattle and sheep, with their dogs and drivers, the various cries of man and beast forming an incongruous accompaniment to the bells of the churches that surrounded the market-place.

Citizens' wives in hood and wimple were there, shrilly bargaining for provision for their households, squires and grooms in quest of hay for their masters' stables, purveyors seeking food for the garrison, lay brethren and sisters for their convents, and withal the usual margin of begging friars, wandering gleemen, jugglers and pedlars, though in no great numbers, as this was only a Wednesday market-day, not a fair. Ambrose recognised one or two who had made part of the crowd

at Beaulieu only two days previously, when he had "seen through tears the juggler leap," and the jingling tune one of them was playing on a rebeck brought back associations of almost unbearable pain. Happily Father Shoveller, having seen his sheep safely bestowed in a pen, bethought him of bidding the lay brother in attendance show the young gentlemen the way to Hyde Abbey, and turning up a street at right angles to the principal one, they were soon out of the throng.

It was a lonely place, with a decayed uninhabited appearance, and Brother Peter told them it had been the Jewry, whence good King Edward had banished all the unbelieving dogs of Jews, and where no one chose to dwell after them.

Soon they came in sight of a large extent of monastic buildings, partly of stone, but the more domestic offices of flint and brick or mortar. Large meadows stretched away to the banks of the Itchen, with cattle grazing in them, but in one was a set of figures to whom the lay brother pointed with a laugh of exulting censure.

"Long bows!" exclaimed Stephen. "Who be they?"

"Brethren of St. Grimbald, sir. Such rule doth my Lord of Hyde keep, mitred abbot though he be. They say the good bishop hath called him to order, but what reckons he of bishops? Good-day, Brother Bulpett, here be two young kinsmen of Master Birkenholt to visit him, and so *benedicite*, fair sirs. St. Austin's grace be with you!"

Through a gate between two little red octagonal towers, Brother Bulpett led the two visitors, and called to another of the monks, "*Benedicite*, Father Segrim, here be two striplings wanting speech of old Birkenholt."

"Looking after dead men's shoes, I trow," muttered Father Segrim, with a sour look at the lads, as he led them through the outer court, where some fine horses were being groomed, and then across a second court surrounded with a beautiful cloister, with flower beds in front of it. Here, on a stone bench, in the sun, clad in a gown furred with rabbit skin, sat a decrepit old man, both his hands clasped over his staff. Into his deaf ears their guide shouted, "These boys say they are your kindred, Master Birkenholt."

"Anan?" said the old man, trembling with palsy. The lads knew him to be older than their father, but they were taken by surprise at such feebleness, and the monk did not aid them, only saying roughly, "There he is. Tell your errand."

"How fares it with you, uncle?" ventured Ambrose.

"Who be ye? I know none of you," muttered the old man, shaking his head still more.

"We are Ambrose and Stephen from the Forest," shouted Ambrose.

"Ah! Steve! Poor Stevie! The accursed boar has rent his goodly face so as I would never have known him. Poor Steve! Rest his soul!"

The old man began to weep, while his nephews recollected that they had heard that another uncle had been slain by the tusk of a wild boar in early manhood. Then to their surprise, his eyes fell on Spring, and calling the hound by name, he caressed the creature's head—"Spring, poor Spring! Stevie's faithful old dog. Hast lost thy master? Wilt follow me now?"

He was thinking of a Spring, as well as of a Stevie of sixty years ago, and he babbled on of how many fawns were in the Queen's Bower this summer, and who had best shot at the butts at Lyndhurst, as if he were excited by the breath of his native Forest, but there was no making him understand that he was speaking with his nephews. The name of his brother John only set him repeating that John loved the greenwood, and would be content to take poor Stevie's place and dwell in the verdurer's lodge; but that he himself ought to be abroad, he had seen brave Lord Talbot's ships burnt at Southampton, John might stay at home, but he would win fame and honour in Gascony.

And while he thus wandered, and the boys stood by perplexed and distressed, Brother Segrim came back, and said, "So, young sirs, have you seen enough of your doting kinsman? The sub-prior bids me say that we harbour no strange idling lubber lads, nor strange dogs here. 'Tis enough for us to be saddled with dissolute old men-at-arms without all their idle kin making an excuse to come and pay their devoirs. These corrodies are a heavy charge and a weighty abuse, and if there be the visitation the king's majesty speaks of, they will be one of the first matters to be amended."

Wherewith Stephen and Ambrose found themselves walked out of the cloister of St. Grimbald, and the gates shut behind them.

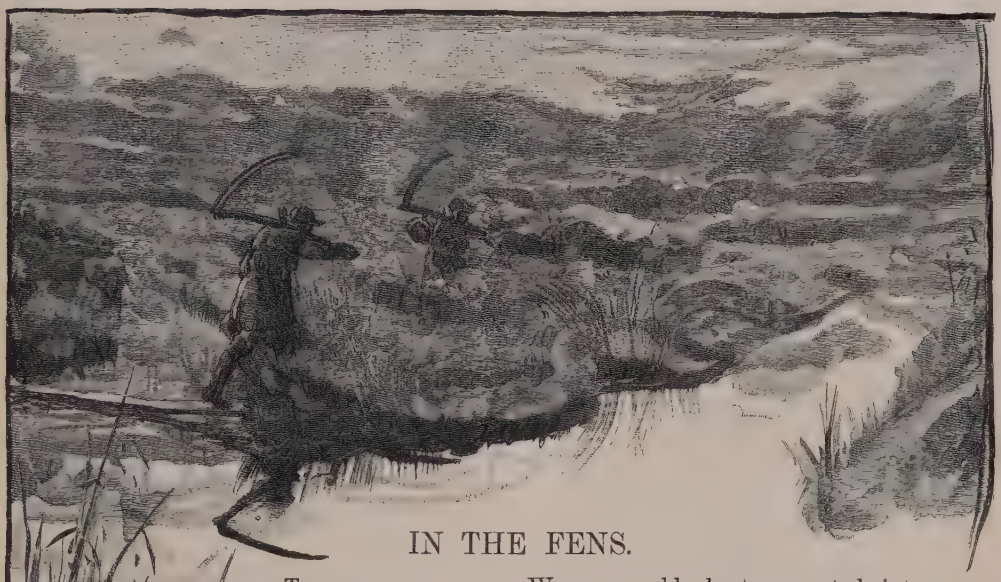
(*To be continued.*)

THE MILLER'S COURTSHIP.

Engraved by O. Lacour *from a Drawing by* R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1883.



IN THE FENS.

The passage across the Channel from Dover to Calais marks a rapid and striking change of national life and manners with scarce any transformation in the outward habit of nature. Landscape does not alter with language, and the scenery of the northern departments of France is found to have much of the character of that which we have left behind us in England. But to embark at Harwich and to wake in the morning as the steamer quietly makes for Rotterdam, yields a very different impression. We are suddenly transported into a new world where everything owns the influence of water; and as the boat moves in the midst of a level of the deepest green meadow, intersected here, there, and everywhere by water-trenches and dykes, which are flanked by a luxuriant growth of willow and alder, we feel that nature here presents itself to our eyes under conditions that are strange and new. And yet those who care for this Dutch landscape need scarcely wander so far as Holland, for within our own island may be found a wide tract of country possessing like features and characteristics. The Fenland is indeed in some sense a Holland in miniature. Here is the same ceaseless fight against the encroachment of the waters, and as if to point the resemblance, we are reminded that it was the Dutchmen who came over and helped with their skill and experience to make the present Fenland

what it is, the richest and most luxuriant agricultural district in England. Our earliest lessons in mechanical and civil engineering were principally obtained from Holland, and its people supplied us with our first wind-mills, water-mills and pumping-engines. Holland too even provided us with the necessary labourers to execute our great works of drainage. Sir Cornelius Vermuyden drained the great Level of the Fens: Freestone another Dutchman was employed to reclaim the Marsh near Wells, in Norfolk: and Joas Johnson, when a new haven was required at Yarmouth, was commissioned to plan and construct the works.

Of the life of Vermuyden, whose name is so closely associated with the history of the Fen, no memoir of any kind exists, though he seems to have been a person of good birth and education. Trained up as an engineer in a country where embanking and draining were studied as an art, he must have been familiar with the most approved methods of his profession. He was first invited over to England about the year 1621, but it was not until 1629 that he commenced his work in the Level. Great was the opposition he experienced on the part of the Fen-man, and his foreign workmen, the Dutch and the Flemings, were sadly ill-treated. The proposal to drain the great Fen had no attraction whatever in the eyes of its inhabitants. They enjoyed a wild liberty in their watery wilderness catching the fish and snaring the wild-fowl; and however miserable their condition, still the Fens were their "native land." Quite an agitation sprang up to oppose the invasion, and in satirical songs and ballads the grievance was made public, and the drainers were resisted in every possible way. One of these ballads popular throughout the Fen villages was entitled *The Powte's Complaint* and commenced after this fashion:—

"Come, Brethren of the water, and let us all assemble,
To treat upon this Matter which makes us quake and tremble;
For we shall rue, if it be true that Fens be undertaken;
And where we feed in Fen and reed, they'll feed both Beef and Bacon.

They'll sow both Bean and Oats, where never man yet thought it;
Where men did row in Boats ere Undertakers bought it;
But, Ceres, thou behold us now, let wild oats be their venture,
Oh, let the Frogs and miry Bogs destroy where they do enter."

But the drainers outlived these attacks, and the works were executed. Vermuyden's perseverance triumphed, but his efforts to raise funds for his Dutch labourers necessitated his selling every acre of the land he had reclaimed and earned. Our last sight of him is in 1656, when he appeared before Parliament as a suppliant for redress; afterwards he seems to have left England, and is supposed to have died abroad in poverty, a broken-down old man.

The Great Level of the Fens contains now about 680,000 acres of the richest land in England, land just as much the product of art as the kingdom of Holland, opposite to which it lies. It has been reclaimed and drained by the labour of successive generations of engineers, and even now is only preserved for culture and habitation by constant care and watchfulness. In visiting the district the first impression is one of almost depressing monotony. Except a few knolls, locally termed "islands," some small plantations of trees known as "holts," consisting of the black poplar, ash, and alder, a windmill, or the chimney of a steam engine, there is nothing to break the line of the low horizon. In other parts of England the hedge-rows, dotted with elms, and oaks, serve to give a picturesque character to the scene. Not so in the Fens. Field is separated from field by ditches, which communicate with wider cuttings called "lodes," and these again flow into the natural watercourses of the rivers which carry off the drainage of the land. Whirled through some of these districts in the railway train, the traveller feels weary and disgusted with the ugliness of the look-out, and wonders how anybody can possibly dwell in such melancholy places.

"Where none but a Great Eastern train deigns to stop,
Where there's no one to pick up and no one to drop."

A calm quiet reigns over the whole place, and even in springtime and early summer it is only the feeble song of the reed-sparrow and the chatter of the sedge-bird which breaks the silence. And yet this country has for centuries attracted the energies of foreign and English engineers. The sea-banks and droves of the north, whether Roman or Norman made them, tell us more graphically than any records, how the "Marshland" was won from the raging sea —in fact, wherever we may be, the dykes, the banks, the mills, all very forcibly speak

to us of the great struggle with nature. Of the earlier condition of the country we find but little recorded. Conjectural speculation upon the remote past conceives of a time when a great part of the German Ocean did not exist; and in support of so startling a theory we are reminded of the presence of certain fish, roach, dace, chub, bream, which belong to the north-east of Europe, and which must have sped through fresh water to the streams of southern and western England. In further support of this view is the fact that the Burbot is found only in the Cam and a few other rivers in north-eastern Europe. Some stress is also laid on the presence in the Fens of the bearded tit, whose habitat is in the marshes of Russia and Prussia, and on traces of the fresh-water tortoise in Wrotham Mere. Certain it is that a forest of goodly oaks, and firs, with hazel thickets, did once exist here, for the trunks of the trees and the nuts of the hazel are found admirably preserved in the peat side by side with the bones of the beaver, the wolf, the boar, and the urus.

But even coming down to times nearer our own it is only in imagination we can picture to ourselves the Fen as it was a hundred years or so ago. What a magnificent stretch of wild nature it must have been. Then the Level was for miles one uniform bed of sedge, with dark green alders and light green reeds, varied only by a few low, sallow bushes. Then instead of the now almost universal silence, the whole place must have been alive with the song and notes of the innumerable birds and the clacking of the wild-fowl. The swallow-tail butterfly abounded, and the large copper in almost equal profusion spread its brilliant wings to the sun. Many other exquisite and curious insects must have been there too. Until very recently there were folk who remembered the time when a comfortable living was to be made by netting the ruffs and reeves in the summer time, and by snaring the snipe that were there in vast numbers during the winter.

LITTLEPORT BRIDGE.
From a Drawing by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

But, alas! gone are the ruffs and reeves, the great copper, and many of the curious insects.

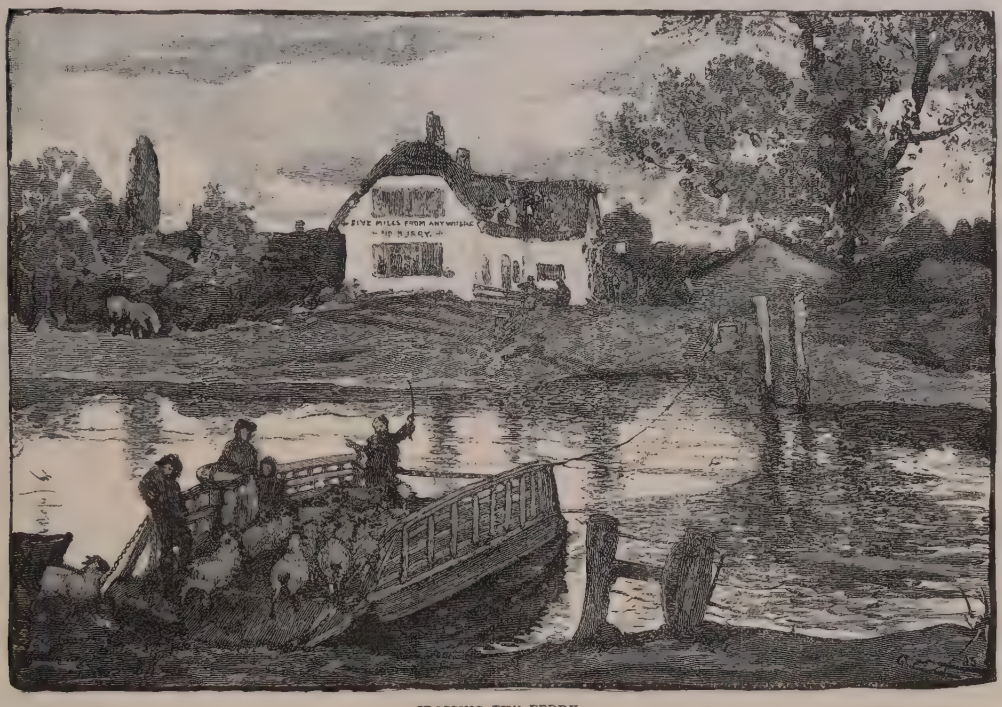
Almost the only little piece of wilderness still left to enable us to form a clear idea of this desolate picture is the wild stretch of sweet sedge in Wicken Fen. The mass of the herbage consists of the *Cladium mariscus*, the Bog Rush, the Marsh Fen, and the Meadow Thistle. Here alone the swallow-tail butterfly is to be found with the Marsh Milk-Parsley, on which the larva feeds; but the cutting of the sedge destroying the pupa will soon extinguish the species. Here too is the last resort of the gorgeous Scarlet Tiger. Heath used to grow plentifully

in prehistoric times during the dry period in which the buried forests lived, but now in the Cambridgeshire Fen district a plant of heather or ling does not exist. As a remnant of heath fauna, the Emperor moth, one of our largest and most handsome species, remains in Wicken. The larva will feed upon other plants, and in Wicken it feeds upon the Meadow-sweet. A visitor to the Fens will do well to make first for Wicken, as a sight of it will help him, in passing through the now cultivated districts, to banish the present unlovely scenery from his mind, and to think only of its earlier beauty. Should he start from Cambridge he will pass through Waterbeach to Upware, whence he can speedily make his way into the midst of the Fen country. Here is the long straight road and the long straight dyke running by its side: the farmhouse with its picturesque barns and sheds: and the willow and the aspen poplar. The illustration of a Fen dyke is eminently characteristic of the neighbourhood: the land around is flat, uniformly flat, and there is nothing but the mill and the solitary tree which stands out in relief against the horizon. The road is rugged, the dark peaty soil is full of ruts, and its blackness makes the crops around look the deepest green.

Crossing the ferry the traveller arrives at the little Inn at Upware, with its quaint title—"Five miles from anywhere. 'No hurry.'" The high bank of the river is very noticeable here, and the roof only of a little toll-house on the other side is visible, the lower part being quite hidden from view. Generally in England the rivers wind in and out, unimpeded in their natural course, and trusted by man, but in the Fen every river has its artificial bank, and follows its course in a sort of bondage. In some cases the rivers have even inner and outer banks, with washlands between them. When the seasons are wet, to preserve communication between one village and another, the road must necessarily be considerably raised above the surrounding country, and as the

A FEN DYKE.
From a Drawing by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

river for safety must be embanked, what better high-road between village and village and town and village than the river bank itself? So the high road goes winding in and out, following the natural course of the river, keeping by its side and raised above it. The Inn at Upware stands close to the river, as may be seen in the charming drawing with the lambs coming over by the



CROSSING THE FERRY.
From a Drawing by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

ferry. Alas! these picturesque ferries are being gradually superseded by plain ugly iron bridges, and soon, too soon, there will be but few of them left.

To rise with the sun in Wicken is worth the cost. This is the time to see the mists as they wreathe themselves fantastically over the Fen and then vanish like a thin veil caught in a flame. I remember starting out for Wicken Fen from Upware one cold, quiet morning at about half past one when the only sound to be heard was the fitful, restless quiver of the large poplar in front of the little Inn. Passing over the bridge and following the dyke, I made my way into the midst of the Fen which was still cloaked in a white wet mist. At first the silence was complete, but as I pushed on by the side of the still water, one by one the birds began to give their welcome to the day. Suddenly a skylark broke out into wild, joyous song, then another and another, and soon the whole place seemed alive with sound. Cuckoos were numerous, and one here and another there began to peal forth a strong, clear note; the sedge-bird commenced its continuous chattering, while now and then was heard the doleful song of the reed-sparrow. There was the grasshopper too with its peculiar cricket-like incessant reel; the piping, clicking note of the snipe, accompanied at intervals by a humming or bleating noise, apparently produced by a peculiar action of the wings when the bird descends swiftly and with a tremulous motion; and the quail's shrill whistling sound. Standing by the dyke side in the midst of the sedge and the rushes, the bats passing and repassing in noiseless flight above my head, and this chorus of invisible songsters piercing the mist that still hung over the whole Fen, the effect in the dim grey light was certainly most strange and weird; and shivering in the cold morning air, I could well understand the legends about the Fen-man who was once believed to be born with a speckled belly and a web between his toes, and could appreciate

his opium consuming propensities by which he was supposed to fortify himself against the dreaded evil of ague. But gradually everything imperceptibly lightens, the sun rises majestically, and the mist rolls off the Fen. Though there is no wind, it seems to be driving at a great pace, and bit by bit this wild piece of nature is disclosed to view. It is the hour when the sedge-cutters start out from the village to their early morning work. The first illustration represents this wonderful mist over the Fen as two of these men are crossing one of the numerous dykes with scythe and provender for the day on their backs. Handkerchiefs are tied over their mouths to protect them from the effect of the deep dew, pieces of stocking are wrapped round their arms and hands as armour against the sharpness of the sedge, their waistcoats are of calf skin, and they wear leathern leggings like greaves about their legs. The drawing of the sedge-cutter is in fact exactly as he is to be seen at his work. While everything is wet with the heavy dew, the short broad blade of his scythe tells effectively. Sedge-cutting is one of the remnants of a Fen industry, and Wicken is the only portion of the great district in which the sedge has free growth. But when the whole area was a Fen of vast bog and water and when myriads of water-fowl made it their home, and the booming of the bittern was a common sound, then the Fen-man dug his peat for fuel and cut his sedge for kindling his fire and covering his roof, and at night brooding over his fire dreamt of the Jack o' Lanterns. Often too he shivered with ague, for although to the manner born, yet even he was not free from the terrible consequences of the Fen miasma. In the summer evenings you may sometimes come across one of the peasants spearing eels with a long barbed pole in the pools of water that have been made by this excavation of the turf or peat. It is a striking sight—the man's figure exaggerated in size in the evening light as he stands outlined against the sky, with his arm raised and ready to strike into the pool made golden by the setting sun. It is also very picturesque to see some of the girls of the village herding the geese and ducks homeward at sundown as they walk by the dyke side in the midst of the sweet sedge, industriously knitting and singing as they go.

The wild beauty of Wicken Fen is in striking contrast with the cultivated land lying around it. Within a short distance are crops of corn, oats, and mangel-wurzel springing out of the dark peaty soil, with ditches separating one field from another. The landscape has become dull and uneventful, and yet it is impossible to regret the change that has been effected, though it has been made at the cost of picturesque beauty. For there must have been a time when the resources of the Fen-men scarcely sufficed to sustain them in their constant struggle with the forces of nature. Their dwellings, erected on the banks of the rivers for their better security, and generally at some distance from each other, cut them off from their fellows, and deprived them of all social life—

> "An humble race of men,
> Alike amphibious by kind nature's hand,
> Formed to exist on water or on land;
> Who endured long time
> The various hardships of the watery clime,
> Whose slaughtering gun and faithful dog had fed
> His wife and little family with bread."

A hard place indeed it must have been to live in, and fit to breed a hardy race. And these earlier inhabitants were made of stern stuff, as the traces of their life serve to prove.

There was discovered in Burwell Fen the skull of a bull crushed in with a ground celt, which was found in the skull itself; showing the habits of the men who had the courage to attack a wild bull with simply a stone tool mounted in wood. Then an advance in civilisation is made, and bronze celts, iron swords, and spear heads, &c., are found. In later days the Fen-men had great gain by their winter shooting and summer fishing, especially in a drowned year, for when the waters began to abate, the fish retired into the dykes and rivers, and great quantities were taken. By the overflowing of Whittlesea Mere and other great reservoirs of fish, the whole country is plentifully stocked with them, and the Fen-men have a phrase that "Whittlesea Mere has folded."

The natural islands of the Fenland form a singular and characteristic feature of the country. These are not formed by ditches and drains, but consist of land elevated some few feet above the surrounding Fen. In some cases there are even islets within an island, the names of the many places in the district which have for their termination *ea* and *ey*, such as Whittlesea, Thorney, Stuntney, Coveney, Quaney &c., indicating that in former times they were dry ground, while the Fen around was flood. These beautiful Fen-isles were the

IN THE FENS—EVENING.

From a Drawing by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

resort of the monks, who seem to have been the first settlers there. They all, with the exception of Sibsey and Stickney, lie in the southern part of the district, and in the history of Ramsey we have a description of this lovely isle, which got its name from a solitary ram that wandered thither and was never able to return. William of Malmesbury writing in the twelfth century, gives an account of Thorney Abbey and Isle, appropriately named from the dense thickness of the bramble bushes. "The island itself," he says, is "a very Paradise; in some parts are apple trees and vines raised on poles: trees abound, and with its plain of grass level as the sea, it resembles a very heaven." Nor does he forget to mention its buildings which were "wonderful to see."

In the Liber Eliensis a monk of the twelfth century gives an elaborate picture of the Isle of Ely, full of details, and very useful in furnishing some information of the Fen zoology. It is an enthusiastic account of the Isle supposed to have been delivered to William the Conqueror when he was laying siege to the "Camp of Refuge," the last portion of England which held out against his victorious arms. King Harold had bestowed the Abbacy of Ely on Thurstan, a Fen-man, who had been brought up in the monastery, and William's first act was to deprive him of the see and appoint a Norman in his place. But his removal proved no easy matter. Relying upon the strength of his position with its natural bulwark formed by the swamps and marshes, Thurstan determined to defend the abbey, and to support Edgar Atheling; and in this way the Isle of Ely became a refuge for all the English subjects who refused submission. The refugees selected Hereward, a young noble, distinguished for his valour and daring to take command of all the forces they could muster, and we read how a knight of the French army was entertained by Hereward, and then sent back to William to tell him of the strength of Ely. He reported that in the isle men were not troubling about the leaguer, holding that they were safely defended by their tiros. The ploughman had not taken his hand from the plough, nor had the hunter cast aside his arrow, even the fowler did not desist from beguiling birds. "If you wish to hear," he says, "what I have known and seen I will reveal all to you. The isle is within itself plentifully endowed, it is supplied with various kinds of herbage, and for its richer soil surpasses the rest of England. Most delightful are its charming fields and pastures; it is also remarkable for its beasts of chase, and it is in no ordinary way fertile in flocks and herds. Its woods and vineyards are not worthy of equal praise, but it is begirt by great meres and fens as though by a strong wall. In this isle there is an abundance of domestic cattle, and a multitude of wild animals. Stags, roes, goats, and hares are found in its groves and by these fens. Moreover there is a fair plenty of otters, weasels, and polecats, which in a hard winter are caught by traps, snares, or by any other device. But what am I to say of the kind of fishes and of fowls, both those that fly and those that swim? In the eddy at the sluices of these meres are netted innumerable eels, and large water-fowls. Even pickerels, perches, roaches, burbots, and lampreys, which we call water-snakes, are taken, and sometimes Isicii together with the royal fish the sturgeon. As to fowls, let us, if it be not troublesome to you, recount those which abide there and thereabouts as we have done with the rest. Geese, coots, didappers, water-crows, herons, and ducks, of which the number is very great. At midwinter when the birds moult their quills, I have seen them caught by the hundred, and even by three hundred more or less. Sometimes they are taken in nets and snares as well as by birdlime."

This description may perhaps be a little exaggerated; still it was written only a generation after the speech is supposed to have been delivered to William, and we may accept it as a fairly accurate account of what the place was like. The Isle of Ely proper was an elevated tract about seven miles long and four miles broad, rising out of the great level of the Fens. It seems to have been called Ely on account of the abundance of eels taken there, the Saxon for eel was *œl*, and for island *ig*, and Elig, we are told was the Saxon for Ely. The entrances to the isle which are most frequently mentioned in the records are the two causeways of Aldreth and Stuntney; but it was easier to get to the isle by water than by land, and even as late as the sixteenth century the monks who had business to transact in the neighbourhood performed many of their journeys by water. The early writers describe it as "rising out of a watery waste which time out of mind was neither accessible for man nor beast, affording only deep mud, with sedge and reeds, and possest by birds, yea much more by devils." In process of time however the monks cut down the reeds, built bridges across the streams, and made a dry causeway across the Fens.

A very fine view of Ely cathedral is

obtained from the river. Sailing gently along towards Littleport and Southery it stands loftily grave and majestic. The scenery between Ely and Littleport is exceedingly Dutch in appearance. The river is banked high on either side, and the forms of the cows which stand lazily here and there, are outlined against the sky, while to get on the top of the bank is to see all around the flat unbroken level of the country. Let us proceed as far as Southery, for there a beautiful and effective view of Fen-country can be obtained. Passing under the charming old bridge at Littleport, the ferry at Southery is soon reached, and a short walk from the ferry brings us to the village. There is a lovely old-fashioned post-mill here. It stands very high and is well exposed to the wind, being sheltered on one side only by the ruins of a church; so the miller, a very practical man, watches the gradual decay of the ecclesiastical edifice with the keenest satisfaction. Standing by this old mill, an immense stretch of country lies below with Southery Fen and the adjoining district, a land fruitful in crops and corn. What a magnificent sight this must have been when the vast fertile plain was

"Level fen, a prospect wild and wide."

The Fen-men of early times were a hardy and thrifty race, but they were not all without some of the finer and more tender feelings of human beings. The Fenland may claim that to her belongs the poet of the past. Robert Manning, sometimes called Robert of Brunne, set out from Bowen for Cambridge about 1300 or earlier, and became the first great writer in our modern classic English. *The Handlyng Synne* was written by him A.D. 1303. He tells very quaintly a tale of two good women, probably Fenland, who had never had a word with their husbands for twenty years. His comment on the fact is this :—

> "A good woman is man's bliss,
> Where her love right and steadfast is,
> There is no solace under heaven
> Of all that a man may never, (know)
> That shall a man so much glew, (please)
> As a good woman that loveth true.
> No dearer is none in God's herd
> Than a chaste woman with lovely word."

In conclusion we may notice how greatly Mr. Tennyson is impressed by the scenery in the Fen district, and how continually he recognises in his writings its peculiar characteristic beauties. Born at a village south of the wolds, not far from where the Steeping enters the Fen, he received these impressions early in life. He describes the winding course of the Steeping and the sea coast of Lincolnshire very graphically, and such expressions as "the bulrush in the pool," "the tangled water courses," "the barges trailed," show how much he was impressed by his home surroundings.

SEDGE-CUTTER.

From a Drawing by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

STATUE OF JAMES II. BY GRINLING GIBBONS (WHITEHALL GARDENS).
From a Drawing by JOHN O'CONNOR.

THE BANQUETING-HOUSE, AND OLD WHITEHALL.

WINDOW OF BANQUETING-HOUSE.
From a Drawing by JOHN O'CONNOR.

NOW, when the contemplated widening of Parliament Street promises to afford a magnificent approach to St. Stephen's, and there is talk of another huge range of buildings at Spring Gardens to match the Foreign and India offices, it may be worth while to linger for a moment upon some of the older aspects of this much-changing neighbourhood. In such a retrospect, the fine old Banqueting-House of Inigo Jones is naturally a prominent object. Its massive Northamptonshire stone and classic columns give it a simple dignity, of which the towering piles in its vicinity can scarcely deprive it; and it seems to overlook the stumpy Horse Guards much as a person with a pedigree might be supposed to survey a *nouveau riche*. And yet, impressive though it is, it represents but a small part of Inigo's original design, the magnificent extent of which may be studied in Campbell's *Vitruvius Britannicus*, and elsewhere. The present Banqueting-House was in fact only one out of four similar pavilions in a vast structure which was to have extended some 1,150 feet towards Northumberland House, and to have occupied the whole width between the roadway and the Thames. Inside it was to have had five great courts, the largest 245 feet square.

In Brayley's *Londiniana*, there are copies of two of Lord Burlington's prints of the façades. They are practically the same, having square corner-towers and splendid central compartments. The front towards the river has an embankment with flights of stairs leading to the water; that towards the street looks upon an ornamental tank or pond surrounded with alternated shrubs and statues. In some of its details the architecture of the pavilions does not exactly correspond with the Banqueting-House as it now exists—a fact which rather countenances Walpole's idea that Lord Burlington's views were more or less made up from general hints; but in any case the scheme was a noble one, and it is impossible not to regret that it was never executed.

The Whitehall of Inigo Jones, therefore, is an unrealised dream; and his Banqueting-House, which George I. turned into a chapel, now serves chiefly as a landmark by which, in these days of change and restoration, its ancient environments may be identified. With Gibbons' fine statue of James II., which now stands at its back, it constitutes the sole surviving portion of old Whitehall as it appears in Fisher's famous plan of 1680; and around it was grouped irregularly that disorder of buildings dating from Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which in Jacobean and Caroline days was known as "our Palace of Westminster." Roughly speaking, this aggregation might be defined geographically as bounded on the north by St. James's Park; on the south[1] by the Thames; to the east by Scotland Yard and Spring Gardens, and to the west by Cannon Row. It was traversed, throughout its entire extent, by the old roadway between London and Westminster, which divided it into two portions, the larger and more important of which lay on the side of the Thames. From Scotland Yard to the Banqueting-House the road was fairly wide and open; but at the western end of the Banqueting-House it suddenly narrowed, passing through the gate popularly known as Holbein's, and afterwards entering King Street through a second or King Street Gate. "King Charles," the Marquis of Normanby told Evelyn, "had a designe to buy all King Street, and build it nobly, it being the streete leading to Westminster." Once, too, when Evelyn had presented him with a copy of his "book of Architecture," he sketched a rough plan for the future building of Whitehall itself, "together with the roomes of state, and other particulars." But His Majesty's promises were better than his performances; and he had other and less worshipful ways of spending his money.

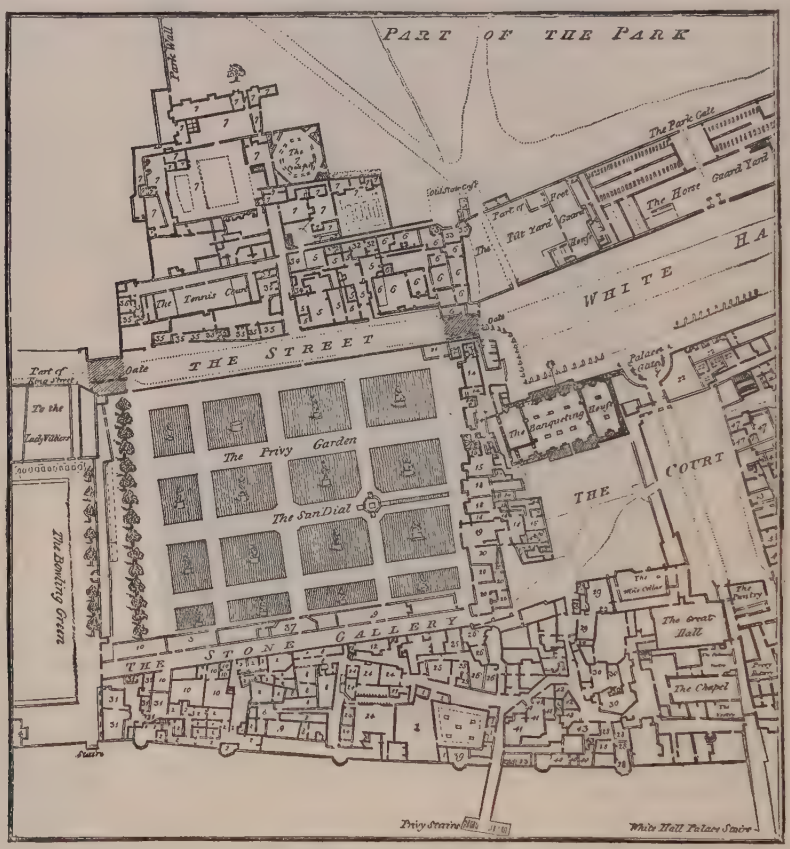
INIGO JONES.
After VANDYCK.

It will be easiest to speak first of that part of the palace buildings which lay to the north of King Street and the road to Charing Cross. Here was the old Cockpit, which, in the time of Fisher's plan, was included in the apartments of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and from which the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery saw the first Charles walk through St. James's Park to the scaffold. Later it became the Privy-Council Office, and here it was that, in Anne's reign, Harley was stabbed by Guiscard. ere also was the Tennis Court; and (fronting the Banqueting-House) the Tilt-Yard, where Sir Roger de Coverley's ancestor so signally defeated his opponent. On the site of the present Treasury, and looking upon the street, were the apartments of the Dukes of Monmouth and Ormond, to the left of these the quarters of Captain Cook. The remainder of the buildings on this side seem to have been chiefly occupied by Albemarle, though the Duchess of Cleveland had kitchens near the Tennis Court, while between the Horse Guard Yard and Spring Gardens were the rooms of one of the maids of honour, Miss Kirk, under whose auspices took place some of those lively and scandalous *petits soupers*, of which record is to be found in the veracious pages of Anthony Hamilton. At the back of all these buildings stretched St. James's Park,

[1] "North," "south," etc., here are the north and south of Fisher's plan.

where Charles II. made many improvements, and built his famous decoy for waterfowl. In Evelyn's days this must have almost attained the proportions of a menagerie, "Here," says he, "was a curious sort of poultry not much exceeding the size of a tame pidgeon, with legs so short as their crops seem'd to touch the earth; a milk-white raven; a stork which was a rarity at this season, seeing he was loose and could flie loftily; two Balerian [Balearic?] cranes, one also deere of severall countries, white; spotted like leopards; antelopes; an elk; red deere; roebucks; staggs; Guinea goates; Arabian sheepe, &c. There were withy-pots or nests for the wild fowle to lay their eggs in, a little above the surface of the water."

Thus we come to that larger and more important portion of Old Whitehall which lay to the south of the road between Westminster and Charing Cross. To the west of the Banqueting-House, and corresponding



WHITEHALL PALACE, FROM FISHER'S PLAN OF 1680, SHOWING THE BANQUETING HOUSE, THE GATES, THE PRIVY GARDEN, ETC.

of which, having one of his leggs broken and cut off above the knee, had a wooden or boxen leg and thigh, with a joynt so accurately made that the creature could walke and use it as well as if it had been natural; it was made by a souldier. The Parke was at this time stored with numerous flocks of severall sorts of ordinary and extraordinary wild fowle, breeding about the Decoy, which, for being neere so great a Citty, and among such a concourse of souldiers and people, is a singular and diverting thing. There were

in width to the distance between the two great gates, was the Privy Garden, where in May, 1662, Mr. Pepys, to his great solace and content, saw my Lady Castlemaine's laced smocks and linen petticoats floating gaily to the breeze. The Privy Garden occupied about three and a quarter acres, and was laid out in sixteen grass-plots with statues in the centre of each. To the north a wall separated it from King Street, to the west was a row of trees, and to the east a range of buildings nearly at right angles to the

Banqueting-House. Here lived Evelyn's friend, Sir Robert Murray; and here were the apartments of the Lord Chamberlain, where, in November, 1679, Evelyn witnessed the re-marriage of his Lordship's daughter, a child of twelve years old, to the Duke of Grafton, the King's natural son by Barbara Palmer. Here, again, were the Council Office, the Lord Keeper's Office, and the Treasury. Opposite the Treasury, in the central walk

HOLBEIN'S GATE, LOOKING TOWARDS CHARING CROSS.
From a Print by S. WALE, *about* 1750.

of the garden, was a famous dial, which had been set up in James's reign, but had fallen into ruin in that of his grandson. By King James's order it was fully described in a book published in 1624, by one Edmund Gunter, and it was of it that Andrew Marvell wrote the bitter lines:—

"This place for a dial was too insecure,
Since a guard and a garden could not it defend;
For so near to the Court they will never endure
Any witness to show how their time they mispend."

To the south of the Privy Garden, and communicating with the Bowling Green, which lay to the west of it, presumably on the site now occupied by Richmond Terrace, was the famous Stone Gallery. On its northern side were lodged the Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Peterborough, Prince Rupert, and Mr. Hyde; and at the western end, although not indicated upon Fisher's plan, must have been the "luxuriously-furnished" apartments of that baby-faced beauty, Louise de la Querouaille. This indeed is clear from Evelyn's diary. 4th Oct. [1683]. . . . "Following his Majesty this morning *thro' the gallerie*, I went, with the few who attended him, into the Dutchesse of Portsmouth's dressing-roome within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engag'd my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pull'd down and rebuilt to satisfie her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty's dos not exceede some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabriq of French tapissry, for designe, tenderness of worke, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain's and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures and landskips, exotiq fowls, and all to the life rarely don. Then for Japan cabinets, screenes, pendule clocks, greate vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massive silver, and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings."

"10th April [1691]. This night a sudden and terrible fire burnt down all the buildings over the *Stone Gallery at Whitehall* to the water-side, beginning at the apartment of the late Dutchesse of Portsmouth (which had ben pulled down and rebuilt no less than 3 times to please her)."

Between the Stone Gallery and the old river-line, now obliterated by the Embankment, and covering a site which extended as far as Whitehall Palace Stairs, were the apartments of the King, the Queen, the Duke of York, and the great officers of the Court. The King's rooms, in suggestive proximity to those of the Maids of Honour, and with the notorious Chiffinch conveniently at hand, were to the left of the Privy Stairs; those of Catherine of Braganza, which, on the plan, look small and unimportant, lay to the right. Neither Pepys nor Evelyn give us much information with regard to this part of the Palace. Mention is indeed made of the Shield Gallery, the Matted Gallery, the Vane Room, and so forth; but the indications are too vague to enable us to fix their precise locality. By favour, however, of "an ancient woman, who made these lodgings cleane, and had all the keys," Evelyn seems to have minutely examined the King's private library, with which, though he spent three days over it, he was not greatly impressed. "I went," he says, "with expectation of finding some curiosities, but though there were about 1,000 volumes, there were few of importance which I had not perus'd before." He found, however, nevertheless, a MS. folio containing the school exercises of Edward VI., together with his Journal, which Burnet afterwards made use of in his *History of the Reformation.* Towards Whitehall Stairs, between the Banqueting-House and the river, were the Great Hall, and the Chapel where King of Chichester, and the witty South, and the eloquent Stillingfleet preached to an unedified congregation, and where curious Mr. Pepys observed, on a certain Sunday in 1660, "how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit." An old view of Whitehall, from the Thames, gives a fair idea of its aspect at this time. To the right are the Chapel and Hall, with the loftier Banqueting-House appearing above them, and Holbein's gate just distinguishable at its side. To the left is the covered Privy Stairs, whence the Royal Barge with its flags and trumpeters is just putting off. Here it must have been that, little more than two months before Charles II.'s unexpected death, Evelyn witnessed the water celebration which took place in front of the Queen's apartments:—"Being the Queene's birthday, there were fire-works on the Thames before Whitehall, with pageants of castles, forts, and other devices of gyrandolas, serpents, the King and Queene's armes and mottos, all

THE BANQUETING-HOUSE AND HOLBEIN'S GATE, LOOKING TOWARDS WESTMINSTER.
From a Print by MAURER, 1740.

WHITEHALL, LOOKING ACROSS THE OLD PRIVY GARDEN TOWARDS CHARING CROSS.
From a Painting by CANALETTO, *before* 1759, *in the collection of the Duke of Richmond.*

represented in fire, such as had not ben seen here. But the most remarkable was the severall fires and skirmishes in the very water, which actually mov'd a long way, burning under the water, now and then appearing above it, giving reports like muskets and cannon, with granados and innumerable other devices. It is said it cost £1,500. It was concluded with a ball, where all the young ladys and gallants daunced in the greate hall. The Court had not ben seene so brave and rich in apparell since his Majesty's Restauration." To this may succeed that memorable and oft-cited entry, which occurs only a few pages further on, under date of the 4th of February, when Charles II. was lying dead:—"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophanenesse, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfullness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witnesse of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!" The next two lines with their note of official anti-climax are not so generally reprinted:—"It was enjoyn'd that those who put on mourning should wear it as for a father, in the most solemn manner."

From Whitehall Stairs a roadway ran past the Chapel and Great Hall, through a wide open court at the back of the Banqueting-House, to the Palace Gate, close to what was the site of the old Wardrobe, and is now Lord Carrington's. To the right of this road, and extending as far as Scotland Yard, were groups of inferior buildings and offices,—kitchens, cellars, pastries, spiceries, bakehouses, slaughter-houses, charcoal houses, and the like,—traces of which may still be identified.

The office of the Medical Board and Nos. 4, 5, and 6, Whitehall Yard, occupy the site of the Wine-Cellar, Hall, and Chapel; the Confectionary is said to have been a white house between the Museum of the United Service Institution and Lord Carrington's stables, and the old Beer Buttery still exists near the gates of Fife House.

Standing in the entrance to Whitehall Yard, between Lord Carrington's and the Banqueting-House, one may still, with the aid of an old view or two, and Fisher's indispensable plan, get a fair idea of the place in the time of the Stuarts. Opposite—where the Admiralty and Horse Guards are at present—was the boundary wall of the old

PART OF THE OLD PALACE OF WHITEHALL FROM THE WATER
After J. T. SMITH, 1805.

Tilt and Horse Guard Yards. To the left, in front of the Banqueting-House, extended a row of posts, a little in advance of which was the spot where, after much controversy, Charles I. is now allowed to have been beheaded. At right angles to the façade a row of buildings ran out to Whitehall Gate. These, which also looked into the Privy Garden, were, as already explained, the apartments of Lord Arlington, the Lord Chamberlain. Of Whitehall Gate itself—for, according to Mr. Wornum we are scarcely justified it styling it Holbein's—Pennant, who seems to have seen it, gives the following account:—"To *Holbein* was owing the most beautiful gate at *Whitehall*, built with bricks of two colours, glazed, and disposed in a tesselated fashion. The top, as well as that of an elegant tower on each were [*sic*] embattled. On each front were four busts in baked clay, which resisted to the last every attack of the weather: possibly the artificial stone revived in this century. These, I have been lately informed, are preserved in a private hand. This charming structure fell a sacrifice to conveniency within my memory: as did another in 1723, built at the same time, but of far inferior beauty. The last blocked up the road to *King's Street*, and was called *King's Gate*. Henry built it as a passage to the park, the tennis court, bowling green, the cock-pit, and tilting yard; for he was extremely fond of athletic exercises; they suited his strength and his temper."

Both these gates were engraved by Vertue in the *Vetusta Monumenta* published by the Society of Antiquaries. The so-called Holbein's Gate, which long survived the buildings that connected it with the Banqueting-House, was pulled down in August, 1759, to make room for Parliament Street.[1] The Duke of Cumberland had it removed to Windsor, with the intention of re-erecting it at the top of the Long Walk, and Paul Sandby was to have made some additions at the sides, his designs for which are still to be seen in J. T. Smith's *Westminster*. But, as seems generally the case after removals of this kind, nothing was ever done in the matter. Meanwhile, the medallions of which Pennant speaks were dispersed. Three of them, according to Smith, were, when he published his book, at Hatfield Peverell in Essex; two more got worked into keepers' lodges at Windsor. "These," said Cunningham in 1850, "are now, by Mr. Jesse's[2] exertions, at Hampton Court, where they are

[1] There are several prints and pictures, some of them not quite reconcilable with each other, which show this gate and its surroundings. That reproduced on the previous page is from a painting in the possession of the Duke of Richmond. Another fine view by the same artist belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch.

[2] *i.e.* the late J. Heneage Jesse.

made to do duty as two of the Roman Emperors, described by Hentzner, in his travels, as then at Hampton Court." They are of Italian workmanship, and may probably be attributed to John de Maiano.

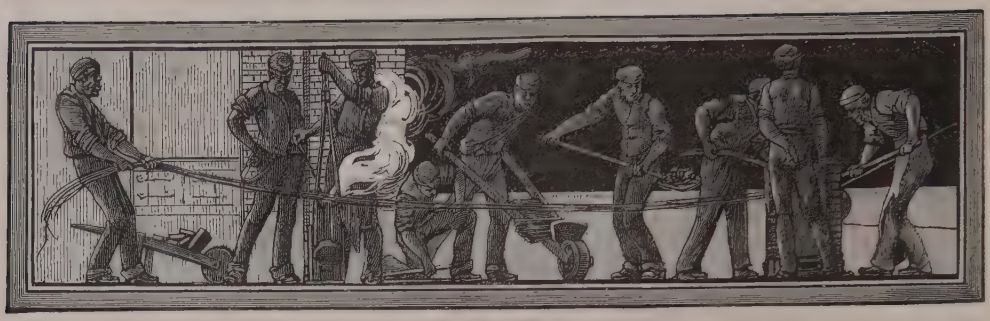
Those who, having sufficiently examined the Palladian exterior of the Banqueting-House, and duly noted the famous weather-cock on the northern end, which James II. set up to warn him of the approach of the Dutch fleet, desire further to inspect the interior, can easily do so between certain specified hours. Its chief feature of interest is the ceiling, which represents the apotheosis of King James I. It is painted black, partly gilded, and divided into panels by bands, ornamented with a guilloche. Of the three central compartments, that at the altar end represents the British Solomon on his throne, "pointing to Prince Charles, who is being perfected by Wisdom." The middle compartment shows him "trampling on the globe and flying on the wings of Justice (an eagle) to heaven." In the third he is "embracing Minerva, and routing Rebellion and Envy." These panels, and others at the sides, were painted by Rubens in 1635, with the assistance of Jordaens. They were restored by Cipriani. In 1837, the whole building, which had been closed since 1829, was refitted and repaired under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke.

It would occupy too large a space to trace the history of the Banqueting-House from its first erection to its Georgian transformation into a chapel, seductive as it might be to speak of it as the theatre of Ben Jonson's masques and the buffooneries of Cromwell. In Charles II.'s time, to which, in the foregoing paper, we have mainly confined ourselves, it was the scene of many impressive ceremonies and state receptions. It was in the Banqueting-House that Charles begged his Honourable House of Commons to amend the ways about Whitehall, so that Catherine of Braganza might not upon her arrival find it "surrounded by water"; it was in the Banqueting-House that he gravely went through that half solemn, half ludicrous business of touching for the evil; it was in the Banqueting-House that, coming from the Tower of London with a splendid cavalcade, he created at one time six Earls and six Barons. Under its storied roof he magnificently entertained the French Ambassador Colbert, on which occasion he presented Mr. Evelyn, from his own royal plate, with a piece of that newly-imported Barbadian luxury, the King-pine; it was here also that he received the Russian Ambassador with his presents of "tapissry" and sables, and the swarthy envoys from Morocco, with their scymetars and white *alhagas*, and their lions and "estridges." But perhaps the brightest and most vivid page in connection with this famous old building is that in which Pepys relates what he saw from its roof in August, 1662 :—

"Mr. Creed and I walked down to the Tylt Yard, and so all along Thames-street, but could not get a boat: I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queene's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to White Hall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into White Hall garden, and so to the Bowling-greene, and up to the top of the new Banqueting-House there, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queene, with her Maydes of Honour sitting at her feet very prettily; and they tell me the Queene is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon come the King and Queene in a barge under a canopy with 1,000 barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queene. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her armes, and dandle it. . . . . Anon there come one there booted and spurred that she talked along with. And by and by, she being in her haire, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But it become her mightily, as every thing else do."

Evelyn's last entry respecting the old palace is as follows: "2 Jan. (1698). Whitehall burnt, nothing but walls and ruins left." Thus it comes that the Banqueting-House, besides being the sole relic of a Whitehall that never existed, is also the sole relic of the Whitehall that was.

AUSTIN DOBSON.



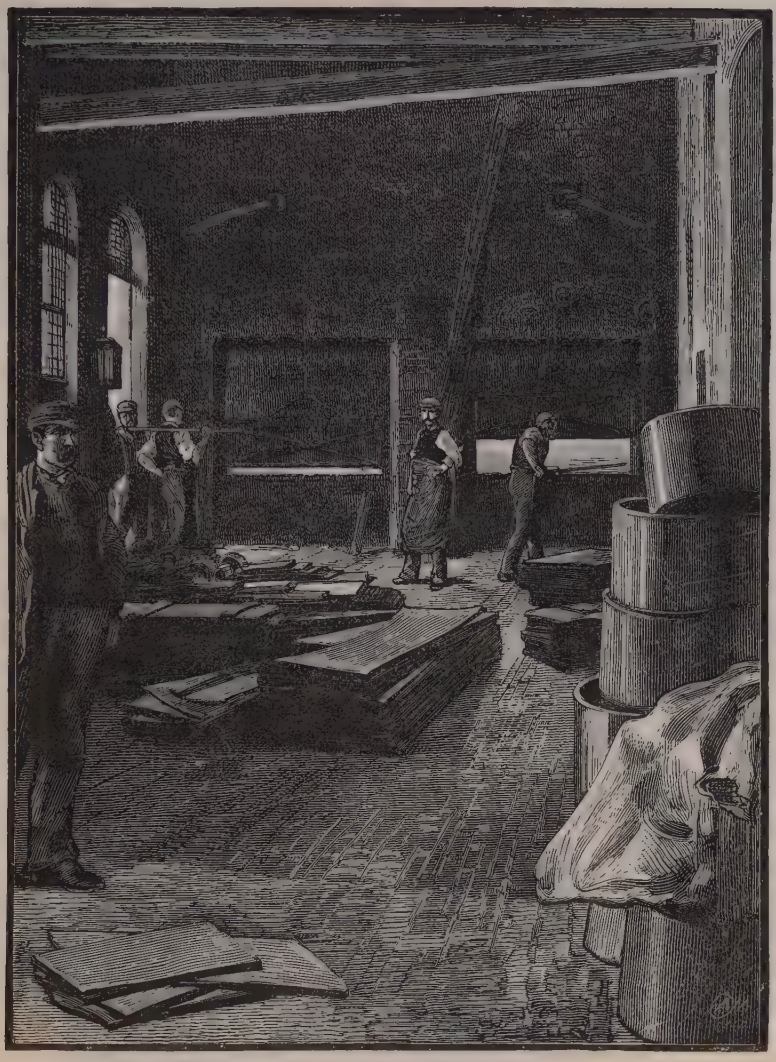
BRASS-WORKERS.

Ornamental Frieze designed by A. MORROW.

BRASS WORK AT BIRMINGHAM.

OF all English centres of Industry, Birmingham is perhaps the most remarkable for the infinite variety of its products, the source, as many of its enthusiastic citizens maintain, of its enduring and increasing prosperity. Birmingham, as the members of that famous "cocked-hat constituency" aver, is never badly off, because it has so many strings to its bow. Unlike many industrial cities it can hardly be said to have any staple production excepting that included in the immense and ill-defined designation of hardware, and even this would ignore the manufacture of phosphorus and other chemicals sold at wholesale by that mysterious functionary, the drysalter, whose title is incomprehensible to the foreigner, and a stumbling-block even to native dictionary makers. But hardware itself includes a bewildering number of articles, and then there are Birmingham trades which, like certain plants and animals, elude all attempts to classify them. Perhaps the only safe classification to adopt concerning the productions of Birmingham is that of Heine. And that simple division of all things into two classes, "those which can and those which cannot be eaten," requires some little qualification, for if we assumed for the sake of convenience that Birmingham products belong to the latter category, would not a "soft compunction cross" us, as Bon Gualtier has it, at the thought, not of "punkin pies," but of the tripe and cowheel, for which the metropolis of the Midlands is justly celebrated? The savoury rabbit and the fragrant onion, in favour of which an annual fair is held, are also as indissolubly associated with Birmingham as generous public spirit, keen political activity, marvellous party organisation, and almost perfect municipal administration. But for the moment, the Birmingham work to which the reader's attention is solicited is as remote from the onion fair as from the Caucus itself, and is purely of the non-alimentary character included in Heinrich Heine's second category.

When, however, the mind has been turned steadily aside from the allurements of imperial and local politics, of Stilton cheese and the superb fresh sea-fish, for which Birmingham, being an inland town, is naturally famous, it is just a little bewildered by the astounding number of trades, some of which must thrive if others are dull and thus keep constant the tide of wealth which flows into Birmingham. Of the disputed etymology, old-fashioned pronunciation and an ancient map in the Philosophical Institute of York incline to the belief that "Bromicham" was the original name of the centre of the hardware district; but however this may appear to local antiquaries who ought to know all about it, the world at large is perhaps less interested in the battles and sieges of Birmingham and its neighbour-

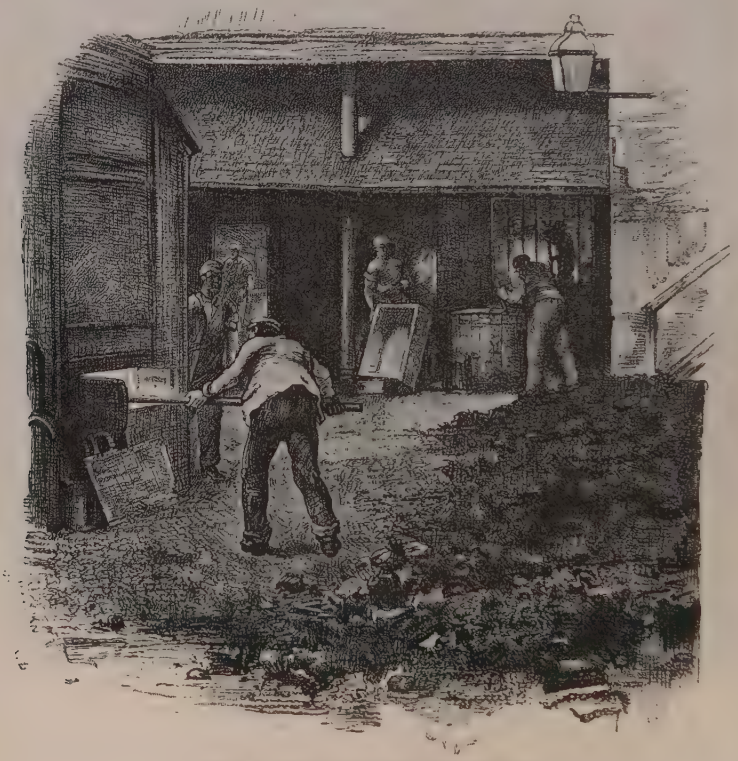


BRASS FOUNDING—IN THE WAREHOUSE.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

hood than in the marvels of workmanship which the busy town now turns out. Nothing seems too hot or too heavy, too minute or too combustible for the ingenuity of Birmingham. There is no general character in the enormous tonnage of goods despatched annually, there is very little apparent affinity between a lucifer match and an umbrella, a sewing-machine and a sword, a teapot and a gun, an iron or brass bedstead and a stained glass window, a roasting-jack and a heathen god, except that of indigestibility, yet all these are made and made largely in Birmingham and the neighbourhood.

But Birmingham enters much more largely than could be imagined from these few instances into the life of man. The chances are that his mother's bed and his child's cot were both made partly, if not wholly, in Birmingham, that his pap is warmed in an enamelled saucepan and stirred with an electro-plated spoon made in Birmingham, while his early unquiet nights will cause a large consumption of wax vesta matches coming from the same place, like the fire-irons freely employed by the nurse, the pins with which baby is made as a porcupine to unaccustomed hands, the needles with which his caps were embroidered, and the buttons which he perversely strives to swallow whenever he obtains an opportunity. The chances are also in favour of the cup and spoon presented on the occasion of his christening, coming from Birmingham, as

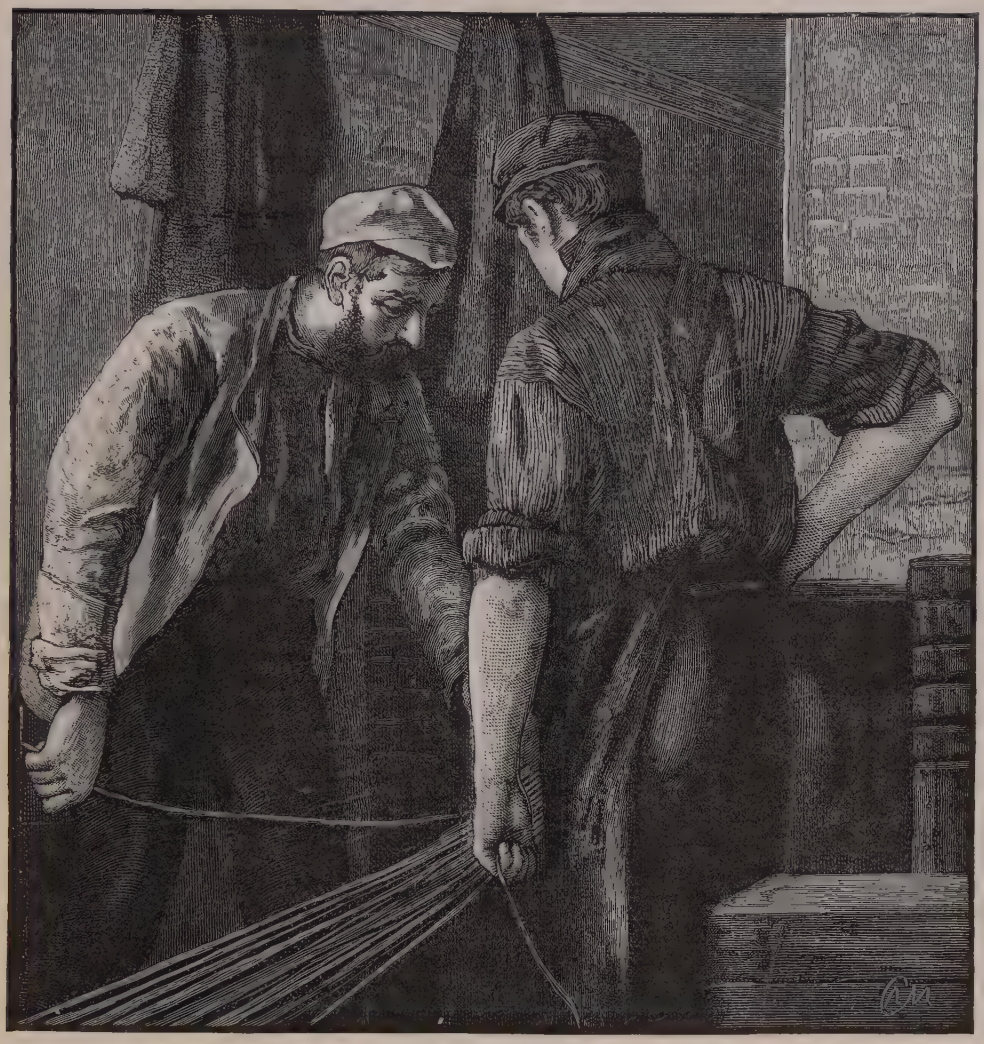
well as the tiny gimcracks in his sister's doll's house, and the so-called wood-screws employed in building the larger dwelling of his father. When baby goes with his mother to the sea-side, he is very likely to travel in a railway-carriage made in the same district as the fish-hooks with which his father is away in the north seeking to capture the wary trout. When baby is big enough he is very likely to shoot his first bird with a Birmingham barrel, to make his first rash promise of marriage, and alack! accept his first bill with a Birmingham pen. It is also



BRASS FOUNDING.—FEEDING THE FURNACE.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

very probable that the ring with which he weds his bride, the electro-plate which adorns his sideboard, and that other plate which one day will record his name, age, rank, and title, may all come from Birmingham.

This perhaps over-long enumeration of some of the industries of Birmingham is provoked by the ungenerous application of the name of that town to anything that is common and inferior. "Mere Brummagem" was long ago a word of reproach, as if everything made there was a cheap imitation of something better made somewhere else. The reproach is absurd enough, as will appear to any person after a moment's reflection. How the scornful application of the term came into use is less clear, except that the manufacture of plated articles seems to have grown up early in that particular corner of Warwickshire. It certainly is very much older than the manufacture of electro goods, which by being an imitation of silver, might be thought to have given rise to the scoff curiously enough dying out of use in the present generation. What was formerly called "plated" metal, the French *vermeil*, was made in Birmingham as in a score of other places. It was no special make of the Warwickshire town, while gun-barrels and sword blades undoubtedly have been for a long while past. It is just a little curious that Birmingham should have made swords and have left other departments of cutlery to Sheffield, but it is undoubtedly true that swords are finished in Birmingham, whether the steel for them is made elsewhere or not. The gun trade of Birmingham is very large, the export being at times enormous. During the four years of the American War of Secession, London and Birmingham exported



BRASS WIRE MAKING.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

more than a million rifles to the United States, two-thirds of which were from the latter town. Africa takes a huge number of guns annually, and we may be sure that when the warriors of Oko Jumbo, Ja-Ja, and other dusky potentates meet, Birmingham supplies the fire-arms. It has long been averred that the inferior quality of the guns sent to Africa was once defended by the exporter on the ground that it did not matter which black man was killed, he at whom the gun was aimed, or he in whose hands the barrel burst, but this jokelet has the air of being part of the regular case urged against "Brummagem" work in general, probably due to the make of *vermeil* plated ware introduced into Birmingham by no less a person than Matthew Boulton, the clever and witty partner of James Watt, who, when the Czar Peter asked what they sold at the Soho Works, replied "Power." *Vermeil*, the old-fashioned plated ware, made by applying silver to copper, is never mentioned contemptuously by French writers or in French catalogues or inventories. It has a dignified name to itself, and was never scoffed at as plated ware was once in ignorant old England, caring nothing for design or workmanship, but grimly insisting on solidity and intrinsic value on the sideboard while it wore paste diamond buttons on its coat and paste buckles in its shoes.

Wealthy England chose however to regard plated ware as a sham and then applied "Brummagem" as a term of vituperation. Curiously, although this is by no means a singular instance in the history of nomencla-

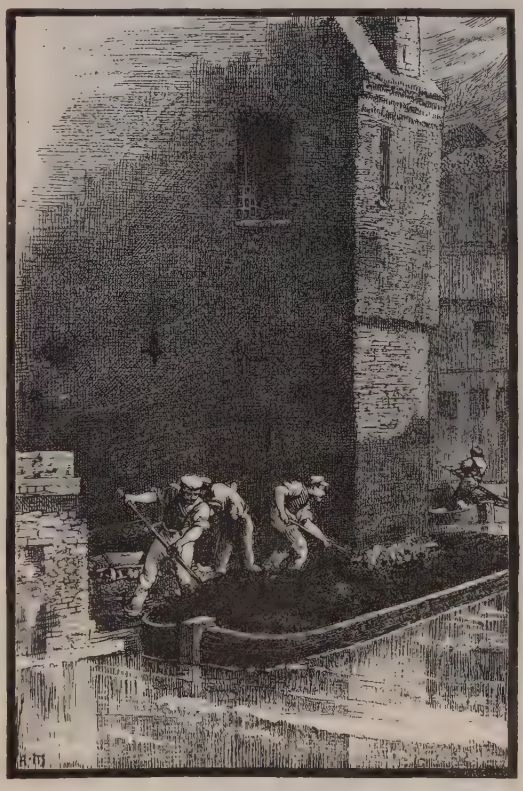
ture, our forefathers blundered as to locality, as they did when they gave the turkey its name. Plated ware of great excellence had been made for years in Sheffield before its manufacture was introduced at Soho, where it was also done in the grand manner, the handles and the ornamental mountings being of actual silver. The plating or sheet of silver applied to the copper backing was moreover so thick that the use of forty years would hardly make them "bleed" as it was technically called when the copper began to grin through the silver covering as it did once on some Prussian coinage, an accident which provoked the remark that "the king's cheeks were blushing for the quality of his *silbergroschen*." Matthew Boulton, who seems to have been altogether of the princely order of mankind, always sent a file with his goods to the end that the scoffing and incredulous might test the quality of his ware and its mountings. As this first manufacturer of plated goods at Birmingham was established in 1764 it was probably not until the art of rolling very pure silver very thinly on the copper came into vogue that "Brummagem" became a word of opprobrium, to disappear again when the resources of chemistry enabled the Messrs. Elkington to produce a revolution by the introduction of electro-plate, the artistic application of which is too generally appreciated to need more than a passing word of reference. The economy in the use of silver by the chemical method is very great as compared with the old process; for old-fashioned plate or *vermeil* from less than one ounce to eight ounces of silver were used to plate one side of a bar of copper weighing nine pounds, the union being effected by striking, annealing, and rolling. The quantity of silver employed in electro-plating is much less, and an additional advantage is gained by all the artistic work of the German silver body being completed before the chemical deposit of silver is made upon it.

Without inquiring deeply into the reason of the variety of callings pursued in Birmingham, and especially the manufacture of the small articles which with some confusion of a technical term, induced Edmund Burke to call the already flourishing and important town "the toy-shop of Europe," the opinion may be hazarded that there is a certain flexibility in the minds of the inhabitants which induces them to forsake worn-out industries and take up new ones instead of fanatically clinging to the ways of the past. It would be quite beyond the scope of this article to attempt to grasp the great subject of buttons. The soul of Birmingham has not been "above buttons" at any time, and the Manchester expression of indifference, "I don't care a button top," would be queerly out of place in the hardware town. Originally famous for iron work, it acquired a specialty for brass buttons, and plated and gilt buttons, when those means of fastening had grown, or degenerated, as the reader pleases, into an ornamental part of attire. Gold lace disappeared from the riding dresses of women and the ordinary attire of men, but what they lost in lace they made up in buttons. The last century and the beginning of the present may be called the great gilt-button period; but when this once important industry shrivelled up in consequence of fashion harking back to the covered cloth or silk buttons of an earlier period, Birmingham adapted herself to altered circumstances and an immense manufacture sprung up of silk, lasting-cloth, twist and braid buttons. All kinds of materials had previously been applied to button-making. Matthew Boulton himself made the steel buttons with cut facets worn on court suits at the Soho Works and sold them at 140 guineas the gross. Clay, the inventor of papier-mâché, applied this material to button-making—an application revived in recent times—and made slate buttons. During the last few years the stained vegetable ivory button has been very largely produced in deference to the demand for a "hard" button for multi-coloured suits. Besides vast quantities of corozo nut or vegetable ivory, Birmingham consumes tons upon tons of shells for buttons. Mother-of-pearl, as it is called, comes from a great variety of places, from the summer seas of Macassar, from Manilla, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and beautiful as well as inferior shells come from the Pacific.

Instances of the flexibility of the Birmingham mind almost as striking as the button trade itself are to be found in the recent development of the brass and stained-glass industries to be studied at this moment at the works of Messrs. John Hardman & Co., of Newhall Hill, and Messrs. R. W. Winfield & Co., of the Cambridge Street Works and the Smethwick Works. The work carried on by these eminent firms is peculiarly characteristic of the age as being a direct outgrowth of the more correct ecclesiological taste developed by Pugin and encouraged by the observance of ecclesiastical ceremonies with more strictness than of old. Cardinal Newman, whose name, oratory, and residence are among the glories of Birmingham, can hardly fail to have been gratified with the revolution in church decorations in the

Anglican Church, and the artistic skill and taste displayed by the houses in question. The brass work of Birmingham has long been one of its specialties. It has been said that what Manchester is in cotton, and Sheffield in steel, that is Birmingham in brass. Perhaps these comparisons hardly do justice to many-sided Birmingham. But undoubtedly brass founding and brass making in all its departments is one of its most peculiar industries. Before attempting to describe the picturesque process of "strip casting" and rolling brass into various shapes, it may be well to settle precisely what brass is. Either modern ignorance or ancient inaccuracy has led to some confusion in ordinary minds between the composition of brass and bronze, the difference being simply that bronze is mainly an alloy of copper and tin, and brass an alloy of copper and spelter—that is to say the raw metal of which zinc is the manufactured product. Of old the cementation, as it was called, of copper and zinc, or spelter in the crude form of calamine stone, was esteemed a weighty business, and engaged the particular attention of the ubiquitous Matthew Boulton, who had a horror of the interference of shareholders in the working of a company projected for making brass at Birmingham. "If," he wrote, "the works are erected at Birmingham, the work will be constantly deranged by the interference of a hundred blockheads." But the "blockheads" proved too strong, and brass making was begun on a large scale, with the ultimate effect that the trade disappeared, for every brass founder became his own brass maker, as brass manufacturers like Messrs. Winfield & Co. make their own lacquer. What may be called the every-day articles of brass, the odds and ends of domestic use and fittings of every description may be passed over with the remark that the quantity made is enormous. Brass bedsteads form a very important item of manufacture, and gas-fittings go from Birmingham all over the globe.

More peculiarly interesting is the revival, already alluded to, of the older method of working in metals due to the influence of Pugin, and carried out with great spirit by the firms of Hardman and of Winfield already alluded to. When Augustus Welby Pugin was introduced to John Hardman, of Birmingham in 1838, the art of metal-working seemed, as an art, absolutely dead in this country. Almost as much might have been said of other industrial pursuits requiring artistic taste and skill. Connoisseurs seek for silver and gold plate of Jacobean or early Georgian design, but none covet the silversmiths' work of the late Georgian or early Victorian age which might be fairly designated the pre-artistic, or more accurately the inter-artistic period, which preceded that revival of mediæval taste in decoration from which such excellent results have arisen. Artistic beauty and coherence had entirely vanished before a clumsy idea of utility and comfort. The art of the blacksmith had vanished so completely that the production of such a pair of iron gates as those recently completed by Messrs. Hardman would have been beyond the scope of the wildest dreamer. The blacksmith was a mechanic; the press, with its punch and bed had replaced the beautiful process of saw piercing; the stamp and die had superseded the embosser, chasing had degenerated into a poor kind of diaper work, engraving had sunk to meaningless scrolls,



ON THE CANAL AT BIRMINGHAM.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

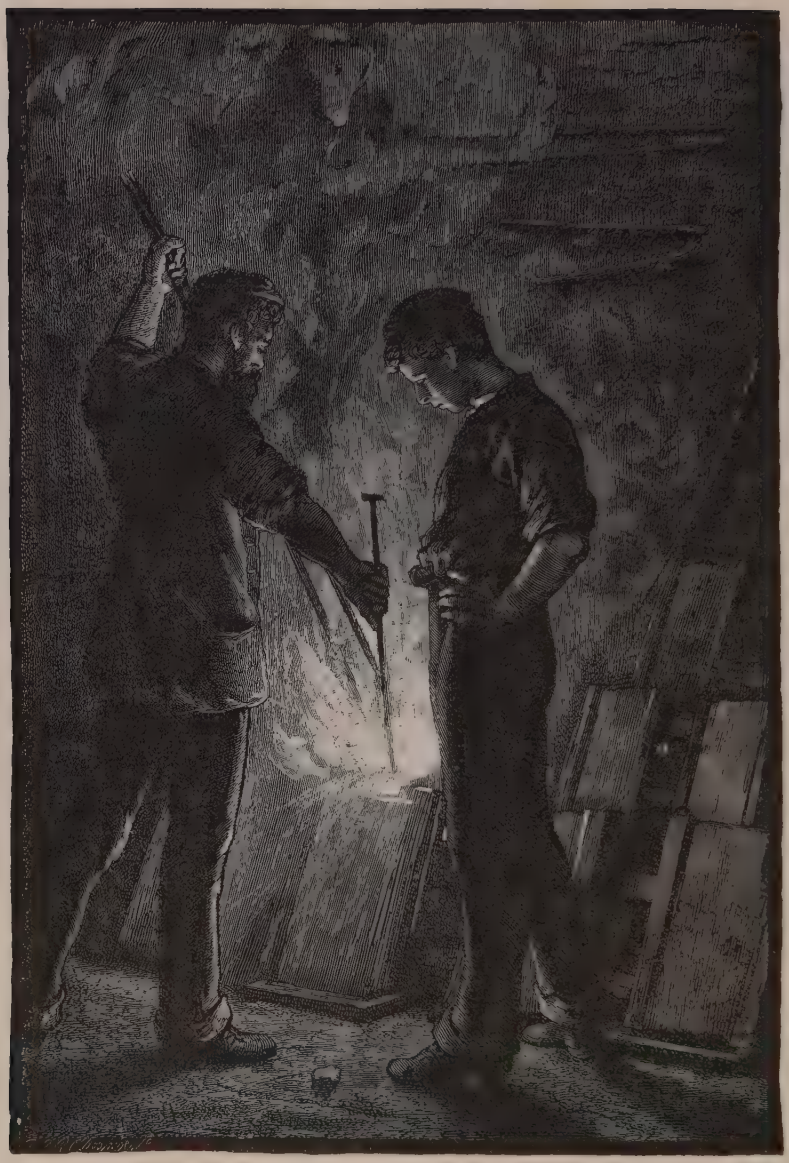
ON THE CANAL AT BIRMINGHAM.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW

and enamelling was of the simplest and commonest kind. What was not stamped or punched was cast. The caster had thoroughly degraded ironwork, and people stared ignorantly at the work of Quintin Matsys, of Antwerp, and Peter Visscher, of Nuremberg. "Dipping" and bronzing had also had much to do with the confusion of popular taste. An old art had been lost. It was the work of Pugin and his disciple Hardman to restore it. How well it has been restored can be seen by the work now made in Birmingham. Ironwork, which had sunk so low in the hands of mere casters, has been restored to its place among the arts by such superb productions as the gates previously mentioned as being nearly finished by Messrs. Hardman. These are entirely of wrought iron hammered out and bent up into a variety of elegant designs, well sustaining comparison with the fine German work of the Renaissance. The execution is excellent, but more remarkable yet is the originality and freshness of the design. What is sought in the revival of a lost art is its spirit and method, not a slavish imitation of the forms by which it most frequently found expression. It is this propensity for servile imitation which has proved the greatest stumbling-block in the way of creating a living art of metal-working. What is desired is that the skill of the artificer having been recovered, he should originate designs like his mediæval predecessor rather than congeal his modern mind into mediæval forms. In the working of glass, brass, and iron, this end has been steadily kept in view by those who caught the spirit of Pugin and applied it with patient thought and a discreet sense of fitness. In these hammered iron gates the fancy of the designer has been restrained in some measure, as it should be, by the nature of the material to be dealt with, and although great elegance has been attained, there is an absence of any tendency to overleap that severity of treatment on which the success of iron work greatly depends. Thus the larger panels of the gates are decorated mainly with conventionalised roses and lilies—the Japan lily being very skilfully and tastefully employed—while in the smaller spaces the decoration assumes greater freedom. In the narrow panels care has been taken to avoid the always beautiful but atrociously hackneyed vine, with its bunches, charmingly varied leaves and tendrils, the latter of which offer an almost irresistible seduction to the blacksmith. In the place of the vine the blackberry has been freely introduced, and with holly and mistletoe affords delightful variety. There are scores of plants besides the vine and the convolvulus which

afford ample scope to the iron worker, without giving him the trouble of going farther than the nearest brook or hedgerow. The vine, the fig, the mulberry, and the orange have been employed somewhat frequently in the adornment of our homes, and so have the lily, the ox-eye, the daffodil, the aster, the chrysanthemum, and the plum blossom called hawthorn when it appears upon blue and white china. But a walk from Goring to Pangbourne by the side of the Thames would supply an average mind with models, which, if not quite so easy to deal with, would at least have the merit of freshness. One of Lord Beaconsfield's characters complains that the English language is sadly in need of a new set of images. This is abundantly true, but not more so than that the art of England and other countries is equally in need of something beyond that variety of what heralds call "chequy," known as the Greek fret and other patterns good in themselves, but, like a delicious melody ground too often on a barrel-organ, grown wearisome by perpetual vulgarisation. There is doubtless suggestion enough and to spare in the burdock, the loose-strife, and the meadow-sweet, without counting the forget-me-not and other water plants, not forgetting the tall bulrush and the flowering reed. Kentish hop-gardens and the ferny combes of Devonshire alike supply hints and models to the artificer who can make as excellent use of dog-rose or blackberry as he can of mistletoe or holly, oak or ivy, vine or fig-tree.

From Messrs. Hardman's beautiful iron gates seen the other day at their works at Newhall Hill, it only needs the ascent of a few flights of steps to see in perfect working order the section of the establishment devoted to the making of stained and painted glass windows. This kind of work, marvellously improved during the last few years, depends, as the visitor soon discovers, upon a great variety of conditions besides the colour and quality of the glass itself. The glass for stained windows is made on purpose, and is not plate but blown. It arrives at the workshop where it is to be made up into windows in the form of cylinders which are subsequently annealed and cut open, and in their next form appear as irregularly formed sheets of various colours, each of which also varies in parts in depth of hue. It is then ready for the cutter, who works with the cartoon in front of him, and carefully selects the glass according to the directions written upon it, aiding these with his own knowledge of effect and skill in selecting pieces of glass in which the accidental variation of hue can be turned to advantage.

On the cartoon itself the success of the picture primarily depends, for it must be prepared with perfect knowledge of the kind of work to be done. It must from the first be conceived in the spirit of a working drawing and not as a work of art alone, with no special application. Neglect of these elementary principles long militated against the revival of stained glass. A vigorous attempt to establish glass painting at Birmingham was made nearly a hundred years ago by Francis Eginton who began to paint glass at Soho, and unfortunately produced an immense quantity of work, distributed, to the sorrow of posterity, throughout a large number of important buildings, including cathedrals, churches, colleges, and castles. In 1794 Beckford gave him an order amounting to 12,000*l.* for Fonthill, and he executed moreover very large commissions for the Continent. The productions of Eginton were in the main ghastly; one being ably described by Mr. J. Hardman Powell as presenting to the spectator "a sea of bistre, with a few finger points of light and streaks of colour. It is not till the eye has become accustomed to the sombre tone, that masses of huge brown limbs are discoverable, then a horse's head, then a herculean St. Paul daringly displayed across the centre light." In addition to extreme dinginess only relieved by small patches of colour, the mass of the glass painting done before the revival inspired by Pugin and carried out by Hardman was marred by two fundamental errors. Disdaining to take lessons from mediæval artists in glass, the designers strove to reproduce the effect of oil paintings, selecting the brownest of the old masters for imitation, without the slightest regard for their adaptability to the purpose in hand. The second blunder was in the choice of smooth glass instead of that of uneven surface—blown glass with a few bubbles in it and of varying hue and thickness. Besides these two fatal errors, several others were made. Not only were the principles of ancient art ignored, but systematically set at defiance. The designs, stretching over the whole light, without borderings, were divided into squares by an iron frame which gave them the appearance of a landscape seen through old-fashioned small-paned windows. They were made out entirely by enamel colour—brown shade and yellow stain on a white base with little or no outline and few leads. Taken altogether the effect of the work was that of a feeble pictorial transparency. As



STRIP CASTING.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

windows such productions are altogether inadmissible.

The effect of Pugin's teaching has been a revolution in favour of the older and more successful method. In the first place the brilliant jewel-like glass has been restored to use, and the designs for stained windows have been made with proper regard to the leads. Pugin helped greatly in this revival of better taste by building a cartoon room attached to his house, St. Augustine's, near Ramsgate, and there with his son Edward and Mr. J. H. Powell made the cartoons for St. Cuthbert's College and other buildings. Since then the pupils of Pugin and his son and associates have transferred their sphere of activity to Birmingham, and the cartoons for important works in progress have been made at Newhall Hill. The result has been a complete return to the rough glass and special treatment of the old artificers. When the cartoon has been made and the leads so disposed that they assist instead of marring the design, the glass-cutter, who is a far more important person than his title implies, works on with his cartoon before him. He takes out a sheet of ruby or other glass, and sees that perhaps it is too uniform in hue

for a robe hanging in folds, to be afterwards painted in. The cutter knows that a darker shade of colour in one place and a brighter one in another will give great life and brilliancy, and he selects a sheet with a great wave of hue in it. Laying this upon the cartoon he cuts out a piece exactly of the size required. In like manner he cuts out, with a diamond, every piece of glass required for the window, which is then handed over to the glass painters, who, working with metallic oxide, complete the picture, in which leads and colours are all made to contribute to the general effect.

Brass work like glass work may be seen at Newhall Hill, but with hardly such picturesque surroundings as at the Cambridge Street Works of Messrs. Winfield, whose superb chandeliers in the Court House of Birmingham will hardly be forgotten by any who have seen them. Even in its earliest stages the manufacture of brass is interesting. "Strip-casting," as it is called, the combination of spelter in crucibles, and the pouring of the molten metal into moulds, makes a highly picturesque scene, with the principal caster muffled lest he should inhale the deleterious fumes of the metal in a state of fusion. Wire-drawing, and a thousand other operations, as well as casting and lacquering brass, are carried on at the works on the canal just at the point where Baskerville and other Birmingham worthies carried on their experiments.

When brass is cast into the pieces technically called "strips," but which may be familiarly described as bars or ingots, it is in the condition of pig iron or more accurately of wrought iron or Bessemer steel "blooms," as they are called, being refined metal, ductile, and ready to lend itself to any process. To produce the sheets of brass necessary for a great part of decorative brass-work, it is simply rolled in a mill as iron and steel are rolled into rails, bars, rods or sheets. First of all the strip is placed under the rolls and treated with some regard to its present size. Passed in at one side of the mill, caught and drawn through on the other, it appears on emerging no longer as a tile or shingle of brass, but as a thinner, longer, and broader parallelogram, as in short a small sheet of brass to be subsequently passed through and through the rolls, growing ever larger in area but thinner in substance, a sight to have made, while he was yet extant, that celebrated carver turn pale, who boasted that he could carve a ham so as to cover Vauxhall Gardens with the result. Thinner and thinner grows the "strip" until it is a mere brazen ribbon. It can be gradually reduced to exquisite tenuity, but for practical purposes is hardly wanted so thin as note paper. For ornamental brasses and the beautiful finger-plates and hinges now made for doors, there is no advantage in extreme thinness, for the sheet to be pierced or embossed must have a certain substance, and still more if it is intended to carry enamelled letters or heraldic designs in colour. The embosser or worker in *répoussé* proceeds on the same principle as the engraver in intaglio, save that he hammers and drives instead of cutting into his plate, which is fixed against a backing of pitch, into which he forces the ductile metal, making as he goes on with his work a sunken pattern in such wise that when the pitch is melted off the reverse side shall appear in relief. Whether the material be silver or brass the term *répoussé* exactly describes the method by which it is produced, and by which the old workers in iron made the wondrous rapier-hilts and other defensive armour with which collectors are familiar. Electro processes are so rapid and facile that the long, patient toil of making iron-work in this way is perhaps less likely to be called for than skill necessary to produce a similar effect in brass and silver.

Behind the long rooms filled with brass bedsteads and gaseliers, lamps, and the long list of ecclesiastical brass and gilt work, chalices and patens, monstrances and reliquaries, crosses, candlesticks, lamps, and flagons, there is a labyrinth of stairs and galleries like those running round the ancient inn-yards nearly extinct in England, but still common enough in remote parts of the Continent. But the place of the inn-yard itself is at the Cambridge Works occupied, not by flagstones, but by water of inky blackness forming part of the canal. In nooks and corners, on islands and mainland, nestle workshops of all sorts and sizes, and the visitors may trace the copper and spelter from their union in the melting pot, to the rolling-mills and wire-drawing machines, or through the hands of the artificer till it puts on one of an infinite variety of shapes, becoming part of a thurible, or a bedstead, of a candlestick, a gas chandelier or a lamp for the Crompton electric light.

BERNARD H. BECKER.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER MARK.

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

I.

THE Court-Chaplain Eisenhart walked up the village street towards the schoolhouse. It was April, in the year 1750, and a soft west wind was blowing up the street, across the oak woods of the near forest. Between the forest and the village lay a valley of meadows, planted with thorn-bushes and old birch-trees with snow-white stems: the fresh green leaves trembled continually in the restless wind. On the other side of the street a lofty crag rose precipitously above a rushing mountain torrent. This rock is the spur of other lofty hills, planted with oak and beech trees, through the openings of which a boy may frequently be seen, driving an ox or gathering firewood on his half-trodden path. Here and there in the distance the smoke of charcoal-burners ascends into the sky. Between the street and the torrent stand the houses of the village, with high-thatched roofs and walls of timber and of mud, and, at the back, projecting stages and steps above the rushing water. A paradise in the late spring, in summer, and in autumn, these wild and romantic woods, traversed only by a few forest-paths, are terrible in winter, and the contrast is part of their charm. The schoolhouse stands in the upper part of the village, on the opposite side of the street to the rest of the houses, looking across the valley to the western sun. Two large birch-trees are before the open door. The Court-Chaplain pauses before he goes in.

How it comes to pass that a Court-Chaplain should be walking up the street of this forest-village we shall see anon.

At first sight there does not seem to be much schoolwork going on. A boy, or we should rather say a child, of fifteen is seated at an open window, looking over the forest. He is fair-haired and blue-eyed; but it is the deep blue of an angel's, not the cold gray blue of a courtier's eyes. Around him are seated several children, both boys and girls; and, far from teaching, he appears to be relating stories to them. The story, whatever it is, ceases as the Court-Chaplain goes in, and both raconteur and audience rise.

"I have something to say to thee, schoolmaster," said the Chaplain; "send the children away. Thou wilt not teach them anything more to-day, I suspect."

The children went away lingeringly, not at all like children just let loose from school.

When they were gone the expression of the Chaplain's face changed—he looked at the little schoolmaster very kindly, and sat down on one of the benches, which were black and worn with age.

"Last year, little one," he said, "when the Herr Rector took thee away from the Latin school and from thy father's tailoring, and confirmed thee, and thou tookest thy first communion, and he made thee schoolmaster here, many wise people shook their heads. I do not think," he continued, with a smile, "that they have ceased shaking them when they have seen in how strange a manner thou keepest school."

"Ah, your Reverence," said the boy, eagerly, "the good people are satisfied enough when they see that their children learn without receiving much correction; and many of them even take pleasure in the

beautiful tales which I relate to the children, and which they repeat to them. Every morning, as soon as the children enter the school, I pray with them, and catechise them in the principles of our holy religion, as God teaches me, for I use no book. Then I set the children to read and to write, and promise them these charming tales if they learn well. It is impossible to express with what zeal the children learn. When they are perverse or not diligent I do not relate my histories, but I read to myself."

"Well, little one," said the Court-Chaplain, "it is a strange system of education, but I am far from saying that it is a bad one. Nevertheless it will not last. The Herr Rector has his eye upon thee, and will send thee back to thy tailoring very soon."

The tears came into the little schoolmaster's eyes, and he turned very pale.

"Well, do not be sad," said the Chaplain. "I have been thinking and working for thee. Thou hast heard of the Prince, though thou hast, I think, never seen the pleasure-palace, Joyeuse, though it is so near."

"I have seen the iron gates with the golden scrolls," said the boy. "They are like the heavenly Jerusalem; every several gate is one pearl."

The Chaplain did not notice the confused metaphor of this description.

"Well," he said, "I have been speaking to the Prince of thee. Thou knowest nothing of these things, but the Prince has lived for many years in Italy, a country where they do nothing but sing and dance. He has come back, as thou knowest, and has married a wife, according to the traditions of his race. Since he came back to Germany he has taken a fancy to this forest-lodge, for at first it was little more, and has garnished it and enlarged it according to his southern fancies; that is why he likes it better than his princely cities. He has two children—a boy and a girl—eight or nine, or thereabouts. The Princess is not a good woman. She neglects her children, and she prefers the princely cities to her husband, to her little ones, and to the beautiful forests and hills."

The little schoolmaster listened with open eyes. Then he said, beneath his breath:

"How Satanic that must be!"

"The Prince," continued the Court-Chaplain, "is a beautiful soul 'manqué,' which means spoilt. His sister, the Princess Isoline von Isenberg-Wertheim, *is* such a soul. She has joined herself to a company of pious people who have taken an old manor-house belonging to the Prince on the farther side of the palace gardens, where they devote themselves to prayer, to good works, and to the manufacture of half-silk stuffs, by which they maintain themselves and give to the poor. The Prince himself knows something of such feelings. He indeed knows the way of piety, though he does not follow it. He acknowledges the grace of refinement which piety gives, even to the most highly-bred. He is particularly desirous that his children should possess this supreme touch. Something that I told him of thee pleased his fancy. Thy strange way of keeping school seemed to him very new; more especially was he delighted with that infancy-story of thee and old Father Stalher. The old man, I told the Prince, came in to thy father's for his new coat and found thee reading. Reading, in any one, seemed to Father Stalher little short of miraculous; but in a child of eight it was more—it was elfish.

"'What are you doing there, child?' said Father Stalher.

"'I am reading.'

"'Canst thou read already?'

"'That is a foolish question, for I am a human being,' said the child, and began to read with ease, proper emphasis, and due distinction.

"Stalher was amazed, and said:

"'The devil fetch me, I have never seen the like in all my life.'

"Then little Mark jumped up and looked timidly and carefully round the room. When he saw that the devil did not come, he went down on his knees in the middle of the floor and said:

"'O God! how gracious art thou.'

"Then, standing up boldly before old Stalher, he said:

"'Man, hast thou ever seen Satan?'

"'No.'

"'Then call upon him no more.'

"And the child went quietly into another room.

"And I told the Prince what thy old grandfather used to say to me.

"'The lad is soaring away from us; we must pray that God will guide him by His good Spirit.'

"When I told all this to the Prince, he said:

"'I will have this boy. He shall teach my children as he does the village ones. None can teach children as can such a child as this.'"

The little schoolmaster had been looking before him all the time the Chaplain had been speaking, as though in something of a maze. He evidently saw nothing to wonder

at in the story of himself and old Stalher. It seemed to him commonplace and obvious enough.

"I shall send up a tailor from Joyeuse to-morrow," said the Chaplain; "a court-tailor, such as thou never sawest, nor thy father either. He must measure thee for a court-suit of black. Then we will go together, and I will present thee to the Prince."

II.

A FEW days after this conversation there was a melancholy procession down the village street. The Court-Chaplain and the schoolmaster walked first; the boy was crying bitterly. Then followed all the children of the school, all weeping, and many peasant women, and two or three old men. The Rector stood in a corner of the churchyard under a great walnut tree and looked on. He did not weep. The Court-Chaplain looked ashamed, for all the people took this misfortune to be of his causing.

When they had gone some way out of the village, the children stopped, and, collecting into a little crowd, they wept more than ever. The Chaplain turned round and waved his hand, but the little schoolmaster was too troubled to take any farewell. He covered his face with his hands and went on weeping bitterly. At last they passed away out of sight.

When they had gone on some distance, the boy became calmer; he took his hands from his face, and looked up at the Chaplain through his tears.

"What am I to do when I come to the Prince, your Reverence?" he said.

"Thou must make a bow as best thou canst," said the other; "thou must not speak till the Prince speaks to thee, and thou must say 'Highness' sometimes, but not too often."

"How am I to tell when to say 'Highness' and when to forbear?" said the boy.

"Ah! that I cannot tell thee. Thou must trust in God; He will show thee when to say 'Highness' and when not."

They went forward in this way across the meadows, and through the scattered forest for two leagues or more, in the midday heat. The boy was not used to labour, and he grew very tired and unhappy. It seemed to him that he was leaving behind all that was fair and true and beautiful, and going to that which was false and garish and unkind. At last they came to an open drive, or avenue of the forest, where great oaks were growing. Some distance up the avenue they saw a high park pale stretching away on either hand, and in the centre of the drive were iron gates covered with gilt scrolls and letters. The Court-Chaplain pushed the gates open, and they went in.

Inside, the forest drive was planted with young trees in triple rows. After walking for some distance they reached another gate, similar to the first, but provided with "loges," or guardrooms on either side. One or two soldiers were standing listlessly about, but they took no heed. Here the drive entered the palace gardens, laid out in grass plots and stone terraces, and crossed by lofty hedges which shut out the view. They approached the long façade of a house with pointed roofs and green shutter blinds to all the windows. Here the Chaplain left the path, and conducted his companion to a remote side entrance; and, after passing through many passages and small rooms, at last left him to the tender mercies of the court tailor and some domestics, at whose hands the little schoolmaster suffered what appeared to him to be unspeakable indignities. He was washed from head to foot, his hair was cut, curled, and frizzled, and he was finally arrayed in a plain suit of black silk; with silk stockings and delicate shoes; with silver buckles and plain linen bands like a clergyman. The worn homespun suit that had become dear to him was ruthlessly thrown upon a dust-heap, and a messenger was sent to Herr Chaplain that his *protégé* was now fit to be presented to the Prince.

The boy could scarcely restrain his tears; he felt as though he were wandering through the paths of a miserable dream. Ah! could he only awake and find himself again in the old schoolhouse, narrating the adventures of the Fair Melusina to the attentive little ones.

The Chaplain led him up some back stairs, and through corriders and anterooms, all full of wonderful things, which the boy passed bewildered, till they reached a small room where were two boys apparently of his own age. They appeared to have been just engaged in punching each other's heads, for their hair was disordered, their faces red, and one was in tears. They regarded the Chaplain with a sullen suspicion, and the schoolmaster with undisguised contempt. The door at the farther side of the room was partly open, the Chaplain scratched upon it, and receiving some answer, they went in.

The little schoolmaster dared scarcely breathe when he got into the room, so

surprising was all he saw. To the left of the door, as they came in, was placed a harpsichord, before which was standing, with her back towards them, a young girl whose face they could not see; by her side, at the harpsichord, was seated an elderly man upon whom the boy gazed with wonder, so different was he from anything that he had ever seen before; opposite to them, in the window, hung a canary in a cage, and the boy perceived, even in the surprise of the moment, that the bird was agitated and troubled. But the next moment all his attention was absorbed by the figure of the Prince, who was seated on a couch to the right of the room, and almost facing them. To say that this was the most wonderful sight that the little schoolmaster had ever seen would be to speak foolishly, for he had seen no wonderful sights, but it surpassed the wildest imagination of his dreams. The Prince was a very handsome man of about thirty-five, of a slight and delicate figure, and of foreign manners and pose. He was dressed in a suit of what seemed to the boy a wonderful white cloth, of a soft material, embroidered in silk, with flowers of the most lovely tints. The coat was sparingly ornamented in this manner, but the waistcoat, which was only partly seen, was a mass of these exquisite flowers. At his throat and wrists were masses of costly lace, and his hair was frizzled, and slightly powdered, which increased the delicate expression of his features, which were perfectly cut. He lay back on the couch, caressing, with his right hand, a small monkey, also gorgeously dressed, and armed with a toy sword, who sat on the arm of the sofa cracking nuts, and throwing the shells upon the carpet.

The Prince looked up as the two came in, and waved his disengaged hand for them to stand back, and the next moment the strange phantasmagoria, into which the boy's life was turned, took another phase, and he again lost all perception of what he had seen before; for there burst into the little room the most wonderful voice, which not only he and the Chaplain, but even the Maestro and the Prince, had well-nigh ever heard.

The girl, who was taking her music lesson, had been discovered in Italy by the old Maestro, who managed the music of the private theatre which the Prince had formed. He had heard her, a poor untaught girl, in a coffee-house in Venice, and she afterwards became, in the opinion of some, the most pathetic female actress and singer of the century.

The first chord of her voice penetrated into the boy's nature as nothing had ever done before; he had never heard any singing save that of the peasants at church, and of the boys and girls who sang hymns 'round the cottage hearths in the winter nights.

The solemn tramp of the Lutheran measures, where the deep basses of the men drown the soft women's voices, and the shrill unshaded singing of the children could hardly belong to this art, which he heard now for the first time. These sudden runs and trills, so fantastic and difficult, these chords and harmonies, so quaint and full of colour, were messages from a world of sound, as yet an unknown country to the boy. He stood gazing upon the singer with open mouth. The Prince moved his jewelled hand slightly in unison with the notes; the monkey, apparently rather scared, left off cracking his nuts, and, creeping close to his master, nestled against his beautiful coat close to the star upon his breast.

Then suddenly, in this world of wonders, a still more wonderful thing occurred. There entered into this bewitching, this entrancing voice, a strange, almost a discordant, note. Through the fantasied gaiety of the theme, to which the sustained whirr of the harpsichord was like the sigh of the wind through the long grass, there was perceptible a strain, a tremor of sadness, almost of sobs. It was as if, in the midst of festival, some hidden grief, known beforetime of all, but forgotten or suppressed, should at once and in a moment well up in the hearts of all, turning the dance-measures into funeral chants, the love-songs into the loveliest of chorales. The Maestro faltered in his accompaniment; the Prince left off marking the time, he swept the monkey from him with a movement of his hand, and leaned forward eagerly in his seat: the discarded favourite slunk into a corner, where it leaned disconsolately against the wall. The pathetic strain went on, growing more tremulous and more intense, when suddenly the singing stopped, the girl buried her face in her hands and sank upon the floor in a passion of tears; the boy sprang forward, he forgot where he was, he forgot the Prince—

"It is the bird," he cried; "the bird!"

The canary, whose dying struggles the singer had been watching through her song, gave a final shudder and fell lifeless from its perch.

The prince rose: he lifted the singer from her knees, and taking her hands from the wet face, he turned to the others with a smile.

"Ah, Herr Chaplain," he said, "you come

in a good hour. This then is the angel-child. They will console each other."

And, patting the monkey as he passed, he left the room by another door.

III.

When the Prince was gone the Maestro gathered up some music and turned to his pupil, who was drying her eyes and looking somewhat curiously at the boy through her tears.

"Well, Signorina," he said, "you truly sang that very well. If you could bring some of that 'timbre' into your voice always, you would indeed be a singer. But you are too light, too 'frivole.' I wish we could have a canary always who would die;" and, bowing very slightly to the Chaplain, he left the room.

Then the Chaplain looked kindly at the young people.

"Fräulein," he said, "this is the young tutor to the little Serene Highnesses, I will leave you together, as the Prince wished."

When they were alone the boy felt very uncomfortable. He was very shy. This perhaps was as well, for there was no shyness at all on the part of his companion.

"So," she said, looking at him with a smile, and eyes that were again bright, "you are the new toy. I have heard of you. You are a wonderful holy child; what they call 'pious' in this country. How very funny! come and give me a kiss."

"No, Fräulein," said Mark, blushing still more, "that would be improper in me."

"Would it?" said the girl lightly; "don't angels kiss? How very stupid it must be to be an angel! Come and look at poor 'Fifine' then! I suppose she is quite dead."

And, opening the cage, she took out the piteous heap of yellow feathers and held it in her delicate hand, while the tears came again into her large dark eyes.

"Ah! it was dreadful," she said, "to sing and see him die."

"But, Fräulein," said the boy, "you sang most beautifully. I never heard anything so wonderful. It was heaven itself."

The girl looked at him very kindly.

"Oh, you like my singing," she said, "I am glad of that. Do you know, we shall be great friends. I like you. You are a very pretty boy."

And she tried to put her arm round his neck. Mark eluded her embrace. "Fräulein," he said, with a dignified air, which made his companion laugh, "you must remember that I am tutor to their Serene Highnesses; I shall be very glad to be friends with you, and you will tell me something about the people in the palace."

"Oh!" replied the girl, "there is no one but our own company; but they are the greatest fun, and better fun here than anywhere else. It is delightful to see them among these stupid, solemn, heavy Germans, with their terrible language. I shall love to see you with them, you will stare your pretty eyes out. There's old Carricchio—that's not his name, you know, but he is called so because of his part—that is the best of them, they are always the same—off the stage or on it—always laughing, always joking, always kicking up their heels. You will see the faces—such delicious grimaces—old Carricchio will make at you when he asks you for the salt. But don't be frightened, I'll take care of you. They are all in love with me, but I like you already better than all of them. You shall come on yourself some time, just as you are; you will make a delightful part."

Mark stared at her with amazement.

"But what are these people?" he said; "what do they do?"

"Oh, you will see," she said, laughing; "how can I tell you. You never dreamt of such things; you will stare your eyes out. Well, there's the Prince, and the little Highnesses, and the old *Barotin*, the governess, and"—here a change came over the girl's face—"and the Princess is coming soon, I hear, with her '*servente*.'"

"The Princess!" said the boy; "does she ever come?"

"Yes, she comes, sometimes," said his companion. "I wish she didn't. She is a bad woman. I hate her."

"Why? and what is her '*servente?*'"

"I hate her," said the girl; "her *servente* is the Count—*Cavaliere-servante*, you know"—and her face became quite hard and fierce—"he is the devil himself."

The little schoolmaster's face became quite pale.

"The devil!" he said, staring with his large blue eyes.

"Oh, you foolish boy!" she said, laughing again, "I don't mean that devil. The Count is a much more real devil than he!"

The boy looked so dreadfully shocked that she grew quite cheerful again.

"What a strange boy you are!" she said, laughing. "Do you think he will come and

take you away? I'll take care of you—come and sit on my lap;" and, sitting down, she spread out her lap for him with an inviting gesture.

Mark rejected this attractive offer with disdain, and looked so unspeakably miserable and ready to cry that his companion took pity upon him.

"Poor boy," she said, "you sha'n't be teased any more. Come with me, I will take you to the *Barotin*, and present you to the little Serene Highnesses. They are nice children—for Highnesses; you will get on well with them."

Taking the boy's unwilling hand, she led him through several rooms, lined with old marqueterie cabinets in the Italian fashion, till she found a page, to whom she delivered Mark, telling him to take him to the Baroness, into whose presence she herself did not appear anxious to intrude, that he might be presented to his future pupils.

The page promised to obey, and, giving him a box on the ear to ensure attention, a familiarity which he took with the most cheerful and forgiving air, she left the room.

The moment she was gone the page made a rush at Mark, and, seizing him round the waist, lifted him from the ground and ran with him through two or three rooms, till he reached a door, where he deposited him upon his feet. Then throwing open the door, he announced suddenly, "The Herr Tutor to the Serene Highnesses!" and shut Mark into the room.

His breath taken away by this atrocious attack upon his person and dignity, Mark saw before him a stately, but not unkindly-looking lady and two beautiful children, a boy and girl, of about eight and nine years of age. The lady rose, and, looking at Mark with some curiosity, as well she might, said:

"Your Serene Highnesses, this is the tutor whom the Prince, your father, has provided for you. You will no doubt profit greatly by his instructions."

The little girl came forward at once, and gave Mark her hand, which, not knowing what to do with, he held for a moment and then dropped.

"My papa has spoken of you," she said. "He has told me that you are very good."

"I shall try to be good, Princess," said Mark, who by this time had recovered his breath.

The little girl seemed very much insulted. She drew herself up and flushed all over her face.

"You must not say *Princess* to me," she said, "that is what only the little Princes say. You must say, 'my most gracious and Serene Highness,' whenever you speak to me."

This was too much. Mark blushed with anger.

"May God forgive me," he said, "if I do anything so foolish. I am here to teach thee and thy brother, and I will do it in my own way, or not at all."

The little Princess looked as if she were about to cry, then, apparently thinking better of it, she said, with a half sob, and dropping the stately "*you*":

"Well, my papa says that thou art an angel. I suppose thou must do as thou wilt."

The little boy, meanwhile, had been staring at Mark with solemn eyes. He said nothing, but he came, finally, to the little schoolmaster and put his hand in his.

What more might have been said cannot be told, for at this moment the page appeared again, saying that dinner was served at the third table, and that the Herr Tutor was to dine there.

The Baroness seemed surprised at this.

"I should have supposed," she said, "that he would have dined with the Chaplain at the second table."

"No," asserted the page boldly, "the Prince has ordered it."

When alone, the Prince seldom dined ostensibly in public; but often appeared masqued at the third table, which was that of the actors and singers. He had given no orders at all about Mark. The arrangement was entirely of the Signorina's making, who desired that he should dine with her. It was a bold stroke; and an hour afterwards, when the Court-Chaplain discovered it, measures were taken to prevent its recurrence—at least for a time.

In whatever way this arrangement came to be made, however, the result was very advantageous to Mark. In the first place, it was not formidable. The company took little notice of him. Signor Carricchio made grotesque faces at others, but not at him. He sat quite safe and snug by the Signorina, and certainly stared with all his eyes, as she had said. The long, dark, aquiline features of the men, the mobile play of humorous farce upon their faces, the constant chatter and sport—what could the German peasant boy do but stare? His friend taught him how to hold his knife and fork, and how to eat. The Italians were very nice in their eating, and the boy picked up more in five minutes from the Signorina—he was very

quick—than he would have done in weeks from the Chaplain.

He was so scared and frightened, and the girl was so kind to him, that his boy's heart went out to her.

"What shall I call you, Signorina?" he said, as dinner was over. "You are so good to me." He had already caught the Italian word.

"My name is Faustina Banti," she said, looking at him with her great eyes; "but you may call me 'Tina,' if you like. I had a little brother once who called me that. He died."

"You are so very kind to me, Tina," said the boy, "I am sure you must be very good."

She looked at him again, smiling.

IV.

The next morning early Mark was sent for to the Prince. He was shown into the dressing-room, but the Prince was already dressed. He was seated in an easy-chair reading a small closely-printed sheet of paper, upon which the word "Wien" was conspicuous to the boy. The Prince bade the little schoolmaster be seated on a fauteuil near him, and looked so kindly that he felt quite at his ease.

"Well! little one," said the Prince, "how findest thou thyself? Hast thou found any friends yet in this place?"

"The Signorina has been very kind to me, Highness," said the boy.

"Ah!" said the Prince, smiling, "thou hast found that out already. That is not so bad. I thought you two would be friends. What has the Signorina told thee?"

"She has told me of the actors who are so clever and so strange. She says that they are all in love with her."

"That is not unlikely. And what else?"

"She has told me of the Princess and of her servente."

"Indeed!" said the Prince, with the slightest possible appearance of increased interest; "what does she say of the Princess?"

"She says that she is a bad woman, and that she hates her."

"Ah! the Signorina appears to have formed opinions of her own, and to be able to express them. What else?"

"She says that the servente is the devil himself! But she does not mean the real devil. She says that the servente is a much more real devil than he! Is not that horrible, Highness?"

The Prince looked at Mark for two or three moments, with a kindly but strange far-reaching look, which struck the boy, though he did not in the least understand it.

"I did well, little one," he said at last, "when I sent for thee."

There was a pause. The Prince seemed to have forgotten the presence of the boy, who already was sufficiently of a courtier to hold his tongue.

At last the Prince spoke.

"And the children," he said; "thou hast seen them?"

"Yes," said Mark, with a little shy smile, "I did badly there. I insulted the gracious Fräulein by calling her 'Princess,' which she said only the little Princes should do; and I told her I was come to teach her and her little brother, and that I should do it in my own way or not at all."

The Prince looked as though he feared that this unexpected amusement would be almost too delightful.

"Well, little one," he said, "thou hast begun well. Better than this none could have done. Only be careful that thou art not spoilt. Care nothing for what thou hearest here. Continue to hate and fear the devil; for, whether he be thy own devil or the servente, he is more powerful than thou. Say nothing but what He whom thou rightly callest God teaches thee to say. So all will be well. Better teacher than thou my daughter could not have. I would wish her to be pious, within reason; not like her aunt, that would not be well. I should wish her to care for the poor. Nothing is so gracious in noble ladies as to care for the poor. When they cease to do this they lose tone at once. The French noblesse have done so. I should like her to visit the poor herself. It will have the best effect upon her nature; much better," continued the Prince with a half smile, and seemingly speaking to himself, "much better than on the poor themselves. But what will you have?—some one must suffer, and the final touch cannot be obtained without."

There was another pause. This aspect of the necessary suffering the poor had to undergo was so new to Mark that he required some time to grasp it. The visits of noble ladies to his village had not been so frequent as to cause the malign effects to be deeply felt.

* * * *

Acting upon this advice so far as he understood it, Mark pursued the same system of education with the little Highnesses as he had followed with the village children; that

is, he set them to read such things as he was told they ought to learn, and encouraged them to do so by promising to relate his histories and tales if they were good.

It is surprising how much the same human nature remains after generations of different breeding and culture. It is true that these princely children had heard many tales before, perhaps the very ones the little schoolmaster now related, yet they delighted in nothing so much as hearing them again. Much of this pleasure, no doubt, was due to the intense faith and interest in them shown by Mark himself. He talked to them also much about God and the unseen world of angels, and of the wicked one; and, as they believed firmly that he was an angel, they listened to these things with the more ready belief. Indeed, the affection which the little boy formed for his child-tutor was unusual. He was a silent, solemn child; he said nothing, but he attached himself to Mark with a persistent devotion.

Every one in the palace, indeed, took to the boy; the pages left off teasing him; the Signorina petted him in a manner sufficient to deprive her numerous lovers of their reason; the servants waited on him for love and not for reward; but the strangest thing of all was, that in proportion as he was kindly treated—just as much as every one seemed to love him and delight in him—just so much did the boy become miserable and unhappy. The kinder these people were, the more he felt the abyss which lay between his soul and theirs—earnestness and solemn faith in his, sarcasm and lively farce and, at the most, kindly toleration of belief in theirs.

Had they ill-treated or wronged him, he would not have felt it so much; but kindness and security on their part, seemed to intensify the sense of doubt and perplexity on his.

It is difficult to realise the effect which sarcasm and irony have upon such natures as his. They look upon life with such a single eye. It is so beautiful and solemn to them. Truth is so true, they are so much in earnest that they cannot understand the complex feeling that finds relief in sarcasm and allegory, that tolerates the frivolous and the vain, as an ironic reading of the lesson of life.

The actors were particularly kind to him, though their grotesque attempts to amuse him mostly added to his misery. They were extremely anxious that he should appear upon the stage, and indeed the boy's beauty and simplicity would have made an excellent foil.

"Herr Tutor," said old Carricchio the arlecchino to him one day, with mock gravity, "we are about to perform a comedy—what is called a masqued comedy, not because we wear masques, for we don't, but because of our dresses. It consists of music, dancing, love-making, joking, and buffoonery; you will see what a trifle it is all about. The scene is in the garden of a country-house—during what in Italy we call the Villeggiatura, that is the month we spend in the country during the vintage. A lady's fan is found by an ill-natured person in a curious place; all the rest agree not to see the fan, not to acknowledge that it is a fan. It is all left to us at the moment, all except the songs and the music, and you know how delightful those are. If you would take a part, and keep your own character throughout, it would be magnificent; but we will wait, if you once see it you will wish to act."

No one, indeed, was kinder to Mark, or seemed more to delight in his society than the old arlecchino, and the pair made a most curious sight, seated together on one of the terraces on a sunny afternoon. Nothing could be more diverse in appearance than this strangely assorted pair. Carricchio was tall, with long limbs, and large aquiline features. He wore a set smile upon his large expressive mouth, which seemed born of no sense of enjoyment, but of an infinite insight, and of a mocking friendliness. He seldom wore anything but the dress of his part; but he wrapped himself mostly in a long cloak, lined with fur, for even the northern sunshine seemed chilly to the old clown. Wrapped in this ancient garment, he would sit beside Mark, listening to the boy's stories with his deep unfathomed smile; and as he went on with his histories, the boy used to look into his companion's face, wondering at the slow smile, and at the deep wrinkles of the worn visage, till at length, fascinated at the sight, he forgot his stories, and looking into the old man's face appeared to Mark, though the comparison seems preposterous, like gazing at the fated story of the mystic tracings of the star-lit skies.

Why the old man listened so patiently to these childish stories no one could tell; perhaps he did not hear them. He himself said that the presence of Mark had the effect of music upon his jaded and worn sense. But, indeed, there was beneath Carricchio's mechanical buffoonery and farce a sober and pathetic humour, which was almost unconscious, and which was now, probably owing to advancing years, first becoming known either to himself or others.

"The Maestro has been talking to me this morning," he said one day. "He says that life is a wretched masque, a miserable apology for existence by the side of art; what do you say to that?"

"I do not know what it means," said Mark; "I neither know life nor art—how can I tell?"

"That is true, but you know more than you think. The Maestro means that life is imperfect, struggling, a failure, ugly most often; art is perfect, complete, beautiful, and full of force and power. But I tell him that some failure is better than success; sometimes ugliness is a finer thing than beauty; and the best art is that which only reproduces life. If life were fashioned after the most perfect art, you would never be able to cry, nor to make me cry, as you do over your beautiful tales."

Mark tried to understand this, but failed, and was therefore silent. Indeed it is not certain whether Carricchio himself understood what he was saying.

He seemed to have some suspicion of this, for he did not go on talking, but was silent for some time. These silences were common between the two.

At last he said:

"I think where the Maestro is wrong is in making the two quarrel. They cannot quarrel. There is no art without life, and no life without art. Look at a puppet-play—the fantoccini—it means life and it means art.

"I never saw a puppet-play," said Mark.

"Well, you have seen us," said Carricchio; "we are much the same. We move ourselves—they are moved by wires; but we do just the same things—we are life and we are art, in the burletta we are both. I often think which is which—which is the imposture and which is the masque. Then I think that somewhere there must be a higher art that surpasses the realism of life—a divine art which is not life but fashions life.

"When I look at you, little one," Carricchio went on, "I feel almost as I do when the violins break in upon the jar and fret of the wittiest dialogue. Jest and lively fancy—these are the sweets of life, no doubt—and humorous thought and speech and gesture—but they are not this divine art, they are not rest. They shrivel and wither the brain. The whole being is parched, the heart is dry in this sultry, piercing light. But when the stringed melodies steal in, and when the rippling, surging arpeggios and crescendos sweep in upon the sense, and the stilled cadences that lull and soothe—then, indeed, it is like moisture and the gracious dew. It is like sleep; the strained nerves relax; the overwrought frame, which is like dry garden mould, is softened, and the flowers spring up again."

Carricchio paused; but as Mark said nothing, he went on again.

"The other life is gay, lively, bright, full of excitement and interest, of tender pity even, and of love—but this is rest and peace. The other is human life, but what is this? Art? Ah! but a divine art. Here is no struggle, no selfish desire, no striving, no conflict of love or of hate. It is like silence, the most unselfish thing there is. I have, indeed, sometimes thought that music must be the silence of heaven."

"The silence of heaven!" said Mark, with open eyes. "The silence of heaven! What, then, are its words?"

"Ah! that," said the old clown, smiling, but with a sad slowness in his speech, "is beyond me to tell. I can hear its silence, but not its voice."

V.

The private theatre in the Palace was a room of very moderate size, for the audience was necessarily very small; in fact, the stage was larger than the auditorium. The play took place in the afternoon, and there was no artificial light; many of the operatic performances in Italy, indeed, took place in the open air.

Yet, though the time of day and the natural light deprived the theatre of much of the strangeness and glamour with which it is usually associated, and which so much impress a youth who sees it for the first time, the effect of the first performance upon Mark was very remarkable. He was seated immediately behind the Prince. Far from being delighted with the play, he was overpowerd as it went on by an intense melancholy horror. When the violins, the flutes, and the fifes began the overture, a new sense seemed given to him, which was not pleasure but the intensest dread. If the singing of the Signorina had been a shock to him, accustomed as he was only to the solemn singing of his childhood, what must this elfish, weird, melodious music have seemed, full of gay and careless life, and of artless unconscious airs which yet were miracles of art? He sat, terrified at these

delicious sounds, as though this world of music without thought or conscience were a wicked thing. The shrill notes of the fifes, the long tremulous vibration of the strings, seemed to draw his heart after them. Wherever this wizard call might lead him it seemed he would have to follow the alluring chords.

But when the acting began his terror became more intense. The grotesque figures seemed to him those of devils, or at the best of fantastic imps or gnomes. He could understand nothing of the dialogue, but the gestures, the laughter, the wild singing, were shocking to him. When the Signorina appeared, the strange intensity of her colour, the brilliancy of her eyes, and what seemed to him the freedom of her gestures and the boldness of her bewitching glances, far from delighting, as they seemed to do all the others, made him ready to weep with shame and grief. He sank back in his seat to avoid the notice of the Prince, who, indeed, was too much absorbed in the music and the acting to remember him.

The beauty of the music only added to his despair; had it been less lovely, had the acting not forced now and then a glance of admiring wonder or struck a note of high-toned touching pathos even, it would not all have seemed so much the work of evil. When the comedy was over he crept silently away to his room; and in the excitement of congratulation and praise, as actors and audience mingled together, and the Signorina was receiving the commendations of the Prince, he was not missed.

He could not stay in this place—that at least was clear to him. He must escape. He must return to nature, to the woods and birds, to children and to children's sports. These gibing grimaces, these endless bowings and scrapings and false compliments, known of all to be false, would choke him if he stayed. He must escape from the house of frivolity into the soft, gracious outer air of sincerity and truth.

He cried himself to sleep; all through the night, amid fitful slumber, the crowd of masques jostled and mocked at him; the weird strains of unknown instruments reached his half-conscious bewildered sense. Early in the morning he awoke. There had been rain in the night, and the smiling morning beckoned him out.

He stole down some back stairs, and found a door which opened on gardens and walks at the back of the Palace. This he managed to open, and went out.

The path on which the door opened led him through rows of fruit trees and young plantations. A little forest of delicate boughs and young leaves lifted itself up against the blue sky, and a myriad drops sparkled in the morning sun. The fresh cool air, the blue sky, the singing of the birds, restored Mark to himself. He seemed to see again the possibility of escape from evil, and the hope of righteousness and peace. His whole spirit went out in prayer and love to the Almighty, who had made these lovely things. He felt as he had been wont to do when, on a fine Sunday, he had walked home with his children in order, relating to them the most beautiful tales of God. He wandered slowly down the narrow paths. The fresh-turned earth between the rows of saplings, the beds of herbs, the moist grass, gave forth a scent at once delicate and searching. The boy's cheerfulness began to return. The past seemed to fade. He almost thought himself the little schoolmaster again.

After wandering for some time through this delicious land of perfume, of light, and sweet sound, he came to a very long but narrow avenue of old elm-trees that led down a gradual slope, as it seemed, into the heart of the forest. Beneath the avenue a well-kept path seemed to point with a guiding hand.

He followed the path for some distance, and had just perceived what seemed to be an old manor-house, standing in a courtyard at the farther end, when he was conscious of a figure advancing along the path to meet him: as it approached, he saw that it was that of a lady of tall and commanding appearance, and apparently of great beauty; she wore the dress of some sisterhood. When he was near enough to see her face he found that it was indeed beautiful, with an expression of the purest sincerity and benevolence. The lady stopped and spoke to Mark at once.

"You must be the new tutor to their Highnesses," she said; "I have heard of you."

Mark said that he was.

"You do not look well," said the lady, very kindly; "are you happy at the Palace?"

"Are you the Princess Isoline?" said Mark, not answering the question; "I think you must be, you are so beautiful."

"I am the Princess Isoline," said the lady; "walk a little way with me."

Mark turned with the lady and walked back towards the Palace. After a moment or two he said: "I am not happy at Joyeuse, I am very miserable, I want to run away."

"What makes you so unhappy? Are they not kind to you? The Prince is very kind,

and the children are good children—I have always thought."

"They are all very kind, too kind to me," said the boy. "I cannot make you understand why I am so miserable, I cannot tell myself—the Prince is worse than all——"

"Why is the Prince the worst of all?" said the lady, in a very gentle voice.

"All the rest I know are wrong," replied the boy, passionately—"the actors, the Signorina, the pages, and all; but when the Prince looks at me with his quiet smile—when the look comes into his eyes as though he could see through time even into eternity—when he looks at me in his kindly, pitying way—I begin to doubt. Oh, Highness, it is terrible to doubt! Do you think that the Prince is right?"

The Princess was silent for a moment or two; it was not that she did not understand the boy, for she understood him very well.

"No, I think you are right and not the Prince," she said at length, in her quiet voice.

There was a pause: neither seemed to know what to say next. They had now nearly reached the end of the avenue next the Palace; the Princess stopped.

"Come back with me," she said, "I will show you my house."

They walked slowly along the narrow pathway towards the old house at the farther end. The Princess was evidently considering what to say.

"Why do you know that they are all wrong?" she said at last.

"Highness," said the boy after a pause, "I have never lived amongst, or seen anything, since I was born, but what was natural and real—the forest, the fruit-trees in blossom, the gardens, and the flowers. I have never heard anything except of God—of the wretchedness of sin—of beautiful stories of good people. My grandfather, when he was alive, used to talk to me, as I sat with him at his charcoal-burning in the forest, of my forefathers, who were all honest and pious people. There are few Princes who can say that."

The Princess did not seem to notice this last uncourtly speech.

"'I shall then find all my forefathers in Heaven,' I would say to him," continued Mark. "'Yes, that thou wilt! we shall then be of high nobility. Do not lose this privilege.' If I lose this privilege, how sad that will be! But here, in the Palace, they think nothing of these things—instead of hymns they sing the strangest, wildest songs, so strange and beautiful that I fear and tremble at them as if the sounds were wicked sounds."

So talking, the Princess and the boy went on through the lovely wood; at last they left the avenue and passed into the courtyard of a stately but decayed house. The walls of the courtyard were overgrown with ivy, and trees were growing up against the house and shading some of the windows. The Princess passed on without speaking, and entered the hall by an open door. As they entered, Mark could hear the sound of looms, and inside were several men and women at different machines employed in weaving cloth. The Princess spoke to several, and leading Mark onward she ascended a wide staircase and reached at last a long gallery at the back of the house. Here were many looms, and girls and men employed in weaving. The long range of lofty windows faced the north, and over the nearer woods could be seen the vast sweep of the great Thuringian Forest, where Martin Luther had lived and walked. The risen sun was gilding the distant woods. A sense of indescribable loveliness and peace seemed to Mark to pervade the place.

"How happy you must be here, gracious Highness!" he exclaimed.

They were standing apart in one of the windows towards the end of the long room, and the noise of the looms made a continuous murmur that prevented their voices being heard by the others who were near. The Princess looked at Mark for some moments without reply.

"I must speak the truth always," she said at last, "but more than ever to such as thou art. I am not happy."

The boy looked at her as though his heart would break.

"Not happy," he said in a low voice, "and you so good."

"The good are not happy," said the Princess, "and the happy are not good."

There was a pause; then the Princess went on:

"The people who are with me are good, but they are not happy. They have left the world and its pleasures, but they regret them; they live in the perpetual consciousness of this self-denial—this fancy that they are serving God better than others are; they are in danger of becoming jealous and hypocritical. I warn you never to join a particular society which proposes, as its object, to serve God better than others. You are safer, more in the way of serving God in the Palace, even amid the singing and the music which seem to you so wicked.

They are happy, they are thoughtless, gay, like the birds. They have at least no dark gloomy thoughts of God, even if they have no thoughts of Him at all. They may be won to Him, nay, they may be nearer to Him now than some who think themselves so good. Since I began this way of life I have heard of many such societies, which have crumbled into the dust with derision, and are remembered only with reproach."

Mark stood gazing at the distant forest without seeing it. He did not know what to think.

"I do not know why I have told you this," said the Princess; "I had no thought of saying such words when I brought you here. I seem to have spoken them without willing it. Perhaps it was the will of God."

"Why do you go on with this life," said Mark sadly, "if it be not good? The Prince would be glad if you would come back to the Palace. He has told me so."

It seemed to the boy that life grew more and more sad. It seemed that, baffled and turned back at every turn, there was no reality, no sincere walk anywhere possible. The worse seemed everywhere the better, the children of this world everywhere wiser than the children of light.

"I cannot go back now," said the Princess. "When you are gone I shall forget this; I shall think otherwise. There is something in your look that has made me speak like this."

"Then are these people really not happy?" said Mark again.

"Why should they be happy?" said the Princess, with some bitterness in her voice. "They have given up all that makes life pleasant—fine clothes, delicate food, cunning harmonies, love, gay devices, and sports. Why should they be happy? They have dull work, none to amuse or enliven the long days."

"I was very happy in my village outside the Palace gates," said Mark quietly; "I had none of these things; I only taught the little peasants, yet I was happy. From morning to night the path was straight before me, a bright and easy path; and the end was always light. Now all is difficult and strange. Since I passed through the gates with the golden scrolls, which I thought were like the heavenly Jerusalem, all goes crooked and awry; nothing seems plain and righteous as in the pleasant old days. I have come into an enchanted palace, the air of which I cannot breathe and live; I must go back."

"No, not so," said the Princess, "you are wanted here. Where you were you were of little good. There were at least others who could do your work. Here none can do it but you. They never saw any one like you before. They know it and speak of it. All are changed somewhat since you came; you might, it is true, come to me, but I should not wish it. The air of this house would be worse for you even than that of the Palace which you fear so much. Besides, the Prince would not be pleased with me."

Mark looked sadly before him for some moments before he said:

"Even if it be true what you say, still I must go. It is killing me. I wish to do right and good to all; but what good shall I do if it takes all my strength and life? I shall ask the Prince to let me go back."

"No," said the Princess, "not that—never that. It is impossible, you cannot go back!"

"Cannot go back!" cried Mark. "Why? The Prince is very kind. He will not keep me here to die."

"Yes, the Prince is very kind, but he cannot do that; what is passed can never happen again. It is the children's phrase, 'Do it again.' It can never be done again. You have passed, as you say, the golden gates into an enchanted world; you have known good and evil; you have tasted of the fruit of the so-called Tree of Life; you cannot go back to the village. Think."

Mark was silent for a longer space this time. His eyes were dim, but he seemed to see afar off.

"No," he said at last, "it is true, I cannot go back. The village, and the school, and the children have passed away. I should not find them there, as they were before. If I cannot come to you, there is nothing for me but to die."

"The Pagans," said the Princess, "the old Pagans, that knew their gods but dimly, used to say—'The god-beloved die young.' It has been said since by Christian men.—Do not be afraid to die. Instead of your form and voice there will be remembrance and remorse; instead of indifference and sarcasm there will be contrition; in place of thoughtless kindliness a tender love. Do not be afraid to die. The charm is working now; it will increase when sight is changed for memory, and the changeful irritation of time for changeless recollection and regret. The body of the sown grain is transfigured into the flower of a spiritual life, and from the dust is raised a mystic presence which can never fade. Do not be afraid to die."

Mark walked slowly back to the Palace.

He could not think; he was stunned and bewildered. He wished the Princess Isoline would have let him come to her. Then he thought all might yet be well. When he reached the Palace he found everything in confusion. The Princess and her friend the *servente* had suddenly arrived.

VI.

Later on in the day Mark was told that the Princess wished to see him, and that he must wait upon her in her own apartment. He was taken to a part of the Palace into which he had hitherto never been; in which a luxurious suite of rooms was reserved for the Princess when she condescended to occupy them. The most easterly of the suite was a morning sitting-room, which opened upon a balcony or trellised verandah, shaded with jasmine. The room was furnished in a very different style from the rest of the Palace. The other rooms, though rich, were rather bare of garniture, after the Italian manner—their ornaments consisting of cabinets of inlaid wood and pictures on the walls, with the centre of the room left clear. These rooms, on the contrary, were full of small gilt furniture, after the fashion of the French court. Curious screens, depicting strange birds of gaudy plumage, embarrassed Mark as he entered the room.

The Prince was seated near a lady who was reclining in the window, and opposite to them was a stranger whom Mark knew must be the Count. The lady was beautiful, but with a kind of beauty strange to the boy, and her dress was more wonderful than any he had yet seen, though it was a mere morning robe. She looked curiously at him as he entered the room.

"This, then," she said, "is the clown who is to educate my children."

At this not very encouraging address the boy stopped, and stood silently contemplating the group.

The Count was the first who came to his assistance.

"The youth is not so bad, Princess," he said. "He has an air of society about him, in spite of his youth."

The Prince looked at the Count with a pleased expression.

"Do not fear for the children, Adelaide," he said; "they will fare very well. Their manners are improved already. When they come to Vienna, you will see how fine their breeding will be thought to be. Leave them to me. You do not care for them; leave them to me and to the Herr Tutor."

Mark was looking at the Count. This was another strange study for the boy. He was older than the Prince—a man of about forty; more firmly built, and with well-cut but massive features. He wore a peruke of very short, curled hair; his dress was rich, but very simple; and his whole appearance and manner suggested curiously that of a man who carried no more weight than he could possibly help, who encumbered himself with nothing that he could throw aside, who offered in every action, speech, and gesture the least possible resistance to the atmosphere, moral, social, or physical, in which he found himself. His manner to the Prince was deferential, without being marked, and he evidently wished to propitiate him.

"Thou art very pious, I hear," said the Princess, addressing Mark in a tone of unmitigated contempt.

The boy only bowed.

"Is he dumb?" said the Princess, still with undisguised disdain.

"No," said the Prince quietly. "He can speak when he thinks that what he says will be well received."

"He is wise," said the Count.

"Well," said the Princess sharply, "my wishes count for nothing; of that we are well aware. But I do not want my children to be infected with the superstitions of the past, which still linger among the coarse and ignorant peasantry. I suppose, now, this peasant schoolmaster believes in a God and a hell, and in a heaven for such as he?" and she threw herself back with a light laugh.

"No, surely," said the Count, blandly, "that were too gross, even for a peasant priest."

"Tell me, Herr Tutor," said the Princess; and now she threw a nameless charm into her manner as she addressed the boy, from whom she wished an answer; "tell me, dost thou believe in a heaven?"

"Yes, gracious Highness," said Mark.

"It has always struck me," said the Prince, with a philosophic air, "that we might leave the poor their distant heaven. Its existence cannot injure us. I have sometimes fancied that they might retort upon me: 'You have everything here that life can wish: we have nothing. You have dainty food, and fine clothes, and learning, and music, and all the fruition that your fastidious fancy craves: we are cold and hungry and ignorant and miserable. Leave us our heaven! At least, if you do not believe in it, keep silence before us. Our belief does

not trouble you; it takes nothing from the least of your pleasures; it is all we have.'"

"When the Prince begins to preach," said the Princess, with scarcely less contempt than she had shown for Mark, "I always leave the room."

The Count immediately rose and opened a small door leading to a boudoir. The Prince rose and bowed. The Princess swept to the ground before him in an elaborate curtsey, and, looking contemptuously, yet with a certain amused interest, at Mark, left the room.

The Prince resumed his seat, and, leaning back, looked from one to the other of his companions. He was really thinking with amusement what a so strangely-assorted couple might be likely to say to each other; but the Count, misled by his desire to please the Prince, misunderstood him. He supposed that he wished that the conversation which the Princess had interrupted should be continued, and, sitting down, he began again.

"I suppose, Herr Tutor," he said, "you propose to train your pupils so that they shall be best fitted to mingle with the world in which they will be called upon to play an important part?"

The Prince motioned to Mark to sit, which he did, upon the edge of an embroidered couch.

"If the Serene Highness," he said, "had wished for one to teach his children who knew the great world and the cities, he would not have sent for me."

"What do you teach them, then?"

"I tell them beautiful histories," said Mark, "of good people, and of love, and of God."

"It has been proved," said the Count, "that there is no God."

"Then there is still love," said the boy.

"Yes, there is still love," said the Count, with an amused glance at the Prince; "all the more that we have got rid of a cruel God."

The boy's face flushed.

"How can you dare to say that?" he said.

"Why," said the Count, with a simulated warmth, "what is the God of you pious people but a cruel God!—He who condemns the weak and the ignorant—the weak whom He has Himself made weak, and the ignorant whom He keeps in darkness—to an eternity of torture for a trivial and temporary, if not an unconscious, fault? What is that God but cruel who will not forgive till He has gratified His revenge upon His own Son? What is that God but cruel—— But I need not go on. The whole thing is nothing but a figment and a dream, hatched in the diseased fancies of half-starved monks dying by inches in caves and deserts, terrified by the ghastly visions of a ruined body and a disordered mind—men so stupid and so wicked that they could not discern the nature of the man whom they professed to take for their God—a man, apparently, one of those rare natures, in advance of their time, whom friends and enemies alike misconceive and thwart; and who die, as He died, helpless and defeated, with a despairing cry to a heedless or visionary God in whom they have believed in vain."

As the Count went on, a new and terrible phase of experience was passing through Mark's mind. As the brain consists of two parts, so the mind seems dual also. Thought seems at different times to consist of different phases, each of which can only see itself—of a faith that can see no doubt—of a doubt that can conceive of no certainty—one week exalted to the highest heaven, the next plunged into the lowest hell. For the first time in his life this latter phase was passing through Mark's mind. What had always seemed to him as certain as the hills and fields seemed on a sudden shrunken and vanished away. His mind seemed emptied and void; he could not even think of God. It seemed even marvellous to him that anything could have filled this vast fathomless void, much less such a lovely and populous world as that which now seemed vanished as a morning mist. He tried to rouse his energies, to grasp at and to recover his accustomed thoughts, but he seemed fascinated; the eyes of the Count rested on him, as he thought, with an evil glance. He turned faint.

But the Prince came to his aid. He was looking across at the Count with a sort of lazy dislike; as one looks at a stuffed reptile or at a foul but caged bird.

"Thou art soon put down, little one," he said, with his kindly, lofty air. "Tell him all this is nothing to thee! That disease and distraction never created anything. That nothing lives without a germ of life. Tell the Count that thou art not careful to answer him—that it may be as he says. Tell him that even were it so—that He of whom he speaks died broken-hearted in that despairing cry to the Father whom He thought had deserted Him—tell the Count thou art still with Him! Tell him that if His mission was misconceived and perverted, it was because His spirit and method was

Divine! Tell the Count that in spite of failure and despair, nay, perchance—who knows?—because even of that despair, He has drawn all men to Him from that cross of His as He said. Tell the Count that He has ascended to His Father and to thy Father, and, alone among the personalities of the world's story, sits at the right hand of God! Tell him this, he will have nothing to reply."

And, as if to render reply impossible, the Prince rose, and calling to his spaniel, who came at his gesture from the sunshine in the window, he struck a small Indian gong upon the table, and the pages drawing back the curtains of the ante-chamber, he left the room.

The Count looked at the boy with a smile. Mark's face was flushed, his eyes sparkling and full of tears.

"Well, Herr Tutor," said the Count not unkindly, "dost thou say all that?"

"Yes," said the boy, "God helping me, I say all that!"

"Thou mightest do worse, Tutor," said the Count, "than follow the Prince."

And he too left the room.

VII.

The arrival of the Princess very much increased the gaiety and activity of life within the Palace. Every one became impressed with the idea that the one thing necessary was to entertain her. The actors set to work to prepare new plays, new spectacles; the musicians to compose new combinations of quaint notes; the poets new sonnets on strange and, if possible, new conceits. As the Princess was very difficult to please, and as it was almost impossible to conceive anything which appeared new to her jaded intellect, the difficulty of the task caused any idea that promised novelty to be seized upon with a desperate determination. The most favourite one still continued to be the proposition that Mark should be induced, by fair means or foul, to take a part upon the stage. His own character—the *rôle* which he instinctively played—was so absolutely original and fresh that the universal opinion was confident of the success of such a performance.

"By some means or other," said old Carricchio, "he must be got to act."

"You may do what you will with him," said the Signorina, sadly; "he will die. He is too good to live. Like my little brother and the poor canary, he will die."

In pursuit, then, of this ingenious plan the Princess was requested to honour with her presence a performance of a hitherto unknown character to be given in the Palace gardens. She at first declined, saying that she had seen everything that could be performed so often that she was sick of such things, and that each of their vaunted and promised novelties proved more stale and dull than its precursor. It was therefore necessary to let her know something of what was proposed, and no sooner did she understand that Mark was to be the centre round which the play turned, than she entered into the plot with the greatest zeal.

It is, perhaps, not strange that to such a woman Mark's character and personality offered a singular novelty and even charm. The thought of triumphing over this child-like innocence, of contrasting it with the license and riot which the play would offer, struck her jaded curiosity with a sense of delicious freshness, and she took an eager delight in the arrangement and contrivance of the scenes.

In expansion of the idea suggested by some of the wonderful theatres in Italy, where the open-air stage extended into real avenues and thickets, it was decided that the entire play should be represented in the Palace gardens: and that, in fact, the audience should take part in the action of the drama. This, where the whole household was theatrical, and where the actors were trained in the Italian comedy, which left so much to the *improvisitore*—to the individual taste and skill of the actor—was a scheme not difficult to realise.

The Palace garden, which was very large, was disposed in terraces and hedges; it was planted with numerous thickets and groves, and, wherever the inequalities of the ground allowed it, with lofty banks of thick shrubs crowned with young trees, beneath which were arranged statues and fountains in the Italian manner. The hedges were cut into arcades and arches, giving free access to the retired lawns and shady nooks, and these arcades, and the lofty groves and terraces, gave a constant sense of mystery and expectation to the scene. The ample lawns and open spaces afforded more than one suitable stage, upon which the most important scenes of a play might be performed.

Beneath one of the highest and most important banks which stretched in a perfectly straight line across the garden, planted

thickly with flowering shrubs, and fringed at the top with a long line of young trees, whose delicate foliage was distinct against the sky, was placed the largest of the fountains. It was copied from that in the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome, and was ornamented with great shells, fish, and Tritons. On either side of the fountain, and leading to the terrace at the back, were flights of marble steps, with wide-stretching stone vases upon either side towering above the grass. In front of the fountain and of the steps, beyond a belt of greensward, were long hedges planted in parallel rows, and connected in arches and arcades crossing and recrossing each other in an intricate maze, so that a large company, wandering through their paths, might suddenly appear and disappear. Beyond the hedges the lawn stretched out again, broken by flower-beds and statues and fringed by masses of foliage and lofty limes. A sound of falling water was heard on all sides; and, by mysterious contrivance of concealed mechanism, flute and harp music sounded from the depths of the bosky groves.

Mark knew little of what was going on. He occupied himself mostly with his young pupils; but the conversation he had had with the Princess Isoline had troubled his mind, and a sense of perplexity and of approaching evil weighed upon his spirits and affected his health. He who had never known sickness in his peasant life, now, when confined to a life so unnatural and artificial, so out of harmony with his mind and soul, became listless and weak in body, and haunted by fitful terrors and failings of consciousness. He knew that some extraordinary preparations were being made; but he was not spoken to upon the subject, and paid little attention to what was going on. Indeed, had he been in the least of a suspicious nature, the entire absence of solicitation or interference might have led him to suspect some secret machination against his simplicity and peace, some contrived treachery at work; but no such idea crossed his mind, he occupied himself with his own melancholy thoughts and with the histories and parables which he related to his pupils.

On the morning of the day fixed for the performance, then, things being in this condition, Mark rose early. He had been informed that it was necessary that he should wear his best court suit, which we have seen was of black silk with white bands and ruffles. He gave his pupils a short lesson, but their thoughts were so much occupied by the expectation of the coming festivity that he soon released them and wandered out into the gardens alone. The performance of the play had been fixed for noon.

The day was bright and serene. The gardens were brilliant with colour and sweet with the perfume of flowers and herbs. Strains of mysterious harmony from secret music startled the wanderer along the paths.

Mark strayed listlessly through the more distant groves. He was distressed and dissatisfied with himself. His spirit seemed to have lost its happy elasticity, his mind its active joyousness. The things which formerly delighted him no longer seemed to please, even the loveliness of nature was unable to arouse him. He found himself envying those others who took so much real delight, or seemed to him to do so, in fantastic and frivolous music and jest and comic sport. He began to wonder what this new surprising play—these elaborately prepared harmonies —these swells and runs and shakes—might prove to be. Then he hated himself for this envy—for this curiosity. He wished to return to his old innocence—his old simplicity.

But he felt that this could never be. As the Princess had told him, whatever in after years he might become, never would he taste this delight of his child's nature again. He was inexpressibly sad and depressed.

As he wandered on, not knowing where he went, and growing almost stupid and indifferent even to pain, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a throng of dancing and laughing girls. It was easy, in this magic garden, to steal unobserved upon any one amid the bosky hedges and arcades; but to surprise one so abstracted as the dreamy and listless boy required no effort at all. With hands clasped and mocking laughter they surrounded the unhappy Mark. They were masqued, with delicate bits of fringed silk across the eyes, but had they not been so he was too confused to have recognised them. He tried in vain to escape. Then he was lifted from the ground by a score of hands and borne rapidly away.

The story of swan-maidens and winged fairies of his old histories crossed his mind, and he seemed to be flying through the air; suddenly this strange flight came to an end; he was on his feet again, and, as he looked confusedly around, he found that he was alone.

He was standing on a circular space of lawn, surrounded by the lofty wood. In the centre was an antique statue of a faun

playing upon a flute. He seemed to recognise the scene, but could not in his confusion recall in what part of the vast garden it lay.

As he stood, lost in wonder and expectation, a fairy-like figure was suddenly present before him, from whence coming he could not tell. The slim and delicate form was dressed in a gossamer robe, through which the lovely limbs might be seen. She held a light masque in her hand, and laughed at him with her dancing eyes and rosy mouth. It was the little Princess, his pupil.

Even now no thought of plot or treachery entered the boy's mind; he gazed at her in wondering amaze.

"You must come with me," said the girl-princess, holding out her hand; "I am sent to fetch you to the under world."

Behind them as they stood, and facing the statue of the faun, was a cave or hollow in the wood, half concealed by the pendent tendrils of creeping and flowering plants. It seemed the opening of a subterranean passage. The child pushed aside the hanging blossoms and drew Mark, still dazed and unresisting, after her. They went down into the dark cave.

* * * *

Meanwhile from early dawn the Palace had been noisy with pattering feet. For its bizarre population was augmented from many sources, and the great performance of the day taxed the exertions of all. As the morning advanced, visitors began to arrive, and were marshalled to certain parts of the gardens where positions were allotted them, and refreshments served in tents. They were mostly masqued. Then strange groups began to form themselves before the garden front of the Palace, and on the terraces. These were all masqued and dressed in a variety of incongruous and fantastic costume, for though the play was supposed to be classical, yet the necessity of entertaining the Princess with something startling and lively was more exacting than artistic congruity. As we have seen, the Prince had always inclined more to the fairy and masqued comedy than to the serious opera, and on this occasion the result was more original and fantastic than had ever before been achieved.

As the morning went on, there gradually arranged itself, as if by a fortuitous incident, as strange a medley of fairy mediæval legend and of classic lore as eye ever looked upon. As the Prince and Princess surrounded by their principal guests, all masqued and attired in every shade of colour and variety of form, stood upon the steps before the Palace, the wide gardens seemed full of groups equally varied and equally brilliant with their own. From behind the green screens of the hedges, and from beneath the arcades, figures were constantly emerging and passing again out of sight, apparently accidentally, but in fact with a carefully devised plan. Strains of delicate music filled the air.

Then a group of girls in misty drapery, and masqued across the eyes, the same indeed that had carried off Mark, appeared suddenly before the princely group. They had discovered in the deepest dell of their native mountain, a deserted babe—the offspring doubtless of the loves of some wandering god. They were become its nurses, and fed it upon sacred honey and consecrated bread. Of immortal birth themselves, and untouched by the passing years, the boy became, as he grew up, the plaything, and finally the beloved, of his beautiful friends. But the boy himself is indifferent to their attractions, and careless or averse to their caresses. He is often lost to them, and wanders in the mountain fastnesses with the fawns and kids.

All this and more was told in action, in song, and recitative, upon the Palace lawns before this strange audience, themselves partly actors in the pastoral drama. Rural dances and games and sacrifices were presented with delicately-conceived grouping and pictorial effect. Then the main action of the drama developed itself. The most lovely of the nymphs, the queen and leader of the rest, inspires a devoted passion in the heart of the priest of Apollo, before whose altar they offer sacrifice, and listen for guiding and response. She rejects his love with cruel contempt, pining always for the coy and errant boy-god who thinks of nothing but the distant mountain summits, and the divine whispers of the rustling woods. The priest, insulted and enraged, invokes the aid of his divinity, and a change comes over the gay and magic scene. A terrible pestilence strikes down the inhabitants of these sylvan lawns, and gloomy funerals and the pathetic strains of dirges take the place of dances and lively songs.

The terrified people throw themselves before the altar of the incensed Apollo, and the god speaks again. His anger can be appeased only by the sacrifice of the contemptuous nymph who has insulted his priest, or of some one who is willing to perish in her place. Proclamation is made across the sunny lawns, inviting a victim who will earn the wreath of self-sacrifice and of immortal consciousness of a great deed, but there is no response.

The fatal day draws on; the altar of sacrifice is prepared; but there spreads a rumour among the crowd—fanned probably by hope—that at the last moment a god will interfere. Some even speak of the wandering boy, if he could only be found. Surely, he—so removed from earthly and selfish love, so strange in his simplicity, in his purity—surely he would lay down his guileless life without a pang. Could he only be found! or would he appear!

The herald's voice had died away for the third time amid a fanfare of trumpets. At the foot of the steps of the long terrace, by the Roman fountain, a delicate and lovely form stood on the grassy verge before the altar, by the leaping and rushing water's side; a little to the left, whence the road to Hades was supposed to come, stood the divine messenger, the lofty herald—clad in white, with a white wand; behind the altar stood the wretched priest, on whom the fearful task devolved, the passion of terror, of pity, and of love, traced upon his face; all sound of music had died away; a hush as of death itself fell upon the expectant crowd; from green arch and trellised walk the throng of masques, actors and spectators alike, pressed forward upon the lawn before the altar. . . . . The priest tore the fillet from his brow and threw down his knife.

* * * *

The darkness of the cave gave place to a burst of dazzling sunlight as Mark and the little Princess, who in the darkness had resumed her masque, came out suddenly from the unseen opening upon one of the great stone bases by the side of the steps. To the boy's wonderstruck sense the flaring light, the mystic and awful forms, the thronged masques, the shock of surprise and terror, fell with a stunning force. He uttered a sharp cry like that of a snared and harmless creature of the woods. He pressed his hands before his face to shut out the bewildering scene, and, stepping suddenly backward in his surprise, fell from the edge of the stone platform some eight feet to the ground. A cry of natural terror broke from the victim,—in place of the death-song she was expected to utter,—and she left her place and sprang forward towards the steps. The crowd of masques which surrounded the Prince came forward tumultuously, and a hurried movement and cry ran through the people, half of whom were uncertain whether the settled order of the play was interrupted or not.

Mark lay quite still on the grass, his eyes closed, the Signorina bending over him; but the herald, who was in fact director of the play, waved his wand imperiously before the masques, and they fell back.

"Resume your place, Signorina," he said; "this part of the play has, apparently, failed. You will sing your death-song, and the priest will offer himself in your stead."

But the girl rose, and, forcing her way to where the Prince stood, threw herself upon his arm.

"Oh, stop it, Highness, stop it!" she cried, amid a passion of sobs; "he is dying, do you not see!"

The Prince removed his masque; those around him, following the signal, also unmasqued, and the play was stopped.

J. Henry Shorthouse.

OYSTERS AND THE OYSTER QUESTION.

(*Continued from page* 55.)

IT has been seen that the young animal which is hatched out of the egg of the oyster is extremely unlike the adult, and it will be worth while to consider its character more closely than we have hitherto done.

Under a tolerably high magnifying power the body is observed to be inclosed in a transparent but rather thick shell, composed, as in the parent, of two valves united by a straight hinge (fig. 3 A. *h*). But these valves are symmetrical and similar in size and shape, so that the shell resembles that of a cockle more than it does that of an adult oyster. In the adult, the shell is composed of two substances of different character, the outer brownish, with a friable prismatic structure, the inner dense and nacreous. In the larva, there is no such distinction, and the whole shell consists of a glassy substance devoid of any definite structure.

The hinge line answers, as in the adult, to the dorsal side of the body. On the opposite, or ventral side, the wide mouth (*m*) and the minute vent (*an*) are seen at no great distance from one another. Projecting from the front part of the aperture of the shell there is a sort of outgrowth of the integument of what we may call the back of the neck, into a large oval thick-rimmed disk termed the *velum* (*v*), the middle of which presents a more or less marked convex prominence. The rim of the disk is lined with long vibratile cilia, and it is the lashing of these cilia which propels the animal, and, in the absence of gills, probably subserves respiration. The funnel-shaped mouth has no palps; it leads into a wide gullet and this into a capacious stomach. A sac-like process of the stomach on each side (*r.l.*, *l.l.*) represents the "liver." The narrow intestine is already partially coiled on itself, and this is the only departure from perfect bilateral symmetry in the whole body of the animal. The alimentary canal is lined throughout with ciliated cells, and the vibration of these cilia is the means by which the minute bodies which serve the larva for food are drawn into the digestive cavity.

There are two pairs of delicate longitudinal muscles (*r.s.*, *r.i.*) which are competent to draw back the ciliated velum into the cavity of the shell, when the animal at once sinks. The complete closure of the valves is effected, as in the adult, by an adductor muscle, the fibres of which pass from one valve to the other. (Fig. 3 *a. add.*) But it is a very curious circumstance that this adductor muscle is not the same as that which exists in the adult. It lies, in fact, in the fore part of the body, and on the dorsal side of the alimentary canal. The great muscle of the adult, on the other hand, lies on the ventral side of the alimentary canal and in the hinder part of the body. And as the muscles, respectively, lie on opposite sides of the alimentary canal, that of the adult cannot be that of the larva which has merely shifted its position; for, in order to get from one side of the alimentary canal to the other, it must needs cut through that organ. But, as in the adult, no adductor muscle is discoverable in the position occupied by that of the larva, or anywhere on the dorsal side of the alimentary canal; while, on the other hand, there is no trace of any adductor on the ventral side, in the larva—it follows that the dorsal or anterior adductor of the larva must vanish in the course of development, and that a new ventral or posterior adductor must be developed to play the same part and replace the original muscle functionally, though not morphologically.[1]

[1] The larva of the cockle has at first, like the oyster larva, only one adductor, which answers to the anterior of the two adductors which the cockle possesses in the adult state.

This substitution is the more interesting, since it tends to the same conclusion as that towards which all the special peculiarities of the oyster lead us; namely, that, so far from being a low or primitive form of the group of lamellibranchiate mollusks to which it belongs, it is in reality the extreme term of one of the two lines of modification which are observable in that group. The *Trigoniæ*, the arks, the cockles, the freshwater mussels, and their allies, constitute the central and typical group of these mollusks. They possess two sub-equal adductors, a large foot, and a body which is neither very deep nor very highly specialised Lamellibranchs, agrees very well with what is known of the geological history of this group, the oldest known forms of which are all dimyary, while the monomyary oysters appear only later.

When the free larva of the oyster settles down into the fixed state, the left lobe of the mantle stretches beyond its valve and applying itself to the surface of the stone or shell, to which the valve is to adhere, secretes shelly matter, which serves to cement the valve to its support. As the animal grows,

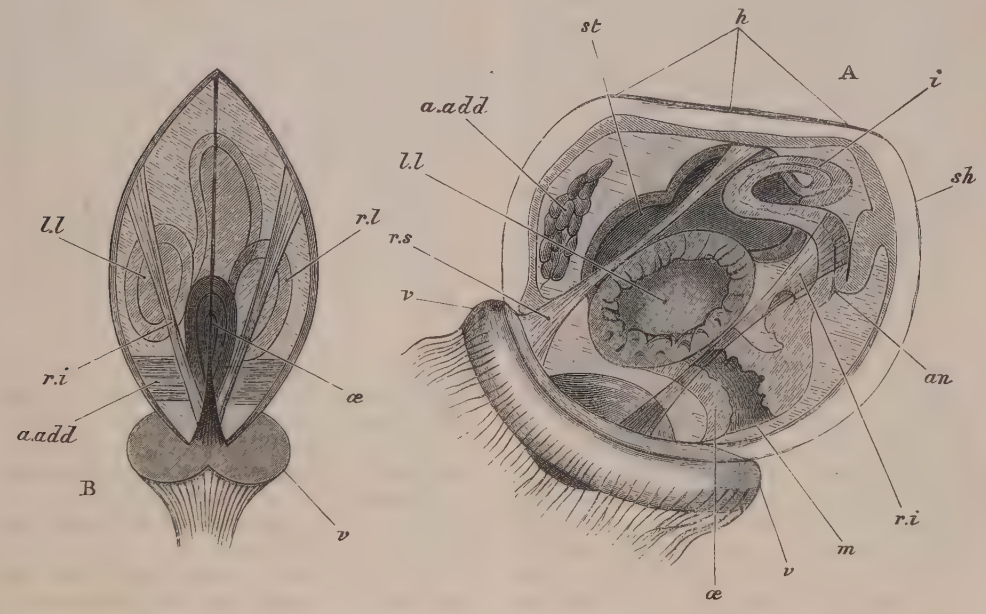


FIG. 3.—THE LARVA OF THE OYSTER.

A; side view. B; front view. *v*, velum with its long cilia; *æ*, œsophagus or gullet; *st*, stomach; *r.l*, *l.l*, right and left lobes of the 'liver;' *i*, intestine; *an*, vent; *a. add*, anterior adductor muscle which alone exists in the larva; *r.s*, *r.i*, superior and inferior muscles which retract the velum into the shell, *sh*; *h*, hinge of the shell.

long. From these, the series of the boring bivalves exhibits a gradual elongation of the body, ending in the ship-worm (*Teredo*) as its extreme term. While, on the other hand, in the sea mussels, the *Aviculæ*, and the scallops, we have a series of forms which, by the constant shortening of the length and increase of the depth of the body, the reduction of the foot, the diminution of the anterior of the two adductors, and the increase of the posterior, until the latter becomes very large and the former disappears, end in the oyster.

And this conclusion that the oysters are

the mantle deposits new layers of shell over its whole surface, so that the larval shell valves become separated from the mantle by the new layers which crop out beyond their margins and acquire the characteristic prismatic and nacreous structure. The summits of the outer faces of the umbones thus correspond with the places of the larval valves, which soon cease to be discernible. After a time, the body becomes convex on the left side and flat on the right; the successively added new layers of shell mould themselves upon it; and the animal acquires the asymmetry characteristic of the adult.

Oysters are gregarious, in consequence of the vast multitude of locomotive larvæ which are set free simultaneously; and which, being subjected to the same influences, tend to settle about the same time in the area to which the swarm drifts. Millions of oysters are thus aggregated together over stretches of the bottom of the sea, at depths of from one or two, to twenty or more, fathoms, and constitute what are known as oyster beds.

Although oysters live and grow well enough in estuaries, in which the salinity of the water undergoes large variations, according to the state of the tide and the volume of fresh water that is poured in, yet they do not flourish permanently and breed freely in water with less than 3 per cent. of saline constituents. Thus the Baltic is, at present, unfit for their support; and the east coast of Schleswig, washed by its brackish waters, is devoid of oysters, while certain parts of the west coast are famous for their oyster beds. Gravel, stones, and dead shells—commonly known as "cultch"—form the most favourable bottom, as they facilitate the attachment of the young. Disturbed muddy bottoms, on the other hand, are fatal, for reasons which have already been given. But it is a curious fact, that even where a large extent of sea-bottom presents apparently the same conditions, oyster beds occur in some localities and not in others.

The struggle for existence is as intense in the case of the passive oyster as in that of the most active of animals. Oyster competes against oyster for the common store of food suspended in the water, and for the dissolved carbonate of lime out of which the shell must be made. Innumerable other animals, sponges, corallines, polypes, tunicates, other bivalve mollusks, especially mussels and cockles, live in the same way and abound on oyster beds, often attached to the shells of the oysters. Prof. Möbius counted as many as 221 distinct animals of various species on one oyster shell. All these compete with the oyster for food, while, on the other hand, they may occasionally supply food to the oyster in the shape of debris, and, perhaps, of their eggs and microscopic larvæ.

From birth onwards oysters are the prey of many animals. The minute larvæ, as they swim about, are probably swallowed by everything which has a mouth large enough to admit them; and, as soon as the young oysters have become sedentary, they are eaten by everything which has jaws strong enough to crush them. Ground fishes, such as rays and fish of the cod tribe, easily break them up when they have grown much larger; while starfishes swallow them whole. Even the half-grown oyster, with a shell strong enough to resist most teeth, and too big for the maw of an ordinary starfish, is not safe from the depredations of the dogwhelk (*Purpura lapillus*) and the whelk tingle (*Murex erinaceus*), which effect a burglarious entrance, by means of the centre-bit with which nature has provided their mouths. It is very curious to watch a dogwhelk perched upon an oyster shell and patiently working, hour after hour, until the little and apparently insignificant tunnel, by which the insidious enemy will get access to the fat prey within, is completed. If you pull him off, he puts on as soft a look as the most innocent snail could do, as who should say, "Why prevent me from establishing closer intercourse with the dear neighbour at the other end of my tunnel?" The guardians of the oyster, however, who have not much of the "friend of humanity" about them, ruthlessly arrest the operations of the tunnellers by sudden squash with boot or hammer. And well they may, for they have few more dangerous adversaries. In the Bay of Arcachon, 14,000 whelk tingles were picked off 100 acres of oyster ground in the course of a month.

Other animals injure the oyster indirectly by mining in the shell. The boring sponge, *Cliona*, does this; and a very curious instance of mischief done in this way by a burrowing annelid (*Leucodore*) was recently brought to my notice by Sir Henry Thompson. The *Leucodore* drives burrows into the shell and lives in them without any evil intent towards the oyster. But the burrows fill with fine mud, and this, spreading into the vacuities of the shell, gives rise to inky patches, which look unpleasant when the oyster is opened and damage its commercial value, though, as I can testify, the flavour of the oyster is nowise impaired.

The larval oysters are extremely sensitive to cold, and any sudden fall in the temperature of the air during the swarming time is fatal to them. Even the adult oyster is readily killed by sudden frosts, if the water is sufficiently shallow to allow the change of temperature to penetrate. Great heat is equally pernicious. At Arcachon, immense numbers of oysters were killed by the hot summer of 1870.

To this long list of influences against which every oyster has to struggle successfully, if it is to attain maturity, larger knowledge will doubtless add many others. But these are enough to enable us to understand why it is that the increase of a

given stock of oysters may be, and usually is, very slight, notwithstanding the prodigious fertility of the individual oyster. A very large proportion of the oysters in a bed, under ordinary circumstances, breed during the season; and, as each adult female oyster, on an average, gives rise to a million eggs, one would expect a prodigious increase, even if nine-tenths of the young were destroyed. But from the small proportion of half-grown to full-grown oysters (40-50 per cent.) it is clear that the real addition to the oyster population, in most years, is very small. It is probable, in fact, that unless the conditions are unusually favourable, not more than two or three out of every million of the fry of the oyster ever reach maturity.

It is obvious that the conditions of existence of the oyster are of an extremely complicated character, and that the population of an oyster bed, under natural conditions, must be subject to great fluctuations. A few good spatting years, accompanied by a falling off in the number of starfishes and dogwhelks, may increase it marvellously, while the contrary conditions may as strikingly reduce it.

Man interferes with this state of things in two ways. On the one hand he is one of the most efficient of destroyers, and on the other, he is the only conservator of the mollusks, albeit his conservation is with a view to ultimate destruction. Let us consider him first under the aspect of destroyer. In some places, oysters are taken at low tide by the hand; but usually they are captured by means of the dredge, which is essentially a bag, the sides of the mouth of which are fashioned into scrapers. The dredge is drawn slowly over the oyster bed for a certain time, and the oysters, with multitudes of other animals, stones, and the like, are scraped into the bag. This is then hauled up, and the contents emptied on to the deck; the oysters are picked out and the refuse is returned to the sea.

There can be no doubt that the great mass of oysters in an oyster bed may be removed by systematic and continuous dredging. But those who are best acquainted practically with the nature of that operation will be least inclined to believe that all the oysters on a bed could be cleared off in this way, even if the attempt were made; and, as it must cease to be profitable to dredge long before the point of entire clearance is reached, it is plain that, in practice, the attempt will not be made. It may be doubted if ordinary dredging ever fails to leave some thousands of oysters, great and small, on a bed of any extent.

Thus, if we admit, for the sake of argument, that an oyster bed may be exhausted by ordinary dredging, the reason why the oysters vanish is not obvious. For, supposing only a thousand oysters left, they ought to suffice to restore the bed by degrees. I am aware that it is said that, in the meanwhile, the enemies and competitors of the oyster have got the upper hand, that the ground has been spoiled by accumulation of mud and so on. But this reasoning leaves out of sight the fact that the oysters have not been there from all eternity. There was a time when there were no oysters on the ground, and when the oyster larvæ immigrated, fixed themselves there, increased and multiplied, in spite of all obstacles. Why should they not do so again?

The question is further complicated by the consideration that it is by no means certain whether the population of a given oyster bed is kept up by the progeny of its own oysters or by immigrants. As I have pointed out, it is ascertained that the larvæ, even under very unfavourable circumstances, may swim about for a week; and it has been estimated that they are ordinarily locomotive for two or three times that period. Even if we suppose the average period of freedom to be not more than three days, the chance that an oyster larva will eventually settle within a mile of the spot at which it was hatched, in any estuary or in the open sea, must be very small. For, in an estuary, and almost always in the sea, one of the two alternating currents of water is dominant, and a floating body will drift, on the whole, in that direction, often many miles in the course of a day.

The opportunity of observing the natural formation of a new oyster bed is rare, but the details of the process have been carefully watched in at least one case. Up to the year 1825, the Limfjord in Northern Jutland consisted of a series of brackish water lakes communicating with one another, and opening on the east into the Kattegat. In the last century, unsuccessful attempts were made to plant them with oysters. But, on the 3rd of February, 1825, a great storm broke through the dam which separated the western part of the Limfjord from the North Sea; in consequence of this, the water of the fjord became gradually salter, the brackish water plants and animals disappeared and North Sea animals took their places. Among these, in 1851, oysters were observed, and, year by

year, they extended over a larger area. In 1860, only 150,000 were taken; at present, there are ninety-eight beds, and, in 1871-1872, 7,000,000 of full-grown oysters were exported. There could have been very few oysters before 1851, when the first were noticed. But supposing the first entered as early as 1840, then, in thirty years, they spread themselves over an area of about sixty-four English miles, so that every year, on the average, they advanced more than two miles. The oyster beds are, at present, three-fifths of a mile to five miles apart, so that the larvæ must have been able to wander for at least five miles.[1]

During this slow process of immigration, it is obvious that the enemies and the competitors of the oysters had just as good a chance as the oysters themselves; and yet the latter have established themselves with great success. Why should they be unable to do the like elsewhere?

I must confess myself unable to arrive at a conclusion on the question whether what is called "overdredging"—that is, dredging to the extreme limit at which it is commercially profitable to dredge—is alone competent permanently to destroy an oyster bed or not. That oyster beds have disappeared after they have been much dredged, I do not doubt. But the commonest of all fallacies is the confusion of *post hoc* with *propter hoc;* and I have yet to meet with a case in which it is proved by satisfactory evidence, that an oyster bed has been permanently annihilated by dredging, when the spatting seasons have been good, and when there has been no reason to suspect an inroad of destructive mollusks or starfishes.

Man intervenes in favour of the oyster by the process which is known as "oyster-culture." This consists in collecting the spat as soon as it has attached itself, and removing it to conveniently-situated natural and artificial shallows, known as "oyster-parks," where it can be protected from its enemies, and at the same time nourished.

Practised at Whitstable and elsewhere from time immemorial, this process has more recently been developed by laying down fascines of twigs, or tiles, in the way of the oyster larvæ during the spatting season. In good spatting years, the quantity of young oysters obtained in this way is prodigious. In 1865, Mr. Nichols, the foreman of the Whitstable Company, told the Sea Fisheries' Commissioners, that, in the year 1858, the spat was very abundant, and that the brood gathered in that and the three following years formed the stock from which the market had ever since been supplied. But he added, that they did not expect a good spatting season more than once in every six years; and that, within his recollection, there had been no spat upon the flats, where it is usually collected, for a period of thirteen consecutive years.

It will be observed that oyster culture is not oyster breeding, but simply a means of profiting by the abundant produce of those years in which the young successfully reach their fixed stage. The supply is therefore very precarious. Moreover, it is by no means easy to find localities suited for oyster-parks, which must be protected from storms, and yet have free access to the sea; shallow, and yet not liable to become too hot in summer or too cold in winter; open to currents which bring nutriment, and yet not liable to be silted up by mud. Even when all these conditions are fulfilled, much labour and watchfulness are needed to keep the beds clean and free from the incursions of enemies. And, when all that skill and industry can do is done, ostreiculture is attended with no less risk and uncertainty than agriculture in a variable climate. Favoured by one or two fortunate spatting years, M. Coste made ostreiculture the fashion a quarter of a century ago. A large capital was embarked, in France and in this country, in establishing oyster-parks, but it may be questioned whether more than a small fraction of the investment has ever found its way back into the pockets of the investors; and, in many cases, the results have been disastrous.

The increasing scarcity and dearness of oysters were subjects of complaint twenty years ago, and the outcry has become louder of late years. Three causes, and only three, so far as I know, have been assigned for this unsatisfactory state of things: first, the increase in the demand for oysters, owing in large measure to modern facilities of transport, consequent upon the vast development of the means of locomotion; second, an unusual succession of bad spatting years; third, over-dredging, that is to say, the removal of so many oysters from the oyster beds that the number left is insufficient to keep up the stock.

That the first and the second of these causes have had a great deal to do with the matter is beyond doubt; but, whether any harm has resulted from simple over-dredging

[1] Möbius. *Die Auster und die Austern-wirthschaft*, p. 52.

is a question respecting which very different opinions are entertained, and I have already stated my reasons for reserving my opinion on the subject. But I shall suppose, for argument's sake, that all three influences are in operation, and proceed to ask what can be done by legislation to mitigate their evil effects.

A sumptuary law restricting the consumption of oysters, per head, is not practicable in these days; and therefore, the first cause of dearness, great demand, must be left to cure itself by the increase of price to which it gives rise.

Nor is the second cause of scarcity within reach of legislation. The seasons cannot be rendered favourable to oyster spatting by Act of Parliament.

But it is very generally believed that the enforcement of what is called a "close time" is an effectual remedy for over-dredging. Oyster "close time" means that oysters shall not be taken during the months of May, June, July, and August, which are supposed, not quite accurately, to cover the breeding season of the shell-fish.

But, surely, nothing is more obvious than this, that the prohibition of taking the oysters from an oyster bed during four months of the year is not the slightest security against its being stripped clean (if such a thing be possible) during the other eight months. Suppose, that in a country infested by wolves, you have a flock of sheep, keeping the wolves off during the lambing season will not afford much protection if you withdraw shepherd and dogs during the rest of the year.

These considerations are so obvious, that I cannot but think that the cry for close time for oysters must be based on a confused notion that, as close time is good for salmon, so it must be good for oysters. But there is really no analogy between the two things which here pass under the name of "close time." Close time for oysters is merely protection of oysters during the breeding season; close time for salmon is not merely protection of salmon during the breeding season, it means a practical limitation of the capture of salmon all the year round by the weekly close time, supplemented by the license duties on rods and nets. You might protect the breeding grounds of salmon as strictly as you pleased and as long as you pleased; but, if too many of the ascending fish were captured, the stock would fall off, and if all were captured, it would come to an end.

If the protection afforded to an oyster bed is to be made equivalent to that given to a salmon river, measures must be taken by which the undue diminution of the stock of oysters, at any time, may be prevented. The most effectual way of doing this is to form an estimate of the number of oysters on a bed before the commencement of the open season; and to permit the removal of only such a percentage as will leave a sufficient stock. And regulations of this nature have long been carried out in the Schleswig oyster fisheries and in those of France. A subsidiary regulation, tending towards the same end, is that which enforces the throwing back into the sea of all half-grown oysters. As oysters produce young before they are half-grown, this procedure must contribute to the breeding stock.

When, nearly twenty years ago, my colleagues, Sir James Caird, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and I, had to deal with the oyster question, I am not aware that any of us doubted the value of protection of public oyster beds in the open sea, if it could only be made efficient.

What we were quite clear about, however, was:—

(1) That the close time regulation which then existed was always useless, and sometimes mischievous.

(2) That the regulation prohibiting the taking of half-grown oysters interfered with the transfer of oysters from the public beds, where they were exposed to all sorts of dangers, to the private grounds where they were protected.

(3) That it was practically impossible to establish an efficient system of protection on our public oyster beds.

And therefore we came to the conclusion that the best course that could be adopted was to abolish all the delusive and vexatious regulations which were in force; and to see what could be done by giving such rights of property in parts of our shores favourable to oyster culture, as would encourage competent persons to invest their money in that undertaking.[1]

[1] "10. We have made diligent inquiry into the condition of the oyster fisheries, and have devoted a large section of our report to the discussion of the evidence which we have obtained. We find:

"That the supply of oysters has very greatly fallen off during the last three or four years.

"That this decrease has not arisen from overfishing, nor from any causes over which man has direct control, but from the very general failure of the spat or young of the oyster, which appears, during the years in question, to have been destroyed soon after it was produced. A similar failure of spat

Our recommendations were carried out. But as the complaints about the scarcity of oysters went on increasing, the matter was re-investigated by a Committee of the House of Commons in 1876. This Committee published two reports, a valuable minority report by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and a singular majority report drawn up by the chairman.

The latter states that the Committee "have come to the conclusion that the supply of oysters round the British coasts has for some years steadily decreased; and that, though, to some extent, cold seasons have contributed to cause this diminution, the principal cause is to be found in the continual and constantly increasing practice of over-dredging for them in open waters, without allowing sufficient close time. Your Committee have also obtained evidence from France, in which country regulations for close seasons, for some years, have been more or less rigidly insisted on: and it appears to them that, in proportion to the stringency with which these regulations have been enforced, the supply of oysters has increased.

"Your Committee have therefore come to the conclusion that it is desirable to make provision for a general close time for oyster fisheries, and that it should extend from the 1st of May to the 1st of September in each year."

In consequence of this recommendation we have got back the old close time; which, as I hope I have already sufficiently proved, is of not the slightest value for the purpose which the Committee intend it to serve.

It will be observed that the Committee attach much weight to the evidence received from France. It is undoubtedly very weighty; but I think that if the Committee had given it the attention which it deserves, they would have seen that it tells dead against their recommendation.

In the first place, the Committee do not seem to have noticed that the French regulations involve, not merely a breeding season close time, such as they recommend, but that they restrict the fishing during the open season to a few days, or stop it altogether, at the discretion of the administration. The difference of the two systems is that the French regulations are adequate for the purpose of preventing over-dredging, while the English regulations are not; and that is a somewhat essential difference.

But there is another point of still greater importance, which is, that a careful study of the French statistics, and of the very excellent reports on the various French oyster fisheries made to the Committee by Mr. Hall, leaves it very doubtful whether the French system of protection, stringent as it is, has had any appreciable effect on the fisheries.

Let us take the case of the famous oyster fishery of Cancale. Mr. Hall says in a noteworthy passage of his Report, which, one would think, the majority of the Committe can hardly have considered with due care:—

"The oyster beds of Cancale and Granville extend over that part of the bay of Mont St. Michel which lies beyond extreme low-water mark, and as far out as the Iles Chaussey; they also stretch for six or eight miles along the coast north of Granville. They are remarkable as presenting instances of beds existing under identical natural conditions, subjected to identical regulations, and offering results of a very varied kind. *They are also interesting as being beds which, notwithstanding the enforcement of preservative regulations for a considerable number of years, have become, on the whole, unproductive.*

"There appears to have been no time since 1853, when the observance of the close season, a limitation of the fishing during the other months in greater or less degree, and the prohibition of the removal of undersized oysters, except to the *étalages*, or storing beds of the neighbourhood, have not been enforced at Cancale." [1]

The bay is marked out into a series of beds, named from west to east, Bas de l'Eau, Corbières, Vivier-ô-le Mont, La Raie, St. George, Beauvais-ô-le Mont; while, beyond the last, is a large area left as a reserve and not allowed to be fished.

has frequently happened before, and probably will often happen again.

"That the best mode of providing against these periodical failures of the spat is to facilitate the proceedings of those individuals or companies, who may desire to acquire so much property in favourably situated portions of the sea-bottom, as may suffice to enable them safely to invest capital in preparing and preserving these portions of the sea-bottom for oyster culture. By which term 'oyster culture' is implied, not the artificial breeding of oysters in the manner in which salmon are bred artificially, but the collection of the brood in years when that brood is plentiful and its preservation by the application of due skill and care, as a source of supply during the years when the spat fails—a process in vogue among British fishermen from time immemorial.

"That no regulations or restrictions upon oyster fishing, beyond such as may be needed for the object just defined, have had or are likely to have any beneficial effect upon the supply of the oysters."—*Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sea Fisheries of the United Kingdom*, 1866.

[1] *Report of the Select Committee on Oyster Fisheries, 7th July*, 1876, Appendix, pp. 260 and 261.

From 1862 to 1866, inclusively, hardly any spat was observed in the bay. In 1866, the northern part of the Raie bank, which had already shown some signs of increase in 1865, produced a considerable spat. In 1867, it was fished and yielded 1,007,000 oysters. But, in the following years, so large a number of dogwhelks showed themselves upon it, that it was thought better to fish the bed than to let the oysters be fruitlessly destroyed. The dogwhelks were cleared away and the bank, which, though much thinned, still held oysters, was left to rest in 1870. In 1871, however, all the oysters had disappeared, while cockles had taken their place, and remained up to the time of the report.

In 1871, the southern half of the Raie bank, which had produced no oysters since 1862, showed so many, that in 1871-72 it yielded a crop of 2,070,000; and from that time, though fished in alternate years, it became the richest bed in the bay, and, in 1876, showed a large quantity of brood over its whole extent. While the southern half of La Raie thus became productive, St. George, which adjoins it and from which it probably derived the colony which peopled it in 1869, became sterile, without any apparent cause. That it had not been overfished was evident from the fact that a large number of oysters still existed upon it. No spat, however, had been seen on St. George since 1874.

On the other side of La Raie, the southern half of Vivier-ô-le Mont, which touches the southern part of the former, and on which no fall of spat had taken place since 1862, showed a fair quantity in 1872, before the newly imported oysters in La Raie had had time to spread themselves over it, and, up to 1876, it was fairly productive. On that part of Beauvais-ô-le Mont which was productive in 1876, more or less production has always taken place.

No spat has ever been observed on the reserve ground, and in 1876 it was tenanted by only a few old oysters. Cultch has always been abundant, and cleaning by trawling has been permitted since 1867.

TABULAR VIEW OF THE OYSTER FISHERY IN THE BAY OF CANCALE,

Between 1860 and 1875.

The numbers in brackets represent the number of tides during which fishing was permitted. In 1873-4 *the fishings of Corbières, Viviers, and La Raie (s), and in* 1874-5 *those of Bas de L'eau, Corbières, and Viviers, and those of St. George and Beauvais, are not given separately.*

	Bas de L'eau. (S.W.)	Corbières.	Viviers.	La Raie. (S.)	La Raie. (N.)	St. George.	Beauvais. (N.E.)
1860–61	.....	1,945,260 (6)	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
1861–62	6,200,600 (3)	2,800,400 (2)	3,460,600 (3)	.....	.....	.....	1,220,000 (4)
1862–63	1,020,000 (3)	.....	109,300 (1)	.....	539,150 (2)	643,300 (2)	111,500 (3)
1863–64	.....	840,000 (3)	1,504,000 (4)	O	.....	.....	390,000 (3)
1864–65	.....	.....	.....	O	108,000 (1)	109,000 (2)	658,000 (3)
1865–66	200.000 (2)	155,000 (1)	176,000 (2)	O	Spat	.....	.....
1866–67	.....	.....	667,000 (2)	O	1,007,000 (2)	.....	.....
1867–68	.....	.....	.....	O	860,000 (3)	411,000 (2)	.....
1868–69	.....	188,000 (1)	215,000 (2)	O	370,000 (1)	220,000 (1)	340,000 (2)
1869–70	.....	.....	...	Spat	O	.....	1,642,000 (2)
1870–71	.....	.....	...	.....	Cockles	1,650,000 (4)	.....
1871–72	... ..	.....	Spat	2,070,000 (2)	,,	780,000 (1)	1,038,000 (2)
1872–73	.....	.....	3,560,000 (3)	.....	,,	2,140,000 (2)	1,600,000 (4)
1873–74	.....		7,350,000 (5)		,,	.....	1,766,000 (4)
1874–75		5,070,000 (3)			,,	4,272,000 (4)	

Hardly any Spat. — No Spat. — Dogwhelks. — No Spat.

It will be observed that under the same conditions, and subject to restrictions of a stringency which no one has dreamed of in the public oyster beds of this country—a fertile area (La Raie, N.) has become barren, and a barren area (La Raie, S.) has become fertile; while the others (Viviers and Beauvais), after undergoing great impoverishment

are rather more productive at the end, than at the commencement, of the period of fifteen years. And, all this time, the oysters have perversely refused to settle upon the ground kindly reserved for their reception by the administration.

The history of the oyster fisheries of Arcachon is not less instructive.

The Bay of Arcachon may be almost said to be made for oysters. It has the shape of an equilateral triangle nine or ten miles on the side; and it debouches by a channel, thirty fathoms deep at the mouth, situated at its northernmost angle, into the Bay of Biscay. The winds and waves of this stormy region have thrown up a range of high sand dunes along the western boundary, and these dunes, covered with pines, shelter the bay from the violence of the westerly gales. The difference of height between high and low water (ordinary tides) is fifteen to sixteen feet. At flood tide, the whole surface of the bay, except an island in the middle (Ile des Oiseaux) is covered, but, at ebb tide, the greater part is dry, except in so far as it is traversed by narrow channels, varying from forty to ten feet in depth, formed by the water as it retires into the deep outer passage at the ebb, and returns at the flood.

The interspaces between the channels thus laid bare at each ebb are called "cressats." The bottom is composed of sand and shells with more or less mud. The quantity of the latter constituent is said to be gradually increasing; and, in many parts, old oyster beds are silted up and covered with mud. The salinity varies, being least in the northern angle, where much fresh water flows in. Elsewhere the saline constituents amount to 3 per cent or more, and in hot and dry seasons they may exceed those of the Atlantic water outside.

M. Tolle says, in his report to the German Government on the oyster fisheries of France—

"The cressats are the old oyster beds of Arcachon, once thought to be inexhaustible, which yearly yielded seventy to seventy-five million oysters of different kinds and sizes, of the value of 225,000 francs. But in course of time, especially between 1830 and 1840, the demand becoming greater and oysters scarce, they were so exhaustively fished, that in the year 1840 the produce was only 1,000 francs" (*Bericht*, p. 9).

According to this, the produce of the beds before 1830, was 75,000,000 yearly, while in 1840 it had sunk to 330,000, or thereabouts, that is less than $\frac{1}{200}$th of the previous yield.

"It was only after this almost complete exhaustion of the beds that the Government took means to prevent their further destruction. The Prefect of the Arrondissement sent a vessel to watch the beds, and enforce the strict observance of the law. But too late. The attempts of private persons to repopulate the beds also failed. This condition lasted till 1859."

In 1860, however, at M. Coste's suggestion, two parks, on the *Crastorbe* and *Grand Cés* cressats (north of the Ile des Oiseaux) were established by the Government; and, in the following year, numerous concessions were made to private individuals. These were stocked with oysters, so that, between 1859 and 1861, 15,000,000 of oysters were laid down in the parks.

Such is the account given by Tolle and Möbius. But I am wholly unable to reconcile the assertion that the natural beds had failed before 1860, with the statistics given by Mr. Hall in his already cited report. Mr. Hall states that, in the year 1860-61, no fewer than 19,900,000 oysters were fished on the natural beds. Hence it follows that in 1859-60 there must have been at least 19,900,000 half-grown oysters, and in 1858-59 at least the same number of one-year oysters, and, therefore, that there must have been a fall of spat sufficient to produce these in the preceding season. And, in fact, Mr. Hall states that, in 1857-8, there was an "abundant" spat, and that the weather during the spatting months was "fine." Mr. Hall further observes that, until 1860-61, "no register was kept of the produce of the natural banks," so that nothing is accurately known of the yield of the beds in 1857-58, or the subsequent years up to 1860-61.

Now it is to be observed that in these years, as in those which preceded them, fishing was "permitted without restriction from the first of November to the first of April," the only condition being that oysters less than five centimetres (about two inches) across must not be taken; and it was only in 1860-61 that the new restrictive regulations came into force, the fishing being limited to not more than fourteen days in the whole season, and less than three hours in each day, on the average.

And what followed upon the adoption of these severe regulations? Simply that for five years the oysters on the natural beds steadily and rapidly diminished.

In 1861-2	19,000,000 were taken.
1862-3 . . .	15,097,320
1863-4 . . .	5,154,170
1864-5 . . .	2,697,460
1865-6 . . .	2,012,940

Then comes a very slight improvement—

1866-7 . . .	3,266,730
1867-8 . . .	3,711,730
1868-9 . . .	3,648,230

In 1870, a large number of oysters were killed on the beds by the great heat of the summer, and no fishing was permitted.

But instead of any falling off, the next year shows a manifest increase—

1870-1 . . .	4,997,540

After this the beds were fished only in alternate years and yielded

1872-3 . . .	7,441,720
1874-5 . . .	40,360,000

The outcome of all this is that, under one continuous system of extreme restrictive regulation, the returns show :—

1st. For five years (1861-66) a rapid decrease, down to a ninth of the produce of 1860-61, which was the end of a long period of slight regulation.

2nd. For five years (1867-71) a slight and slow increase up to about one-fourth of the produce of 1860-61.

3rd. For five years (1870-75) an increase rising in the last year, 1875, to 40,360,000 (that is to say, seeing that 1874 crop was not fished, 20,000,000) ; or, practically, the same yield as that with which the fifteen-year period started.

It is certainly astonishing to have this case held up as an example of the efficiency of regulations and especially of the enforcement of close time.

Thus, even if the open-sea oyster beds could be watched and protected as efficiently as those of the bays of Cancale and Arcachon, such protection is no guarantee against the greatest fluctuation in the produce of the beds, and the disappearance of the oysters from some of them. But who that knows anything practically of the manner in which the open-sea oyster leads are fished, can imagine that any such protection is practicable? Is the Government to survey the oyster beds every summer and then send a gunboat to watch every oyster bed, and limit the quantity of oysters taken? And if it does not do so, what is to prevent the clearing of every open-sea bed (so far as it can be cleared) during the open season? Or suppose a law to be passed prohibiting the capture of undersized oysters, is it better to leave these oysters to take their chance of becoming the prey of dogwhelks and starfish ; or to remove them to safe and sheltered parks?

I have not yet been able to obtain answers to these questions in a sense favourable to protective legislation, from any one practically conversant with the facts of the case. People rave about protection, and when you ask them how they propose to give any real protection to open sea beds they cannot tell you.

I for my part believe that the only hope for the oyster consumer lies first in oyster culture, and secondly, in discovering a means of breeding oysters under such conditions that the spat shall be safely deposited. And I have no doubt that when those who undertake the business are provided with a proper knowledge of the conditions under which they have to work both these objects will be attained.

T. H. Huxley.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER III.

KINSMEN AND STRANGERS.

"The reul of St. Maure and of St. Beneit
Because that it was old and some deale streit
This ilke monk let old things pace;
He held ever of the new world the trace."
CHAUCER.

"THE churls!" exclaimed Stephen.

"Poor old man!" said Ambrose; "I hope they are good to him!"

"To think that thus ends all that once was gallant talk of fighting under Talbot's banner," sighed Stephen, thoughtful for a moment. "However, there's a good deal to come first."

"Yea, and what next?" said the elder brother.

"On to uncle Hal. I ever looked most to him. He will purvey me to a page's place in some noble household, and get thee a clerk's or scholar's place in my Lord of York's house. Mayhap there will be room for us both there, for my Lord of York hath a goodly following of armed men."

"Which way lies the road to London?"

"We must back into the town and ask, as well as fill our stomachs and our wallets," said Ambrose. "Talk of their rule! The entertaining of strangers is better understood at Silkstede than at Hyde."

"Tush! A grudged crust sticks in the gullet," returned Stephen. "Come on, Ambrose, I marked the sign of the White Hart by the market-place. There will be a welcome there for foresters."

They returned on their steps past the dilapidated buildings of the old Jewry, and presently saw the market in full activity; but the sounds and sights of busy life where they were utter strangers, gave Ambrose a sense of loneliness and desertion, and his heart sank as the bolder Stephen threaded the way in the direction of a broad entry over which stood a slender-bodied hart with gold hoofs, horns, collar, and chain.

"How now, my sons?" said a full cheery voice, and to their joy, they found themselves pushed up against Father Shoveller.

"Returned already! Did you get scant welcome at Hyde? Here, come where we can get a free breath, and tell me."

They passed through the open gateway of the White Hart, into the court, but before listening to them, the monk exchanged greetings with the hostess, who stood at the door in a broad hat and velvet bodice, and demanded what cheer there was for noon-meat.

"A jack, reverend sir, eels and a grampus fresh sent up from Hampton; also fresh killed mutton for such lay folk as are not curious of the Wednesday fast. They are laying the board even now."

"Lay a platter for me and these two young gentlemen," said the Augustinian. "Ye be my guests, ye wot," he added, "since ye tarried not for meat at Hyde."

"Nor did they ask us," exclaimed Stephen; "lubbers and idlers were the best words they had for us."

"Ho! ho! That's the way with the brethren of St. Grimbald! And your uncle?"

"Alas, sir, he doteth with age," said Ambrose. "He took Stephen for his own brother, dead under King Harry of Windsor."

"So! I had heard somewhat of his age and sickness. Who was it who thrust you out?"

"A lean brother with a shaved red beard, and a shrewd puckered visage."

"Ha! By that token 'twas Segrim the

bursar. He wots how to drive a bargain. St. Austin! but he deemed you came to look after your kinsman's corrody."

"He said the king spake of a visitation to abolish corrodies from religious houses," said Ambrose.

"He'll abolish the long bow from them first," said Father Shoveller. "Ay, and miniver from my Lord Abbot's hood. I'd admonish you, my good brethren of St. Grimbald, to be in no hurry for a visitation which might scarce stop where you would fain have it. Well, my sons, are ye bound for the Forest again? An ye be, we'll wend back together, and ye can lie at Silkstede to-night."

"Alack, kind father, there's no more home for us in the Forest," said Ambrose.

"Methought ye had a brother?"

"Yea; but our brother hath a wife."

"Ho! ho! And the wife will none of you."

"She would have kept Ambrose to teach her boy his primer," said Stephen; "but she would none of Spring nor of me."

"We hoped to receive counsel from our uncle at Hyde," added Ambrose.

"Have ye no purpose now?" inquired the Father, his jolly good-humoured face showing much concern.

"Yea," manfully returned Stephen. "'Twas what I ever hoped to do, to fare on and seek our fortune in London."

"Ha! To pick up gold and silver like Dick Whittington. Poor old Spring here will scarce do you the part of his cat," and the monk's hearty laugh angered Stephen into muttering, "We are no fools," but Father Shoveller only laughed the more, saying, "Fair and softly, my son, ye'll never pick up the gold if ye cannot brook a kindly quip. Have you friends or kindred in London?"

"Yea, that have we, sir," cried Stephen; "our mother's own brother, Master Randall, hath come to preferment there in my Lord Archbishop of York's household, and hath sent us tokens from time to time, which we will show you."

"Not while we be feasting," said Father Shoveller, hastily checking Ambrose, who was feeling in his bosom. "See, the knaves be bringing their grampus across the court. Here, we'll clean our hands, and be ready for the meal;" and he showed them, under a projecting gallery in the inn yard a stone trough, through which flowed a stream of water, in which he proceeded to wash his hands and face, and to wipe them in a coarse towel suspended nigh at hand. Certainly after handling sheep freely there was need, though such ablutions were a refinement not indulged in by all the company who assembled round the well-spread board of the White Hart for the meal after the market. They were a motley company. By the host's side sat a knight on his way home from pilgrimage to Compostella, or perhaps a mission to Spain, with a couple of squires and other attendants, and converse of political import seemed to be passing between him and a shrewd-looking man in a lawyer's hood and gown, the recorder of Winchester, who preferred being a daily guest at the White Hart to keeping a table of his own. Country franklins and yeomen, merchants and men-at-arms, palmers and craftsmen, friars and monks, black, white, and grey, and with almost all, Father Shoveller had greeting or converse to exchange. He knew everybody, and had converse to exchange with all, on canons or crops, on war or wool, on the prices of pigs or prisoners, on the news of the country side, or on the perilous innovations in learning at Oxford, which might, it was feared, even affect St. Mary's College at Winchester.

He did not affect outlandish fishes himself, and dined upon pike, but observing the curiosity of his guests, he took good care to have them well supplied with grampus; also in due time with varieties of the pudding and cake kind which had never dawned on their forest-bred imagination, and with a due proportion of good ale—the same over which the knight might be heard rejoicing, and lauding far above the Spanish or French wines, on which he said he had been half starved.

Father Shoveller mused a good deal over his pike and its savoury stuffing. He was not by any means an ideal monk, but he was equally far from being a scandal. He was the shrewd man of business and manager of his fraternity, conducting the farming operations and making all the bargains, following his rule respectably according to the ordinary standard of his time, but not rising to any spirituality, and while duly observing the fast day, as to the quality of his food, eating with the appetite of a man who lived in the open fields.

But when their hunger was appeased, with many a fragment given to Spring, the young Birkenholts, wearied of the endless talk that was exchanged over the tankard, began to grow restless, and after exchanging signs across Father Shoveller's solid person, they simultaneously rose, and began to thank him and say they must pursue their journey.

"How now, not so fast, my sons," said the Father; "tarry a bit, I have more to say to thee. Prayers and provender, thou knowst—I'll come anon. So sir, didst say yonder beggarly Flemings haggle at thy price for thy Southdown fleeces. Weight of dirt forsooth! Do not we wash the sheep in the Poolhole stream, the purest water in the shire?"

Manners withheld Ambrose from responding to Stephen's hot impatience, while the merchant in the sleek puce-coloured coat discussed the Flemish wool market with the monk for a good half hour longer.

By this time the knight's horses were brought into the yard, and the merchant's men had made ready his palfrey, his pack horse being already on the way, the host's son came round with the reckoning, and there was a general move. Stephen expected to escape, and hardly could brook the good-natured authority with which Father Shoveller put Ambrose aside, when he would have discharged their share of the reckoning, and took it upon himself. "Said I not ye were my guests?" quoth he. "We missed our morning mass, it will do us no harm to hear nones in the Minster."

"Sir, we thank you, but we should be on our way," said Ambrose, incited by Stephen's impatient gestures.

"Tut, tut. Fair and softly, my son, or more haste may be worse speed. Methought ye had somewhat to show me."

Stephen's youthful independence might chafe, but the habit of submission to authorities made him obediently follow the monk out at the back entrance of the inn, behind which lay the Minster yard, the grand western front rising in front of them, and the buildings of St. Swithun's Abbey extending far to their right. The hour was nearly noon, and the space was deserted, except for an old woman sitting at the great western doorway with a basket of rosaries made of nuts and of snail shells, and a workman or two employed on the bishop's new reredos.

"Now for thy tokens," said Father Shoveller. "See, my young foresters, ye be new to the world. Take an old man's counsel, and never show, nor speak of such gear in an hostel. Mine host of the White Hart is an old gossip of mine, and indifferent honest, but who shall say who might be within earshot."

Stephen had a mind to say that he did not see why the meddling monk should wish to see them at all, and Ambrose looked a little reluctant, but Father Shoveller said in his good-humoured way, "As you please, young sirs. 'Tis but an old man's wish to see whether he can do aught to help you. that you be not as lambs among wolves. Mayhap ye deem ye can walk into London town and that the first man you meet can point you to your uncle—Randall call ye him?—as readily as I could show you my brother, Thomas Shoveller of Cranbury. But you are just as like to meet with some knave who might cozen you of all you have, or mayhap a beadle might take you up for vagabonds, and thrust you in the stocks, or ever you get to London town, so I would fain give you some commendation, an I knew to whom to make it, and an ye be not too proud to take it."

"You are but too good to us, sir," said Ambrose, quite conquered, though Stephen only half believed in the difficulties. The Father took them within the west door of the minster, and looking up and down the long arcade of the southern aisle to see that no one was watching; he inspected the tokens, and cross examined them on their knowledge of their uncle.

His latest gift, the rosary, had come by the hand of Friar Hurst, a begging Minorite of Southampton, who had it from another of his order at Winchester, who had received it from one of the king's archers at the Castle, with a message to Mistress Birkenholt that it came from her brother, Master Randall, who had good preferment in London, in the house of my Lord Archbishop of York, without whose counsel King Henry never stirred. As to the coming of the agate and the pouncet box, the minds of the boys were very hazy. They knew that the pouncet box had been conveyed through the attendants of the Abbot of Beaulieu, but they were only sure that from that time the belief had prevailed with their mother that her brother was prospering in the house of the all-powerful Wolsey. The good Augustinian, examining the tokens, thought they gave colour to that opinion. The rosary and agate might have been picked up in an ecclesiastic household, and the lid of the pouncet box was made of a Spanish coin, likely to have come through some of the attendants of Queen Katharine.

"It hath an appearance," he said. "I marvel whether there be still at the Castle this archer who hath had speech with Master Randall, for if ye know no more than ye do at present, 'tis seeking a needle in a bottle of hay. But see, here come the brethren that be to sing Nones—sinner that I am, to have said no Hours since the morn, being letted with lawful business."

Again the unwilling Stephen had to submit. There was no feeling for the incongruous in those days, and reverence took very different directions from those in which it now shows itself, so that nobody had any objection to Spring's pacing gravely with the others towards the Lady Chapel, where the Hours were sung, since the Choir was in the hands of workmen, and the sound of chipping stone could be heard from it, where Bishop Fox's elaborate lace-work reredos was in course of erection. Passing the shrine of St. Swithun, and the grand tomb of Cardinal Beaufort, where his life-coloured effigy filled the boys with wonder, they followed their leader's example, and knelt within the Lady Chapel, while the brief Latin service for the ninth hour was sung through by the canon, clerks and boys. It really was the Sixth, but cumulative easy going treatment of the Breviary had made this the usual time for it, as the name of noon still testifies. The boys' attention, it must be confessed, was chiefly expended on the wonderful miracles of the Blessed Virgin in fresco on the walls of the chapel, all tending to prove that here was hope for those who said their Ave in any extremity of fire or flood.

Nones ended, Father Shoveller, with many a halt for greeting or for gossip, took the lads up the hill towards the wide fortified space where the old Castle and royal hall of Henry of Winchester looked down on the city, and after some friendly passages with the warder at the gate, Father Shoveller explained that he was in quest of some one recently come from court, of whom the striplings in his company could make inquiry concerning a kinsman in the household of my Lord Archbishop of York. The warder scratched his head, and bethinking himself that Eastcheap Jockey was the reverend father's man, summoned a horse-boy to call that worthy.

"Where was he?"

"Sitting over his pottle in the hall," was the reply, and the monk, with a laugh savouring little of asceticism, said he would seek him there, and accordingly crossed the court to the noble hall, with its lofty dark marble columns, and the Round Table of King Arthur suspended at the upper end. The governor of the Castle had risen from his meal long ago, but the garrison in the piping times of peace would make their ration of ale last as far into the afternoon as their commanders would suffer. And half a dozen men still sat there, one or two snoring, two playing at dice on a clear corner of the board, and another, a smart well-dressed fellow in a bright scarlet jerkin, laying down the law to a country bumpkin, who looked somewhat dazed. The first of these, was, as it appeared, Eastcheap Jockey, and there was something both of the readiness and the impudence of the Londoner in his manner, when he turned to answer the question. He knew many in my Lord of York's house—as many as a man was like to know where there was a matter of two hundred folk between clerks and soldiers, he had often crushed a pottle with them. No, he had never heard of one called Randall, neither in hat nor cowl, but he knew more of them by face than by name, and more by by-name than surname or christened name. He was certainly not the archer who had brought a token for Mistress Birkenholt, and his comrades all avouched equal ignorance on the subject. Nothing could be gained there, and while Father Shoveller rubbed his bald head in consideration, Stephen rose to take leave.

"Look you here, my fair son," said the monk. "Starting at this hour, though the days be long, you will not reach any safe halting place with daylight, whereas by lying a night in this good city, you might reach Alton to-morrow, and there is a home where the name of Brother Shoveller will win you free lodging and entertainment."

"And to-night, good Father?" inquired Ambrose.

"That will I see to, if ye will follow me."

Stephen was devoured with impatience during the farewells in the Castle, but Ambrose represented that the good man was giving them much of his time, and that it would be unseemly and ungrateful to break from him.

"What matter is it of his? And why should he make us lose a whole day?" grumbled Stephen.

"What special gain would a day be to us?" sighed Ambrose. "I am thankful that any should take heed for us."

"Ay, you love leading strings," returned Stephen. "Where is he going now? All out of our way!"

Father Shoveller however as he went down the Castle hill, explained that the Warden of St. Elizabeth's Hospital was his friend, and knowing him to have acquaintance among the clergy of St. Paul's, it would be well to obtain a letter of commendation from him, which might serve them in good stead in case they were disappointed of finding their uncle at once.

It would be better for Spring to have a little more rest, thought Stephen, thus miti-

gating his own longing to escape from the monks and friars of whom Winchester seemed to be full.

They had a kindly welcome in the pretty little college of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, lying in the meadows between William of Wykeham's College and the round hill of St. Catherine. The Warden was a more scholarly and ecclesiastical looking person than his friend, the good-natured Augustinian. After commending them to his care, and partaking of a drink of mead, the monk of Silkstede took leave of the youths, with a hearty blessing and advice to husband their few crowns, not to tell every one of their tokens, and to follow the counsel of the Warden of St. Elizabeth's, assuring them that if they turned back to the Forest, they should have a welcome at Silkstede. Moreover he patted Spring pitifully, and wished him and his master well through the journey.

St. Elizabeth's College was a hundred years older than its neighbour, St. Mary's, as was evident to practised eyes by its arches and windows, but it had been so entirely eclipsed by Wykeham's foundation that the number of priests, students, and choir boys it was intended to maintain, had dwindled away, so that it now contained merely the Warden, a superannuated priest, and a couple of big lads who acted as servants. There was an air of great quietude and coolness about the pointed arches of its tiny cloister on that summer's day, with the old monk dozing in his chair over the manuscript he thought he was reading, not far from the little table where the Warden was eagerly studying Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*. But the Birkenholts were of the age at which quiet means dulness, at least Stephen was, and the Warden had pity both on them and on himself; and hearing joyous shouts outside, he opened a little door in the cloister wall, and revealed a multitude of lads with their black gowns tucked up "a playing at the ball"—these being the scholars of St. Mary's. Beckoning to a pair of elder ones, who were walking up and down more quietly, he consigned the strangers to their care, sweetening the introduction by an invitation to supper, for which he would gain permission from their Warden.

One of the young Wykehamists was shy and churlish, and sheered off from the brothers, but the other catechised them on their views of becoming scholars in the college. He pointed out the cloister where the studies took place in all weathers, showed them the hall, the chapel, and the chambers, and expatiated on the chances of attaining to New College. Being moreover a scholarly fellow, he and Ambrose fell into a discussion over the passage of Virgil, copied out on a bit of paper, which he was learning by heart. Some other scholars having finished their game and become aware of the presence of a strange dog and two strange boys, proceeded to mob Stephen and Spring, whereupon the shy boy stood forth and declared that the Warden of St. Elizabeth's had brought them in for an hour's sport.

Of course, in such close quarters, the rival Warden was esteemed a natural enemy, and went by the name of "Old Bess," so that his recommendation went for worse than nothing, and a dash at Spring was made by the inhospitable young savages. Stephen stood to the defence in act to box, and the shy lad stood by him, calling for fair play and one at a time. Of course a fight ensued, Stephen and his champion on the one side, and two assailants on the other, till after a fall on either side, Ambrose's friend interfered with a voice as thundering as the manly crack would permit, peace was restored, Stephen found himself free of the meads, and Spring was caressed instead of being tormented.

Stephen was examined on his past, present, and future, envied for his forest home, and beguiled into magnificent accounts, not only of the deer that had fallen to his bow and the boars that had fallen to his father's spear, but of the honours to which his uncle in the Archbishop's household would prefer him—for he viewed it as an absolute certainty that his kinsman was captain among the men-at-arms, whom he endowed on the spot, with scarlet coats, faced with black velvet, and silver medals and chains.

Whereat one of the other boys was not behind in telling how his father was pursuivant to my Lord Duke of Norfolk, and never went abroad save with silver lions broidered on back and breast, and trumpets going before; and another dwelt on the splendours of the mayor and aldermen of Southampton with their chains and cups of gold. Stephen felt bound to surpass this with the last report that my Lord of York's men rode Flemish steeds in crimson velvet housings, passmented with gold and gems, and of course his uncle had the leading of them.

"Who be thine uncle?" demanded a thin, squeaky voice. "I have brothers likewise in my Lord of York's meiné."

"Mine uncle is Captain Harry Randall, of Shirley," quoth Stephen magnificently, scornfully surveying the small proportions of the speaker. "What is thy brother?"

"Head turnspit," said a rude voice, provoking a general shout of laughter; but the boy stood his ground, and said hotly: "He is page to the comptroller of my lord's household, and waits at the second table, and I know every one of the captains."

"He'll say next he knows every one of the Seven Worthies," cried another boy, for Stephen was becoming a popular character.

"And all the paladins to boot. Come on little Rowley," was the cry.

"I tell you my brother is page to the comptroller of the household, and my mother dwells beside the Gate House, and I know every man of them," insisted Rowley, waxing hot. "As for that forest savage fellow's uncle being captain of the guard, 'tis more like that he is my lord's fool, Quipsome Hal!"

Whereat there was a cry, in which were blended exultation at the hit, and vituperation of the hitter. Stephen flew forward to avenge the insult, but a big bell was beginning to ring, a whole wave of black gowns rushed to obey it, sweeping little Rowley away with them; and Stephen found himself left alone with his brother and the two lads who had been invited to St. Elizabeth's, and who now repaired thither with them.

The supper party in the refectory was a small one, and the rule of the foundation limited the meal to one dish and a pittance, but the dish was of savoury eels, and the Warden's good nature had added to it some cates and comfits in consideration of his youthful guests.

After some conversation with the elder Wykehamist, the Warden called Ambrose and put him through an examination on his attainments, which proved so satisfactory, that it ended in an invitation to the brothers to fill two of the empty scholarships of the College of the dear St. Elizabeth. It was a good offer, and one that Ambrose would fain have accepted, but Stephen had no mind for the cloister or for learning.

The Warden had no doubt that he could be apprenticed in the city of Winchester, since the brother at home had in keeping a sum sufficient for the fee. Though the trade of "capping" had fallen off, there were still good substantial burgesses who would be willing to receive an active lad of good parentage, some being themselves of gentle blood. Stephen, however, would not brook the idea. "Out upon you, Ambrose!" said he, "to desire to bind your own brother to base mechanical arts."

"'Tis what Nurse Joan held to be best for us both," said Ambrose.

"Joan! Yea, like a woman, who deems a man safest when he is a tailor, or a perfumer. An you be minded to stay here with a black gown and a shaven crown, I shall on with Spring and come to preferment. Maybe thou'lt next hear of me when I have got some fat canonry for thee."

"Nay, I quit thee not," said Ambrose. "If thou fare forward so do I. But I would thou couldst have brought thy mind to rest here."

"What! wouldst thou be content with this worn out place, with more churches than houses, and more empty houses than full ones? No! let us on where there is something doing! Thou wilt see that my Lord of York will have room for the scholar as well as the man-at-arms."

So the kind offer was declined, but Ambrose was grieved to see that the Warden thought him foolish, and perhaps ungrateful.

Nevertheless the good man gave them a letter to the Reverend Master Alworthy, singing clerk at St. Paul's Cathedral, telling Ambrose it might serve them in case they failed to find their uncle, or if my Lord of York's household should not be in town. He likewise gave them a recommendation which would procure them a night's lodging at the Grange, and after the morning's mass and meat, sped them on their way with his blessing, muttering to himself, "That elder one might have been the staff of mine age! Pity on him to be lost in the great and evil City. Yet 'tis a good lad to follow that fiery spark his brother. *Tanquam agnus inter lupos.* Alack!"

CHAPTER IV.

A HERO'S FALL.

"These four came all afront and mainly made at me. I made no more ado, but took their seven points on my target—thus—"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE journey to Alton was eventless. It was slow, for the day was a broiling one, and the young foresters missed their oaks and beeches, as they toiled over the chalk downs that rose and sank in endless succession; though they would hardly have slackened their pace if it had not been for poor old Spring, who was sorely distressed by the heat and the want of water on the downs. Every now and then he lay down, panting distressfully, with his tongue hanging out,

and his young masters always waited for him, often themselves not sorry to rest in a fragment of shade from a solitary thorn or juniper.

The track was plain enough, and there were hamlets at long intervals. Flocks of sheep fed on the short grass, but there was no approaching the shepherds, as they and their dogs regarded Spring as an enemy, to be received with clamour, stones and teeth, in spite of the dejected looks which might have acquitted him of evil intentions.

The travellers reached Alton in the cool of the evening, and were kindly received by a monk, who had charge of a grange just outside the little town, near one of the springs of the River Wey.

The next day's journey was a pleasanter one, for there was more of wood and heather, and they had to skirt round the marshy borders of a great sheet of water. Spring was happier, being able to stop and lap whenever he would, and the whole scene was less unfriendly to them, but they scarcely made speed enough, for they were still among tall whins and stiff scrub of heather when the sun began to get low, gorgeously lighting the tall plumes of golden broom, and they had their doubts whether they might not be off the track, but in such weather there was nothing alarming in spending a night out of doors, if only they had something for supper. Stephen took a bolt from the purse at his girdle, and bent his crossbow, so as to be ready in case a rabbit sprang out, or a duck flew up from the marshes.

A small thicket of trees was in sight, and they were making for it, when sounds of angry voices were heard, and Spring, bristling up the mane on his neck, and giving a few premonitory fierce growls like thunder, bounded forward as though he had been seven years younger. Stephen darted after him, Ambrose rushed after Stephen, and breaking through the trees, they beheld the dog at the throat of one of three men. As they came on the scene, the dog was torn down and hurled aside, giving a howl of agony, which infuriated his master. Letting fly his crossbow bolt full at the fellow's face, he dashed on, reckless of odds, waving his knotted stick, and shouting with rage. Ambrose, though more aware of the madness of such an assault, still hurried to his support, and was amazed as well as relieved to find the charge effectual. Without waiting to return a blow, the miscreants took to their heels, and Stephen, seeing nothing but his dog, dropped on his knees beside the quivering creature, from whose neck blood was fast pouring. One glance of the faithful wistful eye, one feeble movement of the expressive tail, and Spring had made his last farewell! That was all Stephen was conscious of, but Ambrose could hear the cry, "Good sirs, good lads, set me free!" and was aware of a portly form bound to a tree. As he cut the rope with his knife, the rescued traveller hurried out thanks and demands—"Where are the rest of you?" and on the reply that there were no more, proceeded, "then we must on, on at once, or the villains will return! They must have thought you had a band of hunters behind you. Two furlongs hence, and we shall be safe in the hostel at Dogmersfield. Come on, my boy," to Stephen, "the brave hound is quite dead, more's the pity. Thou canst do no more for him, and we shall soon be in his case if we dally here."

"I cannot, cannot leave him thus," sobbed Stephen, who had the loving old head on his knees. "Ambrose! stay, we must bring him. There, his tail wagged! If the blood were staunched—"

"Stephen! Indeed he is stone dead! Were he our brother we could not do otherwise," reasoned Ambrose, forcibly dragging his brother to his feet. "Go on we must. Wouldst have us all slaughtered for his sake? Come! The rogues will be upon us anon. Spring saved this good man's life. Undo not his work. See! Is yonder your horse, sir? This way, Stevie!"

The instinct of catching the horse roused Stephen, and it was soon accomplished, for the steed was a plump, docile, city-bred palfrey, with dapple-grey flanks like well stuffed satin pincushions, by no means resembling the shaggy forest ponies of the boys' experience, but quite astray in the heath, and ready to come at the master's whistle, and call of "Soh! Soh, now Poppet!" Stephen caught the bridle, and Ambrose helped the burgess into the saddle. "Now, good boys," he said, "each of you lay a hand on my pommel. We can make good speed, ere the rascals find out our scant numbers."

"You would make better speed without us, sir," said Stephen, hankering to remain beside poor Spring.

"D'ye think Giles Headley the man to leave two children that have maybe saved my life as well as my purse, to bear the malice of the robbers?" demanded the burgess angrily. "That were like those fellows of mine who have shown their heels, and left their master strapped to a tree! Thou! thou! what's thy name, that hast

the most wit, bring thy brother, unless thou wouldst have him laid by the side of his dog."

Stephen was forced to comply, and run by Poppet's side, though his eyes were so full of tears that he could not see his way, even when the pace slackened, and in the twilight they found themselves among houses and gardens, and thus in safety, the lights of an inn shining not far off.

A figure came out in the road to meet them, crying, "Master! master! is it you? and without scathe? Oh, the saints be praised!"

"Ay, Tibble, 'tis I and no other, thanks to the saints and to these brave lads! What, man, I blame thee not, I know thou canst not strike, but where be the rest?"

"In the inn, sir. I strove to call up the hue and cry to come to the rescue, but the cowardly hinds were afraid of the thieves, and not one would come forth."

"I wish they may not be in league with them," said Master Headley. "See! I was delivered — ay, and in time to save my purse, by these twain, and their good dog. Are ye from these parts, my fair lads?"

"We be journeying from the New Forest to London," said Ambrose. "The poor dog heard the tumult, and leapt to your aid, sir, and we made after him."

"'Twas the saints sent him!" was the fervent answer. "And" (with a lifting of the cap) "I hereby vow to St. Julian a hound of solid bronze a foot in length, with a collar of silver, to his shrine in St. Faith's, in token of my deliverance in body and goods! To London are ye bound? Then will we journey on together!"

They were by this time near the porch of a large country hostel, from the doors and large bay window of which light streamed out. And as the casement was open, those without could both see and hear all that was passing within.

The table was laid for supper, and in the place of honour sat a youth of some seventeen or eighteen years, gaily dressed, with a little feather curling over his crimson cap, and thus discoursing:

"Yea, my good host, two of the rogues bear my tokens besides him whom I felled to the earth. He came on at me with his sword, but I had my point ready for him; and down he went before me like an ox. Then came on another, but him I dealt with by the back stroke as used in the tilt-yard at Clarendon."

"I trow we shall know him again, sir. Holy Saints! to think such rascals should haunt so nigh us," the hostess was exclaiming. "Pity for the poor goodman, Master Headley. A portly burgher was he, friendly of tongue and free of purse. I well remember him when he went forth on his way to Salisbury, little thinking, poor soul, that he is truly sped."

"I tell thee, good woman, I saw him go down before three of their pikes. What more could I do but drive my horse over the nearest rogue who was rifling him?"

"If he were still alive—which Our Lady grant—the knaves will hold him to ransom," quoth the host, as he placed a tankard on the table.

"I am afraid he is past ransom," said the youth, shaking his head. "But an if he be still in the rogues' hands and living, I will get me on to his house in Cheapside, and arrange with his mother to find the needful sum, as befits me, I being his heir and about to wed his daughter. However, I shall do all that in me lies to get the poor old seignior out of the hands of the rogues. Saints defend me!"

"The poor old seignior is much beholden to thee," said Master Headley, advancing amid a clamour of exclamations from three or four serving men or grooms, one protesting that he thought his master was with him, another that his horse ran away with him, one showing an arm which was actually being bound up, and the youth declaring that he rode off to bring help.

"Well wast thou bringing it," Master Headley answered. "I might be still standing bound like an eagle displayed, against yonder tree, for aught you fellows recked."

"Nay, sir, the odds—" began the youth.

"Odds! such odds as were put to rout—by what, deem you? These two striplings and one poor hound. Had but one of you had the heart of a sparrow, ye had not furnished a tale to be the laugh of the Barbican and Cheapside. Look well at them. How old be you, my brave lads?"

"I shall be sixteen come Lammas day, and Stephen fifteen at Martinmas day, sir," said Ambrose; "but verily we did nought. We could have done nought had not the thieves thought more were behind us."

"There are odds between going forward and backward," said Master Headley, drily. "Ha! Art hurt? Thou bleedst," he exclaimed, laying his hand on Stephen's shoulder, and drawing him to the light.

"'Tis no blood of mine," said Stephen, as Ambrose likewise came to join in the examination. "It is my poor Spring's. He took the coward's blow! His was all the honour;

and we have left him there on the heath!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"Come, come, my good child," said Master Headley; "we will back to the place by times to-morrow when rogues hide and honest men walk abroad. Thou shalt bury thine hound, as befits a good warrior, on the battle-field. I would fain mark his points for the effigy we will frame, honest Tibble, for St. Julian. And mark ye, fellows, thou godson Giles, above all, who 'tis that boast of their valour, and who 'tis that be modest of speech. Yea, thanks, mine host. Let us to a chamber, and give us water to wash away soil of travel and of fray, and then to supper. Young masters, ye are my guests. Shame were it that Giles Headley let go farther them that have, under Heaven and St. Julian, saved him in life, limb, and purse."

The inn was large, being the resort of many travellers from the south, often of nobles and knights riding to Parliament, and thus the brothers found themselves accommodated with a chamber, where they could prepare for the meal, while Ambrose tried to console his brother by representing that, after all, poor Spring had died gallantly, and with far less pain than if he had suffered a wasting old age, besides being honoured for ever by his effigy in St. Faith's, wherever that might be, the idea which chiefly contributed to console his master.

The two boys appeared in the room of the inn looking so unlike the dusty, blood-stained pair who had entered, that Master Headley took a second glance to convince himself that they were the same, before beckoning them to seats on either side of him, saying that he must know more of them, and bidding the host load their trenchers well from the grand fabric of beef-pasty which had been set at the end of the board. The runaways, four or five in number, herded together lower down, with a few travellers of lower degree, all except the youth who had been boasting before their arrival, and who retained his seat at the board, thumping it with the handle of his knife to show his impatience for the commencement of supper; and not far off sat Tibble, the same who had hailed their arrival, a thin, slight, one-sided looking person, with a terrible red withered scar on one cheek, drawing the corner of his mouth awry. He, like Master Headley himself, and the rest of his party, were clad in red, guarded with white, and wore the cross of St. George on the white border of their flat crimson caps, being no doubt in the livery of their Company. The citizen himself having in the meantime drawn his conclusions from the air and gestures of the brothers, and their mode of dealing with their food, asked the usual question in an affirmative tone, "Ye be of gentle blood, young sirs?"

To which they replied by giving their names, and explaining that they were journeying from the New Forest to find their uncle in the train of the Archbishop of York.

"Birkenholt," said Tibble, meditatively. "He beareth a vert, a buck's head proper, on a chief argent two arrows. Crest, a buck courant, pierced in the gorge by an arrow, all proper."

To which the brothers returned by displaying the handles of their knives, both of which bore the pierced and courant buck.

"Ay, ay," said the man. "'Twill be found in our books, sir. We painted the shield and new crested the morion the first year of my prenticeship, when the Earl of Richmond, the late King Harry of blessed memory, had newly landed at Milford Haven."

"Verily," said Ambrose, "our uncle Richard Birkenholt fought at Bosworth under Sir Richard Pole's banner."

"A tall and stalwart esquire, methinks," said Master Headley. "Is he the kinsman you seek?"

"Not so, sir. We visited him at Winchester, and found him sorely old and with failing wits. We be on our way to our mother's brother, Master Harry Randall."

"Is he clerk or layman? My Lord of York entertaineth enow of both," said Master Headley.

"Lay, assuredly, sir," returned Stephen; "I trust to him to find me some preferment as page or the like."

"Know'st thou the man, Tibble?" inquired the master.

"Not among the men at arms, sir," was the answer; "but there be a many of them whose right names we never hear. However, he will be easily found if my Lord of York be returned from Windsor with his train."

"Then will we go forward together, my young Masters Birkenholt. I am not going to part with my doughty champions!" patting Stephen's shoulder. "Ye'd not think that these light-heeled knaves belonged to the brave craft of armourers?"

"Certainly not," thought the lads, whose notion of armourers was derived from the brawny blacksmith of Lyndhurst, who

sharpened their boar spears and shod their horses. They made some kind of assent, and Master Headley went on. "These be the times! This is what peace hath brought us to! I am called down to Salisbury to take charge of the goods, chattels, and estate of my kinsman, Robert Headley—Saints rest his soul!—and to bring home yonder spark, my godson, whose indentures have been made over to me. And I may not ride a mile after sunset without being set upon by a sort of robbers, who must have guessed over well what a pack of cowards they had to deal with."

"Sir," cried the younger Giles, "I swear to you that I struck right and left. I did all that man could do, but these rogues of serving men, they fled and dragged me along with them, and I deemed you were of our company till we dismounted."

"Did you so? Methought anon you saw me go down with three pikes in my breast. Come, come, godson Giles, speech will not mend it! Thou art but a green town-bred lad, a mother's darling, and mayst be a brave man yet, only don't dread to tell the honest truth that you were afeard, as many a better man might be."

The host chimed in with tales of the thieves and outlaws who then, and indeed for many later generations, infested Bagshot heath, and the wild moorland tracks around. He seemed to think that the travellers had had a hairsbreadth escape, and that a few seconds' more delay might have revealed the weakness of the rescuers and have been fatal to them.

However there was no danger so near the village in the morning, and somewhat to Stephen's annoyance, the whole place turned out to inspect the spot, and behold the burial of poor Spring, who was found stretched on the heather, just as he had been left the night before. He was interred under the stunted oak where Master Headley had been tied. While the grave was dug with a spade borrowed at the inn, Ambrose undertook to cut out the dog's name on the bark, but he had hardly made the first incision when Tibble, the singed foreman, offered to do it for him, and made a much more sightly inscription than he could have done. Master Headley's sword was found honourably broken under the tree, and was reserved to form a base for his intended *ex voto*. He uttered the vow in due form like a funeral oration, when Stephen, with a swelling heart, had laid the companion of his life in the little grave, which was speedily covered in.

CHAPTER V.

THE DRAGON COURT.

"A citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town."—COWPER.

In spite of his satisfaction at the honourable obsequies of his dog, Stephen Birkenholt would fain have been independent, and thought it provoking and strange that every one should want to direct his movements, and assume the charge of one so well able to take care of himself; but he could not escape as he had done before from the Warden of St. Elizabeth, for Ambrose had readily accepted the proposal that they should travel in Master Headley's company, only objecting that they were on foot; on which the good citizen hired a couple of hackneys for them.

Besides the two Giles Headleys, the party consisted of Tibble, the scarred and withered foreman, two grooms, and two serving men, all armed with the swords and bucklers of which they had made so little use. It appeared in process of time that the two namesakes, besides being godfather and godson, were cousins, and that Robert, the father of the younger one, had, after his apprenticeship in the paternal establishment at Salisbury, served for a couple of years in the London workshop of his kinsman to learn the latest improvements in weapons. This had laid the foundation of a friendship which had lasted through life, though the London cousin had been as prosperous as the country one had been the reverse. The provincial trade in arms declined with the close of the York and Lancaster wars. Men were not permitted to turn from one handicraft to another, and Robert Headley had neither aptitude nor resources. His wife was vain and thriftless, and he finally broke down under his difficulties, appointing by will his cousin to act as his executor, and to take charge of his only son, who had served out half his time as apprentice to himself. There had been delay until the peace with France had given the armourer some leisure for an expedition to Salisbury, a serious undertaking for a London burgess, who had little about him of the ancient northern weapon-smith, and had wanted to avail himself of the protection of the suite of the Bishop of Salisbury, returning from Parliament. He had spent some weeks in disposing of his cousin's stock

in trade, which was far too antiquated for the London market; also of the premises, which were bought by an adjoining convent to extend its garden; and he had divided the proceeds between the widow and children. He had presided at the wedding of the last daughter, with whom the mother was to reside, and was on his way back to London with his godson, who had now become his apprentice.

Giles Headley the younger was a fine tall youth, but clumsy and untrained in the use of his limbs, and he rode a large, powerful brown horse, which brooked no companionship, lashing out with its shaggy hoofs at any of its kind that approached it, more especially at poor, plump, mottled Poppet. The men said he had insisted on retaining that, and no other, for his journey to London, contrary to all advice, and he was obliged to ride foremost, alone in the middle of the road; while Master Headley seemed to have an immense quantity of consultation to carry on with his foreman, Tibble, whose quiet-looking brown animal was evidently on the best of terms with Poppet. By daylight Tibble looked even more sallow, lean, and sickly, and Stephen could not help saying to the serving-man nearest to him, "Can such a weakling verily be an armourer?"

"Yea, sir. Wry-mouthed Tibble as they call him, was a sturdy fellow till he got a fall against the mouth of a furnace, and lay ten months in St. Bartholomew's Spital, scarce moving hand or foot. He cannot wield a hammer, but he has a cunning hand for gilding, and coloured devices, and is as good as Garter-king-at-arms himself for all bearings of knights and nobles."

"As we heard last night," said Stephen.

"Moreover in the spital he learnt to write and cast accompts like a very scrivener, and the master trusts him more than any, except maybe Kit Smallbones, the head smith."

"What will Smallbones think of the new prentice?" said one of the other men.

"Prentice! 'Tis plain enough what sort of prentice the youth is like to be who beareth the name of a master with one only daughter."

An emphatic grunt was the only answer, while Ambrose pondered on the good luck of some people, who had their futures cut out for them with no trouble on their own part.

This day's ride was through more inhabited parts, and was esteemed less perilous. They came in sight of the Thames at Lambeth, but Master Headley, remembering how ill his beloved Poppet had brooked the ferry, decided to keep to the south of the river by a causeway across Lambeth marsh, which was just passable in high and dry summers, and which conducted them to a raised road called Bankside, where they looked across to the towers of Westminster, and the Abbey in its beauty dawned on the imagination of Stephen and Ambrose. The royal standard floated over the palace, whence Master Headley perceived that the king was there, and augured that my Lord of York's meiné would not be far to seek. Then came broad green fields with young corn growing, or hay waving for the scythe, the tents and booths of May Fair, and the beautiful market cross in the midst of the village of Charing, while the Strand, immediately opposite, began to be fringed with great monasteries within their ample gardens, with here and there a nobleman's castellated house and terraced garden, with broad stone stairs leading to the Thames.

Barges and wherries plied up and down, the former often gaily canopied, and propelled by liveried oarsmen, all plying their arms in unison, so that the vessel looked like some brilliant many limbed creature treading the water. Presently appeared the heavy walls inclosing the City itself, dominated by the tall openwork timber spire of St. Paul's, with the four-square, four-turreted Tower acting, as it has been well said, as a padlock to a chain, and the river's breadth spanned by London bridge, a very street of houses built on the abutments. Now, Bankside had houses on each side of the road, and Wry-mouthed Tibble showed evident satisfaction, when they turned to cross the bridge, where they had to ride in single file, not without some refractoriness on the part of young Headley's steed.

On they went, now along streets where each story of the tall houses projected over the last, so that the gables seemed ready to meet, now beside walls of convent gardens, now past churches, while the country lads felt bewildered with the numbers passing to and fro, and the air was full of bells.

Cap after cap was lifted in greeting to Master Headley by burgess, artizan or apprentice, and many times did he draw Poppet's rein to exchange greetings, and receive congratulations on his return. On reaching St. Paul's minster, he halted and bade the servants take home the horses, and tell the mistress, with his dutiful greetings, that he should be at home anon, and with guests.

"We must e'en return thanks for our safe journey and great deliverance," he said to his

young companions, and thrusting his arm into that of a russet-vested citizen, who met him at the door, he walked into the cathedral, recounting his adventure.

The youths followed with some difficulty through the stream of loiterers in the nave, Giles the younger elbowing and pushing so that several of the crowd turned to look at him, and it was well that his kinsman soon astonished him by descending a stair into a crypt, with solid, short, clustered columns, and high pitched vaulting, fitted up as a separate church, namely that of the parish of St. Faith. The great Cathedral, having absorbed the site of the original Church, had given this crypt to the parishioners. Here all was quiet and solemn, in marked contrast to the hubbub in "Paul's Walk," above in the nave. Against the eastern pillar of one of the bays, was a little altar, and the decorations included St. Julian, the patron of travellers, with his saltire doubly crossed, and his stag beside him. Little ships, trees and wonderful enamelled representations of perils by robbers, field, and flood hung thickly on St. Julian's pillar, and on the wall and splay of the window beside it; and here, after crossing himself, Master Headley rapidly repeated a Paternoster, and ratified his vow of presenting a bronze image of the hound to which he owed his rescue. One of the clergy came up to register the vow, and the good armourer proceeded to bespeak a mass of thanksgiving on the next morning, also ten for the soul of Master John Birkenholt, late verdurer of the New Forest in Hampshire—a mode of showing his gratitude which the two sons highly appreciated.

Then, climbing up the steps again, and emerging from the cathedral by the west door, the boys beheld a scene for which their experiences of Romsey, and even of Winchester had by no means prepared them. It was five o'clock on a summer evening, so that the whole place was full of stir. Old women sat with baskets of rosaries and little crosses, or images of saints on the steps of the cathedral, while in the open space beyond, more than one horse was displaying his paces for the benefit of some undecided purchaser, who had been chaffering for hours in Paul's Walk. Merchants in the costume of their countries, Lombard, Spanish, Dutch or French, were walking away in pairs, attended by servants, from their exchange, likewise in the nave. Women, some alone, some protected by serving-men, or apprentices, were returning from their orisons, or, it might be, from their gossipings. Priests and friars, as usual, pervaded everything, and round the open space were galleried buildings with stalls beneath them, whence the holders were removing their wares for the night. The great octagonal structure of Paul's Cross stood in the centre, and just beneath the stone pulpit, where the sermons were wont to be preached, stood a man with a throng round him, declaiming a ballad at the top of his sing-song voice, and causing much loud laughter by some ribaldry about monks and friars.

Master Headley turned aside as quickly as he could, through Paternoster Row, which was full of stalls, where little black books, and larger sheets printed in black-letter, seemed the staple commodities, and thence the burgess, keeping a heedful eye on his young companions among all his greetings, entered the broader space of Cheapside, where numerous prentice lads seemed to be playing at different sports after the labours of the day.

Passing under an archway surmounted by a dragon with shining scales, Master Headley entered a paved court yard, where the lads started at the figures of two knights in full armour, their lances in rest, and their horses with housings down to their hoofs, apparently about to charge any intruder. But at that moment there was a shriek of joy, and out from the scarlet and azure petticoats of the nearest steed, there darted a little girl, crying, "Father! father!" and in an instant she was lifted in Master Headley's arms, and was clinging round his neck, while he kissed and blessed her, and as he set her on her feet, he said, "Here, Dennet, greet thy cousin Giles Headley, and these two brave young gentlemen. Greet them like a courteous maiden, or they will think thee a little town mouse."

In truth the child had a pointed little face, and bright brown eyes, somewhat like a mouse, but it was a very sweet face that she lifted obediently to be kissed not only by the kinsman, but by the two guests. Her father meantime was answering with nods to the respectful welcomes of the workmen, who thronged out below, and their wives looking down from the galleries above; while Poppet and the other horses were being rubbed down after their journey.

The ground floor of the buildings surrounding the oblong court seemed to be entirely occupied by forges, workshops, warehouses, and stables. Above, were open railed galleries, with outside stairs at intervals, giving access to the habitations of the work people on three sides. The fourth,

opposite to the entrance, had a much handsomer broad stone stair, adorned on one side with a stone figure of the princess fleeing from the dragon, and on the other of St. George piercing the monster's open mouth with his lance, the scaly convolutions of the two dragons forming the supports of the hand-rail on either side. Here stood, cap in hand, showing his thick curly hair, and with open front, displaying a huge hairy chest, a giant figure, whom his master greeted as Kit Smallbones, inquiring whether all had gone well during his absence.

"'Tis time you were back, sir, for there's a great tilting match on hand for the Lady Mary's wedding. Here have been half the gentlemen in the Court after you, and my Lord of Buckingham sent twice for you since Sunday, and once for Tibble Steelman, and his squire swore that if you were not at his bidding before noon to-morrow, he would have his new suit of Master Hillyer."

"He shall see me when it suiteth me," said Mr. Headley coolly. "He wotteth well that Hillyer hath none who can burnish plate armour like Tibble here."

"Moreover the last iron we had from that knave Mepham is nought. It works short under the hammer."

"That shall be seen to, Kit. The rest of the budget to-morrow. I must on to my mother."

For at the doorway, at the head of the stairs, there stood the still trim and active figure of an old woman, with something of the mouse likeness seen in her granddaughter, in the close cap, high hat, and cloth dress, that sumptuary opinion, if not law, prescribed for the burgher matron, a white apron, silver chain and bunch of keys at her girdle. Due and loving greetings passed between mother and son, after the longest and most perilous absence of Master Headley's life, and he then presented Giles, to whom the kindly dame offered hand and cheek, saying, "Welcome, my young kinsman, your good father was well known, and liked here. May you tread in his steps!"

"Thanks, good mistress," returned Giles. "I am thought to have a pretty taste in the fancy part of the trade. My Lord of Montagu—"

Before he could get any farther, Mistress Headley was inquiring what was the rumour she had heard of robbers and dangers that had beset her son, and he was presenting the two young Birkenholts to her. "Brave boys! good boys," she said, holding out her hands and kissing each according to the custom of welcome, "you have saved my son for me, and this little one's father for her. Kiss them, Dennet, and thank them."

"It was the poor dog," said the child, in a clear little voice, drawing back with a certain quaint coquetting shyness, "I would rather kiss him."

"Would that thou couldst, little mistress," said Stephen. "My poor brave Spring!"

"Was he thine own? Tell me all about him," said Dennet, somewhat imperiously.

She stood between the two strangers looking eagerly up with sorrowfully interested eyes, while Stephen, out of his full heart, told of his faithful comradeship with his hound from the infancy of both. Her father meanwhile was exchanging serious converse with her grandmother, and Giles finding himself left in the back ground, began, "Come hither, pretty coz, and I will tell thee of my Lady of Salisbury's dainty little hounds."

"I care not for dainty little hounds," returned Dennet, "I want to hear of the poor faithful dog that flew at the wicked robber."

"A mighty stir about a mere chance," muttered Giles.

"I know what *you* did," said Dennet, turning her bright brown eyes full upon him. "You took to your heels."

Her look and little nod were so irresistibly comical that the two brothers could not help laughing; whereupon Giles Headley turned upon them in a passion.

"What mean ye by this insolence, you beggars' brats picked up on the heath?"

"Better born than thou, braggart and coward that thou art!" broke forth Stephen, while Master Headley exclaimed, "How now, lads, no brawling here."

Three voices spoke at once.

"They were insolent."

"He reviled our birth."

"Father! they did but laugh when I told cousin Giles that he took to his heels, and he must needs call them beggars' brats picked up on the heath."

"Ha! ha! wench, thou art woman enough already to set them together by the ears," said her father, laughing. "See here, Giles Headley, none who bears my name shall insult a stranger on my hearth."

Stephen however had stepped forth holding out his small stock of coin, and saying, "Sir, receive for our charges, and let us go to the tavern we passed, anon."

"How now, boy. Said I not ye were my guests?"

"Yea, sir, and thanks; but we can give no cause for being called beggars nor beggars' brats."

"What beggary is there in being guests, my young gentlemen?" said the master of the house. "If any one were picked up on the heath, it was I. We owned you for gentlemen of blood and coat armour, and thy brother there can tell thee that ye have no right to put an affront on me, your host, because a rude prentice from a country town hath not learnt to rule his tongue."

Giles scowled, but the armourer spoke with an authority that imposed on all, and Stephen submitted, while Ambrose spoke a few words of thanks, after which the two brothers were conducted by an external stair and gallery to a guest chamber, in which to prepare for supper.

The room was small but luxuriously filled beyond all ideas of the young foresters, for it was hung with tapestry, representing the history of Joseph, the bed was curtained, there was a carved chest for clothes, a table and a ewer and basin of bright brass with the armourer's mark upon it, a twist in which the letter H and the dragon's tongue and tail were ingeniously blended. The city was far in advance of the country in all the arts of life, and only the more magnificent castles and abbeys, which the boys had never seen, possessed the amount of comforts to be found in the dwellings of the superior class of Londoners. Stephen was inclined to look with contempt upon the effeminacy of a churl merchant.

"No churl," returned Ambrose, "if manners makyth man, as we saw at Winchester."

"Then what do they make of that cowardly clown, his cousin?"

Ambrose laughed, but said, "Prove we our gentle blood at least by not brawling with the fellow. Master Headley will soon teach him to know his place."

"That will matter nought to us. To-morrow shall we be with our uncle Hal. I only wish his lord was not of the ghostly sort, but perhaps he may prefer me to some great knight's service. But oh! Ambrose, come and look. See! The fellow they call Smallbones is come out to the fountain in the middle of the court with a bucket in each hand. Look! Didst ever see such a giant? He is as big and brawny as Ascapart at the bar-gate at Southampton. See! he lifts that big pail full and brimming as though it were an egg shell. See his arm! 'Twere good to see him wield a hammer! I must look into his smithy before going forth to-morrow."

Stephen clenched his fist and examined his muscles ere donning his best mourning jerkin, and could scarce be persuaded to complete his toilet, so much was he entertained with the comings and goings in the court, a little world in itself, like a college quadrangle. The day's work was over, the forges out, and the smiths were lounging about at ease, one or two sitting on a bench under a large elm tree beside the central well, enjoying each his tankard of ale. A few more were watching Poppet being combed down, and conversing with the newly-arrived grooms. One was carrying his little child in his arms, and a young man and maid sitting on the low wall round the well, seemed to be carrying on a courtship over the pitcher that stood waiting to be filled. Two lads were playing at skittles, children were running up and down the stairs and along the wooden galleries, and men and women went and came by the entrance gateway between the two effigies of knights in armour. Some were servants bringing helm or gauntlet for repair, or taking the like away. Some might be known by their flat caps to be apprentices, and two substantial burgesses walked in together, as if to greet Master Headley on his return. Immediately after a man-cook appeared with white cap and apron bearing aloft a covered dish surrounded by a steamy cloud, followed by other servants bearing other meats; a big bell began to sound, the younger men and apprentices gathered together and the brothers descended the stairs, and entered by the big door into the same large hall where they had been received. The spacious hearth was full of green boughs, with a beaupot of wild rose, honeysuckle, clove pinks and gilliflowers; the lower part of the walls were hung with tapestry representing the adventures of St. George, the mullioned windows had their upper squares filled with glass, bearing the shield of the City of London, that of the Armourers' Company, the rose and portcullis of the king, the pomegranate of Queen Katharine, and other like devices. Others, belonging to the Lancastrian kings, adorned the pendants from the handsome open roof, and the front of a gallery for musicians which crossed one end of the hall in the taste of the times of Henry V. and Whittington.

Far more interesting to the hungry travellers was it that the long table, running the whole breadth of the apartment, was decked with snowy linen, trenchers stood ready with horns, or tankards beside them, and loaves of bread at intervals, while the dishes were being placed on the table. The master and his entire establishment took their meals together, except the married men, who lived in the quadrangle with their

families. There was no division by the salt-cellar, as at the tables of the nobles and gentry, but the master, his family and guests occupied the centre, with the hearth behind them, where the choicest of the viands were placed, next after them were the places of the journeymen according to seniority, then those of the apprentices, household servants, and stable men, but the apprentices had to assist the serving men in waiting on the master and his party before sitting down themselves. There was a dignity and regularity about the whole, which could not fail to impress Stephen and Ambrose with the weight and importance of a London burgher, warden of the Armourers' Company, and alderman of the Ward of Cheap. There were carved chairs for himself, his mother and the guests, also a small Persian carpet extending from the hearth beyond their seats. This article filled the two foresters with amazement. To put one's feet on what ought to be a coverlet! They would not have stepped on it, had they not been kindly summoned by old Mistress Headley to take their places among the company, which consisted, besides the family, of the two citizens who had entered, and of a priest who had likewise dropped in to welcome Master Headley's return, and had been invited to stay to supper. Young Giles, as a matter of course, placed himself amongst them, at which there were black looks and whispers among the apprentices, and even Mistress Headley wore an air of amazement.

"Mother," said the head of the family, speaking loud enough for all to hear, "you will permit our young kinsman to be placed as our guest this evening. To-morrow he will act as an apprentice, as we all have done in our time."

"I never did so at home!" cried Giles, in his loud hasty voice.

"I trow not," drily observed one of the guests.

Giles however went on muttering while the priest was pronouncing a Latin grace, and thereupon the same burgess observed, "Never did I see it better proved that folk in the country give their sons no good breeding."

"Have patience with him, good Master Pepper," returned Mr. Headley. "He hath been an only son, greatly cockered by father, mother and sisters, but ere long he will learn what is befitting."

Giles glared round, but he met nothing encouraging. Little Dennet sat with open mouth of astonishment, her grandmother looked shocked, the household which had been aggrieved by his presumption, laughed at his rebuke, for there was not much delicacy in those days; but something generous in the gentle blood of Ambrose moved him to some amount of pity for the lad, who thus suddenly became conscious that the tie he had thought nominal at Salisbury, a mere preliminary to municipal rank, was here absolute subjection, and a bondage whence there was no escape. His was the only face that Giles met which had any friendliness in it, but no one spoke, for manners imposed silence upon youth at table, except when spoken to; and there was general hunger enough prevailing to make Mistress Headley's fat capon the most interesting contemplation for the present.

The elders conversed, for there was much for Master Headley to hear of civic affairs that had passed in his absence of two months, also of all the comings and goings, and it was ascertained that my Lord Archbishop of York was at his suburban abode, York House, now Whitehall.

It was a very late supper for the times, not beginning till seven o'clock, on account of the travellers, and as soon as it was finished, and the priest and burghers had taken their leave, Master Headley dismissed the household to their beds, although daylight was scarcely departed.

(*To be continued.*)

MARTIN LUTHER.

Engraved by THEODOR KNESING. *from the Picture by* LUCAS CRANACH in the Pinacothek, at Munich.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1883.

LUTHER.

IN celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth the Germans have shown that, however they may have changed in other respects, they have lost none of their veneration for the leading figure in the period of the Reformation. After all that has been done, in politics by Frederick the Great and by Prince Bismarck, in literature by Goethe, Luther retains his place as the foremost national hero. There is in Germany hardly any class or party which does not acknowledge his greatness, even Catholics admitting that in the history of German literature he marked an epoch, while his valour is lauded by none more ardently than by the disciples of Strauss and Haeckel. We must not, of course, take too seriously all the praises which have been lavished on Luther in great popular assemblies. In their eagerness to exalt his claim to gratitude, some of his admirers have forgotten that the Reformation was due at least as much to the influences he represented as to his personal activity. The circumstances of Luther's age were in almost every respect favourable to the work he accomplished; and this may be recognised without any diminution of the honour which belongs to him for having uttered the first decisive word against the old religious order, and for having guided through its earliest stages the most far-reaching of modern revolutions.

Luther began his career as a Reformer in 1517, and within twenty years more than half of the population of Germany had abandoned the Roman Church. The explanation is to be found chiefly in the corrupt state into which the Church had been permitted to fall. Pope Leo XIII. has lately reminded the world of its vast obligations to the Papacy; and no student of history now doubts that for many centuries the Papacy played a splendid part in the development of civilisation. But before Luther's time it had ceased to be a really spiritual power working for the common good. The Chair of St. Peter had been occupied by ambitious and thoroughly worldly despots, some of whom had been, morally, far below the level of their own time; and their names were associated in the minds of most men principally with the recollection of their incessant and insatiable demands for money. The whole Church received its tone from Rome. In Germany the spiritual princes were not, as a rule, worse than the secular princes, but they were not better; and in their case greed and vice were in violent contrast with the elementary functions of their office. The lower clergy were for the most part uneducated, indolent, and sensual, hardly pretending to care for the needs of the people, or to have any other aim than their own ease and pleasure. Religious services had become mere forms, and the whole duty of man was supposed to consist of the observance of a tiresome outward routine. The Church had, in fact, become like a magician who has lost his talisman. Priests muttered a charm which had once opened the fountains of love and hope; but all vitality had gone from it, and even the memory of its original power had almost faded away.

For more than a century there had been frequent and loud demands for reform, but no serious effort had been made to probe the evil to its roots. At the time when

Luther's voice began to be heard deep dissatisfaction prevailed among all classes of Germans. Even the prelates protested against the strain put by the Papacy upon the material resources of the country; and their complaints were urged with still greater force and persistency by the secular princes and the imperial cities. In the course of the fifteenth century the Renaissance had passed from Italy to Germany, and had modified profoundly the intellectual life of learned men. At the universities the Greek and Latin classics were read with ardour, and philosophy was to some extent emancipated from scholastic dogmatism. The Humanists maintained a certain respect for ancient religious forms, but they mercilessly satirised clerical superstition and intolerance. Immediately before the outbreak of the controversy about the sale of indulgences much laughter was excited by the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, in which Crotus Rubianus and Ulrich von Hutten went to the aid of the illustrious scholar, Reuchlin, in his quarrel with the Dominicans of Cologne. The readers to whom the authors of this clever book appealed had already in spirit delivered themselves from the bondage of the Papal system.

So numerous and so potent were the elements of revolt that they needed but a touch to be roused to full activity; and in Luther were combined all the qualities necessary for a great leader. True, he was passionate and vehement, and could be as intolerant as the Pope; but he was a man of ardent faith, possessed by convictions at which he had arrived after a period of bitter inward strife. Intellectually he had profited by the culture of the Humanists, but the enthusiasm which they devoted to learning became in him an enthusiasm for what he conceived to be the spiritual welfare of mankind. Even his appearance gave him an advantage in the conflict to which he was called; for his figure, although for many years meagre through much fasting, was powerful and erect, and a strange light darted from his dark and deeply-sunk eyes. None of his contemporaries were so largely endowed with that "dæmonic" quality which seems to be one of the most essential marks of high genius. He fascinated and subdued the strongest minds; untruthful men quailed under his glance; children trusted him instinctively; and the poor and the wretched knew that they could appeal to him with confidence as their friend.

For the task of his life Luther had been prepared by a severe and searching discipline. In Eisenach, indeed, where he attended school for about four years, he had many happy hours in the home of the good Ursula Cotta, who treated him as one of her own children. But at Mansfeld, where his family had settled soon after his birth (he was born at Eisleben on the 10th of November, 1483), he had been made timid and sensitive by a savage schoolmaster; and, although he always loved and respected his parents for their sterling virtues, he could not forget the harshness with which they had often punished him for slight offences. At the university of Erfurt, which he attended from 1501 to 1505, he became deeply versed in philosophy; but his studies seem to have given him little pleasure. He suffered from deep depression, partly, no doubt, through ill-health, but chiefly because he was perplexed by religious problems for which in the teaching of the day he could find no satisfactory solution. In obedience to his father's wish, he studied law for some months; but suddenly, before he was twenty-two, he devoted himself to a monastic life, entering the Augustinian monastery of Erfurt. The immediate occasion of this step was a vow which had been wrung from him in a moment of agony when he was overtaken by a thunderstorm on his way back from Mansfeld, where he had been visiting his family. There is no evidence for the legend that a friend was struck dead by his side; but when lightning blazed around him he fell to the ground and cried, "Help, dear Saint Anna, and I will become a monk." Although the final decision was thus the result of a momentary impulse, it is improbable that the idea would have occurred to him if it had not been often in his mind before.

In the Erfurt monastery Luther became even more miserable than he had been at the university, for he was haunted by a vague sense of discontent with himself and with the world. Never did any one in quest of truth and peace search for them with deeper passion. He scourged himself cruelly; even the few pleasures permitted to an Augustinian monk he shunned as if they were the plague; to the Bible he gave days and nights of study, resolute to pluck from it the secret of a contented spirit. There is hardly in history a more impressive spectacle than that of this worn and solitary monk wrestling in his cell with the powers of darkness; dismayed, baffled, tormented, but returning always to the battle with a "desperate hope" that he would one day stand forth victorious and free. It was an anticipation, in the depths of a powerful nature, of the conflict

THE "LUTHER-HAUS" AT EISENACH.
From a Drawing by FERDINAND KNAB.

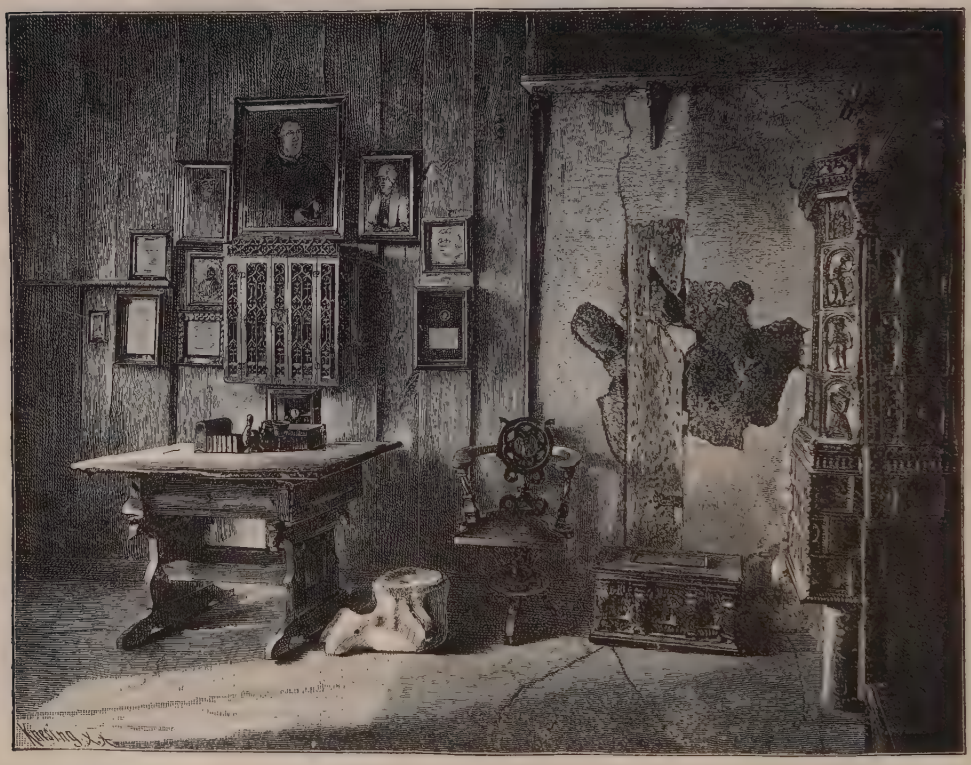
which was soon to convulse the civilised world.

At last light began to break upon Luther, and he slowly felt his way to the conception of religion, which he was to exhaust his energies in proclaiming. It was not a mere conclusion of the intellect; it penetrated his being, filling him with a profound emotional life, stimulating his imagination and governing his will. This scheme of doctrine he was aided in forming by the friendly counsels of Staupitz, the learned and sagacious Vicar-General of a group of reformed Augustinian monasteries of which the monastery at Erfurt was one; but in the main Luther's creed was the result of his own thought and research.

In 1511 he made his memorable journey to Rome, whither he was sent by Staupitz to arrange certain difficulties connected with the Augustinian order in Germany. Luther was then a professor of theology in Wittenberg, where he spent the remainder of his life. How eagerly he looked forward to the pleasure of being in the centre of Christendom we may guess from the fact that when he came within sight of it he prostrated himself, and exclaimed, "Hail to thee, thou sacred Rome!" But he was bitterly disappointed. He was not easily impressed by external splendour, and he saw with horror that the Papal Court was dominated, not by the principles of which he might have expected to find there the purest manifestation, but by pagan ideas and pagan morals. When he left Rome he had no thought of rising against its authority, but the recollection of what he had seen gave impetus to his attack when the time for revolt came.

After his return he was made Sub-Prior of his monastery in Wittenberg, and for a time he became, under Staupitz, District-Vicar of the reformed Augustinian monasteries of Meissen and Thuringia. At the university he lectured daily on divinity, setting forth his ideas through systematic exposition of books of the Bible; and he preached regularly in the parish church, the

parish priest being old and feeble. At Wittenberg no one had ever heard such discourses as those of the fiery and eloquent monk; and the people were never tired of listening to him. Laborious as his public duties were, they did not prevent him from prosecuting his private studies. He made himself very familiar with the writings of St. Augustine, and gave much earnest attention to Tauler and other German Mystics. A little book by a writer of this school, whose name is unknown, pleased him so and inclinations. There is a touch of poetry in the speculations of these sad thinkers, who, although destitute of logical method, were sometimes nearer the truth, perhaps, than their less obscure scholastic contemporaries. Luther had much in common with the Mystics, but he differed from them in seeking for union with the divine element of existence not by the virtual extinction of personality, but by its full development through the power of what seemed to him to be true spiritual life.



LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.
From a Photograph.

much that he issued it with the title *German Theology*, the first volume with the publication of which Luther was in any way connected. Schopenhauer has praised this book as an "immortal work," and its pessimism is not surpassed even by Schopenhauer's. To the German Mystics the world was essentially evil, but they regarded it also as a kind of illusion; and their positive teaching is that man lives in order to become one with the ultimate reality of things by the destruction of natural desires

Thus equipped, Luther undertook his real work at the age of thirty-four, when mind and body were in their utmost vigour. The sale of indulgences, to which his first great controversy related, Pope Leo X. had ordered for the purpose of obtaining funds for the completion of St. Peter's, which his predecessor Pope Julius II. had begun. In buying an indulgence the purchaser was not in theory exempted from the duty of repenting his wrong-doing; he was released only from the penances imposed by ecclesiastical

authority, the endurance of which was originally meant to be a sign of the penitent's sincere renunciation of evil. By the sellers, however, very little was said about repentance; and multitudes of buyers went away with the assurance that no troublesome consequences would attend the commission of the offences specified on their pardon-tickets. It was pretended, too, that relief could be granted to the dead; and thrifty persons were reproached for their unwillingness to incur a slight expenditure by which they might deliver their relatives and friends from the agony of purgatory.

This singular traffic was carried on with pomp and ceremony, and it created much commotion in Germany, where it was conducted on a larger scale than in any other country. The noisiest of the commissioners was a certain Dominican monk, Tetzel, whose character is said to have fitted him admirably for minimising the evil of vice. He was forbidden to enter Saxony, mainly because the Elector objected to the removal of large sums of money even for what was supposed to be a sacred object; but Tetzel established himself in a village on the border, where he was visited by many Saxons anxious to secure the privilege of sinning on easy terms. Luther had watched his proceedings with burning indignation, and had preached against them vehemently. By and by he determined to adopt more decisive measures; and on the 31st of October, 1517, there appeared on the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg a document, written in Latin and signed by Luther, which was destined to occupy a great place in history. At that time it was common to hold public disputations on questions of exceptional interest; and in this document, Luther invited discussion on the subject of the sale of indulgences, his opinions about which he developed in a series of ninety-five theses.

The theses, although moderate in form, were in essence a scathing condemnation of the whole mechanical system of the later mediæval Church. They produced an impression which has seldom been matched even in ages of deep religious excitement. In a fortnight they were known from end to end of Germany, and Luther was attacked angrily by upholders of existing institutions and practices. Hitherto he had taken little part in controversy, but now his name was associated with a great principle; and he prepared to defend it with all the resources of his intellect. Luther's controversial tracts are marked by extraordinary violence of tone; but it is still possible to understand the admiration with which they were read by his contemporaries. In dialectical skill he was not inferior to the most alert of his assailants; and in fertility of thought, in clearness of vision, and in force and variety of expression he far surpassed them. The German language became for the first time in his hands a flexible and potent instrument of serious debate.

The Pope was unwilling to trouble himself about a controversy which he mistook for an ordinary monkish quarrel, but he soon deemed it necessary to interfere, and Luther was cited to appear at Rome to answer for his heresies. Fortunately, having gained the confidence of his Prince, Frederick the Wise, Luther was able to disregard this summons. There seemed to be no reason, however, why he should not appear before the Cardinal Legate, Cajetan, who came to Augsburg in 1518 as the Papal representative at the Imperial Diet. Cajetan was a thorough man of the world, and supposed that he would have little difficulty in overawing a petty monk. But, to his astonishment, Luther, while treating him with profound respect, firmly declined to retract any of his opinions unless they were disproved; refusing to give way even when the Cardinal pointed out, as others had done before, that he had flatly contradicted a proposition made by Pope Clement VI. In the end Luther escaped from Augsburg by night, having appealed, in accordance with the usual form, "from the Pope ill-instructed to the Pope better instructed." Afterwards he appealed to a General Council—a bold venture for a monk to make, but not absolutely beyond his right.

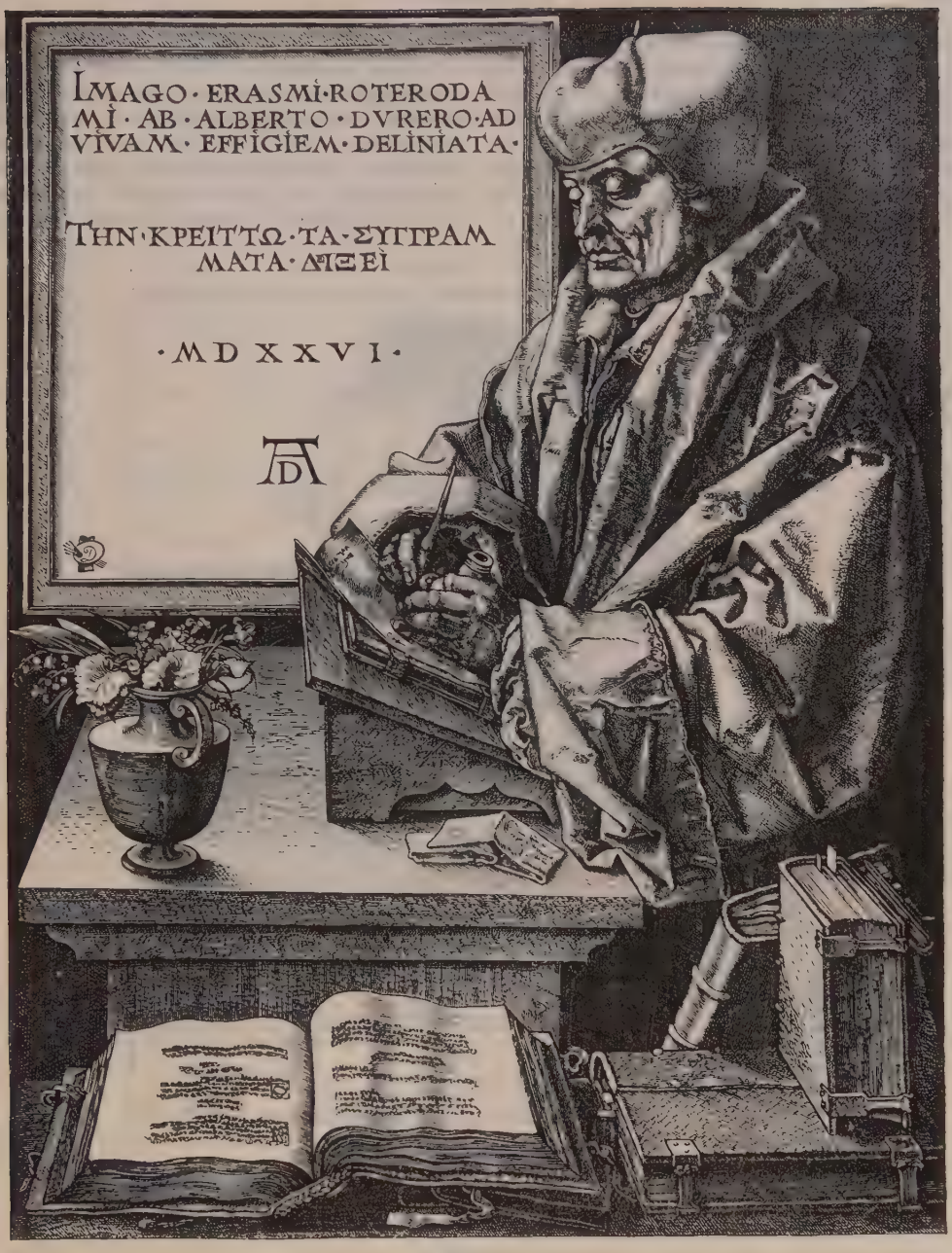
At every point Luther was met by references to decisions of Popes and Councils. He was forced, therefore, to ask, Is the intellect necessarily fettered by external authority? To this question, which he had not consciously raised at an earlier period, he did not at once give a negative answer; but the more he investigated it the more convinced he became that both Popes and Councils might err and had erred, and that reverence was due to their judgments only in so far as they could be shown on independent evidence to be true. This conclusion he proclaimed incidentally in the course of a public disputation at Leipsic with Eck, one of the most formidable of his opponents. The disputation had been anticipated with keen interest, and was listened to by an eager crowd; and when Luther, in reply to Eck, declared that the Council of Constance, in condemning the propositions of Huss, had condemned some sound doctrines, a murmur

of excitement ran through the assembly. "Worthy father," cried Eck, "you are to me a heathen man and a publican!"

In deciding that with regard even to religion and morality no special authority belonged to tradition as represented by the judgments of Popes and Councils, Luther placed himself at the point from which the whole movement of modern thought was to advance; and he soon became conscious of the importance of the conclusion at which he had arrived. Driven by the logical necessities of his position, he reviewed all the most characteristic ideas of the Roman system; and it surprised and almost alarmed him to find how much of the stately edifice seemed to crumble at the touch of free inquiry. He began to doubt whether the Church had not suffered grievous injury from the arrogance of the Papacy, whether sacrifice could be truly said to be offered in the Mass, whether there was trustworthy evidence for the existence of purgatory, whether penance really fostered penitence, whether monasticism was not based on error, and whether the celibacy of the clergy did not do more harm than good. In the excitement of controversy his opinions on these and many kindred questions ripened quickly; and he persuaded himself that his most urgent duty was to demand immediate and drastic reform. His anger was kindled especially by the wrongs inflicted on the world by the Papacy. That the Papacy was Antichrist, the supreme incarnation of diabolical wickedness, became the surest and most vehement of his convictions; and it evoked from him outbursts of titanic wrath which are equalled in the history of mankind only by the fury of the Papacy itself against heretics. Feeling confident that no good result was to be expected from Churchmen, he prepared in 1520 his address *To the Christian Nobility of the German Nation*. In this powerful appeal, the most remarkable of his original prose writings, he exposed fearlessly all the abuses which, as he believed, were ruining Christendom; and with fervent eloquence he called upon the ruling classes to do for themselves and for Germany what could not or would not be done by an Œcumenical Council. Within a few weeks the little work was in the hands of almost every German who could read; and much interest attaches to it still, not merely for its historical associations, but because it is the earliest masterpiece of German prose. In another work, published soon afterwards, on *The Babylonish Captivity of the Church*, Luther presented in Latin fresh aspects of his doctrine, combating the accepted theory of the Sacraments.

Meanwhile a great event had happened: the Pope had issued a bull condemning Luther's teaching, and threatening him with excommunication if he did not within sixty days retract his errors. The Papacy has never recovered from the shock of Luther's response. On the morning of the 11th of December, 1520, before the Elster Gate of Wittenberg, surrounded by an enthusiastic multitude, he caused a pile of wood to be lighted, and threw the bull and a copy of the Decretals into the flames, thus severing himself from the Roman Church, and heralding the approach of a new era. After so bold and dramatic a stroke but slight attention was paid to the second bull, in which the Pope excommunicated Luther and his followers, and placed under the interdict every town and district which should afford them shelter.

It was now impossible for the Reformation to be stopped; and as, a century later, according to the saying of Gustavus Adolphus, the Thirty Years' War absorbed all other wars in Europe, so the movement originated by Luther absorbed all other movements in Germany. Almost immediately the Renaissance coalesced with the Reformation. Erasmus, indeed, the greatest of the Humanists, never left the Roman Church; and soon after this time he even attacked Luther, although in such a way that he himself appeared the more progressive of the two thinkers; for in Luther's reply, *De Servo Arbitrio*, man is represented as a being who can fulfil his true destiny only through supernatural intervention, whereas Erasmus had attributed to the will the power of free choice between good and evil. There could not be a cordial understanding between two men, of whom one was calm, sarcastic, and sceptical, the other impetuous, mystical, and imaginative. Nevertheless, the work of Erasmus was a not less powerful dissolvent force than Luther's; and by his profound learning and polished irony he touched minds which were inaccessible to passionate appeal. Ulrich von Hutten, another distinguished Humanist, one of the most picturesque figures of this stormy epoch, had been assailing abuses in Church and State independently of Luther; but it had not occurred to him that the multitude could be won to his side, and he had carried on the conflict in Latin. After the appearance of the address *To the Christian Nobility* he learned the resources of his native speech; and during what remained of his brief and romantic career he was, perhaps, the most



ERASMUS.

From the Engraving by ALBERT DÜRER.

effective of Luther's allies. Almost every highly cultivated man in Germany gave Luther a general sympathy. In the letters of Albert Dürer he is spoken of with profound respect, and Lucas Cranach became his steadfast friend.

Of all who aided Luther directly or indirectly, the one to whose services he attached most importance was Melanchthon, who was his junior by about fourteen years. In Greek scholarship Melanchthon reached a level hardly below that of Erasmus, and he was a clear and penetrating thinker. He gained Luther's confidence and affection, and as they were professors at the same university, they were able to consult constantly

regarding the difficulties which attended the progress of their labours. Melanchthon's grave, mild, and conciliatory spirit tempered the effect of Luther's violence; and in the history of the Reformation their names are even more intimately associated than those of Goethe and Schiller in the history of literature.

MELANCHTHON.
From the Engraving by ALBERT DÜRER.

Luther himself was amazed by the tumult he had excited, but it would be a mistake to suppose that it was due exclusively to enthusiasm for his religious doctrine. Those whom he aroused were influenced by many complex motives. Feudal society had been rapidly breaking up, and large classes hoped that in the confused condition of the Empire they would derive material advantage from the new movement. The princes, who had made themselves almost independent of the Crown, had become impatient of ecclesiastical control, and many of them were not unwilling to confiscate Church lands. On the other hand, the barons, whom the princes had been steadily subduing, fancied that the Reformation might enable them to combine against their oppressors, and to recover what they regarded as their rights in immediate subjection to the Emperor. The peasantry, the least of whose grievances were bitter in comparison with those of the nobles, welcomed a teacher who proclaimed the spiritual equality of all men; their imme-

diate application of the principle being that it would no longer be possible for feudal lords to grind them to the earth by intolerable burdens. The imperial cities anticipated an increase of their privileges; and members of every class, either secretly or openly, wished to be delivered from the obligation to minister to the greed of the Papacy.

Early in 1519 the Emperor Maximilian had died; and about six months afterwards Charles V. was chosen as his successor. Germany waited impatiently for some indication of the policy of the new Emperor; for, although still a youth, he was known to possess the coolness and the gravity of age. Napoleon once said that Charles ought to have overthrown the Papacy, unseated the German princes, and made Germany a united nation; and if Charles had been a man of genius he might, no doubt, have created a magnificent opportunity by placing himself at the head of the reforming party. But the unity of the Church and the unity of the Empire had always been understood to correspond to one another; and his predecessors, even when resisting the temporal claims of the Papacy, had never doubted that their most imperative duty was to uphold the spiritual power in the exercise of its proper functions. With all his practical sagacity, Charles was too hard and narrow to depart widely from the traditions of his office: his aim rather was to restore the Empire in its mediæval form to its ancient lustre: an aim in which he seemed to be justified by the fact that in his case the Imperial Crown was associated with such power as had not been wielded by any sovereign since Charlemagne. He began his reign, therefore, with the determination to suppress heresy, and for this purpose it was obviously essential to strike a crushing blow at Luther.

At the Emperor's first Diet, opened at Worms in January, 1521, the subject was freely debated. The Diet refused to order the seizure of Luther, but agreed that he should be cited to appear before it, and in March a summons was delivered to him by a herald, who was charged to accompany him to the Rhenish city. Although conscious of the danger to which he would be exposed, Luther cheerfully obeyed; and during the journey he had ample occasion to see how mighty were the forces which had responded to his call. In Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, Frankfort, and every town and village through which he passed, he was received by throngs of admirers, who greeted him as their leader. He entered Worms in an open carriage, preceded by the herald, and surrounded by friends on horseback who had gone out to meet him. As the procession approached the gate, a horn was blown by a watchman on the tower of the cathedral; and Luther, in the usual attire of a monk, drove through dense lines of spectators, multitudes gazing at him from roofs and windows.

On the evening of the 17th of April, the day after his arrival, he appeared before the Diet in the episcopal palace, where it held its sittings. Every place in the hall was occupied. An official rose, and pointing to a pile of books demanded of Luther whether he was the author, and whether he would retract the opinions expressed in them. Luther had not expected this method of procedure, and for a moment even he lost control of himself before so august a tribunal. In a low voice he acknowledged the books to be his, and asked that before speaking of their contents he should have time for consideration. Next day, again in the evening, the same question was addressed to him; and now he showed that his request for delay had not sprung from any real hesitancy. He had written several books besides those of a polemical character—among others one on the penitential psalms, his first independent work, published in 1517. In response to the demand whether he would retract, he began by saying that in works of this class he had propounded no doctrine which was not universally admitted. With regard to the writings in which he had attacked the Papacy and its supporters, he reasserted what he had persistently maintained, that he would not and could not repudiate any of his propositions until they were shown to be errors; and, gathering confidence as he advanced, he warned the Emperor and the Diet of the evils they would bring upon the Empire by deciding against him. The speech was delivered in Latin, but he repeated it, on being requested to do so, in German, and when pressed to modify his answer he proclaimed with increased emphasis his inability to do violence to his conscience and his reason.

"The monk would not make a heretic of me," Charles declared after the sitting; but the majority of those who heard Luther thought that he could not have sustained his fame more worthily. As he left the hall they crowded around him with congratulations, and Duke Eric of Brunswick expressed his sympathy by sending to the tired Reformer a jug of Eimbeck beer from which he himself had been drinking.

About a month afterwards the Emperor issued an edict denouncing Luther and his

works, and requiring that he should be delivered to the secular authorities by any one into whose power he should fall. It was asserted that this edict had received the unanimous sanction of the Diet; but in reality it had not been submitted to the Estates of the Empire until those members who were friendly to Luther had left Worms. Even if Luther had been in Wittenberg, the edict would probably have been ineffective, but precautions had been taken for his safety. On his way homeward, by order of the Elector of Saxony, he was seized by armed horsemen, who carried him to the Wartburg, horrors did not disturb him, and he never laboured more energetically for his cause than during this period of solitude. He was impelled to abandon his place of refuge by tidings of the turbulence of those of his followers who had accepted the guidance of Carlstadt, an honest but morose and intolerant theologian in Wittenberg. On eight days in succession Luther preached against the rioters, and such was his authority that in his own neighbourhood they immediately lost their influence. He himself was as safe as if the Emperor had been his friend, for it does not appear to

THE WARTBURG FROM THE WEST.
From a Drawing by FERDINAND KNAB.

an old castle near Eisenach, on the north-western border of the Thuringian forest, commanding lovely views of fruitful and picturesque valleys. Here he remained for nearly a year disguised as Knight George. Every one has heard how, during his residence at the Wartburg, he threw his inkstand at the devil; but it is not certain that his illusions were really so vivid. Recalling his life at this time, however, he often told his friends of a black dog which appeared suddenly in his bed, of mysterious noises he heard at night, and of other obvious manifestations of Satanic agency. But these have occurred to any one either in Saxony or elsewhere that the slightest importance was to be attached to the Edict of Worms.

Three years later, when he was approaching his forty-second birthday, Luther widened still further, if possible, the gulf between himself and the Roman Church by marrying Catherine von Bora. She was in her twenty-sixth year, and had been a nun, but, like many other nuns, having accepted the doctrines of the Reformation, had repudiated her vows. The marriage proved to be a very happy one. They loved one another tenderly, and as she was a prudent and skilful housewife he was

able to devote himself to his duties unhampered by petty or sordid cares. From the Elector of Saxony they received the large and handsome dwelling which had belonged to the Augustinian monks of Wittenberg, and which has now been transformed into "the Luther hall." They had six children, of whom four survived Luther. Even now, and not only in Catholic countries, the marriage of an emancipated monk with an emancipated nun would produce a strange impression: in the sixteenth century it startled the boldest innovators. None of Luther's practical protests against old usage led to better results. The ascetic ideal of the Middle Ages was pitched too high for ordinary men and women. In select spirits, such as those to whose aspiration Fra Angelico gave fit expression, it developed a chastened and unearthly beauty; but the discipline which accorded with their needs was ill-adapted to common natures. While it failed to attain its direct object, the ascetic ideal tended to degrade domestic life, since it seemed to imply that the home was only a concession to weakness. By his marriage Luther aided powerfully in dissipating this conception, and in substituting for it the sounder principle that the best possibilities of human nature are most likely to be realised when it has free scope for the exercise of its sympathies and affections.

In the period between Luther's departure from the Wartburg and his marriage, Germany passed through two important crises of her history. Under the leadership of Francis von Sickingen, a brave and popular Rhenish baron, and inspired by the enthusiasm of Ulrich von Hutten, the nobles attempted to effect their deliverance from the authority of the princes, beginning by an attack on the Archbishop of Trier, in whose territory they proposed to establish the Reformation. After hard fighting the enterprise was foiled, and Ulrich von Hutten, broken-hearted, died on a lonely island in the Lake of Zürich. The Barons' War was followed by an appalling struggle, in which the peasants rose against their lords and demanded that life should be made a little less hard for them and for their children. Some of them displayed admirable moderation, but others allowed themselves to be swayed by a ferocious zealot, Thomas Münzer, who claimed to have obtained new divine revelations, and who taught his followers that they were called, like the Jews during the conquest of Canaan, to destroy their enemies by fire and sword. For a time it seemed not impossible that the whole structure of society would be overthrown; but in the end the revolt was crushed, and the unfortunate rebels found that they had only intensified their miseries. Before the conflict became serious Luther urged that some concessions should be made to the peasants; but when they had been guilty of several outrages he passionately exhorted the princes to "stab, kill, and strangle" them. It is the darkest blot on Luther's fame that at a time when he should have sought to restrain the ruling class he thus stimulated its savage impulses. He was misled partly by a fear that his special work might be interrupted, partly by an almost fanatical estimate of the rights of secular rulers in all matters that did not directly pertain to religion. Political rebellion he regarded as not only inexpedient but wicked; and to those who complained of oppression, he had no counsel to offer except that it was their duty to cultivate a patient and submissive spirit.

The Reformation had now been adopted in many imperial cities and in influential states, of which the chief were the Electorate of Saxony and Hesse. It was retarded by the Barons' War and the Peasants' War, of both of which it was held to have been one of the principal causes; and soon it began to suffer even greater injury from internal dissension; for Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, broke more decisively than Luther with the dogmas of the Roman Church, and secured adherents in Germany as well as in Switzerland. At the request of Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, a conference of theologians belonging to the rival parties was held at Marburg in 1529, and although they agreed on most points of doctrine they found an irreconcilable difference in their methods of conceiving the Eucharist; Zwingli attributing to it a purely symbolical significance, while Luther contended for the principle of the Real Presence. Luther did not suppose that it was possible for men who arrived at opposite conclusions about an important institution to act together; and so the way was prepared for the distinction ultimately established between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches.

Charles V. maintained his resolve to impose his will upon the apostates; but, fortunately for them, foreign complications, especially his wars with Francis I., made too urgent a demand upon his attention to permit him to act decisively in Luther's lifetime. Once, indeed, at the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, after he had forced the French king and Pope Clement VII., who had allied themselves against him, to come to terms,

COURTYARD IN THE WARTBURG.
From a Photograph.

and when the Turks, by whom the safety of the Empire had been threatened, had been compelled to retreat from Vienna, the Reformation appeared to be in imminent danger. For this Diet Melanchthon drew up what was afterwards known as the Augsburg Confession; and he was not without hope that it might form a basis of conciliation. Luther, who was obliged to remain behind at Coburg, knew that the time for compromise was past, and strove to sustain his friend's courage. "What can the devil do more," he wrote, "than throttle us?"—a curious foreshadowing of Teufelsdröckh's "Everlasting No." The Diet decreed that heresy was to be extirpated, and that before the following spring the heretics would have to decide whether their return to the Church would be voluntary or involuntary. The Protestant princes responded by forming the League of Schmalkald; and as it was found that the decree could not be enforced without war, for which the Emperor was not prepared, he accepted, in 1532, the Treaty of Nuremberg, acknowledging the right of adherents of the Augsburg Confession to hold their doctrines until the final settlement of the matters in dispute by a Council.

From this time, notwithstanding the hideous excesses of John of Leyden and other fanatics, the Reformation made way so rapidly that before Luther's death the only German States of the first rank which clung to the Church of Rome were Austria,

Bavaria, and the three spiritual Electorates. The central States and most of those in northern Germany became Protestant, and in South Germany their example was followed by Würtemberg and the chief imperial cities. Even in States belonging to the Roman Communion there were many secret converts to the new doctrines, and the Church very nearly lost one of the spiritual Electorates—that of Cologne. There never was a movement which more thoroughly deserved to be called national. In some States its triumph may have been due chiefly to the princes, but in others the people indirectly forced it upon their rulers, and still more frequently it expressed the conviction of all classes.

THE WARTBURG FROM THE NORTH.
From a Drawing by FERDINAND KNAB.

During the last twenty years of his life Luther had no opportunity of impressing the world by such daring feats as those of the heroic period of his career; but he never lost control over the agitation which had gone so far beyond his original intention and hope. Although he devoted himself principally to the interests of his own state, the Electorate of Saxony, where he was supported energetically by three successive Electors, his voice was acknowledged everywhere to be the most authoritative in the councils of the Reformers; and when he formed a decided opinion about any practical difficulty, few who came into direct contact with him were bold enough to resist his imperious will. He continued to the end to fulminate against the Papacy; but in the main his work was now constructive rather than destructive, for it was he who had to determine the character of the religious service substituted for that of the Roman Church, and who had to lay the bases of the new ecclesiastical organisation. In England men of the highest genius and learning took no part in the work of the Reformation; in the spirit of the Renaissance they devoted themselves exclusively to poetry, philosophy, and science. In Germany the Reformation was accomplished by scholars and thinkers; and one result of this distinction was that the German Reformers saw far more clearly than the English Reformers the necessity of sound primary and secondary education. Hence it was in the time of the Reformation that the first steps were taken in Germany towards the establishment of a great educational system; and to this part of his mission, in association with Melanchthon, Luther gave much of his best and most strenuous energy.

Perhaps the noblest service rendered directly by Luther to his country was his translation of the Bible. This formidable undertaking he began in the Wartburg, where he finished the translation of the New

Testament. That of the Old Testament he completed in Wittenberg, and the work as a whole appeared in 1534. Afterwards, aided by Melanchthon and other scholars, he prepared a thoroughly revised edition, which was published in 1541. There was already a German rendering of the Bible, but it had been made from the Vulgate, and in diction was wholly inadequate. Luther translated from the Greek and Hebrew text, and brought to his task not only such insight as sprang from sympathy with the writers whose spirit he had to reflect, but ripe scholarship and complete mastery of his own language. With the instinct of an artist he would erase a passage again and again, occasionally as often as fifteen times, until he lighted upon an expression that satisfied him. The result is that, if we except the English Bible, there is no translation of the Scriptures to be compared with Luther's in freshness, simplicity, lightness of touch, and grace. It would be almost impossible to overrate the importance of this magnificent achievement. To the humblest homes it brought a means of access to a world of beautiful ideas; it fostered independence of character, nourished religious sentiment, opened inexhaustible sources of consolation, and imparted dignity to what would otherwise have been dull and sordid lives. Before this period there was no High German dialect which had asserted supremacy over all other dialects; each writer adopted the modes of speech current in his own district. The language of Luther's Bible became that of the whole people; and thus, without intending it, he established a principle of unity in the midst of political discord, and rendered possible the growth of a truly national literature. To his translation, too, the greatest German writers have gone to learn the secret of a perfectly unaffected, pure, and measured style.

Luther's hymns are an expression of the same kind of power as that which gave unfading beauty to his rendering of the Bible. In these admirable lyrics there is no trace of the harshness and extravagance which disfigure his controversial writings. Stern defiance, indeed, is the note of the most famous of them, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" — "The Marseillaise of the Reformation," as Heine calls it—but it is the defiance of a mind exalted and refined by ideal passions. In other hymns he gives delicate utterance to the longings of a nature which feels that its true home is in a calm and lovely realm far removed from the strife and fret of actual existence. All his hymns are in form simple and melodious, and they were inferior to no other influence in their power to feed the flame of spiritual aspiration which Luther had kindled.

His health was undermined by the excitement of a life of struggle, and for many years he suffered from more than one painful malady. On the 18th of February, 1546, he died at his birthplace, Eisleben, whither he had gone to compose a dispute between the Counts of Mansfeld.

Luther was not only intemperate in debate, but pursued with implacable hatred those who were unfortunate enough to shock his prejudices. And he committed almost inconceivable mistakes sometimes, as when, in response to Philip of Hesse, he (with other Reformers) decided that in exceptional circumstances bigamy is not unlawful—a decision which resulted in the good Landgrave having two wives at the same time, by each of whom he had a large family. Melanchthon was so distressed by the incident and by his own relation to it that he became seriously ill, and Luther prayed ardently for his friend's recovery. Luther's account of his devotions on this occasion shows how far he was capable of arrogance even in his religious conceptions. "Then and there," he says, "I made our Lord God to smart for it; for I threw down the sack before the door, and rubbed His ears with His promises." It is easy, however, to forget the defects of so great a man: they are unimportant enough when contrasted with the qualities which placed him in the front rank of the emancipators of the human race. In private life he was one of the most genial and attractive men whom his country has produced. He loved music, and folk-tales, and the drama; and he was never so happy as when, surrounded by his wife and children, by students, and by guests, he found stimulus and refreshment in those animated conversations, of his part in which some record has been preserved in his delightful *Table Talk*. Behind all his ruggedness and vehemence there was an element of deep and tender humanity. "My husk may be hard," he himself declared, "but the kernel is soft and sweet." There is not, perhaps, in any language a more beautiful letter than that in which he wrote to his little boy of the garden where merry children dance to pleasant music, pluck golden apples, and play with silver cross-bows. It is the letter of a poet who has retained in mature life something of a child's simplicity; and we shall not understand Luther if we fail to recognise that his was essentially a poetical temperament.

It seems to be a law of the spiritual world

that there shall be alternate periods of expansion and contraction ; and the history of the work done by Luther is no exception to this general rule. Among those who called themselves by his name the faith which had inspired him for great deeds became in course of time a cold assent to abstract dogmas ; and new intellectual leaders had to resist the tyranny of Lutheranism as Luther himself had resisted the tyranny of the Church of Rome. But while the impulse which he evoked retained its freshness, it accomplished mighty results in Germany. It quickened the intelligence of the people ; and when the excitement of revolt subsided, it brought social life in some measure under the dominion of a moral ideal which preserved a happy mean between laxity on the one hand and undue austerity on the other. Catholics profited by the Reformation hardly less than Protestants; for the wise men of the Church saw that it would now be tried by more rigid tests, and so the world has heard no more of such scandals as those connected with the sale of indulgences, nor has it seen again such a Pope as Alexander VI. or even Leo X.

The period of the Reformation cannot be said to have come to an end until the close of the Thirty Years' War. So desolating a war has never, perhaps, been waged; and it fastened on Germany more closely than ever the yoke of hundreds of petty rulers. But the idea which dominated Protestants in that terrible struggle was worthy of the sacrifices made in its defence. It was the idea that the individual has an inalienable right to form his own judgments regarding man and the world ; and the defeat of the champions of this claim would have meant the ascendency of influences hostile to all the conditions of intellectual, political, and social progress. Luther's supreme merit was that he made the triumph of the principle of free thought and free speech inevitable ; for in a sense the victory was already won when he confronted Pope and Emperor, and in things of the mind peremptorily refused to yield either to secular or to spiritual despotism.

JAMES SIME.

LUTHER.
From the Engraving by LUCAS CRANACH.

A NORFOLK RIVER.
From an Etching by JOHN CROME.

SOME FORGOTTEN ETCHERS.

WITHOUT counting the swarm of needle wielders which has sprung up within the last fifteen years the manuscript catalogue of engravers in the Print Room of the British Museum contains the names of about seven hundred and fifty English etchers who flourished—if, indeed, they can be said, even by courtesy, to have flourished at all—between the time of Francis Clein, or Cleyn, the first on the list, and the publication of those plates by Haden and Whistler from which the present amazing popularity of the art may be said to date. The vast majority of these names are, of course, those of men who were etchers merely in so far as they used acid to *eat* or *etch* the copper —for the two words are synonymous and both descended from the Greek ἔδω—rather than burin or graver, to plough furrows or dig pits into its substance. In their laborious addition of line to line, and, occasionally, of fact to fact, so little of the quality we now look for in an etching is to be found that most of their works might be easily taken by the unwary for line engravings.

Throughout the eighteenth century and for the first few decades of the nineteenth, etching held a place very similar to that lately occupied by lithography in the ideas of the general public and of all connected with the multiplication and distribution of works of art. It was considered a quicker, cheaper, and therefore a humbler and less artistic process than engraving, for reproducing those beauties of a painted picture or natural scene that were within the reach of black and white. It was held to be peculiarly well fitted for illustrating the huge topographical quartos and folios that were printed in such numbers in the days of a patronized press. Hollar was the real father of this kind of etching in England, although some of its later practitioners looked to the stagey Piranesi as their immediate model. The architectural and topographical plates in which the former contrives, in some subtle fashion of his own, to combine an appearance of absolute fidelity to his model with the frankest expression of personal sentiment, have always been strangely popular in England. I say strangely popular not to throw doubts upon the justness of their popularity, but because the real excellence of Hollar is exactly of the kind which is slowest, as a rule, to meet with any wide recognition. Mr. Seymour Haden praises him for truth without pretention, for perfection of "biting" and gradation, and adds that when people ask him—as they often do, it appears—"What is it you see in Hollar?" his usual answer is, "Not quite but nearly everything." The truth is, perhaps, that for pure technique, for thorough knowledge of what he wants his point and acid to do and how to make them do it, Wenceslaus Hollar has never been excelled, or, I may even say, equalled. His plates are as clear and free from accident and uncertainty as the image in a mirror. It cannot be denied, however, that all this simplicity gives a dry and mechanical look to much of his work. Hollar was essentially an interpreter. He approached his subject in the spirit belauded by Mr. Ruskin when he laments that the most accurate Dutch painters of the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries were not set to copy the great buildings about them "instead of painting pots, vegetables, and drunken peasantry."

All through the eighteenth century the point was used in England for the purposes to which it was turned by Hollar. The architectural remains of the past were etched again and again, books on zoology and on field sports were filled with reproductions of animals, and of the engines with which their deaths were compassed; but in spite of the examples of Rembrandt and Van Dyck, and of the great crowd of inferior Dutch and Flemish *peintres graveurs* with which the volumes of Bartsch are filled, the value of the etched line as a means of artistic expression was never suspected.

A few plates produced by English and naturalized English artists before this long eclipse set in suffice to prove that the seed sown by continental etchers had begun to germinate before the change of taste came to nip it in the bud. In the Print Room portfolios there is a collection of plates by Francis Clein, the Anglo-Dutchman who was, for a time, director of the tapestry works at Mortlake. He was born in 1590 and died in 1658. His work in black and white betrays the influence of German woodcutters and Italian engravers rather than that of his Dutch compatriots: only one plate is etcher-like in quality, by which I mean that only one attempts to take advantage of the directness and sensitive rapidity in which the real value of the process lies. The subject is the Woman taken in Adultery. In its composition and general conception Venetian influence may be clearly traced, while the organisation of line is simple, broad, open, and non-continuous, like that of the early woodcutters. The same qualities, but with more freedom and a finer arabesque,[1] are to be recognised in a plate by Peter Oliver, a half-length figure of a woman reading a book. The delightful miniaturist has here made an excursion into a strange art. The proportions of his figure are bad, the right hand and arm loom absurdly large, while in drawing the book all perspective has been forgotten. But in the flowing lines we find a balanced grace equal to that of his works in colour. The British Museum possesses three states of this plate, the last and best being signed P. O. in ugly letters that look like print.

[1] This term, often used by French writers to denote the figure described by the leading lines of a composition, might be added with advantage to the comparatively short vocabulary of the English art critic.

The true explanation of the long halt in the progress of the art after the close of the seventeenth century is, I think, to be found in the simple fact that through the whole of the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries, painting, architecture, and, with a few curious exceptions, sculpture also, were arts of long pondered elaboration. An eighteenth century landscape, with its ideal botany and zoology, its measured lines and numberless planes, bore the same relation to the "bit" of to-day, in which vitality and truth are put before all else, in which the painter drives his brush to make his work complete before the first flame of inspiration dies down, as an epic does to a sonnet, or a novel by Richardson to a sketch of manners by Mr. Henry James. The state portraits and stately landscapes of the time were ill-adapted to teach a public to understand the peculiar qualities of etching, the vibrating nervousness of its line, the power it puts in the hand of the artist to serve up his notions "hot and hot." In such an age an art that counts the fragments—as they seem to so many people—of Whistler and Seymour Haden among its masterpieces could hardly rear its head. It is to this unfavourable condition of painting and of those public ideas upon art of which that condition was partly a cause and partly an effect, that the disappearance of painter-etching, as we understand it, for some hundred and fifty years, must be ascribed. It was not only that people failed to grasp the capabilities of the etched line, they kept their backs resolutely turned to the class of results to which it leads. The minor arts are a faithful reflection, so far as they go, of the greater arts. True etching can only flourish where insight and sincerity are prized above the virtues that can be learnt in a school, which is as much as to say that it prospers only when and where art as a whole is healthy.

From among the topographical etchers alluded to above the names of Henry Davy and George Cuitt junior may be chosen as types; the former a careful, simple, unpretentious copyist of architecture, governed by notions similar to those of Hollar and Canaletto; the latter far less sure in his drawing and bitten with a hankering for the picturesque which brings his work into the same class as that of Guardi, Pannini, and Piranesi. The size and peculiar treatment of Henry Davy's plates unfit them for reduction within the bounds of this page, but we may specify two, *The Tower of Beccles Church* and the *Gateway of Bungay Castle* as showing

him at his best. They belong to a series illustrating the antiquities of Suffolk, published at Southwold in 1827.

George Cuitt was the son of an obscure landscape painter of the same name who died early in the present century. With the help of his father he mastered the rudiments of his profession while still a boy, and was attracted to etching by some works of Piranesi that came in his way. He left Richmond, in Yorkshire, his native place, in 1804 and taught drawing at Chester. In 1810-11 he published his first etchings of *Six Saxon and other Old Buildings remaining at Chester;* these were followed by *Six Etchings of Old Buildings at Chester*, and *Six Etchings of Picturesque Buildings at Chester*. By the time he was forty he had gained a modest competence and retired to Masham, near Richmond, where he published *Yorkshire Abbeys*, and, in 1848, his collected works under the cumbrous title (he was not great at titles) of *Wanderings and Pencillings amongst the Ruins of Olden Times*. He died in 1854, seventy-five years old.

The two examples of Cuitt's work here reproduced show both his strong points and his weaknesses. In the plate of Chester Bridge there is much good composition, the masses of light and shadow, though broken, are well arranged, and a general air of reality is spread over the scene. The sky, too, is fine in spite of some unlucky changes in the direction of the lines. In the second plate the qualities we have praised in the first are markedly absent, the chiaroscuro especially being so confused that the effect of the composition as a whole is very weak and unreal. On the other hand, the needlework, as Mr. Chattock calls it,[1] is full of life and vigour.

We come next to a far greater artist than either Davy or Cuitt. Bonington owes, perhaps, more of his great reputation to his early death and to his semi-French training than is often acknowledged, but when at his best he shows a power of selection and a feeling for the significance of line that would certainly have ensured his success as an etcher had he taken up the art in earnest. The *Street in Verona* and a few more soft ground or aquatint plates of the same size, a *Street in Bologna* etched by the ordinary process and left unfinished at his death, and a small plate of sunrise or sunset, on a rocky coast—the most etcher-like, perhaps, of them all—make up the short list of his works on copper. The Bologna street is the Mercato di Mezzo,

BRIDGE AT CHESTER.
From the Etching by GEORGE CUITT.

[1] *Practical Notes on Etching*, by R. S. Chattock.

OLD HOUSES AT CHESTER.
From the Etching by GEORGE CUITT.

and the chosen point of view includes the two leaning towers, the Torre Asinelli, and the Torre Garisenda, whose experiments in gravitation are at least as reckless as that of the more famous Pisa campanile. This plate was worked upon after the artist's death by Thomas Shotter Boys, who had for his guidance a proof touched in pencil by Bonington himself. This proof is now in the British Museum and on comparing it with the plate as published, we find that Boys was true to his model, except that he has added a breezy sky for which there is no authority in Bonington's share of the work. The Verona plate is of a different character. It depends for its effect entirely upon delicacy of line, upon the subtle art with which the shapeliness of Palladian architecture is suggested within such a narrow surface, and upon the stimulus thus given to our fancy. The soft ground process is rather uncertain in any but well-practised hands, and in this little plate the acid has set its teeth rather too deeply into the horizontal lines of a cornice upon the right.

It is hardly within our intention to dwell upon an etcher like Cotman, whose soft-ground plates have never lost a certain repute. Cotman's work both as an etcher and as a painter has lately attracted its full share of attention. Our readers will find his claims to respect very forcibly stated in Mr. Frederick Wedmore's *Studies in English Art.* In his Norman tour Cotman was accompanied by Mr. Dawson Turner, the Norwich architect and antiquary, whose wife was an amateur etcher of some skill and very considerable taste. In the folio volume of a hundred etchings, published by her about 1825, portraits of Cotman and old Crome, of Dr. Rigby, the father of Lady Eastlake, and of other Norwich celebrities, are to be found.

And this brings me to a third group of etchers in those who tried original landscape in the early years of the century. The group is a small one and its works are few. The two plates by Crome, and one each by Constable and Geddes which have been chosen for reproduction here show it, I think, at its best; of Geddes I shall presently have to speak more at length; I may here be content with drawing attention to the fine quality of his dry-point of old sheds with an older yew and a brick *cloaca* in the foreground.

If Crome could have contrived to show on copper the power of selection in which lies so much of the strength of his best pictures, such as the *Slate Quarries,* the *Mousehold*

Heath and *Chapel Fields*, of the National Gallery, he would, perhaps, have been a great etcher. But nearly all his plates are crowded with useless detail. He seems to have confined himself to a very sharp point, which moves with difficulty over the copper and gives a scratchy-looking result, as if a pin had been substituted for the needle. His merit lies chiefly in breadth of conception as distinct from handling, and in simple reverence for nature. The best of all his plates is the large *Mousehold Heath* here presented on a reduced scale. The Print Room collection has two states of it; the first and by far the better of the two has been chosen for reproduction. In the second state the fine though rather upright sky has been changed for one put in with the burin, and the whole light and shade of the foreground has been modified with new work. The band of shadow that runs across the middle distance is reinforced by a tint of fine lines, while the dark reflections in the pond of the first state are erased, so that the water stands out as a light from the shadows about it. By these latter changes the planes have been more clearly, perhaps too clearly, divided and the chiaroscuro strengthened, but the substitution of the bald mechanical sky of the second state for the rolling clouds shown in our woodcut, is an outrage of which we can hardly believe that Crome himself was guilty.[1]

MOUSEHOLD HEATH.
From the Etching by JOHN CROME.

He may, however, have been induced to take out the original sky by a curious error in his arrangement of the picture. In the first state the shape and drift of the "cloud-chariots," as Mr. Ruskin calls them, suggests a half gale blowing across from the spectator's right to his left, while the position of the sails of the two mills and the slant of the rain falling from the lower edge of the darker cloud are consistent only with a wind in the

[1] There seems to be some doubt as to when all these changes were made. The additional work in the foreground was put in, in all probability, by Crome himself, but it is known that his coppers were worked upon by more than one hand after his death, and it is most likely to one of these that we owe the destruction of his best plate.

opposite direction. This oversight damages the movement and breezy effect of the plate not a little. It appears likely enough that Crome discovered his mistake after a time and planed the upper half of his copper in preparation for a new sky, which he never lived to put in. I offer this explanation of an otherwise unaccountable change for what it may be worth.

From first to last Crome etched some thirty plates. The large majority are clumps of trees, chiefly oaks, woodland corners and turns in Norfolk lanes. Technically their great defect to a modern eye is the look of weakness and indecision given by the unvaried use of so fine a point. Such a tool is apt to catch the copper and move jerkily and unkindly over its surface. It is only when dragged, not driven, and that without any decided change of direction, as in some of the wonderful skies and distances of Maxime Lalanne, that it is sensitive to every impulse of the etcher. In the smaller of the two plates we have engraved, the results of its use are very clearly seen. Clouds and foliage are identical in their organisation. The zigzag markings commonly used to express leafy masses are unfitted for a tool that does not work smoothly, and the etcher has taken refuge, for the most part, in concentric semicircles, which give his trees a very uncertain physiognomy. This was, in all likelihood, one of his earliest plates. Like nearly every thing else he did it shows how simple and sincere was his love of nature, even when his worship of Hobbema was strongest.

The Print Room only has two etchings by Constable, but so far as I can discover the collection is complete. They are evidently mere experiments in an art taken up for a moment and soon abandoned. The better of the two, which we engrave, would make an attractive picture if clothed in the colour, the air and dewy freshness of his *Cornfield* or *Dedham Vale*, but as a work in black and white its composition is faulty; the ugly curve of the road and the confused shadows of the middle distance betray that the artist's heart was not in it, that he was spending an idle hour over an experiment undertaken for curiosity's sake. Constable's pencil drawings, of which a considerable number are in existence, are enough to prove, however, even without the evidence of his pictures, that he had in him the makings of a fine etcher.

A COUNTRY LANE.

From the Etching by JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

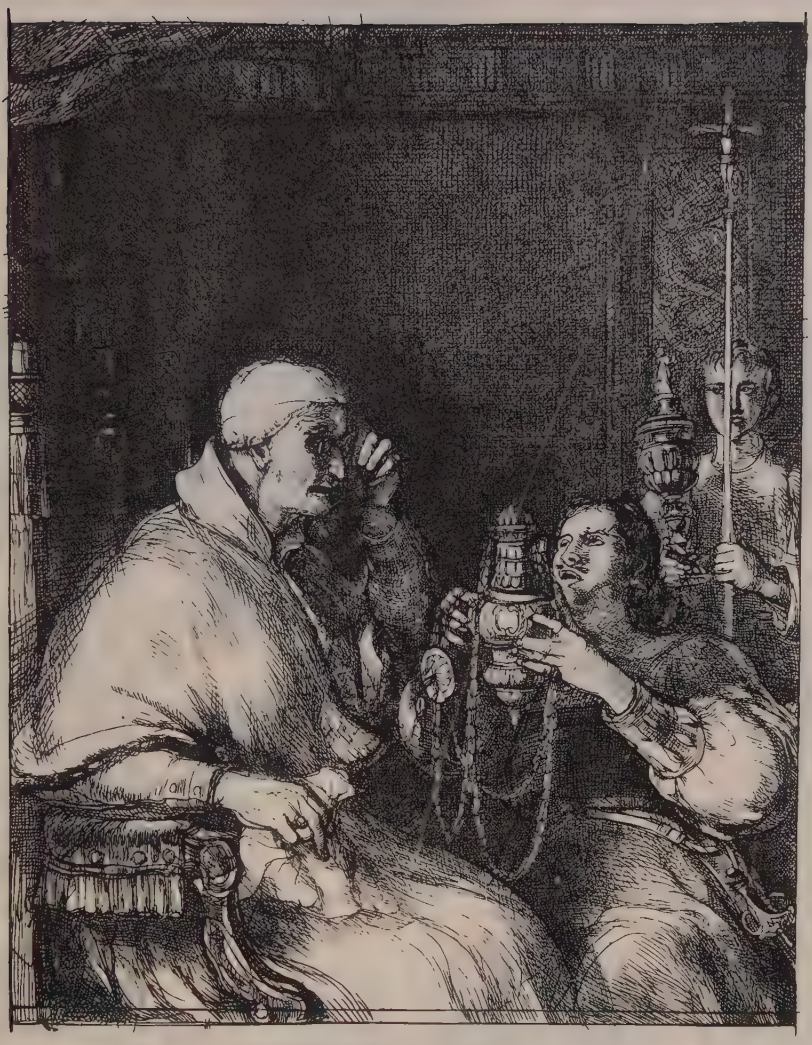
But it is not for his own achievements

with the point that all modern etchers should be grateful to Constable; it is for the possibilities that he opened to them by the revolution he brought about in art. It has been said so often that Constable was the real father of modern landscape that it may seem waste of time to say it again, but it has never, so far as I know, been pointed out how entirely the revival of etching, or to be quite accurate—its return to the field in which its real strength lies, is due to the same example. It is to Constable that we owe the existence of a general sentiment about art, as well as a school of art practice, without which the bold selections of the etcher, the unflinching imitative theory of art which had so long been a millstone about the neck of the English picture gazer, and that Procrustean bed of literary criticism on which so many good men had been lopped and racked.

I have yet to speak of the two best etchers produced by England, or rather by Britain, for they were both Scots, before the present revival set in. The etchings of Wilkie and Geddes are a phenomenon in art history. Their best plates, such as the four here engraved, are not only governed by a knowledge of the peculiar powers of copper and point, and by a full recognition that "every art does best when

A LANDSCAPE STUDY.
From the Etching by ANDREW GEDDES.

neglect of all that is either unnecessary or unfitted for expression in his nervous arabesque, would be impossible. Before his time landscape was founded on art and not on nature. He it was who took it off the wrong pedestal and put it on the right. He it was who insisted that the landscape-painter must derive his power from the earth about him; that his elders may teach him how to talk, but that nature alone can tell him what to say. To put it as shortly as I can, Constable did more than any one else to deprive criticism of its canons, to compel the critics and the public behind them to accept the conventions of the artist, and to abandon both that most itself" but even when judged absolutely and without reference to the barrenness of their time, they are among the best plates we possess. To find anything better than the finest of Geddes's portraits—his *Mrs. Geddes*, his *Alexander Nasmyth*, his *Thomas Skirving* or *William Martin*—we must go to Vandyck; to throw Wilkie's *Pope* or his *Lost Receipt* into the shade, we must turn to Rembrandt. And yet these plates were produced at a time when, so far as we can tell, no other living individual was using the point and acid for their right purposes. In *Etching and Etchers* full justice is done to Wilkie, but Geddes is



THE POPE AND THE GOLDSMITH.
From the Etching by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

dismissed with scanty praise. Mr. Hamerton brackets him, indeed, with Wilkie, but he says little about his work, and in describing the one plate chosen for special notice, he makes a slip which seems to hint that he failed to study the less famous artist with his usual care. In Mr. Seymour Haden's various notes and essays we can find no mention of Geddes at all.

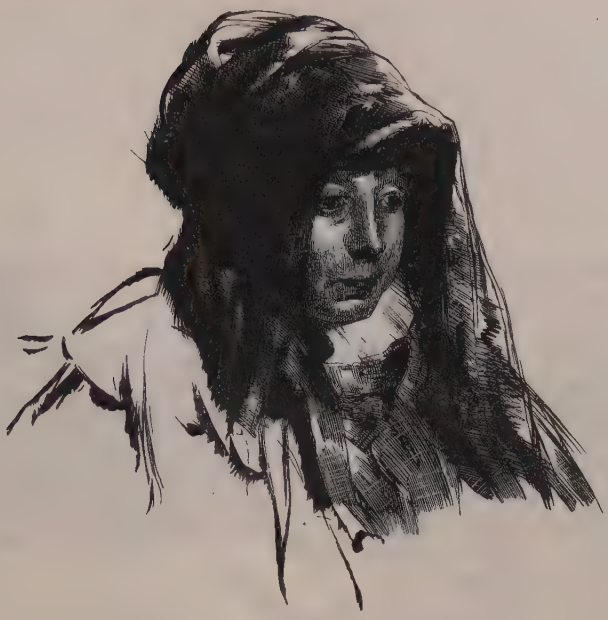
It is, of course, impossible to do more than suggest the richness and depth, the velvety softness and mystery of a dry point by means of a woodcut, however good, but our rendering of an early state of the *Mrs. Geddes* will at least show the aims of the etcher, and with what skill and tact he has used the one process to enrich the other, the bur to supplement and relieve the bitten line. His taste and judgment are seen to equal advantage in the portrait of Alexander Nasmyth, whose keen features and massive head seem to foreshadow the careers both of his son and grandson. The face is modelled with a combined delicacy and power which few of the multitude of etchers now at work can rival, while the dry point is called in to supply a background that in spite of its depth and richness is kept in proper subordination to the head it relieves. The landscape in dry point is injured to some extent by the experiment in the sky, where aquatint has been used in an endeavour to throw a

sky of tone over the strong lines of the foreground, a combination of two processes that is successful only when carried much farther than Geddes here ventured with it.

Few men have lived a less eventful life than Andrew Geddes. He was the son of a Scottish Civil Servant, who devoted his spare time and cash to the collection of old prints. The son inherited a double portion of the father's tastes, and, when he was twenty-three, quitted the Excise Office for the schools of the Royal Academy. At Somerset House he became one of the famous coterie of which Wilkie, Jackson, and Haydon were also members. In 1812, six years after his arrival in London, we find him painting thirty portraits, many of well-known people, in the year, so that a certain amount of success must have come to him without any great delay. In 1814 he went to Paris to see the Louvre before the stolen goods of Napoleon were sent back to their owners. Soon after his return he was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for the church of St. James, Garlick Hill, of which James Burnet, a brother Scot, and brother, too, of John Burnet the engraver, was then curate. One day last summer I made a careful examination of this picture, by far the most important work by Geddes now in existence. I forget

THE LOST RECEIPT.
From the Etching by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

for the moment whether Titian's *Assumption* was among the spoil of the French armies, but the general idea of this *Ascension* seems to have been derived from it. The semi-nude figure of Christ is rising into the clouds above the heads of Mary Virgin, Mary Magdalen, and the eleven Apostles with Mark and Luke. The composition is happy, the drawing excellent, the scheme of colour rich and harmonious. Its position in the



MRS. GEDDES, MOTHER OF THE ARTIST.
From the Etching by ANDREW GEDDES.

church makes it impossible for me to speak with assurance as to the treatment of the details and the present state of the surface, but in other respects the picture is well worthy of a place in some national collection. To resume, in 1827 Geddes went to Rome, where he etched Claude's house for Mr. Sheepshanks, and in 1839 he made a tour in Holland. He died five years afterwards, aged sixty-one.

On the whole, then, Geddes is one to whom fame has not yet done justice. The poor specimen of his art which hangs in the National Gallery, or hung there till lately, may have done something to prevent him from becoming better liked. It is said, however, to be the very picture alluded to in a pleasant story told of Wilkie. On one occasion, when "the English Ostade" was on the hanging committee, his colleagues noticed him carrying about a small picture all the morning, and trying it in various positions on the wall. At last one of them asked, "What on earth are you doing with that picture, Wilkie?" "Man, it's a Geddes!" It has been reduced to its present state by changes in the asphaltum with which it was painted; it may once have deserved the best place Wilkie could find for it. Before dismissing Geddes, we must remember to say that as an interpretive etcher he was inferior to few. His renderings of a portrait by Rubens, an autograph portrait of Vandyck (absurdly called Phillip IV. in Mr. Laing's list), and an old woman with a ring, ascribed to Jordaens, may be compared to Rajon both in style and quality.

Wilkie's etchings have been better treated. Both Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Hamerton speak of them in terms of warm admiration, but in spite of the respect I feel for their authority, I must express my opinion that his two finest plates, the *Pope and the Goldsmith*, and *The Lost Receipt*, are hardly superior to the best work of Geddes, putting on one side their greater interest from a dramatic point of view. Wilkie's draughtsmanship is delightful; it is never laboured or precise, but in significance and vitality it can hardly be beaten. Look, for instance, at the Pope's hands and those of the kneeling goldsmith, at the anxious fingers of the old woman in *The Lost Receipt*, at the three heads in the same plate, and at the dog scratching himself in the foreground. But we miss the balance and cohesion, the evidence of complete understanding as to the respective virtues of dry point and the bitten line, which are so conspicuous in some six or eight of Geddes's plates. Wilkie has left fourteen plates and Geddes forty; had they been more prolific they would scarcely have appeared in this paper on some forgotten etchers.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

CORN COCKLES.

THE Stile leads from the lane into Lanchycraft, and a footpath, older than the Norman Conquest, I doubt not, cuts across the field obliquely from the stile to the broken-hinged gate at the far end of the inclosure. As you walk through, single file (for the farmer ploughs his land close up to the narrowest possible strip of pathway), the green corn rises high on either hand, up to your shoulder almost; a beautiful waving sheet, bending and swaying before the wind like an eddying current, and pied all over with crimson poppies, purple corn-cockles, golden buttercups, and bright blue centauries. Lanchycraft, in fact, is a triangular Devonshire cornfield, inclosed by three long rude walls of unhewn mossy lichen-covered boulders; walls overgrown by pinky-white stonecrop, pale green cotyledon, thin straggling stunted ivy, and luxuriant waving fronds of black-stemmed spleenwort ferns. A picture without and a picture within, each so exquisite that I hardly know which way to turn and feast my sated eyes. But as I cannot stand doubting for ever, like the domestic quadruped of Buridan's problem, I must e'en choose one or the other: and I elect to make it the cornfield, with its infinite wealth of rich colour, red, and green, and blue, and yellow, and violet, all surging and waving together in one glorious mass of intermingled beauty.

All the world cannot show us a lovelier sight in the way of flowers than an English cornfield—on a good weedy western farm, of course, not on one of your horrid tidy modern Lothian or Leicestershire pattern. The true use of cornfields is not, as people in the agricultural interest vainly imagine, to produce wheat at so much per quarter, but to afford room for a set of wild flowers which grow nowhere else, or nowhere else in equal profusion. Ever so many of them have actually been developed for that very purpose, and can live under no other circumstances whatsoever. For example, there is the corn buttercup, with its bristly burr-like fruits, a born cornfield weed, evolved from the common meadow buttercups by stress of special selection, flowering with the corn and ripening with the corn, reaped with it and sown with it again, and "very abundant," says our greatest authority, "on slovenly farms in southern England." Thank Heaven for those slovenly farms, and long may they remain unimproved into the most paying commercial model. Then again there is the corn cleavers, which twines and curls its little sprays, clinging tightly by their tiny curved prickles, around the tall haulms and over the close-cut stubble of Dorsetshire

lowlands. Once more, there are the pretty beaked shepherd's needles, and the rare gold-of-pleasure, and the quaint-looking quaintly-

RED CAMPION IN HEDGE.

named thorow-wax, and the blue corn-campanula, and the parasitic purple cow-wheat which fastens on the roots and sucks the life-blood from the crops in Norfolk and Suffolk. Every one of these is an annual; every one of them grows only in cornfields; every one of them blossoms when the wheat begins to hang out its mobile little stamens and feathery stigma; every one of them ripens its seeds when the grain is kerning in the mellowing ears. And they do all this for the best of all possible reasons, because otherwise they could not manage to save their lives at all. They must needs be annuals, because in the yearly ploughing and harrowing of the cornfield, the roots, tubers, bulbs, or stocks of all perennial plants get torn to pieces, turned upside down, crushed, mashed, and utterly disfigured. They must flower and ripen their fruits with the corn, because in the yearly harvest every plant in the field (except a few very low trailers and matted underweeds) gets cut off together with the ripe swathes of wheat. Those kinds that ripen too soon drop out their seeds upon the ground before the ploughing, and so get buried far too deep to come up again when

THE CORN COCKLE.

the soil is turned: those kinds that ripen too late get cut off in the green capsule, and so never reproduce their like at all. In this

way, man's unconscious but none the less rigorous selection has spared only those weeds whose time of flowering and seeding exactly coincides with that of the corn itself. These alone are threshed and winnowed with the grain; these alone are sown afresh with the seed-wheat. Thus the tillers of a thousand generations, from the days of those stone-age men whose charred small grains we find still in the Swiss lake-villages, on to our own time, have unwittingly helped not only to disseminate, but actually to develop and to modify, the very weeds of whose unwelcome presence they would fain be rid.

RAGGED ROBIN

By far the most striking and beautiful, however, among these special and half artificial cornfield weeds are the two pretty plants which are generally confounded together under the common name of corn-cockles. Not that they are in the least alike, even superficially; but they both grow among corn; and by a not unusual trick of language both have acquired the same name. Botanists, to be sure, restrict the term corn cockle to one of the pair, and call the other one bluebottle: but ordinary people will not follow the technical restrictions of the scientific folk; and on the whole, considering what petty technicalities the scientific folk would often like to force upon them, they are not much to blame in their refusal. Let us look briefly at the structure and habits of both pretty flowers.

The true corn cockle, the simpler and purpler of the two, is by descent one of the campion tribe, own cousin to the pink campions and ragged robins that make gay the hedgerows and boggy patches in the early summer months. It may be recognised at once among all English wild-flowers by the unusual length of the green tips or lobes of its calyx, which stretch out beyond and between the smaller rounded purple petals. The campions themselves, as a group, are derived from the still simpler stitchworts, those pretty loose white flowers that border all our country lanes in May and June. Now, if you look closely into a stitchwort, like this that I have picked from the edge of the field, you will see that its parts are all separate and distinct: there is no cohesion or running together of the various leaves which make it up, but each of them stands out as an entity by itself, clearly demarcated from all its neighbours. Outside, there comes first a row of five green protective sepals or calyx pieces, which cover up the unopened flower in the bud, and keep away unwelcome intruders from beneath. Within these comes a second row of five white petals, so deeply lobed by a cleft in the centre that they almost look like ten: and the object of this inner whorl of flower-leaves is of course to attract the fertilising insects, which carry the pollen of one flower to the young embryo capsule of the next. But as stitchwort depends for impregnation upon small flies

STITCHWORT.

and other nondescript winged things, its petals are merely white: it is only higher flowers, which lay themselves out to allure the eyes of bees or butterflies, that rise to the higher stages of pink, red, blue, and purple.

From some such ancestor as stitchwort, then, the campion group have gradually raised themselves, by slow adaptation to the habits and tastes of higher insects. Let us turn away for a moment from the stitchwort to the common pink campion, picked out of the hedge by the lane over yonder, for the sake of comparison with the earlier and later stages in the same line of descent. In the campion, you see the five pieces which compose the calyx are no longer distinct, as they were in the stitchwort, but united into a single cup or funnel, inclosing the five petals. Again, the petals themselves, though still deeply cleft, are raised on long claws, and coloured a bright pink. Why have all these changes taken place? Because the insects have always chosen those flowers which suited them best; and those which the insects fertilised most easily have thriven best in the struggle for existence. In stitchwort, the honey lies open in the centre of the flower, so that every kind of insect can get at it equally; but in campions it is buried at the bottom of the tube, so that only creatures with a very long proboscis can ever reach it. To attract these, the flower has gained its pink petals, which are raised above the tubular calyx by means of the long claws, though in other respects they are similar to those of stitchwort. The white campion, which closely resembles the red, opens only by night, and is specially adapted for fertilisation by moths; hence its pale colour and its rich scent. Ragged robins are pink campions specially adapted for wet spots, and they have their petals not only divided by a cleft in the middle, but further split up into four long ribbon-like lobes apiece.

From these intermediate forms the corncockle differs chiefly in the much greater

depth of its calyx tube, which is so long that even humble bees cannot get at the honey,

CORN FLOWER, OR BLUEBOTTLE.

so that it is adapted for fertilisation by butterflies alone. To please their fastidious eyes, it has acquired its purple petals, while the long tips to the calyx are useful as platforms or stages on which the insect may poise itself as it sips the nectar from the recesses of the tube with its long proboscis. Each butterfly flits airily from one flower to another of the same sort in succession; and as he does so, he unconsciously brushes off the pollen from the last blossom he visited on to the sensitive surface of the capsule in the blossom he is now engaged upon. The fecundating grains thus arrive at the little embryo seedlets within the capsule, which thereupon swell out and ripen into seeds, ready to be scattered unwittingly and unwillingly by the farmer when he sows his next year's crop.

And now let us turn from the true corncockle to its neighbour the bluebottle, whose bright blossoms show at once that it, too, is fertilised by insects. The wheat itself is not; its pollen is carried from one flower to another by the wind; and that is why its stamens hang out loosely on long thread-like stems, and why its sensitive surface is divided out into branching feathery lobes to catch every stray grain of the precious powder wafted to it by the unconscious breeze. For the same reason, its flowers are greenish, because they do not need bright petals for the attraction of insect allies. But none of the weeds which grow specially in cornfields are wind-fertilised; the serried stalks of wheat would stand in their way and prevent their pollen getting duly from one flower to another. Hence such wind-fertilised plants have no chance in a corn field, and all the weeds specially adapted to such spots depend upon insects for their fertilisation, and for the most part upon insects of a very high type. That is why most of them are so brilliantly blue, and purple, and crimson.

Pick a bluebottle out of the standing corn and look into it to see how it is made up. At first sight, one might take it for a single flower, but on closer examination, one can see that it is really a whole head of blossoms, made up of ever so many separate little florets, all clustered together into a compact mass. Moreover, each of these tiny florets contains in itself all the elements of an entire flower; it is like a primrose or a Canterbury-bell on a small scale. Outside comes a calyx, as in the stitchwort and the campions, only here

it takes the form of several bristly hairs, which are mainly useful for floating the fruits or seeds. Next come the petals, only here it is they and not the calyx that have grown together into a single piece, so as to aid in securing better insect fertilisation. And in the midst of all, come a lot of little stamens and a tiny central ovary, which are the really useful organs of the whole flower.

By descent, then, the bluebottle belongs to the great composite family, the largest and most varied in the world, of which the daisies, thistles, and dandelions are also divergent members. They all consist of numerous tiny flowers, generally called florets, each with a united frill instead of five separate petals, and all crowded together into compact heads, which look exactly like single blossoms. The eupatory of our roadsides gives us a very good idea of an early ancestral form among these composites. It has only a few florets in each head, usually not more than five or six, inclosed in a set of small leaves or bracts which serve the same purpose for the whole head as a calyx does for a separate blossom. In the thistles, we get the same sort of heads on a larger scale, only the little leaves which surround the head are here prickly at the tips, like the ordinary foliage of the thistles generally, so as to prevent animals from eating them. The type, however, from which the bluebottle is more immediately descended may best be illustrated among English flowers by the common hard-heads or knapweeds, which grow in every meadow, and whose knobby flowers schoolboys commonly use as "soldiers" to knock off against one another.

HARD-HEAD FLOWERS.

THE FIELD THISTLE.

Knapweed is a tall, stringy plant, with large purple flower-heads, growing singly at the top of a long stalk. The bracts which inclose the heads have very curious jagged tips, brown or black in colour, dry and scaly in character, and deeply fringed like a piece of vandyked trimming, so as to serve for preventing useless insects, such as ants, from creeping up the stem and stealing the honey intended for the winged fertilising guests. In the common form of the plants, all the florets of the head are alike, and each of them is very deep and tubular, with a pretty purple bell-shaped corolla. They are very rich in honey, and are much visited by insects, especially spotted burnet-moths and bumble-bees.

There is another form of hard-heads, however, which often grows side by side with this common form on the very same little knoll; and in this variety the outer row of florets has grown larger than the inner one, so as to render the whole head far more brilliant and conspicuous. These bigger heads have the florets of the outer row very much enlarged and inflated, each one of them becoming trumpet-shaped instead of simply tubular, and turning noticeably outward for the sake of still better attracting the eyes of insects. These enlarged florets have no stamens or ovaries, and never set any seed; they are mere delusive shows of flowers, without any really effective organs in them. But they do good for the plant as a whole, by helping to make it more attractive to bees and butterflies. They are florets which have been individually sacrificed for the benefit of the community as a whole.

It is from some form much like this second variety of the knapweed that our cornfield bluebottle has been specially developed. It differs from the knapweeds generally in the fact that its bracts end, not in a jagged fringe, but in minute prickles, which doubtless act much like those of the thistles, and it is blue instead of purple. On the other hand, it agrees with the larger form of the knapweed in having the peculiar enlarged and trumpet-shaped outer florets, which mainly help to give it its beauty as a flower. Moreover, it has not yet fully adopted the blue colour; for though the large outer florets are almost always bright blue, the inner florets are only bluish purple, or purple alone with very little tinge of blueness about them in any way. This is good evidence for the fact that the existing hue is a comparatively new one, only acquired for some forty thousand years or so, since the plant began to grow as a weed among human tilth; since the very attractive outer florets, being the most modified and conspicuous part, would in accordance with a general law be the first to adopt the higher tint, whereas the less modified central florets would tend to preserve the primitive purple. Another proof of the same sort is shown in the fact that bluebottles, when cultivated as a garden flower, sport much in colour, relapsing readily from their proper deep azure to purple, pink, red, or white. This is a common habit of blue blossoms, because blue is the most advanced of all floral colours, and it has therefore the greatest number of hues behind it, so to speak, to any of which it may relapse or "throw back" under certain special circumstances which ordinarily induce variation.

Finally, before we leave Lanchycraft, I must say just one word as to the original home of the corn-cockle and the bluebottle. Neither of them was directly developed from the English weeds with which I have just been comparing them: both come to us, like almost all our cornfield weeds, from some south-eastern region, either along the Mediterranean or further away still in Mesopotamia or Central Asia, whence we derived also our original cereals and pulses. They grew first in the countries where wheat and peas were first cultivated; and they have spread with the grain and seeds over the whole civilised world. It is in these countries, then, that we must look for their ancestors in a truly wild condition: and it is there that we find thoroughly indigenous plants most closely resembling them. The true corn cockles are never cultivated as flowers, I believe, but in old-fashioned gardens one may still meet with several centauries closely resembling our bluebottle, such as the ivory-coloured species from the Caucasus, the bluish centre of whose inner florets show it at once to be a degenerate descendant of the same primitive ancestor.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE STORY OF A COURTSHIP.

NOT very remarkable was this courtship: there was nothing very strange about it, or more romantic than is apt to be the case with such things. I doubt not that since the daughters of the children of men were wooed, there have been many millions of such May-time passages of greater interest, and that countless Pauls and Virginias have plucked the sweet spring flowers together amid more picturesque surroundings. Every matron — and some maids if they will, though we deprecate the omen — can recall at least one wooing which she can vouch as a thousand million times more extraordinary than that of my commonplace hero and heroine. That is so: but for that very reason let her read of this one, and taking off the cover of her own pot-pourri savour some faint scent of the dewy roses of the past spring time.

It had its origin in the 12.10 down train from Euston to Holyhead, which carried among other passengers Charles Maitland, of the Temple, barrister by theory and idler by, or for want of, practice. He travelled first class. When you come to know him better you will understand how superfluous was this last piece of information. Ten minutes before the train was due out, he arrived at the station in a hansom. A silk hat, a well-fitting light overcoat — the weather for March was mild — grey trousers, and brown gaiters over his patent leather boots were the most salient details of a costume of which the chief characteristic was an air of perfect correctness. At the bookstall he did not linger, culling with loving eyes the backs of many books, and revelling in his choice with florin in hand, as do second class passengers, but without hesitation he purchased a *Saturday Review* and a *Cornhill Magazine*. After he had taken his seat a Smith's boy invited him to select from a tray, upon which glowed half a dozen novels; but he gazed sublimely into vacancy over the boy's head; who soon left him, and prompted by a vengeful spirit only inferior to his precocious knowledge of passenger nature, directed upon him the attacks of two kindred sprites with Banbury cakes and British sherry. The window was slight protection against their shrill voices, but soon the train started and freed him from them. He changed his hat for a brown deer-stalker, and having the compartment to himself, had recourse to his own thoughts. It was not unlikely, he told himself, that he had been precipitate in undertaking this journey. An Easter, coming somewhat early, seemed to have forestalled his wonted invitations for that season: and, to stay in London being out of the question, he had accepted Tom Quaritch's offer. He began to have doubts of the wisdom of this course now, but it was too late. He was bound for Tom Quaritch's. He had known something of Tom at college; and recently he had done him a slight service in town. No more genial soul than the latter existed, and he did not rest satisfied until he had won from Maitland a half promise to come and see his beagles at Easter. At the time our traveller had but the remotest idea of doing so. He did not know enough of Tom's people, while to have the acquaintance of the right people and of no one else was part of his creed. But now he was between the horns of a dilemma. These people, of whom he knew nothing, might not be the right people; that was one horn. The other consisted in the fact that to spend a vacation in town was not the thing. When we have chosen our horn it is natural it should seem the sharper of the two. Mr. Charles Maitland frowned as he cut the pages of his *Cornhill*. And then he made up his mind to two things. Firstly, to bring his stay at Blore Manor within the smallest possible limits, and secondly, to comport himself while there with such a formal courtesy as should encourage only the barest familiarity.

At Stafford, he had to change into another train, which he did, even as he cut his magazine, with characteristic precision and coolness. And so he reached Blore Station about half-past five, still neat and unsullied, with all the aroma of the street of scents about him.

He let down the window and put out his head. The country thereabouts was flat and uninteresting, the farming untidy, the fences low, yet straggling. A short distance away a few roofs peeping forth from a clump of trees, above which the smoke gently curled, marked the village. The station consisted of a mere shed and a long, bare platform. There were but five persons visible, and of these one was a porter, and one a man-servant in a quiet countrified livery. The latter walked quickly towards him, but was forestalled by three girls, the other occupants of the platform, who, at sight of the stranger, came tearing from the far end of it at a headlong pace.

"Here he is! Here he is!" cried the foremost, her shrill voice drawing a dozen heads to the windows of the train. She owed her success to an extempore tug in the form of an excited bull-terrier, which, dragging violently at a strap attached to her wrist, jerked her after him much as if she had been a kettle tied to his tail. She might be anything between twenty and five-and-twenty—a tiny little creature of almost fairy-like proportions. Her colour was high and her hair brown; she had curiously opaque brown eyes, bright as well as opaque. Gloves she had none, and her hair was disordered by her struggles with the dog. But, after all, the main impression she made upon Maitland was that she was excessively small. He had no eyes for the others at present. But one, owing to the reckless method of her progression, gave him a dim notion of being all legs.

"You are Mr. Maitland, are you not?" the first-comer began volubly, though loss of breath interfered a little with the symmetry of her sentences. Tom had to attend a meeting of the fox-committee at Annerley. I'm Maggie Quaritch, and this is Dubs—I beg your pardon, how silly of me—Joan, I mean, and this is Agnes. Why, child, what have you done with your hat? Pick it up at once! What wild things Mr. Maitland will think us."

The youngest girl, whose hat was lying upon the platform some distance away, hung her head in a very pretty attitude of shy *gaucherie*. She was about fifteen—rising sixteen in her brother's phrase—and taller than the elder girls, with a peculiarly pale complexion, greenish-grey eyes, and a mass of brownish-red hair. Her loosely made dress was more in consonance with her style than Maitland, staggering under the shock of such a reception, had time or mind to observe. He formally acknowledged the introductions, but words did not come easily to him. He was dumbfounded. He was so unaccustomed to this, or to people like these.

"And we must not forget Bill," resumed Miss Quaritch, if possible, faster than before. "Isn't he a beauty now, Mr. Maitland? Look at his chest, look at his head, look at his eyes. Yes, he lost that one in a fight with Jack Madeley's retriever, and I'm afraid the sight of the other is going, but he's the most beautiful, loveliest, faithfullest dog in the whole world for all that, and his mother loves him, she does!" All in a shrill tone, rising a note perhaps with the final words.

The train was moving out. The last that the twelve faces, still glued to the carriage windows, beheld of the scene was Miss Quaritch rapturously kissing and hugging the bull-terrier, while the Londoner looked on sheepishly. He was horribly conscious of the presence of those grinning faces and suffered as much until the train left as if the onlookers had been a dozen of his club comrades. Whereas the fact was that they found whatever amusement the scene afforded them not in the girl's enthusiasm—she was young enough to gush prettily—but in the strange gentleman's awkward consciousness.

"Now, Mr. Maitland, shall Abiah drive you up in the dog-cart, or will you walk with us? Agnes!" this suddenly in a loud scream to the youngest girl, who had moved away, "you can let out the dogs! Down, Juno! Go down, Jack o' Pack! Roy, you ill-conditioned little dog, you are always quarrelling! I'm afraid they will make you in a dreadful pickle."

Indeed it seemed to Maitland that they would. An avalanche of scurrying dogs descended upon him from some receptacle where they had been penned. He had a vision of a red Irish setter with soft brown eyes, not unlike to, but far finer, than Miss Maggie's, with its paws momentarily upon the breast of his overcoat; of a couple of wiry fox-terriers skirmishing and snarling round his trousers, and of a shy, lop-eared beagle puppy casting miserable glances at them from an outside place. And then, the party got under way in some sort of order. At first Maitland had much ado to answer yes and no. He was still bewildered by these things, crushed, confounded.

He could have groaned as he sedately explained at what time he left Euston, and where he changed. He was conscious that when their attention was not demanded by the pack of dogs, the girls were covertly scrutinising him; but in his present state of mind, it mattered not a straw to him whether they were calling him a prig, and a "stick," and affected, and supercilious, or were admiring half in scorn the fit of his clothes and boots, and his lordly air. All these remarks were in fact made by some one or other of them before the day was over. But he was, and would have been, supremely indifferent to their criticisms.

The weight of the conversation did not fall heavily upon him: indeed, when Miss Quaritch had a share in it, no one else was over burdened. And from time to time they met upon the road old women or children to whom the girls had always something to say. It was, "Well, Mrs. Marjoram, and so the donkey is better," or, "Now, Johnny, get along home to your mother," or, "How are you, daddy?" in the high-pitched key so trying to the cockney's ear.

In these parleys Joan, the second girl, was foremost. Maitland glanced at her. A young man may be very fastidious, but neck-ribbons awry and brown hair in rich disorder do not entirely close his eyes to a maiden's comeliness. It would be strange if they did were she such an one as Joan Quaritch. Not tall, yet tall enough, with a full rounded figure, to which her dress hardly did, hardly could do, justice, she moved with the grace and freedom of perfect health. Her fair complexion could afford to have its clearness marred by a freckle or two, such as hers, mere clots in cream: and if her features were not perfect, yet a nose too straight and a chin too heavy were more than redeemed by great grey eyes that, sunny or tearful, could be nothing but true, eyes whose frankness and goodfellowship aggravated the wounds they inflicted. Why she was called "Dubs" I cannot tell. Perhaps no one can. But, in her good-nature and her truth, her simple pride and independence, it suited her.

He had just, to quote the language of this cynic's thoughts, catalogued the last of the Graces, when the party reached the house, which stood some way back from the road. Tom Quaritch had just returned, and welcomed the guest warmly; his mother met Maitland at the drawing-room door. She was a singularly comely woman, stately, and somewhat formal. Her greeting so differed from that of her daughters that the visitor found himself speculating upon the extraordinary flightiness of the late Mr. Quaritch. Wherein I doubt not he did him injustice.

At dinner our hero had in some degree recovered himself, and he told them the latest news of the theatres, the clubs, and the book-world, and while their ignorance filled him with a wonder he did not hide, their attention propitiated him. He talked well, and if he was inclined to lord it a little, a shrewd word from Mrs. Quaritch, or a demure glance from Miss Joan's eyes, would lower his didactic tone. The youngest girl promised to be an especial thorn in his side.

"Does every one in London wear shiny boots in the day-time, Mr. Maitland?" she asked suddenly, *à propos des bottes*, and nothing else.

"A considerable number do, Miss Agnes."

"What sort of people? No, I'm not being rude, mother."

"Well, I hardly know how to answer that. The idle people, perhaps." He smiled indulgently, which aggravated the young lady. She replied, crumbling her bread the while in an absent, meditative way, her eyes innocently fixed on his face—

"Then you are one of the idle people, Mr. Maitland. I don't think I like idle people."

"How singularly unselfish of you, my dear Agnes!" put in Joan vigorously, more vigorously than politely.

Maitland's last reflection as he got into bed was that he was quite out of place here. These might be very nice people in their way, but not in his way. He must make his visit as short as possible, and forget all about it as quickly as he could. The girls would be insufferable when they came to know him familiarly. Good gracious! fancy young ladies who had never heard of *John Inglesant*, or of W. D. Howells' books, and confused the Grosvenor Gallery with the Water-Colour Exhibition! and read Longfellow! and had but vague ideas of the æsthetic! Miss Joan was pretty too, yes, really pretty, and had fine eyes and a pleasant voice, and fine eyes—yes, fine eyes. And with this thought he fell comfortably asleep.

He came down next morning to find her alone in the breakfast-room. A short-skirted beagling costume of scarlet and blue allowed him a glimpse of neat ankles in scarlet hose. She was kneeling before the fire playing with Roy. Her brown wavy hair fell in a heavy loose loop upon her neck, and there was something wonderfully bright and fresh in her whole appearance.

"How quickly you have fallen in with our barbarous ways," she said, with a smile

as she rose: "I did not expect you to be up for hours yet."

"I generally breakfast at nine, and it is nearly that now," he answered, annoyed by some hint of raillery in her tone, and yet unable to conceal a glance of admiration. "I think I must adopt the Blore breakfast-hour; it seems, Miss Joan, to agree with you all so well."

"Yes," was the indifferent reply; "we get the first of the three rewards for early rising. The other two we leave for our betters."

And she turned away with a little nod as the others came in. In five minutes a noisy cheerful breakfast was in progress, and the chances of finding a hare formed the all-engrossing subject of conversation.

On this calm grey morning, warm rather than cold, the little pack, to the great delight of the household, found quickly, and found well. No October leveret was before them, but a good stout old hare, who gave them a ringing run of two hours, the pleasure of which was not materially diminished when she baffled them at last in the mysterious way these old hares affect and huntsmen fail to fathom. The visitor performed creditably, though in indifferent training. At Oxford he had been something of a crack, and could still upon occasion forget to keep his boots clean and his clothes intact.

Returning home Maitland found himself again with Joan. The heat and pleasure of the chase had for the time melted his reserve and thawed his resolution. He talked well and freely to her of a great London hospital over which one of the house-surgeons had recently taken him: of the quiet and orderliness of the long still wards: of the feeling that came over him there that life was all suffering and death: and how quickly in the bustle of the London streets, where the little world of the hospital seemed distant and unreal, this impression faded away. She listened eagerly, and he, tasting a stealthy and stolen pleasure in the seeing how deep and pitiful the grey eyes could grow, prolonged his tale.

"I have enjoyed hearing about it so much," she said gratefully, as they entered the village. And indeed she had passed several people upon the road without a word of greeting. "I hope to be a nurse soon. The dear mother does not think me old enough yet."

"You are going to be a nurse!" he said in tones of such incredulous surprise that the amusement which first appeared in her face changed to annoyance.

"Why not? One does not need a knowledge of art and the newest books for that," she sharply answered.

"Perhaps not," he said, feebly, "but after such a life as this, it—the change I mean—would be so complete."

She looked at him, an angry gleam in her eyes, and the colour high in her cheeks. "Do you think, Mr. Maitland, that because we run wild—oh no, you have not said so—and seem to do nothing but enjoy ourselves, we are incapable of anything beyond hunting and playing tennis, and feeding the dogs, and the hens and the chickens? That we cannot have a thought beyond pleasure, or a wish to do good like other people—people in London? That we can never look beyond Blore—though Blore, I can tell you, would manage ill without some of us!—nor have an aspiration above the kennels and the—and the stables? If you do think so I trust you are wrong."

He would have answered humbly, but she was gone into the house in huge indignation, leaving our friend strangely uncomfortable. It was just twenty-four hours since his arrival: the opinion of one at least of the madcaps had ceased to be a matter of indifference to him. The change occurred to himself as he mounted the stairs, so that he laughed when alone in his room and resolved to keep away from that girl for the future. How handsome she had looked when she was flying out at him, and how generous seemed her anger even at the time. Somehow the prospect of the four days he had still to spend at Blore was not so depressing as at first. Certainly the vista was shortened by one day, and that may have been the reason.

Meanwhile Maggie in her sister's bedroom had much to say of the day's doings. "Didn't he go well? My word! he is not half so stiff as I thought him. I believe he'd be a very good fellow if he had some of the conceit taken out of him."

"I think he's insufferable," was the chilling answer from Joan; "he considers us savages, and treats us as such."

"He may consider us fit for the Zoo if he likes; it won't hurt us," quoth Maggie, indifferently. With which Joan expressed neither assent nor dissent, but brushed her hair a little faster.

Maitland did not for a moment abandon his fresh resolution. Still he thought he owed it to himself to set the matter right with the young lady before he stiffened anew. As he descended he met her running up two steps at a time.

"Miss Joan, I am afraid I vexed you just

now," he said, with grave humility. "Will you believe it unintentional—stupid, on my part, and grant me your pardon?"

"Oh dear!" she cried gaily. "We are not used to this here. It is quite King Cophetua and the beggar maid." She dropped him a mock courtesy, and held out her hand in token of amity, when the full signification of what she had said rushed into her mind and flooded her face with crimson. Without another word or look she fled up stairs, and he heard her door bang behind her.

Mr. Charles Maitland, after this *rencontre*, went down smiling grimly. In the hall he stood for a moment in deep thought: then sagely shook his head several times at a stuffed fox and joined the party in the drawing-room.

The next day and the next passed with surprising quickness, as the latter days of a visit always do. In another forty-eight hours Maitland's would be over. Yet singularly enough his spirits did not rise, as he expected they would, at the near prospect of release. As he closed his bedroom door he had a vision of a pair of grey eyes smiling into his, and his palm seemed still to tingle with the touch of a soft warm hand. He had kept his resolution well—small credit to him. Joan had seemed to avoid him since her unlucky speech upon the stairs; when she did speak to him her words, or more often her tone, stung him, and he smarted under a sense that she repaid with interest the small account in which he was inclined to hold the family generally. He resented her veiled contempt with strange bitterness, so that Agnes remarked with her usual candour that he and Joan never spoke to one another save to "jangle." Afterwards, walking on the lawn, some line about "sweet bells jangled out of tune," ran in his head. The girl was a vixen, he said to himself, yet he tried to imagine how tender and glorious the great grey eyes, that he only knew as cold or saucy or defiant, could be when their depths were stirred by love. But his imagination failing to satisfy even himself, he went to put on his beagling dress in the worst of humours.

Possibly this made him a trifle reckless, for a promising run ended in ten minutes so far as he was concerned in a sprained ankle. In jumping over a low fence into a lane his one foot came down sideways on a large stone upon which some pauper had scamped his work, and the mischief was done. The ominous little circle that hunting men know so well soon gathered round him, and he was helped to his feet, or rather foot. Then Agnes fetched the carriage, and he was driven back to Blore. Now, under the circumstances, what could Mrs. Quaritch, without an *arrière pensée* in the world, do but press him to stay until at least he could put the foot to the ground? Nothing. And what could he do but consent? At any rate that is what he did.

So he was established in the drawing-room, a pretty cosy, room, and told himself it was a terrible nuisance. But, for a cripple confined to a couple of rooms, and surrounded by uncongenial people, without a single new magazine or a word of the world's gossip, he kept up his spirits wonderfully well. The ways of the three girls and the calm approval of their sedate mother, could not fail to amuse him. Lying there and seeing and hearing many things which would not have come to his knowledge as a mere visitor, he found them not quite what he had judged them to be. He missed Joan one morning, and when with an unconscious fretfulness he inquired the reason, learned that she had been sitting up through the night with an old servant who was ill in the village. He said some word about it to her—very diffidently, for she took his compliments but ill at all times; now she flamed out at him with twice her ordinary bitterness and disdain, and punished him by taking herself out of the room at once.

"Confound it!" he cried, beating up his pillow fiercely, "I believe the girl hates me."

Did he? and did she?

Then he fell into a fit of musing such as men approaching thirty who have lived in London are very apt to indulge in. A club was not everything, be it as good as it might be. And life was not a lounge in Bond Street and Pall Mall and nothing more. He thought how dull a week spent on his sofa in the Adelphi would have been, even with the newest magazines and the fifth and special *Globes*. In three days was his birthday—his twenty-ninth. And did the girl really hate him? It was a nice name, Joan; Dubs, umph! Dubs? Joan? And so he fell asleep.

How long he slept and whether he carried something of his dreams into his waking he could only guess, but he was aroused by a singular sensation—singular in that though once familiar enough, it was now as strange to him as the sight of his dead mother's face. If his half-recalled senses did not deceive him, if he was not still dreaming of Joan, the warm touch of a pair of soft lips was yet lingering upon his forehead, the rustle of a dress very near his ear yet sounded crisply

in it. And then some one glided from him, and he heard a hasty exclamation and opened his eyes dreamily. By the screen which concealed the door and sheltered him from its draughts was standing Joan, a tip-toe, poised as in expectation, something between flight and amusement in her face, her attitude full of unconscious grace. He was still bewildered, and hardly returned from a dreamland even less conventional than Blore. Without as much surprise as if he had thought the matter out—it seemed then almost a natural thing—he said:

"You shall have the gloves, Dubs, with pleasure."

The girl's expression as he spoke changed to startled astonishment. She became crimson from her hair to her throat. She stepped towards him, checked herself, then made a quick movement with her hand as if about to say something, and finally covered her face with her hands and fled from the room. Before he was wide-awake he was alone.

At first he smiled pleasantly at the fire, and patted Roy, Joan's terrier; who was lying beside him curled up snugly in an angle of the sofa. Afterwards he became grave and thoughtful, and finally shook his head very much as he had at the stuffed fox in the hall. And so he fidgeted till Roy, who was in a restful mood, retired to the hearth-rug.

It would be hard to describe Joan's feelings that afternoon. She was proud, and, had begun by resenting for all of them the ill-concealed contempt of Tom's London friend—this man of clubs and chit-chat. She was quite prepared to grant that he was different from them, but not superior. A kind of contempt for the veneer and polish which were his pride was natural to her, and she showed this not rudely nor coquettishly but with a hearty sincerity. Still, it is seldom a girl is unaware of admiration, and rare that she does not in secret respect self-assertion in the male creature. This man knew much too, and could tell it well, that was strange, and new, and delightful to the country maiden. If he had any heart at all—and since he was from London town she supposed he had not, though she granted him eyes and fine perceptions of the beautiful—she might have, almost, some day, promised herself to like him, had he been of her world—not reflecting, that this very fact that he was not of her world formed the charm by which he evoked her interest. As things were, she more than doubted of his heart, and had no doubt at all that between their worlds lay a great, impassable, unbridgeable abyss.

But this afternoon the dislike which had been fading day by day along with those feelings in another which had caused it was revived in its old strength upon the matter of the kiss. Alone in her own room the thought made her turn crimson with vexation, and she stamped the floor with annoyance. He had made certain overtures to her—slender and meaningless in all probability. Still, if he could believe her capable after such looks and words as he had used—if after these he thought her capable of this, then indeed were there no abyss at all he could be nothing to her. Oh, it was too bad, too intolerable! She would never forgive him. How indeed could she be anything to him, if she could do such a thing, as dreadful, as unmaidenly to her as to the proudest beauty among his London friends. She told herself again that he was insufferable; and determined to slap Roy well upon the first opportunity if that mistaken little pearl of price would persist in favouring the stranger's sofa.

Until this was cleared up she felt her position the very worst in the world, and yet would not for a fortune give him an opportunity of freeing her from it. The very fact that he addressed her with, as it seemed, a greater show of respect, chafed her. Agnes, with a precocious cleverness, a penetration quite her own, kept herself and her dog, Jack o' Pack *alias* Johnny Sprawn, out of sister's way, and teased her only before company.

But at last Maitland caught Miss Joan unprotected.

"I hope that these are the right size, Miss Joan—they are six-and-a-quarter," he said boldly, yet with, for a person of his disposition and breeding, a strange amount of shamefacedness; producing at the same time a pair of gloves, Courvoisier's best, many-buttoned, fit for a goddess.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, breathing quickly. But she guessed what he meant.

"Let me get out of your debt."

"Out of my debt, Mr. Maitland?" taking the gloves mechanically.

"Please. Did you think I had forgotten? I should find it hard to do that," he continued, encouraged and relieved by having got rid of the gloves, and inattentive at the moment to her face. Yet she looked long at him and searchingly.

"I have found it hard to understand you," she said at last with repressed anger in voice and eye; "very hard, Mr. Maitland; but I think I do so now. Do you believe that it

was I who kissed you when you were asleep on Wednesday afternoon? Can you think so? You force me to presume it is so: your estimate of my modesty and of your own deserts must differ considerably. I had not the honour. Your gloves," and she dropped them upon the floor as if the touch contaminated her, the act humiliating the young gentleman at least as much as her words—"you had better give to Agnes, if you wish to observe a silly custom. They are due to her, not to me. I thank you, Mr. Maitland, for having compelled me to give this pleasant explanation."

She turned away with a gesture of such queenly contempt that our poor hero—now most unheroic, and dumb as Carlyle would have had his, only with mortification and intense disgust at his stupidity—amazed that he could ever have thought meanly of this girl, "who moved most certainly a goddess," had not a word to express his sorrow. A hero utterly crestfallen. But at the door she looked back, for some strange reason known perchance to female readers. The gloves were on the floor just beyond his reach—poor, forlorn, sprawling objects, their fingers and palms spread as in ridiculous appeal. As for him, he was lying back on the sofa, in appearance so crushed and helpless that the woman's pity ever near her eyes moved her. She went slowly back, and picked up the gloves, and put them on the table where he could take them.

"Miss Joan," he said, in a tone of persistence that claimed a hearing, and, starting far from the immediate trouble, was apt to arouse curiosity; "we are always, as Edith says, jangling—on my side of course is the false note. Can we not accord better, and be better friends?"

"Not until we learn to know one another better," she said, coldly, looking down at him, "or become more discerning judges."

"I was a fool, an idiot, an imbecile!" She nodded gravely, still regarding him from a great height. "I was mad to believe it possible!"

"I think we may be better friends," she responded, smiling faintly, yet with sudden good humour. "We are beginning to know —one another."

"And ourselves," almost under his breath. Then, "Miss Joan, will you ever forgive me? I shall never err again in that direction," he pleaded. "I am humiliated in my own eyes until you tell me it is forgotten."

She nodded, and this time with her own frank smile.

Then she turned away and did leave the room this time taking Roy with her. Her joyous laughter and his wild excited barking proclaimed through the length and breadth of Blore that he was enjoying the rare indulgence of a good romp on the back lawn. It was Roy's day.

And can a dog ever hope for a better day than that upon which his mistress becomes aware that she is also another's mistress: becomes aware that another is thinking of her and for her, nay, that she is the very centre of that other's thoughts? What a charming, pleasantly bewildering discovery it is, this learning that for him when she is in the room it is full, and wanting her it is empty, be it never so crowded; that all beside, though they be witty or famous, or what they will, or can or would, are but lay figures, *umbrae*, shadow guests in his estimation. She learns with strange thrills that in moments of meditation will flash to eye and cheek that her slightest glance and every change of colour, every tone and smile, are marked with jealous care; that pleasure which she does not share is tasteless, and a dinner of herbs, if she be but at a far corner, is a feast for princes. That is her dog's day, or it may be his dog's day. It is a pleasant discovery for a man, *mutatis mutandis;* but for a girl, a sweet half fearful consciousness, the brightest part of love's young dream—even when the kindred soul is of another world, and an abyss, wide, impassable, unbridgeable lies between.

But these things come to sudden ends sometimes. Sprains, however severe, have an awkward knack of getting well. Swellings subside from inanition, and doctors insist for their credit's sake that the stick or ready arm be relinquished. Certainly a respite or a relapse—call it which you will—is not impossible with care, but it is brief. A singular shooting pain, not easily located with exactness, but somewhere in the neighbourhood of the calf, has been found useful; and a strange rigidity of the tendon Achilles in certain positions may gain a day or two. But at last not even these will avail, and the doubly injured one must out and away from among the rose leaves. Twice Maitland fixed his departure for the following morning, and each time when pressed to stay gave way, after so feeble, so ludicrous a resistance, if it deserved the name, that Agnes scarcely concealed her grimace, and Joan looked another way. She did not add anything to the others' hospitable entreaties. If she guessed what made Maggie's good-night kiss so fervent and clinging, she made no sign and offered no opening.

In the garden next morning, Maitland

taxed her with her neutrality. It was wonderful how his sense of humour had become developed at Blore.

"I thought that you did not need so much pressure as to necessitate more than four people's powers of persuasion being used," she answered in the same playful spirit. "And besides, now you are well enough must you not leave?"

"Indeed? Miss Joan."

"And go back to your own way of life? It is a month since you saw the latest telegrams, and there is a French company at the Gaiety, I learn from the *Standard*. We have interests and duties, though you were so hard of belief about them, at Blore, but you have none."

"No interests?"

She shook her head. "No duties, at any rate."

"And so you think," he asked, his eyes fixed upon her changing features, "that I should go back to my old way of life—of a century ago?"

"Of course you must!" But she was not so rude as to tell him what a very foolish question this was. Still it was, was it not?

"So I will, or to something like it, and yet very unlike. But not alone. Joan, will you come with me? If I have known you but a month, I have learned to love your truth and goodness and you, Joan, so that if I go away alone, to return to the old life would be bitterly impossible. You have spoiled that: you must make for me a fresh life in its place. Do you remember you told me that when we knew one another we might be better friends. I have come to know you better, but we cannot be friends. We must be something more, more even than lovers, Joan,—husband and wife, if you can like me enough."

It was not an unmanly way of putting it, and he was in earnest. But so quiet, so self-restrained was his manner that it savoured of coldness. The girl whose hand he held while he spoke had no such thought. Her face was turned from him. She was gazing over the wall across the paddock where Maggie's mare was peaceably and audibly feeding, and so at the Blore Ash on its mimic hill, every bough and drooping branchlet dark against the sunset sky; and this radiant in her eyes with a beauty its deepest glows had never held for her before. The sweetest joy was in her heart and grief in her face. He had been worthy of himself and her love. While he spoke she told herself, not that some time she might love him, but that she had given him all her true heart already. And yet as he was worthy, so she must be worthy and do her part.

"You have done me a great honour," she said at last, drawing away her hand from his grasp, though she did not turn her face, "but it cannot be, Mr. Maitland. I am very grateful to you, I am indeed, and sorry."

"Why can it not be?" he said, shortly; startled, I am bound to say, and mortified.

"Because of—of many things. One is that I should not make you happy, nor you me. I am not suited to your way of life. I am of the country, and I love to be free and unconstrained, while you are of the town. Oh, we should not get on at all. Perhaps you would not be ashamed of me as your wife, but you might be, and I could not endure the chance even of it. There," she added with a laugh in which a woman's ear might have detected the suppression of a sob, "is one sober reason where none can be needed."

"Is that your only reason?" She was picking the mortar out of the wall.

"Oh, dear me, no! I have a hundred, but that is a sufficient one," she answered almost carelessly flirting a scrap of lime from the wall with her forefinger.

"And you have been playing with me all this time!" cried he obtusely enraged by her flippancy.

"Not knowingly, not knowingly, indeed."

"Can you tell me that you were not aware that I loved you?"

"Well, I thought—the fact is, I thought that you were amusing yourself—in West End fashion."

"Coquette!"

"Mr. Maitland!" she cried vehemently. "How dare you? There is proof if any were needed that I am right. You would not have dared to say that to any of your town acquaintances. I am no coquette. If I have given you pain, I am very sorry. And—I beg that we may part friends."

She had begun fiercely with all her old spirit. He turned away, and she ended with a sudden anxious pitiful lameness, that yet, so angry and dull of understanding was he, taught him nothing.

"Friends!" he cried impatiently. "I told you that it was impossible. Oh, Joan, think again! Have I been too hasty? Have I given you no time to weigh it? Have I just offended you in some little thing? Then let me come to you again in three months after I have been back among my old friends?"

"No, don't do that, Mr. Maitland. It will be of no use and will but give us pain."

"And yet I will come," he replied firmly, endeavouring by the very eager longing of

his own gaze to draw from her fair, downcast face some sign of hope. "I will come, if you forbid me a hundred times. And if you have been playing with me—true, I am in no mood for soft words now—it shall be your punishment to say me, nay, again. I shall be here Joan, to ask you in three months from to-day."

"I cannot prevent you," she said. "Believe me, I shall only have the same answer for you."

"I shall come," he said doggedly, and looked at her with eyes reluctant to quit her drooping lashes lest they should miss some glance bidding his heart take courage. But none came, only the colour fluttered uncertainly in her face. So he slowly turned away from her at last and walked across the garden, and out of sight by the gate into the road. He saw nothing of the long dusty track, and struggling hedges bathed in the last glows of sunset. Those big grey eyes so frank and true came again and again between him and the prospect, and blinded his own with a hot mist of sorrow and anger. Ah, Blore, thou wast mightily avenged!

* * * *

It is a hot afternoon in August laden with the hum of dozing life. The sun has driven the less energetic members of the Quaritch family into the cool gloom of the drawing-room, where the open windows are shaded by the great cedar. Mrs. Quaritch upon the sofa is nodding over a book. Joan in a low wicker seat may be doing the same; while Agnes pursuing a favourite employment upon the hearth-rug is now and again betrayed by a half-stifled growl from one or other of the dogs as they rise and turn themselves reproachfully, and flop down again with a sigh in a cool place.

"Agnes," cries her mother, upon some more distinct demonstration of misery being made, "for goodness sake leave the dogs alone. They have not had a moment's peace since lunch."

"A dog's life isn't peace, mamma," she answers with the simple air of a discoverer of truth. But, nevertheless, she looks about for fresh worlds to conquer.

"Even Mr. Maitland was better than this," she announces after a long yawn of discontent, "though he was dull enough. I wonder why he did not come in July. Do you know, Joan?"

"Oh, Agnes, do let us have a moment's peace for once. We are not dogs," cries Joan fretfully.

Wonder! she was always wondering. This very minute, while her eyes were on the page, it was in her mind. Through all those three months passing hour by hour and day by day, she could assure herself that when he had come and gone, she would be at rest again; things would be as before with her. Let him come and go. But when July arrived, and he did not, a sharper pain made itself felt. Bravely as she strove to beat it down, well as she might hide it from others, the certainty that it had needed no second repulse to balk his love, sorely hurt her pride. Just her pride, she told herself; nothing else. That he had not stood the test he had himself proposed; that any unacknowledged faintest hope she might have cherished deep down in her heart that he might master her by noble persistence, must now be utterly quenched; these things of course had no bitterness for her through the hot August days; had nothing to do with the wearied look that sometimes dulled the grey eyes, nor with the sudden indifference or as sudden enthusiasm for lawn tennis and dogs and pigeons, that marked her daily moods.

Agnes's teasing by putting her meditations into words has disturbed her. She gets up and moves restlessly about, touching this thing and that, and at last leaves the room, and stands in the hall thinking. Here, too, it is dark and cool, and made to seem more so, the door into the garden being open, by the hot glare of sunshine falling upon the spotless doorstep. She glances at this listlessly. The house is still, the servants are at the back; the dogs all worn out by the heat. Then as she hesitates, a slight crunching of footsteps upon the gravel comes to her ear, breaking the silence. A sudden black shadow falls upon the sunny step and tells of a visitor. Some one chases away his shadow, and steps upon the stone and raises his gloved hand to the bell. Charles Maitland at last.

Coming straight in from the sunshine he cannot see the swift welcome that springs to eye and cheek, a flash of light and colour, quick to come and go. He is too much moved himself to mark how her hand shakes. He sees no difference in her. But she sees a change in him. She detects some subtle difference that eludes her attempt to define its nature, and only fills her with a vague sense that this is not the Charles Maitland from whom she parted.

It is a meeting she has pictured often, but not at all like this. He signs to her to take him into the dining room, the door of which stands open.

"I have come back, Miss Joan."

"Yes?" she answers, sitting down with

an attempt to still the tumult within, with such success that she brings herself for the moment nearly to the frame of mind in which they parted, and there is the same weary sufferance in her tone.

"I have come back as I said I would. I have overstepped the three months, but I had a good reason for my delay. Indeed I have been in doubt whether I ought to see you again at all, only I could not bear you to think what you naturally would. I felt that I must see you, even if it cost us both pain." There is a new awkwardness in his tone and pose.

"I told you that it was—quite unnecessary—and useless," she answers, with a strange tightening in her throat.

"Then it can do you no harm," he assents, quietly. "I have come back not to repeat my petition, but to tell you why I do not, and cannot."

"I think," she puts in coldly, "that upon the whole you had better spare yourself the unpleasantness of explaining anything to me. Don't you think so? I asked you for no proof, and held out no hope. Why do you trouble me? Why have you come back?"

"You have not changed!"

For the first time a ring of contempt in her voice takes the place of cold indifference. "I do not change in three months, Mr. Maitland. But there: my mother will wish to see you, and so will Agnes, who is hankering after something to happen. They are in the drawing-room."

"But, Miss Joan, grant me one moment! You have not heard my reasons."

"Your reasons! Is it absolutely necessary?" she asks, half fretfully, half scornfully, her uppermost thought an intense desire to be by herself in her own room, with the door safely locked.

"I think so, at any rate. Why, I see! By Jove! of course you must be thinking the worst of me now! Oh, no, if you could not love me, Joan—pray pardon me, I had no right to call you by your name—you need not despise me. I cannot again ask you to be my wife, because," he laughs uneasily, "fortune has put it out of my power to take a wife. My trustee has made ducks and drakes of my property, or rather bulls and bears. I have but a trifle left to begin the world upon, and far too little to marry upon."

"I read of it in the papers. I saw that a Mr. Maitland was the chief sufferer, but I did not connect him with you," she says in a low voice.

"No, of course not. How should you?" he answers lightly. But nevertheless her coldness is dreadful to him. He had thought she would express some sympathy. And gaily as he talks of it, he feels something of the importance of a ruined man and something of his claim to pity.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Do? We've arranged all that. They say there is a living to be made at the Bar in New Zealand, if one does not object to riding-boots and spurs as part of the professional costume. Of course it will be a different sort of life, and Edith's favourite patent leathers will be left behind in every sense. This would have been a bad blow to me." There is a slight catch in his voice, and he gets up, and looks out of one of the windows with his back to her. "Now I have learned from you that life should not be all lounging round the table and looking over other people's cards. It has been a sharp lesson, but very opportune as things have turned out. I am ready to take a hand myself now—even without a partner."

He does not at once turn round. He had not fancied she would take it like this, and he listens for a word to tell him that at any rate she is sorry—is grieved as for a stranger. Then he feels a sudden light, timid touch upon his arm. Joan is standing quite close to him, and does not move or take away her hand as he turns. Only she looks down at the floor when she speaks.

"I think I should be better than—than dumby—if you will take me to New Zealand."

Half laughing, half crying, and wholly confused, she looks up into his astonished face with eyes so brimful of love and tenderness that they tell all her story. For just an instant his eyes meet hers. Then with a smothered exclamation he draws her to him—and—in fact smothers the exclamation.

"I am so glad you've lost your money," she sobs, hiding her face as soon as she can upon his shoulder. "I should not have done at all—for you—in London, Charley."

There let us leave her. But no, another is less merciful. Neither of them hears the door open or sees Agnes's face appear at it. But she both sees and hears, and says very distinctly and clearly,

"Well!"

But even Agnes is happy and satisfied. Something *has* happened.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

THE NEW HERO.

NOTWITHSTANDING such glimpses of him as we get in the Astyanax of Homer, and such lovely allusions to him as we meet now and then in the Latin poets, notably in a famous passage in Catullus, it was not till modern times that the New Hero of poetry and romance came into his inheritance, and found his proper place in literature. While the early Christian painters understood his beauty and realised his value, it is surprising how small a figure he makes among the early poets of Christendom—surprising when we remember who it was that said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." In our own literature the earliest portraits of him, as far as I know, that are at once vivid, engaging, and true, are furnished by Shakespeare in Arthur and in Mamillius. But, considering how short is the time since he emerged from obscurity, it is astonishing how the New Hero has grown in importance. This, no doubt, is due as much to the innate strength and energy of his character as to the "improved environments" amid which he has had the good fortune at last to find himself placed. In short, like most of his brother heroes of poetry—like Achilles, like Sigurd, like Zal the Fair-haired, like Rustum—it may be said of the New Hero, "give him a yard and he will take a rood."

The following portrait of him, limned by one of his most accomplished painters, indicates a character that is not to be trifled with :

"Fearlessly fair
And triumphant he stands,
And holds unaware
Friends' hearts in his hands ;

"Stalwart and straight
As an oak that should bring
Forth gallant and great
Fresh roses in spring.

"On the paths of his pleasure
All graces that wait
What metre shall measure,
What rhyme shall relate ?

"Each action, each motion,
Each feature, each limb,
Demands a devotion
In honour of him :

"Head that the hand
Of a god might have blest,
Laid lustrous and bland
On the curve of its crest :

"Mouth sweeter than cherries,
Keen eyes as of Mars,
Browner than berries
And brighter than stars.

"Nor colour nor wordy
Weak song can declare
The stature how sturdy,
How stalwart his air.

"As a king in his bright
Presence-chamber may be,
So seems he in height—
Twice higher than your knee."

From this it will be seen that the New Hero is of the Homeric rather than of the Virgilian type.

The danger seems to be, indeed, that he who was formerly ignored or trampled on is going now to ride rough-shod over the world. Not only has Victor Hugo devoted many hundreds of impassioned lines to him, not only has Mr. Tennyson dedicated to him his latest volume of poetry, not only has Mr. Swinburne chanted his praises in about fifty lyrics of surprising beauty, but an entire sex, headed by Miss Rossetti, Miss Ingelow, Mrs.

Clifford, Mrs. Molesworth, seems bent upon devoting its energies to producing literature for the amusement of the hero during those lazier moments in his palace when he is not busy in conquering and reconquering the world. And in art, painters and designers are vying with the poets and with each other in accommodating their work to his well-known matter-of-fact tastes and love of simple directness. Having discovered that the New Hero's ideal of pictorial representation is of that high dramatic and business-like kind exemplified in the Bayeux tapestry, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. Walter Crane, Miss Kate Greenaway, Miss Dorothy Tennant have each tried to surpass the other in appealing to the New Hero's love of real business in art—treating him, indeed, as though he were Hotei the fat Japanese god of enjoyment—giving him as much colour, as much dramatic action, and as little perspective as is possible to man's finite capacity in this line. Some generous art-critics have even gone so far indeed as to credit an entire artistic movement, that of pre-Raphaelitism, with a benevolent desire to accommodate art to the New Hero's peculiar ideas upon perspective. But this is a "soft impeachment" born of that loving-kindness for which art-critics have always been famous.

In this great struggle to please the New Hero, wherein Literature and Art are both engaged, it is difficult to say whether the male or female aspirants for his patronage are, in our time, the more successful. And this is because there is required in the New Hero's Poet-laureate, as in his Court-painter, a nature in which are blended the masculine and feminine elements so happily as to answer to all the sweet strains of the Hero's own nature. For just as the precious virtue of manna was (according to a beautiful passage in the Apocrypha) that to each palate it had the very flavour most delectable to the eater; just as, according to Origen, the face of Jesus shone beautifully in proportion to the worthiness of the eyes that gazed upon it; just as the virtue of Israfel's song is that to each ear it has the very air the listener loves best among all the countless melodies of Heaven—so the New Hero offers his devotees special delights in harmony with each genuine hero-worshipping soul.

These delights, these varying notes are, I say, innumerable; yet there are three, round which all the others appear to cluster—humorous witchery, beautiful mystery, and pathos.

I propose to show how these three "heroic moods" have been variously commemorated by the New Hero's various poets-laureate.

With regard to the first of these, the Hero's humorous witchery, it is perhaps his female rather than his male slaves who are apt at once to fall under its spell; though men, when they do fall under it, excel women in the mere art and power of expressing it. Charles Tennyson Turner's lovely sonnet *Letty's Globe* shows him to be "worthy of" the New Hero and his sister the New Heroine as humorists:

"When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
Between her baby-fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped
And laughed and prattled in her world-wide bliss;
But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry;
'Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!'
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair."

Perhaps, however, the most perfect thing in this line is Mr. Swinburne's poem *A Child's Pity*.

But there is another and a more violent way of recognising the Hero's humorous witchery; I allude to that strange feeling, or rather complexity of strange feelings, which some people show when fondly teasing him—"caressing him with grating teeth," and with words of mock anger.

The instances that present themselves to my mind are mostly in prose, such as Bret Harte's, "He wrassles with it, the darned little cuss." But in poetry those most lovely lines—creative at once and critical—at the end of *Christabel* give not only the feeling but a Coleridgean explanation of it.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness."

So says Coleridge the poet about the New Hero's humorous witchery; and this is

how the feeling is explained by Coleridge the philosopher :—

"Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other ;
To mutter and mock a broken charm
And dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender, too, and pretty,
At each mild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity."

"Sweet recoil" is a wonderfully happy phrase I think.

Among female poets, Miss Christina Rossetti perhaps expresses this feeling better than any other. But if I had room to consider the prose writers, I should have to place George Eliot above all others in this relation. The emotion is quite beyond analysis, however. And that it is not universally felt was made manifest by the sneers of certain critics at the last verse of Victor Hugo's poem of *La Sieste*, where a fond mother is watching her child taking a midday sleep in the cradle :

"Soudain, dans l'humble et chaste alcôve maternelle,
Versant tout le matin qu'elle a dans sa prunelle,
Elle ouvre la paupiere, étend un bras charmant,
Agite un pied, puis l'autre, et, si divinement
Que des fronts dans l'azur se penchent pour l'entendre,
Elle gazouille . . .—Alors, de sa voix la plus tendre,
Couvant des yeux l'enfant que Dieu fait rayonner,
Cherchant le plus doux nom qu'elle puisse donner
À sa joie, à son ange en fleur, à sa chimère :
—*Te voilà réveillée, horreur ! lui dit sa mère.*"

On the other hand, the full apprehension of the beautiful mystery in which the New Hero is enveloped seems to be essentially masculine, though, no doubt, several female poets exhibit it. It is this feeling of which Blake was so full. Yet in the *Songs of Innocence* it is not so much expressed as beautifully and subtly hinted. The fullest and frankest expression of it in our poetic literature is perhaps to be found in Sydney Dobell's poetry—in the cradle songs of Amy, and notably in that lovely lyric in *The Roman* beginning thus :

"O, Lila ! round our early love
What voices went in days of old !
Some sleep and some are heard above,
And some are here—but changed and cold !
What lights they were that lit the eyes
That never may again be bright !
Some shine where stars are dim, and some
Have gone like meteors down the night.
I marvelled not to see them beam,
Or hear their music round our way ;
A part of life *they* used to seem,
But *these*—oh, whence are they ?"

Had Nathaniel Hawthorne been a poet instead of a prose writer, he would, very likely, have surpassed all others in rendering the beautiful mystery of the New Hero and his sister the New Heroine. Of all imaginative creations where this beautiful mystery has fascinated the world, Hawthorne's *Little Pansie* must be placed first. Many have attempted to render it in prose and in poetry, but most have failed. For self-consciousness and that flavour which we call literary are quite fatal to it. So fugitive is fame in these crowded days, that many will find the charm of novelty in Alexander Smith's once famous address to a child.

"O thou bright thing fresh from the hand of God
* * * * *
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand is on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later revelation. Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow."

And now I come to the third of the hero's "notes," the infinite pathos that surrounds him, especially when he falls into distress. In rendering this subject Victor Hugo stands first among male poets (as Dickens stands first among male prose writers), and second only to Mrs. Browning. *The Cry of the Children*, however, could only have been written by a woman. Thus :

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years ?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

"The young lambs are bleating in the meadows ;
The young birds are chirping in the nest ;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows ;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west ;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly ;
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free."

It is impossible to read it, even now for the thousandth time, without the deepest emotion. But now I am going to say a thing that is sure to give offence to my genteel fellow countrymen to whom the word civilisation means a millennium of purple and fine linen. It is true, however, and my duty to the New Hero forces me to

say it. The most notable feature of the sublimated mammon-worship into which British society has at last soared, is that among the middle and upper classes sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the New Hero is, except among the very noblest among these classes, bounded strictly by considerations of the kind of clothes in which he is dressed, and especially by the cleanliness of his linen. Now I love cleanliness, and am proud to live in a country where godliness comes next to it. But it is unfortunately the characteristic of the New Hero in his natural state to be careless of his purple, and to have no more respect for clean linen than had Christopher Smart and Dr. Johnson.

I do not defend this infirmity. That the Hero is best when clean I will not deny. But even as a maker of dirt pies he is to the true hero-worshipper a Hero still. A neglected child! Is there anything in nature so pathetic? No little drawing-room king or queen ever got so close to my heart as the little pastry-cooks of Seven Dials. Now it must be said of our time, that although it has produced such renegades from the high Philistine ranks as Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, George Eliot, Miss Cobbe, among writers, and among practical philanthropists, Miss Nightingale, Mrs. Ritchie, Lord Shaftesbury, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, and especially the lady who takes her troops of London children for a three weeks' outing in the New Forest, Miss English, and certain others whose names, though unknown to the world, are, in virtue of their benevolence, sacred names to me—in spite of these exceptions, I say, this time of ours is too fervid in its gentility to be worthy of the New Hero if by ill luck his palace chances to be the gutter. The impeachment, however, is too grave a one to be laughingly brought against a society with Christian pretensions. The poor little neglected ragamuffins of the London streets—ragamuffins not of any pariah descent or *race maudite*, ragamuffins whose ancestors a thousand years ago were perhaps Saxon thanes or British chiefs, when some of ours were feeding swine in Normandy or cutting throats in Pitou—are looked upon by the upper and middle classes as creatures to shudder away from—English cagots, pariahs, wretches convicted of the original sin of poverty. Now I am a Briton, and have not a word to say against British distinctions, nor against Belgravian gingerbread so long as it remembers that between itself and the common penny loaf of Drury Lane the difference is just a little spice and treacle; so long as it remembers that in these islands of ours we have no pariahs, no cagots, no inferior races — that indeed there is among us no such thing as superiority of breed at all, but only difference of circumstances, though it is part of the joke of our "civilisation" to pretend otherwise. But I am disgusted with the upper and middle classes when I see (as I often do see) that in England it is in a general way the poor only who have pity upon the New Hero when, unwashed and in rags, he turns a somersault for a copper or fashions dirt pies for the pure love of cookery. I will illustrate my meaning by an example. Close to Vauxhall Station, on the South Western Railway, there is a spot where late in the morning the up trains are very frequently delayed; a spot where, beneath the eyes of the passengers, in a radiation of dirt, spread the streets, lanes, and alleys of Vauxhall. This stoppage of the train, so vexatious to me as a frequent passenger, is looked upon as a harvest time by the little "Street Arabs" trying to make merry with life—to make merry even with the squalid and fetid life where they find themselves down there, they know not how and never think of asking why. In the hope of getting a copper thrown from a carriage window, these little creatures, of ages varying from five up to twelve, perform all sorts of gymnastic feats, chanting the while a ditty which sounds merry or intensely sad according to the ear that listens. For ten minutes this will often continue, during which time one, two, or even three coppers will, perhaps, be thrown to the chanting gymnasts—thrown always (I have observed) from the third-class windows, never, as far as I have seen, from the first class. Not but that the first-class passengers will look down sometimes on the performances with a smile of languid amusement at so picturesque and inexpensive an entertainment.

This condition of things piqued my curiosity a good deal, and I could not resist the temptation of travelling third class for the purpose of seeing what kind of people were these who could afford to throw an occasional penny to acrobatic skill when stripped of spangles. My curiosity was satisfied at the very first journey. Next to me sat a sturdy and defiant-looking young fellow, whom I should have taken to be a bricklayer's labourer out of work but for a luxurious smell of tobacco which *ought* to have been considered incompatible with anything but prosperity. Thanks to that admirable management with which travellers on the South Western Railway are familiar

the train did not fail to get blocked at the usual place. Nor, on their part, did the acrobats fail in their entertainment. As I sat and watched them standing on their poor little heads in the mud, picturing to myself the hovels they had swarmed from—the beds!—I recalled a beautiful sonnet I had just been reading in which Lord Rosslyn had depicted another kind of child life:

"'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid Good night,
God bless mamma, papa, and dear ones all!
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!
What will you give me, sleepy one, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid the golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm
She nestled to me, and by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—'Baby's kiss.'"

My fellow traveller sat and followed the movements of the acrobats with golden sparks of appreciation rising up in his brown eyes, which led me to think that he had perhaps himself begun life in the same exciting line of business.

"Poor little chaps," he said to himself, at last, "tough work that, on hempty bellies;" and, digging down into his pocket he found, at last, a penny, and threw it to them.

Having a strong suspicion, by the look of sadness that came across the man's face when his hand returned to his pocket, that he had given away almost his last copper, I said to him, in a certain accent which "Lavengro" taught me—an accent which will inspire confidence not only amongst the nomads of the high road and dingle, but also among the labouring classes of London—"You seem pretty flush with your money, mate; had a haul lately, I s'pose?"

"Never mind what 'aul I'm 'ad," said the man in a somewhat surly tone. "*You* fling the bors a tanner, and I dessay you can afford it better nor I can afford that penny."

This man afterwards told me that, at that time, he was out of employment, travelling to London in quest of work, with only a few coppers in his pocket—and "dining off baccy."

"A man may be in rags," said I to my bricklaying philanthropist, as the train moved on, "because he deserves to be so, but why is a child in rags?"

"'Cause 'e's born tut," replied my friend, resuming his pipe.

Just so: Because cruel chance has tossed him upon the stony deserts of life when another turn of the wheel might have laid him gently upon his proper bed among the flowers of some earthly Eden like that described in the sonnet that was haunting me.

And that is why there is no more touching sight in the world than that of a child shuddering along a London alley, its poor little limbs gleaming reproachfully at the passer-by through the rags that hang about them—its poor little lean face wearing sometimes the look of chubby innocence, but more often the sharp, eager, wolfish, cunning look, born of a dreadful knowledge of the "struggle for life," deeper and truer than all the knowledge of all the *savants*.

"Then did he long for once to taste
The reeking viands, as their smell
From cellar gratings ran to waste;
Whose gusts the passing crowd repel.
Like Beauty with a rose regaled,
The grateful vapour he inhaled.

"Less favoured than the dog outside,
He lingers by some savoury mass;
He watches mouths that open wide
And sees them eating through the glass.
Oft his own lips he opes and shuts,
And sympathy his fancy gluts."

These two stanzas are from Dr. Hake's *Parables and Tales*. The poem is very powerful, and Arthur Hughes' illustration of them is one of the most pathetic things to be seen in contemporary art.

To realise fully and to render a scene like that which I have been describing is perhaps required a nature passionate at once and wide such as that of her who wrote *The Cry of the Children*. But Victor Hugo in *Les Pauvres Gens*, *Chose vue un jour de Printemps*, the descriptions of the children in *L'Année Terrible*, the episodes in *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*, but especially in *Petit Paul* and *Guerre Civile*—has done what perhaps can only be supremely done by woman. There are many false notes in Victor Hugo's poetry, but when he writes of the sufferings of children he is unapproachable among men. *Petit Paul* and *Guerre Civile* are quite overwhelming in their pathos. They occur in *La Legende des Siècles*. I will tell the stories of each of them in order that the reader may judge.

Little Paul was a child of three years old, whose father, on the death of his mother, married again. The child was handed over as a troublesome superfluity to his grandfather, whose affection for him was the affec-

tion of an old man of eighty for a prattling grandchild: it was boundless. The old man carried off this superfluity to a cottage surrounded by a beautiful garden, and there with affectionate greed kept little Paul away in a fairy world all to himself.

"Ils mélaient tout, le jour leur jeux, la nuit leurs sommes.
Oh! quel celeste amour entre ces deux bons-hommes!
Ils n'avaient qu'une chambre, ils ne se quittaient pas."

But all this bliss came to an end. The grandfather died. The child followed him to the lonely cemetery beside the forest, not knowing, as yet, his loss. He had to return now to his father. Instead of affection, he met with jealous hatred on the part of his stepmother. He was harshly and cruelly treated:

"Paul ne comprenait plus. Quand il rentrait le soir,
Sa chambre lui semblait quelque-chose de noir;
Il pleura bien longtemps. Il pleura pour personne.
Il eut le sombre effroi du roseau qui frissonne.
Ses yeux en s'éveillant regardaient étonnés.
* * * * *
Il prenait dans un coin, à terre, ses repas.
Il était devenu muét, ne parlait pas,
Ne pleurait plus. L'enfance est parfois sombre et forte.
Souvent il regardait lugubrement la porte.
Un soir on le chercha partout dans la maison;
On ne le trouva point; c'était l'hiver, saison
Qui nous hait, où la nuit est traître comme une piège.
Dehors des petits pas s'effaçaient dans la neige . .
On retrouva l'enfant le lendemain matin.
On se souvint de cris perdus dans le lointain;
Quelqu'un même avaitri, croyant, dans les nuées,
Entendre, à travers l'ombre où flottent des huées,
On ne sait quelle voix du vent crier: Papa!
Papa! Tout le village, ému, s'en occupa,
Et l'on chercha; l'enfant était au cimetiére.
Calme comme la nuit, blême comme la pierre,
Il était étendu devant l'entrée, et froid;
Comment avait-il pu jusqu'à ce triste endroit
Venir, seul dans la plaine où pas un feu ne brille?
Une de ses deux mains tenait encore la grille;
On voyait qu'il avait essayé de l'ouvrir.
Il sentait là quelqu'un pouvant le secourir;
Il avait appelé dans l'ombre solitaire,
Longtemps; puis il était tombé mort sur la terre,
A quelques pas du vieux grand-père, son ami.
N'ayant pu l'éveiller, il s'était endormi."

In the other story I have alluded to, called *Guerre Civile*, a *sergent de ville* has been dragged from his house by the people, his clothes red with the blood of those he had killed to order. The mob, dragging him to a convenient spot in order to shoot him, is terrible in its mad rage. But more terrible is the prisoner in his bitter defiance. Suddenly a child rushes from the house and springs into the prisoner's arms, crying, "C'est mon père!" The fury of the mob increases:

"À bas les rois! À bas les prêtres, les ministres,
Les mouchards! Tuons tout! c'est un tas de bandits!
Et l'enfant leur cria: Mais puisque je vous dis
Que c'est mon père!—Il est joli, dit une femme,
Bel enfant! On voyait dans ses yeux bleus une âme;
Il était tout en pleurs, pâle, point mal vêtu.
Une autre femme dit:—Petit, quel âge as-tu?
Et l'enfant répondit:—Ne tuez pas mon père!
Quelques regards pensifs étaient fixés à terre,
Les poings ne tenaient plus l'homme si durement.
Un des plus furieux, entre tous inclément,
Dit à l'enfant: Va-t-en!—Où?—Chez toi.—Pourquoi faire?
—Chez ta mère.—Sa mère est morte, dit le père.
—Il n'a donc plus que vous?—Qu'est-ce que cela fait?
Dit le vaincu. Stoïque et calme, il réchauffait
Les deux petites mains dans sa rude poitrine,
Et disait à l'enfant:—Tu sais bien, Catherine?
—Notre voisine?—Oui. Va chez elle.—Avec toi?
—J'irai plus tard.—Sans toi je ne veux pas.—Pourquoi?
—Parce qu'on te ferait du mal.—Alors le père
Parla tout bas au chef de cette sombre guerre:
—Lachez-moi le collet. Prenez-moi par la main,
Doucement. Je vais dire à l'enfant: A demain!
Vous me fusillerez au détour de la rue,
Ailleurs, où vous voudrez.—Et d'une voix bourrue;
—Soit, dit le chef, lâchant le captif à moitié.
Le père dit:—Tu vois. C'est de bonne amitié.
Je me promène avec ces messieurs. Sois bien sage.
Rentre.—Et l'enfant tendit au père son visage,
Et s'en alla, content, rassuré, sans effroi.
—Nous sommes à notre aise à présent, tuez-moi,
Dit le père aux vainqueurs; où voulez-vous que j'aille?—
Alors, dans cette foule où grondait la bataille,
On entendit passer un immense frisson,
Et le peuple cria: Rentre dans ta maison!"

But perhaps the crowning miseries of children are inflicted upon them not by strangers, but, directly or indirectly—consciously or unconsciously—by their own parents. How appalling at times seems that dominion of parent over child, which in olden days was absolute, and even at the present day is so complete that it may almost be said of any child that its fate is determined by its parentage. For the child who has a wicked or foolish father the prospects are dark indeed. While let the father be wicked enough or foolish enough, to do his work

completely, and the child's doom is sealed. Even in England and America there seems to be no conception of the fact which some day must be recognised, that however great may be a father's natural rights, his natural duties are greater still, and that if these duties are neglected one of the first duties of the state is to remedy that neglect. Ever since civilisation began the talk has been of the duties of children. But what are these in importance as compared with the duties of parents? What is the neglect of filial duties as compared with the neglect of parental duties? Why, the power of a master over his slave is nothing as compared with the power of a being who takes possession of another from the first dawn of consciousness and moulds it, body and soul, to his own will. Rousseau's idea of state duties on this matter seemed wild, but not wilder than is the mischief which he hoped that state-interference would cure. And badly as the relations of parent and child have worked in Europe, how much more mischievously have they worked in Asia!

The amount of misery that, from patriarchal times downwards, must have resulted from this, paralyses the imagination and fairly sickens the heart. It was the practice of the pre-Islamite Arabs, for instance, to bury their girl-children alive, except such few as were needed for propagating purposes, as, in England, the owner of a cat drowns the superfluous kittens. And even after the more softening influence of Islamism, a father among the Bedouin, in enumerating his children, never counts the daughters, for a daughter is considered a disgrace. The thought of the myriad cruelties that, for ages upon ages, must have fallen upon girl-children, haunted like a nightmare a young man I once knew, a lover of children and a student of Oriental subjects, and, for a time, drove him away from his studies. Among many outpourings upon the subject, both in prose and in verse, he wrote the following parable, with the idea of getting it translated into Arabic:

I.

"Ilyàs the prophet, lingering 'neath the moon,
Heard from a tent a child's heart-withering wail,
Mixt with the sorrow of the nightingale,
And, entering, found, sunk in mysterious swoon,
A little maiden dreaming there alone;
She babbled of her father sitting pale
'Mid wings of death and sights of sorrow and bale
And pleaded for his life in piteous tone.
'Poor child, plead on,' the succouring prophet saith,—
While she, with eager lips like one who tries
To kiss a dream, stretches her arms and cries
To Heaven for help—'plead on, such pure love-breath,
Reaching the Throne, might stay the wings of Death
That in the Desert fan thy father's eyes.'

II.

"The drouth-slain camels lie on every hand;
Seven sons await the morning vultures' claws;
'Mid empty water-skins and camel-maws
The father sits, the last of all the band:
He mutters, drowsing o'er the moonlit sand,
'Sleep fans my brow; sleep makes us all pashas;
Or, if the wings are Death's, why Azraeel draws,
A childless father from an empty land.'
'Nay,' saith a Voice, 'the wind of Azraeel's wings
A child's sweet breath hath stilled: so God decrees.'
A camel's bell comes tinkling on the breeze
Filling the Bedoui's brain with bubble of springs
And scent of flowers and shadow of wavering trees
Where from a tent a little maiden sings."

But let us turn to a more cheerful side of the subject; for, as Mr. Roden Noël beautifully says in his poem, *A Little Child's Monument:*

"If we poor worms, involved in our own cloud,
Deem the wide world lies darkling in a shroud,
Raving the earth holds no felicity,
One child's clear laughter may rebuke the lie."

While there is youth in the world, this life, with all its tears, is good—good in itself, and for itself, whatever there may be to follow it. Come what will, it is sweet to have lived, sweet to have enjoyed for a little while the perennial freshness of nature, sweet to have drunk for a moment the glory of action, most sweet to have heard a little the music of human speech, the beloved babble of children.

But with regard to childhood generally, it may be said that in this as in many things, the intuitions of woman teach her at first the lesson that years of experience, suffering, and sorrow teach to man at last. A man has to live and to suffer, I say, before he fully realises what every girl knows so well, the instructive beauty, the infinite preciousness of childhood—before he becomes a true Knight Companion of the Order of Child-worshippers—before he learns fully the importance of childhood as a token that "the blue sky bends over all." For a token childhood is that we have nothing to fear from the final awards of fate; as Hugo says in *Quatre-vingt-treize*—"This ignorance

smiling at the Infinite, compromises all creation in the lot that shall fall to the weak, defenceless being. Ill, if it shall come, will be an abuse of confidence." I know an allegory which seems to teach that no power could have the heart to damn one who had once been a child—who is still a child, though soiled and spoiled.

The faculty of writing about the New Hero, as Victor Hugo and Mr. Swinburne can do, is, of course, a very different thing from the faculty of writing for him. In this faculty, few, perhaps, in our literature, have surpassed Jane Taylor. To write such a lyric as *My Mother*, and *Twinkle, twinkle, little star*, a very peculiar genius is required. However even these precious gems have been out-done by Mr. Tennyson in that lovely cradle song in *Sea Dreams*—the loveliest, I should think, in all literature.

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

"What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."

How thoroughly Charles Lamb could bring himself into relation with the child-mind is shown by the delightful letter to a little girl, printed for the first time by Mr. Ainger in his recent edition of the *Essays of Elia*. This is matchless. Yet in reading the *Tales from Shakespeare* by Charles and Mary Lamb, one feels, not unfrequently, that the true note has been missed.

And what is to be said about the famous *Poetry for Children* by the same two immortal child-lovers? Here I run the risk of encountering the wrath of my brother Lambites. Dare I say that this famous book does not always furnish exactly the pabulum required? Dare I say that sometimes the poems are coloured with but little of romance—that the breath of the fields and flowers does not blow through them, that they are too full of what Lamb would call "the sweet security of the streets"—that they (though the work of the beloved Elia and Bridget Elia) are, when compared with Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, and Miss Christina Rossetti's *Sing Song*, "properer for a sermon"? I am afraid that honesty bids me risk all, and say it. Even when there *is* a romantic flavour to be found in one of them, it is in some story from other sources. The best in this line, for instance, *The Boy and the Snake*, is old, and has been used by others besides Hackländer.

Yet *Poetry for Children* deserves special attention, if only on account of its authorship.

The history of the book is curious. I have told it before, but I cannot do better than repeat my words. William Godwin, struggling in that ocean of poverty *on* whose waves he sometimes floated, and *in* whose waves he sometimes sank, bethought himself of establishing a juvenile library. So—in Hanway Street, at first, in the name of "Thomas Hodgkins," and afterwards in Skinner Street in the name of his second wife—he opened an "emporium" for children's books; and on looking round for writers, he turned to Charles Lamb: it is not very obvious why, unless it occurred to him that the man who "liked babies best boi-boiled," must have a special capacity for understanding childhood. But be this as it may, the result of Godwin's selection was the now famous *Tales from Shakespeare* by Charles and Mary Lamb, (begun in 1806 and published in 1807) in two volumes embellished with copper-plate engravings by Blake from designs by Mulready. The scheme of turning Shakespeare's plays into tales was successful—so much so indeed that Homer was soon handled in the same way. By a sort of melting down of Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, Charles produced the *Adventures of Ulysses*, which, as might have been expected, was a comparative failure. The next venture, however, more than adjusted the balance, and again Godwin floated "on that awful sea." *Mrs. Leicester's School*, published anonymously in 1808, consisted of ten prose stories, three of which were written by Charles Lamb, and the remaining seven by Mary. The book sold well. Godwin was (for him) joyous, and it was decided that the next venture should be in verse. Accordingly, in 1809, appeared two 18mo volumes under the title of *Poetry for Children; entirely original, by the author of Mrs. Leicester's School.*

In criticism, names are everything: "syllables," as Selden says, "rule the world;" and in poetry especially, the critics have long since decided that the important thing is not what is said, but who says it; but he who

in reading these poems does not "remember that they were task-work," as Lamb bade Coleridge remember, does a great injustice to the writer of *Dream Children* in the Elia essays.

Yet they have a beauty of their own, a quaint and old-world directness such as children love, and the book sold well, and was soon out of print. In England it was never reprinted, however, and although an American bookseller reproduced it in Boston, in 1812, this fact does not seem to have been known to English publishers. For the book was considered to have been lost; otherwise we may be sure that, with the ever-growing fame of Charles Lamb as an incentive, it would have been reprinted long ago. In 1810 there however issued from Godwin's juvenile library the *First Book of Poetry*, and the *Poetical Class-book* of William Frederick Mylius, in which reappeared twenty-six out of the eighty-four pieces comprised in *Poetry for Children*. And in 1818, Lamb, when collecting his writings, reprinted three of his own contributions to the book, and one of his sister's. Again in 1822 he reprinted in his essay called *Detached thoughts on Books and Reading*, Mary's poem *The Two Boys*.

At last, and here comes the romantic portion of these adventures of a child's book, there was found in Adelaide, in South Australia, a copy of the lost volume, which in 1866 had been purchased at a sale of furniture and books at Plymouth by the Hon. William Sandover, when on a visit to England. An article on the "find" by Mr. R. H. Shepherd having appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. ccxli.), attention was directed to it, and resulted in the further discovery of two copies of the Boston reprint. And four or five years ago, Messrs. Chatto and Windus did the world the good service of reprinting *Poetry for Children*, under the editorship of Mr. Shepherd. But to Mr. Shepherd's reprint of the volume is appended (besides "some shorter poems by Charles Lamb, either recently brought to light or omitted from the centenary edition of his works,") a reprint of *Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance*, a poetical version of an ancient tale published at Godwin's juvenile library in 1811. This, though written by Lamb, has only been recently discovered to be his "by an incidental reference to it," in Henry Crabb Robinson's diary.

This is better than anything in *Poetry for Children*. It is compactly written, and the story is humorously told. Very likely it may yet produce more effect in the world than all his incomparable essays. For it is impossible to calculate how enormous in moulding the mind is the power of infant literature. It is not merely that what we read in childhood we never forget, but that it becomes part of our very being. It is this which makes children's literature so vastly important.

Perhaps to write poetry for children is the most difficult of all tasks, as may be seen from the smallness of the number who have succeeded in it. Here is a perfect thing indeed, known by heart wheresoever, in all parts of the earth, the great English language is spoken:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

Macaulay said that "he who in an enlightened and literary society aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child," and on the other hand, it might almost be said that he who aspires to write poetry for children must be a great poet. Assuredly there is no greater benefactor to the human race than he who succeeds in it.

And this brings me to the New Hero's appeal to his instructors, the presenting of which appeal has been, I will confess, the main cause of this essay. In the economy of Nature, there is nothing more inexplicable than this, that between the adult mind and the mind of childhood there should be an impassable gulf. If it were by a sudden leap that we left behind us the "heaven" that "lies about us in our infancy," if we lost at one stroke all that sense of the wonderfulness of life, all that intense belief in the personality of natural forces, all that close and tender intimacy with the lower animals, which go to make up that lost "heaven," the existence of the world of dull dead darkness which has supplanted it and in which we live would not be so inscru-

table. But it is by slow degrees that we have lost these "trails of glory," it is inch by inch that we have been beaten back from Eden; and yet most people find it as impossible to realise the temper of childhood as if they had never been children themselves. The enchanted isle from which they have themselves drifted glimmers so strangely through the fogs, that the denizens clustering on its strand seem the unknown inhabitants of alien shores. Howsoever close and tender may be the relations between childhood and maturity—they may be those of the most loving mother for her firstborn son—yet so defective is the human mind in true dramatic sympathy, that it is from without, and not from within, that are seen by the adult those landscapes of childhood, where, as I have said on a previous occasion, "the roofs of rainbows bend over the golden wonders of the world." That this is so is strange, and would be too painfully puzzling did we not hope that (as the Portuguese proverb says) "God writes straight in crooked lines."

This is the source of many miseries of childhood which parents unconsciously create. And assuredly the result is quite as disastrous to adults themselves as it is to the children. If the limitless potentialities of happiness in children are trampled under foot at every turn by a stupid system of so-called education—if the very aim of the system is to wash out all the gold and leave the texture of life a prosaic dun—the process is not more fatal to them than fatal to us who work the mischief. For it is the children who are right in their cosmogony, and we who are wrong. Our learning is our ignorance. The child's temper of wonder is the only true temper in which to look out upon the universe. Human life was neither invented in the city, as some seem to suppose, nor ordered, in any deep sense, by Mrs. Grundy, as others assume; nor did the biologists (Frankenstein alone excepted) ever make a man; human life, I say, and the universe had no such practical and common-sense origin as this. All is a magic tapestry, woven of wonders and romance, as the children make it out to be. Yet the instincts of childhood are cruelly trampled upon, and the age cries out, with Mr. Gradgrind, "What I want is facts." As though facts, in themselves, were of any value; as though, indeed, there were such things as facts in any true and absolute sense at all! To me it is a pathetic and painful sight to see the little ragamuffin of Vauxhall standing on his head in the mud with his tongue out, knowing as I do that respectability will not and dare not fling him a copper, but it is not more pathetic and painful than the sight of a child immersed in the labours in which its days and nights are passed, with its French exercises, its German exercises, its Italian exercises, its Greek exercises, its Latin exercises, its lessons in music, drawing, arithmetic, geography, and all the rest of it, while, in every meadow and lane in England, its true and best schoolmistress, Nature, is crying out for it to come and read *Prince Dorus* under the waving trees, through whose leaves the breeze is playing and the sunlight filtering.

In these days no sermon is complete without a scientific illustration. Here is mine.

A French physicist once planted cotton seeds in a glass vessel at various depths of garden mould, and in contact with the glass side. Some were protected from the forcing glare of day by yellow paper gummed to the glass, and others left exposed to the light. But these cotton seeds found that too much daylight is as bad as none at all. The former began to grow in nine days, while the latter were found to be slightly decayed at the end of ten days. The analogy is obvious I think. The way to realise the mistake of this cramming is to try and imagine a great mind undergoing it—one of those great creators of that very literature of power, which, as I have said, is the only literature of value—Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Burns.

For the proper food of childhood is not the literature of fact, but that upon which Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, and Dickens were nourished, the "literature of power," to use Wordsworth's distinction. Nourish the child's mind on the "literature of power," and the world, be sure, will take care to fill it and over fill it with facts. The knowledge that William the Conqueror landed in England in 1066, and not in 1067, is not without its value to the New Hero (whose present condition has doubtless been much influenced by that picturesque and important landing), but to him—whether his fate is to be "tucked up" by the paternal earl, or to do "tough work on a hempty belly in Vauxhall"—it is far more important to know that between him and the world of mystery and marvels there is only a beanstalk, or that Prince Dorus's nose could only be shortened by listening to such beautiful wisdom as that of the fairy's teaching.

THEODORE WATTS.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUNDAY IN THE CITY.

"The rod of Heaven has touched them all,
The word from Heaven is spoken:
Rise, shine and sing, thou captive thrall,
Are not thy fetters broken?"—KEBLE.

ON Sunday morning, when the young Birkenholt awoke, the whole air seemed full of bells from hundreds of church and minster steeples. The Dragon court wore a holiday air, and there was no ring of hammers at the forges; but the men who stood about were in holiday attire; and the brothers assumed their best clothes.

Breakfast was not a meal much accounted of. It was reckoned effeminate to require more than two meals a day, though, just as in the verdurer's lodge at home, there was a barrel of ale on tap with drinking horns beside it in the hall, and on a small round table in the window a loaf of bread, to which city luxury added a cheese, and a jug containing sack, with some silver cups beside it, and a pitcher of fair water. Master Headley, with his mother and daughter was taking a morsel of these refections, standing, and in out door garments, when the brothers appeared at about seven o'clock in the morning.

"Ha! that's well," quoth he, greeting them. "No slugabeds, I see. Will ye come with us to hear mass at St. Faith's?" They agreed, and Master Headley then told them that if they would tarry till the next day in searching out their uncle, they could have the company of Tibble Steelman, who had to see one of the captains of the guard about an alteration of his corslet, and thus would have every opportunity of facilitating their inquiries for their uncle.

The mass was an ornate one, though not more so than they were accustomed to at Beaulieu. Ambrose had his book of devotions, supplied by the good monks who had brought him up, and old Mrs. Headley carried something of the same kind; but these did not necessarily follow the ritual, and neither quiet nor attention was regarded as requisite in "hearing mass." Dennet, unchecked, was exchanging flowers from her Sunday posy with another little girl, and with hooded fingers carrying on in all innocence the satirical pantomime of Father Francis and Sister Catharine; and even Master Headley himself exchanged remarks with his friends, and returned greetings from burgesses and their wives while the celebrant priest's voice droned on, and the choir responded—the peals of the organ in the minster above coming in at inappropriate moments, for there they were in a different part of High Mass, using the Liturgy peculiar to St. Paul's.

Thinking of last week at Beaulieu, Ambrose knelt meantime with his head buried in his hands, in an absorption of feeling that was not perhaps wholly devout, but which at any rate looked more like devotion than the demeanour of any one around. When the *Ite missa est* was pronounced, and all rose up, Stephen touched him and he rose, looking about bewildered.

"So please you, young sir, I can show you another sort of thing by and by," said in his ear Tibble Steelman, who had come in late, and marked his attitude.

They went up from St. Faith's in a flood of talk, with all manner of people welcoming Master Headley after his journey, and thence came back to dinner, which was set out in the hall very soon after their return from church. Quite guests enough were there on this occasion to fill all the chairs, and Master Headley intimated to Giles that he must begin his duties at table as an apprentice, under the tuition of the senior, a tall young fellow of nineteen, by name Edmund Burgess. He looked greatly injured and discomfited, above all when he saw his two travelling companions seated at the table—though far lower than the night

before—nor would he stir from where he was standing against the wall to do the slighest service, although Edmund admonished him sharply that unless he bestirred himself it would be the worse for him.

When the meal was over, and grace had been said, the boards were removed from their trestles, and the elders drew round the small table in the window with a flagon of sack and a plate of wastel bread in their midst to continue their discussion of weighty Town Council matters. Every one was free to make holiday, and Edmund Burgess good-naturedly invited the strangers to come to Mile end, where there was to be shooting at the butts, and a match at single-stick was to come off between Kit Smallbones and another giant, who was regarded as the champion of the brewer's craft.

Stephen was nothing loth, especially if he might take his own cross-bow ; but Ambrose never had much turn for these pastimes and was in no mood for them. The familiar associations of the mass had brought the grief of orphanhood, homelessness, and uncertainty upon him with the more force. His spirit yearned after his father, and his heart was sick for his forest home. Moreover there was the duty incumbent on a good son of saying his prayers for the repose of his father's soul. He hinted as much to Stephen, who, boy-like, answered "O we'll see to that when we get into my Lord of York's house. Masses must be plenty there. And I must see Smallbones floor the brewer."

Ambrose could trust his brother under the care of Edmund Burgess, and resolved on a double amount of repetitions of the appointed intercessions for the departed.

He was watching the party of youths set off, all except Giles Headley, who sulkily refused the invitations, betook himself to a window and sat drumming on the glass, while Ambrose stood leaning on the dragon balustrade, with his eyes dreamily following the merry lads out at the gateway.

"You are not for such gear, sir," said a voice at his ear and he saw the scathed face of Tibble Steelman beside him.

"Never greatly so, Tibble," answered Ambrose. "And my heart is too heavy for it now."

"Ay ! ay, sir. So I thought when I saw you in St. Faith's. I have known what it was to lose a good father in my time."

Ambrose held out his hand. It was the first really sympathetic word he had heard since he had left Nurse Joan.

"'Tis the week's mind of his burial," he said half choked with tears. "Where shall I find a quiet church where I may say his *De profundis* in peace ?"

"Mayhap," returned Tibble, "the chapel in the Pardon churchyard would serve your turn. 'Tis not greatly resorted to when mass time is over, when there's no funeral in hand, and I oft go there to read my book in quiet on a Sunday afternoon. And then, if 'tis your will, I will take you to what to my mind is the best healing for a sore heart."

"Nurse Joan was wont to say the best for that was a sight of the true cross, as she once beheld it at Holy Rood church at Southampton," said Ambrose.

"And so it is, lad, so it is," said Tibble, with a strange light on his distorted features.

So they went forth together, while Giles again hugged himself in his doleful conceit, marvelling how a youth of birth and nurture could walk the streets on a Sunday with a scarecrow such as that !

The hour was still early, there was a whole summer afternoon before them ; and Tibble, seeing how much his young companion was struck with the grand vista of church towers and spires, gave him their names as they stood, though coupling them with short dry comments on the way in which their priests too often perverted them.

The Cheap was then still in great part an open space, where boys were playing, and a tumbler was attracting many spectators ; while the ballad singer of yesterday had again a large audience, who laughed loudly at every coarse jest broken upon mass-priests and friars.

Ambrose was horrified at the stave that met his ears, and asked how such profanity could be allowed. Tibble shrugged his shoulders, and cited the old saying, "The nearer the church"—adding, "Truth hath a voice and will out."

"But surely this is not the truth ?"

"'Tis mighty like it, sir, though it might be spoken in a more seemly fashion."

"What's this ?" demanded Ambrose. "'Tis a noble house."

"That's the Bishop's palace, sir—a man that hath much to answer for."

"Liveth he so ill a life then ?"

"Not so. He is no scandalous liver, but he would fain stifle all the voices that call for better things. Ay, you look back at yon balladmonger ! Great folk despise the like of him, never guessing at the power there may be in such ribald stuff ; while they would fain silence that which might turn men from their evil ways while yet there is time."

Tibble muttered this to himself, unheeded

by Ambrose, and then presently crossing the church yard, where a grave was being filled up, with numerous idle children around it, he conducted the youth into a curious little chapel, empty now, but with the Host enthroned above the altar, and the trestles on which the bier had rested still standing in the narrow nave.

It was intensely still and cool, a fit place indeed for Ambrose's filial devotions, while Tibble settled himself on the step, took out a little black book and became absorbed. Ambrose's Latin scholarship enabled him to comprehend the language of the round of devotions he was rehearsing for the benefit of his father's soul; but there was much repetition in them, and he had been so trained as to believe their correct recital was much more important than attention to their spirit, and thus, while his hands held his rosary, his eyes were fixed upon the walls where was depicted the Dance of Death. In terrible repetition, the artist had aimed at depicting every rank or class in life as alike the prey of the grisly phantom. Triple-crowned pope, scarlet-hatted cardinal, mitred prelate, priests, monks and friars of every degree, emperors, kings, princes, nobles, knights, squires, yeomen, every sort of trade, soldiers of all kinds, beggars, even thieves and murderers, and, in like manner, ladies of every degree, from the queen and the abbess, down to the starving beggar, were each represented as grappled with, and carried off by the crowned skeleton. There was no truckling to greatness. The bishop and abbot writhed and struggled in the grasp of Death while the miser clutched at his gold, and if there were some nuns, and some poor ploughmen who willingly clasped his bony fingers and obeyed his summons joyfully, there were countesses and prioresses who tried to beat him off, or implored him to wait. The infant smiled in his arms, but the middle-aged fought against his scythe.

The contemplation had a most depressing effect on the boy, whose heart was still sore for his father. After the sudden shock of such a loss, the monotonous repetition of the snatching away of all alike, in the midst of their characteristic worldly employments, and the anguish and hopeless resistance of most of them struck him to the heart. He moved between each bead to a fresh group; staring at it with fixed gaze, while his lips moved, in the unconscious hope of something consoling; till at last, hearing some uncontrollable sobs, Tibble Steelman rose and found him crouching rather than kneeling before the figure of an emaciated hermit, who was greeting the summons of the King of Terrors, with crucifix pressed to his breast, rapt countenance and outstretched arms, seeing only the Angel who hovered above. After some minutes of bitter weeping, which choked his utterance, Ambrose, feeling a friendly hand on his shoulder, exclaimed in a voice broken by sobs, "Oh, tell me, where may I go to become an anchorite? There's no other safety! I'll give all my portion, and spend all my time in prayer for my father and the other poor souls in purgatory."

Two centuries earlier, nay, even one, Ambrose would have been encouraged to follow out his purpose. As it was, Tibble gave a little dry cough and said, "Come along with me, sir, and I'll show you another sort of way."

"I want no entertainment!" said Ambrose, "I should feel only as if he," pointing to the phantom, "were at hand, clutching me with his deadly claw," and he looked over his shoulder with a shudder.

There was a box by the door to receive alms for masses on behalf of the souls in purgatory, and here he halted and felt for the pouch at his girdle, to pour in all the contents; but Steelman said, "Hold, sir, are you free to dispose of your brother's share, you who are purse-bearer for both?"

"I would fain hold my brother to the only path of safety."

Again Tibble gave his dry cough, but added, "He is not in the path of safety who bestows that which is not his own, but is held in trust. I were foully to blame if I let this grim portrayal so work on you as to lead you to beggar not only yourself, but your brother, with no consent of his."

For Tibble was no impulsive Italian, but a sober-minded Englishman of sturdy good sense, and Ambrose was reasonable enough to listen and only drop in a few groats which he knew to be his own.

At the same moment, a church bell was heard, the tone of which Steelman evidently distinguished from all the others, and he led the way out of the Pardon churchyard, over the space in front of St. Paul's. Many persons were taking the same route, citizens in gowns and gold or silver chains, their wives in tall pointed hats, craftsmen, black gowned scholarly men with fur caps, but there was a much more scanty proportion of priests, monks or friars than was usual in any popular assemblage. Many of the better class of women carried folding stools, or had them carried by their servants as if they expected to sit and wait.

"Is there a procession toward? Or a relic

to be displayed?" asked Ambrose, trying to recollect whose feast-day it might be.

Tibble screwed up his mouth in an extraordinary smile as he said, "Relic quotha, yea, the soothest relic there be of the Lord and Master of us all."

"Methought the true Cross was always displayed on the high Altar," said Ambrose, as all turned to a side aisle of the noble nave.

"Rather say hidden," muttered Tibble. "Thou shalt have it displayed, young sir, but neither in wood nor gilded shrine. See, here he comes who setteth it forth."

From the choir came, attended by half a dozen clergy, a small, pale old man, in the ordinary dress of a priest, with a square cap on his head. He looked spare, sickly, and wrinkled, but the furrows traced lines of sweetness, his mouth was wonderfully gentle, and there was a keen brightness about his clear grey eye. Every one rose and made obeisance as he passed along to the stone stair leading to a pulpit projecting from one of the columns.

Ambrose saw what was coming, though he had only twice before heard preaching. The children of the ante-reformation were not called upon to hear sermons; and the few exhortations given in Lent to the monks of Beaulieu were so exclusively for the religious that seculars were not invited to them. So that Ambrose had only once heard a weary and heavy discourse there plentifully garnished with Latin; and once he had stood among the throng at a wake at Millbrook, and heard a begging friar recommend the purchase of briefs of indulgence and the daily repetition of the Ave Maria by a series of extraordinary miracles for the rescue of desperate sinners, related so jocosely as to keep the crowd in a roar of laughter. He had laughed with the rest, but he could not imagine his guide, with the stern, grave eyebrows, writhen features and earnest, ironical tone covering—as even he could detect—the deepest feeling, enjoying such broad sallies as tickled the slow merriment of village clowns and forest deer stealers.

All stood for a moment while the Paternoster was repeated. Then the owners of stools sat down on them, some leant on adjacent pillars, others curled themselves on the floor, but most remained on their feet as unwilling to miss a word, and of these were Tibble Steelman, and his companion.

Omnis qui facit peccatum, servus est peccati, followed by the rendering in English "Whosoever doeth sin is sin's bond thrall." The words answered well to the ghastly delineations that seemed stamped on Ambrose's brain and which followed him about into the nave, so that he felt himself in the grasp of the cruel fiend, and almost expected to feel the skeleton claw of Death about to hand him over to torment. He expected the consolation of hearing that a daily "Hail Mary" persevered in through the foulest life, would obtain that beams should be arrested in their fall, ships fail to sink, cords to hang, till such confession had been made as should insure ultimate salvation, after such a proportion of the flames of purgatory as masses and prayers might not mitigate.

But his attention was soon caught. Sinfulness stood before him not as the liability to penalty for transgressing an arbitrary rule, but as a taint to the entire being, mastering the will, perverting the senses, forging fetters out of habit, so as to be a loathsome horror paralysing and enchaining the whole being and making it into the likeness of him who brought sin and death into the world. The horror seemed to grow on Ambrose, as his boyish faults and errors rushed on his mind, and he felt pervaded by the contagion of the pestilence, abhorrent even to himself. But behold, what was he hearing now? "The bond thrall abideth not in the house for ever, but the Son abideth ever. *Si ergo Filius liberavit, verè liberi eritis.* If the Son should make you free, then are ye free indeed." And for the first time was the true liberty of the redeemed soul comprehensibly proclaimed to the young spirit that had begun to yearn for something beyond the outside. Light began to shine through the outward ordinances, the Church; the world, life and death were revealed as something absolutely new; a redeeming, cleansing, sanctifying power was made known, and seemed to inspire him with a new life, joy, and hope. He was no longer feeling himself necessarily crushed by the fetters of death, or only delivered from absolute peril by a mechanism that had lost its heart, but he could enter into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, in process of being saved, not *in* sin but *from* sin.

It was an era in his life, and Tibble heard him sobbing, but with very different sobs from those in the Pardon Chapel. When it was over, and the blessing given, Ambrose looked up from the hands which had covered his face with a new radiance in his eyes, and drew a long breath. Tibble saw that he was like one in another world, and gently led him away.

"Who is he? What is he? Is he an angel from the other world?" demanded the boy, a little wildly, as they neared the southern door.

"If an angel be a messenger of God, I

trow he is one," said Tibble. "But men call him Dr. Colet. He is Dean of St. Paul's minster, and dwelleth in the house you see below there."

"And are such words as these to be heard every Sunday?"

"On most Sundays doth he preach here in the nave to all sorts of folk."

"I must—I must hear it again!" exclaimed Ambrose.

"Ay, ay," said Tibble, regarding him with a well-pleased face. "You are one with whom it works."

"Every Sunday!" repeated Ambrose. "Why do not all—your master and all these," pointing to the holiday crowds going to and fro, "why do they not all come to listen?"

"Master doth come by times," said Tibble, in the tone of irony that was hard to understand. "He owneth the dean as a rare preacher."

Ambrose did not try to understand. He exclaimed again, panting as if his thoughts were too strong for his words—"Lo you, that preacher—dean call ye him?—putteth a soul into what hath hitherto been to me but a dead and empty framework."

Tibble held out his hand almost unconsciously and Ambrose pressed it. Man and boy, alike they had felt the electric current of that truth, which, suppressed and ignored among man's inventions, was coming as a new revelation to many, and was already beginning to convulse the Church and the world.

Ambrose's mind was made up on one point. Whatever he did, and wherever he went, he felt the doctrine he had just heard as needful to him as vital air, and he must be within reach of it. This, and not the hermit's cell was what his instinct craved. He had always been a studious, scholarly boy, supposed to be marked out for a clerical life because a book was more to him than a bow, and he had been easily trained in good habits and practices of devotion; but all in a childish manner, without going beyond simple receptiveness, until the experiences of the last week had made a man of him, or more truly, the Pardon Chapel and Dean Colet's sermon had made him a new being with the realities of the inner life opened before him.

His present feeling was relief from the hideous load he had felt while dwelling on the Dance of Death, and therewith general goodwill to all men, which found its first issue in compassion for Giles Headley, whom he found on his return seated on the steps—moody and miserable.

"Would that you had been with us," said Ambrose, sitting down beside him on the step. "Never have I heard such words as to-day."

"I would not be seen in the street with that scarecrow," murmured Giles. "If my mother could have guessed that he was to be set over me, I had never come here."

"Surely you knew that he was foreman."

"Yea, but not that I should be under him—I whom old Giles vowed should be as his own son—I that am to wed yon little brown moppet, and be master here! So, forsooth," he said, "now he treats me like any common low-bred prentice."

"Nay," said Ambrose, "an if you were his son, he would still make you serve. It's the way with all craftsmen—yea and with gentlemen's sons also. They must be pages and squires ere they can be knights."

"It never was the way at home. I was only bound prentice to my father for the name of the thing, that I might have the freedom of the city, and become head of our house."

"But how could you be a wise master without learning the craft?"

"What are journeymen for?" demanded the lad. "Had I known how Giles Headley meant to serve me, he might have gone whistle for a husband for his wench. I would have ridden in my Lady of Salisbury's train."

"You might have had rougher usage there than here," said Ambrose. "Master Headley lays nothing on you but what he has himself proved. I would I could see you make the best of so happy a home."

"Ay, that's all very well for you, who are certain of a great man's house."

"Would that I were certified that my brother would be as well off as you, if you did but know it," said Ambrose. "Ha! here come the dishes! 'Tis supper time come on us unawares, and Stephen not returned from Mile End!"

Punctuality was not, however, exacted on these summer Sunday evenings, when practice with the bow and other athletic sports were enjoined by government, and, moreover, the youths were with so trustworthy a member of the household as Kit Smallbones.

Sundry City magnates had come to supper with Master Headley, and whether it were the effect of Ambrose's counsel, or of the example of a handsome lad who had come with his father, one of the worshipful guild of Merchant Taylors, Giles did vouchsafe to bestir himself in waiting, and in consideration of the effort it must have cost him, old

Mrs. Headley and her son did not take notice of his blunders, but only Dennet fell into a violent fit of laughter, when he presented the stately alderman with a nutmeg under the impression that it was an overgrown peppercorn. She suppressed her mirth as well as she could, poor little thing, for it was a great offence in good manners, but she was detected, and, only child as she was, the consequence was the being banished from the table and sent to bed.

But when, after supper was over, Ambrose went out to see if there were any signs of the return of Stephen and the rest, he found the little maiden curled up in the gallery with her kitten in her arms.

"Nay!" she said, in a spoilt child tone, "I'm not going to bed before my time for laughing at that great oaf! Nurse Alice says he is to wed me, but I won't have him! I like the pretty boy who had the good dog and saved father, and I like you, Master Ambrose. Sit down by me and tell me the story over again, and we shall see Kit Smallbones come home. I know he'll have beaten the brewer's fellow."

Before Ambrose had decided whether thus far to abet rebellion, she jumped up and cried: "Oh, I see Kit! He's got my ribbon! He has won the match!"

And down she rushed, quite oblivious of her disgrace, and Ambrose presently saw her uplifted in Kit Smallbone's brawny arms to utter her congratulations.

Stephen was equally excited. His head was full of Kit Smallbones' exploits, and of the marvels of the sports he had witnessed and joined in with fair success. He had thought Londoners poor effeminate creatures, but he found that these youths preparing for the trained bands understood all sorts of martial exercises far better than any of his forest acquaintance, save perhaps the hitting of a mark. He was half wild with a boy's enthusiasm for Kit Smallbones and Edmund Burgess, and when, after eating the supper that had been reserved for the late comers, he and his brother repaired to their own chamber, his tongue ran on in description of the feats he had witnessed and his hopes of emulating them, since he understood that Archbishop as was my Lord of York, there was a tilt-yard at Whitehall. Ambrose, equally full of his new feelings, essayed to make his brother a sharer in them, but Stephen entirely failed to understand more than that his book-worm brother had heard something that delighted him in his own line of scholarship, from which Stephen had happily escaped a year ago!

CHAPTER VII.

YORK HOUSE.

"Then hath he servants five or six score,
Some behind and some before;
A marvellous great company
Of which are lords and gentlemen,
With many grooms and yeomen
And also knaves among them."
Contemporary Poem on Wolsey.

Early were hammers ringing on anvils in the Dragon court, and all was activity. Master Headley was giving his orders to Kit Smallbones before setting forth to take the Duke of Buckingham's commands; Giles Headley very much disgusted, was being invested with a leathern apron, and entrusted to Edmund Burgess to learn those primary arts of furbishing, which, but for his mother's vanity and his father's weakness, he would have practised four years sooner. Tibble Steelman was superintending the arrangement of half a dozen corslets, which were to be carried by three stout porters, under his guidance, to Whitehall, then the residence of the Archbishop of York, the king's prime adviser, Thomas Wolsey.

"Look you, Tib," said the kind-hearted armourer, "if those lads find not their kinsman, or find him not what they look for, bring them back hither, I cannot have them cast adrift. They are good and brave youths, and I owe a life to them."

Tibble nodded entire assent, but when the boys appeared in their mourning suits, with their bundles on their backs, they were sent back again to put on their forest green, Master Headley explaining that it was reckoned ill-omened, if not insulting, to appear before any great personage in black, unless to enhance some petition directly addressed to himself. He also bade them leave their fardels behind, as if they tarried at York House these could be easily sent after them.

They obeyed—even Stephen doing so with more alacrity than he had hitherto shown to Master Headley's behests, for now that the time for departure had come, he was really sorry to leave the armourer's household. Edmund Burgess had been very good-natured to the raw country lad, and Kit Smallbones was, in his eyes, an Ascapart in strength, and a Bevis in prowess and kindliness. Mistress Headley too had been kind to the orphan lads, and these two days had given a feeling of being at home at the Dragon. When Giles wished them a moody farewell, and wished he were going with them, Stephen

returned, "Ah! you don't know when you are well off."

Little Dennet came running down after them with two pinks in her hands. "Here's a sop-in-wine for a token for each of you young gentlemen," she cried, "for you came to help father, and I would you were going to stay and wed me instead of Giles."

"What, both of us, little maid?" said Ambrose, laughing, as he stooped to receive the kiss her rosy lips tendered to him.

"Not but what she would have royal example," muttered Tibble, aside.

Dennet put her head on one side, as considering. "Nay, not both, but you are gentle and courteous, and he is brave and gallant—and Giles there is moody and glum, and can do nought."

"Ah! you will see what a gallant fellow Giles can be when thou hast cured him of his home-sickness by being good to him," said Ambrose, sorry for the youth in the universal laughter at the child's plain speaking.

And thus the lads left the Dragon, amid friendly farewells. Ambrose looked up at the tall spire of St. Paul's with a strong determination that he would never put himself out of reach of such words as he had there drunk in, and which were indeed spirit and life to him.

Tibble took them down to the St. Paul's stairs on the river, where at his whistle a wherry was instantly brought to transport them to Whitehall stairs, only one of the smiths going any further in charge of the corslets. Very lovely was their voyage in the brilliant summer morning, as the glittering water reflected in broken ripples church spire, convent garden, and stately house. Here rows of elm trees made a cool walk by the river side, there strawberry beds sloped down the Strand, and now and then the hooded figures of nuns might be seen gathering the fruit. There, rose the round church of the Temple, and the beautiful gardens surrounding the buildings, half monastic, half military, and already inhabited by lawyers. From a barge at the Temple stairs a legal personage descended with a square beard, and open benevolent shrewd face, before whom Tibble removed his cap with eagerness, saying to Ambrose, "Yonder is Master More, a close friend of the dean's, a good and wise man, and forward in every good work."

Thus did they arrive at York House, as Whitehall was then termed. Workmen were busy on some portions of it, but it was inhabited by the great Archbishop the King's chief adviser. The approach of the boat seemed to be instantly notified, as it drew near the stone steps giving entrance to the gardens, with an avenue of trees leading up to the principal entrance.

Four or five yeomen ran down the steps, calling out to Tibble that their corslets had tarried a long time, and that Sir Thomas Drury had been storming for him, to get his tilting armour into order.

Tibble followed the man who had undertaken to conduct him through a path that led to the offices of the great house, bidding the boys keep with him, and asking for their uncle Master Harry Randall.

The yeoman shook his head. He knew no such person in the household, and did not think there ever had been such. Sir Thomas Drury was found in the stable court, trying the paces of the horse he intended to use in the approaching joust. "Ha! old Wrymouth," he cried, "welcome at last! I must have my new device damasked on my shield. Come hither, and I'll show it thee."

Private rooms were seldom enjoyed, even by knights and gentlemen, in such a household, and Sir Thomas could only conduct Tibble to the armoury, where numerous suits of armour hung on blocks, presenting the semblance of armed men. The knight, a good-looking personage, expatiated much on the device he wished to dedicate to his lady-love, a pierced heart with a forget-me-not in the midst, and it was not until the directions were finished that Tibble ventured to mention the inquiry for Randall.

"I wot of no such fellow," returned Sir Thomas, "you had best go to the comptroller, who keeps all the names."

Tibble had to go to this functionary at any rate, to obtain an order for payment for the corslets he had brought home. Ambrose and Stephen followed him across an enormous hall, where three long tables were being laid for dinner.

The comptroller of the household, an esquire of good birth, with a stiff little ruff round his neck, sat in a sort of office inclosed by panels at the end of the hall. He made an entry of Tibble's account in a big book, and sent a message to the cofferer to bring the amount. Then Tibble again put his question on behalf of the two young foresters, and the comptroller shook his head. He did not know the name. "Was the gentleman" (he chose that word as he looked at the boys) "layman or clerk?" "Layman, certainly," said Ambrose, somewhat dismayed to find how little, on interrogation, he really knew.

"Was he a yeoman of the guard, or in

attendance on one of my lord's nobles in waiting?"

"We thought he had been a yeoman," said Ambrose.

"See," said the comptroller, stimulated by a fee administered by Tibble, "'tis just dinner time, and I must go to attend on my Lord Archbishop, but do you, Tibble, sit down with these striplings to dinner, and then I will cast my eye over the books, and see if I can find any such name. What, hast not time? None ever quits my lord's without breaking his fast."

Tibble had no doubt that his master would be willing that he should give up his time for this purpose, so he accepted the invitation. The tables were by this time nearly covered, but all stood waiting, for there flowed in from the great doorway of the hall a gorgeous train—first, a man bearing the double archiepiscopal cross of York, fashioned in silver, and thick with gems—then, with lofty mitre enriched with pearls and jewels, and with flowing violet, lace-covered robes came the sturdy square-faced ruddy prelate, who was then the chief influence in England, and after him two glittering ranks of priests in square caps and richly embroidered copes, all in accordant colours. They were returning, as a yeoman told Tibble, from some great ecclesiastical ceremony, and dinner would be served instantly.

"That for which Ralf Bowyer lives!" said a voice close by. "He would fain that the dial's hands were Marie bones, the face blancmange, wherein the figures should be grapes of Corinth!"

Stephen looked round and saw a man close beside him in what he knew at once to be the garb of a jester. A tall scarlet velvet cap, with three peaks, bound with gold braid, and each surmounted with a little gilded bell, crowned his head, a small crimson ridge to indicate the cock's comb running along the front. His jerkin and hose were of motley, the left arm and right leg being blue, their opposites, orange tawny, while the nether stocks and shoes were in like manner black and scarlet counterchanged. And yet, somehow, whether from the way of wearing it, or from the effect of the gold embroidery meandering over all, the effect was not distressing, but more like that of a gorgeous bird. The figure was tall, lithe, and active, the brown ruddy face had none of the blank stare of vacant idiocy, but was full of twinkling merriment, the black eyes laughed gaily, and perhaps only so clear-sighted and shrewd an observer as Tibble would have detected a weakness of purpose about the mouth.

There was a roar of laughter at the gibe, as indeed there was at whatever was uttered by the man whose profession was to make mirth.

"Thou likest thy food well enough thyself, Quipsome one," muttered Ralf.

"Hast found one who doth not, Ralf? Then should he have a free gift of my bauble," responded the jester shaking on high that badge, surmounted with the golden head of an ass, and jingling with bells. "How now, friend Wrymouth? 'Tis long since thou wert here! This house hath well nigh been forced to its ghostly weapons for lack of thy substantial ones. Where hast thou been?"

"At Salisbury, good Merryman."

"Have the Wilts men raked the moon yet out of the pond? Did they lend thee their rake, Tib, that thou hast raked up a couple of green Forest palmerworms, or be they the sons of the man in the moon, raked out and all astray?"

"Mayhap, for we met them with dog and bush," said Tibble, "and they dropped as from the moon to save my poor master from the robbers on Bagshot heath! Come now, mine honest fellow, aid me to rake, as thou sayest this same household. They are come up from the Forest, to seek out their uncle, one Randall, who they have heard to be in this meiné. Knowest thou such a fellow?"

"To seek a needle in a bottle of hay! Truly he needs my bauble who sent them on such an errand," said the jester, rather slowly as if to take time for consideration. "What's your name, my Forest flies?"

"Birkenholt, sir," answered Ambrose; "but our uncle is Harry Randall."

"Here's fools enow to take away mine office," was the reply. "Here's a couple of lads would leave the greenwood and the free oaks and beeches, for this stinking, plague-smitten London."

"We'd not have quitted it could we have tarried at home," began Ambrose; but at that moment there was a sudden commotion, a trampling of horses was heard outside, a loud imperious voice demanded, "Is my Lord Archbishop within?" a whisper ran round, "the king," and there entered the hall with hasty steps, a figure never to be forgotten, clad in a hunting dress of green velvet embroidered with gold, with a golden hunting horn slung round his neck.

Henry VIII. was then in the splendid prime of his youth, in his twenty-seventh year, and in the eyes, not only of his own subjects, but of all others, the very type of a true king of men. Tall, and as yet of

perfect form for strength, agility, and grace; his features were of the beautiful straight Plantagenet type, and his complexion of purely fair rosiness, his large well opened blue eyes full at once of frankness and keenness, and the short golden beard that fringed his square chin giving the manly air that otherwise might have seemed wanting to the feminine tinting of his regular lineaments. All caps were instantly doffed save the little bonnet with one drooping feather that covered his short curled yellow hair; and the Earl of Derby, who was at the head of Wolsey's retainers, made haste, bowing to the ground, to assure him that my Lord Archbishop was but doffing his robes, and would be with his Grace instantly. Would his Grace vouchsafe to come on to the privy chamber where the dinner was spread?

At the same moment Quipsome Hal sprang forward, exclaiming, "How now, brother and namesake? Wherefore this coil? Hath cloth of gold wearied yet of cloth of frieze? Is she willing to own her right to this?" as he held out his bauble.

"Holla, old blister! art thou there?" said the king, good-humouredly. "What! knowest not that we are to have such a wedding as will be a sight for sore eyes!"

"Sore! that's well said, friend Hal. Thou art making progress in mine art! Sore be the eyes wherein thou wouldst throw dust."

Again the king laughed, for every one knew that his sister Mary had secretly been married to the Duke of Suffolk for the last two months, and that this public marriage and the tournament that was to follow were only for the sake of appearances. He laid his hand good-naturedly on the jester's shoulder as he walked up the hall towards the archbishop's private apartments, but the voices of both were loud pitched, and bits of the further conversation could be picked up, "Weddings are rife in your family," said the jester, "none of you get weary of fitting on the noose. What, thou thyself, Hal? Ay, thou hast not caught the contagion yet! Now ye gods forefend! If thou hast the chance, thou'lt have it strong."

Therewith the archbishop, in his purple robes, appeared in the archway at the other end of the hall, the king joined him, and still followed by the jester, they both vanished. It was presently made known that the king was about to dine there, and that all were to sit down to eat. The king dined alone with the archbishop as his host; the two noblemen who had formed his suite joined the first table in the higher hall; the knights that of the steward of the household, who was of knightly degree, and with whom the superior clergy of the household ate; and the grooms found their places among the vast array of yeomen and serving-men of all kinds with whom Tibble and his two young companions had to eat. A week ago, Stephen would have contemned the idea of being classed with serving-men and grooms, but by this time he was quite bewildered, and anxious enough to be thankful to keep near a familiar face on any terms, and to feel as if Tibble were an old friend, though he had only known him for five days.

Why the king had come had not transpired, but there was a whisper that despatches from Scotland were concerned in it. The meal was a lengthy one, but at last the king's horses were ordered, and presently Henry came forth, with his arm familiarly linked in that of the archbishop, whose horse had likewise been made ready that he might accompany the king back to Westminster. The jester was close at hand, and as a parting shaft he observed, while the king mounted his horse, "Friend Hal! give my brotherly commendations to our Madge, and tell her that one who weds Anguish cannot choose but cry out."

Wherewith, affecting to expect a stroke from the king's whip, he doubled himself up, performed the contortion now called turning a coachwheel, then, recovering himself, put his hands on his hips and danced wildly on the steps; while Henry, shaking his whip at him, laughed at the only too obvious pun, for Anguish was the English version of Angus, the title of Queen Margaret's second husband, and it was her complaints that had brought him to his counsellor.

The jester then, much to the annoyance of the two boys, thought proper to follow them to the office of the comptroller, and as that dignitary read out from his books the name of every Henry, and of all the varieties of Ralf and Randolf among the hundred and eighty persons composing the household, he kept on making comments. "Harry Hempseed, clerk to the kitchen, ay, Hempseed will serve his turn one of these days. Walter Randall, groom of the chamber, ah, ha! my lads, if you want a generous uncle who will look after you well, there is your man! He'll give you the shakings of the napery for largesse, and when he is in an open-handed mood, will let you lie on the rushes that have served the hall. Harry of Lambeth, yeoman of the stable. He will make you free of all the taverns in Eastchepe."

And so on, accompanying each remark

with a pantomime mimicry of the air and gesture of the individual. He showed in a second the contortions of Harry Weston in drawing the bow, and in another the grimaces of Henry Hope, the choir man, in producing bass notes, or the swelling majesty of Randall Porcher, the cross-bearer, till it really seemed as if he had shown off the humours of at least a third of the enormous household. Stephen had laughed at first, but as failure after failure occurred, the antics began to weary even him, and seem unkind and ridiculous as hope ebbed away, and the appalling idea began to grow on him of being cast loose on London without a friend or protector. Ambrose felt almost despairing as he heard in vain the last name. He would almost have been willing to own Hal the scullion, and his hopes rose when he heard of Hodge Randolph, the falconer, but alas, that same Hodge came from Yorkshire.

"And mine uncle was from the New Forest in Hampshire," he said.

"Maybe he went by the name of Shirley," added Stephen, "'tis where his home was."

But the comptroller, unwilling to begin a fresh search, replied at once that the only Shirley in the household was a noble esquire of the Warwickshire family.

"You must e'en come back with me, young masters," said Tibble, "and see what my master can do for you."

"Stay a bit," said the fool. "Harry of Shirley! Harry of Shirley! Methinks I could help you to the man, if so be as you will deem him worth the finding," he added, suddenly turning upside down, and looking at them standing on the palms of his hands, with an indescribable leer of drollery, which in a moment dashed all the hopes with which they had turned to him. "Should you know this nunks of yours?" he added.

"I think I should," said Ambrose. "I remember best how he used to carry me on his shoulder to cull mistletoe for Christmas."

"Ah, ha! A proper fellow of his inches now, with yellow hair?"

"Nay," said Ambrose, "I mind that his hair was black, and his eyes as black as sloes—or as thine own, Master Jester."

The jester tumbled over into a more extraordinary attitude than before, while Stephen said—

"John was wont to twit us with being akin to Gypsy Hal."

"I mean a man sad and grave as the monks of Beaulieu," said the jester.

"He!" they both cried. "No, indeed! He was foremost in all sports." "Ah!" cried Stephen, "mind you not, Ambrose, his teaching us leap-frog, and aye leaping over one of us himself, with the other in his arms?"

"Ah! sadly changed, sadly changed," said the jester, standing upright, with a most mournful countenance. "Maybe you'd not thank me if I showed him to you, young sirs, that is, if he be the man."

"Nay! is he in need, or distress?" cried the brothers.

"Poor Hal!" returned the fool, shaking his head with mournfulness in his voice.

"Oh, take us to him, good—good jester," cried Ambrose. "We are young and strong. We will work for him."

"What, a couple of lads like you, that have come to London seeking for him to befriend you—deserving well my cap for that matter. Will ye be guided to him, broken and soured—no more gamesome, but a sickly old runagate?"

"Of course," cried Ambrose. "He is our mother's brother. We must care for him."

"Master Headley will give us work, mayhap," said Stephen, turning to Tibble. "I could clean the furnaces."

"Ah, ha! I see fools' caps must hang thick as beech masts in the Forest," cried the fool, but his voice was husky, and he turned suddenly round with his back to them, then cut three or four extraordinary capers, after which he observed—"Well, young gentlemen, I will see the man I mean, and if he be the same, and be willing to own you for his nephews, he will meet you in the Temple Gardens at six of the clock this evening, close to the rose bush with the flowers in my livery—motley red and white."

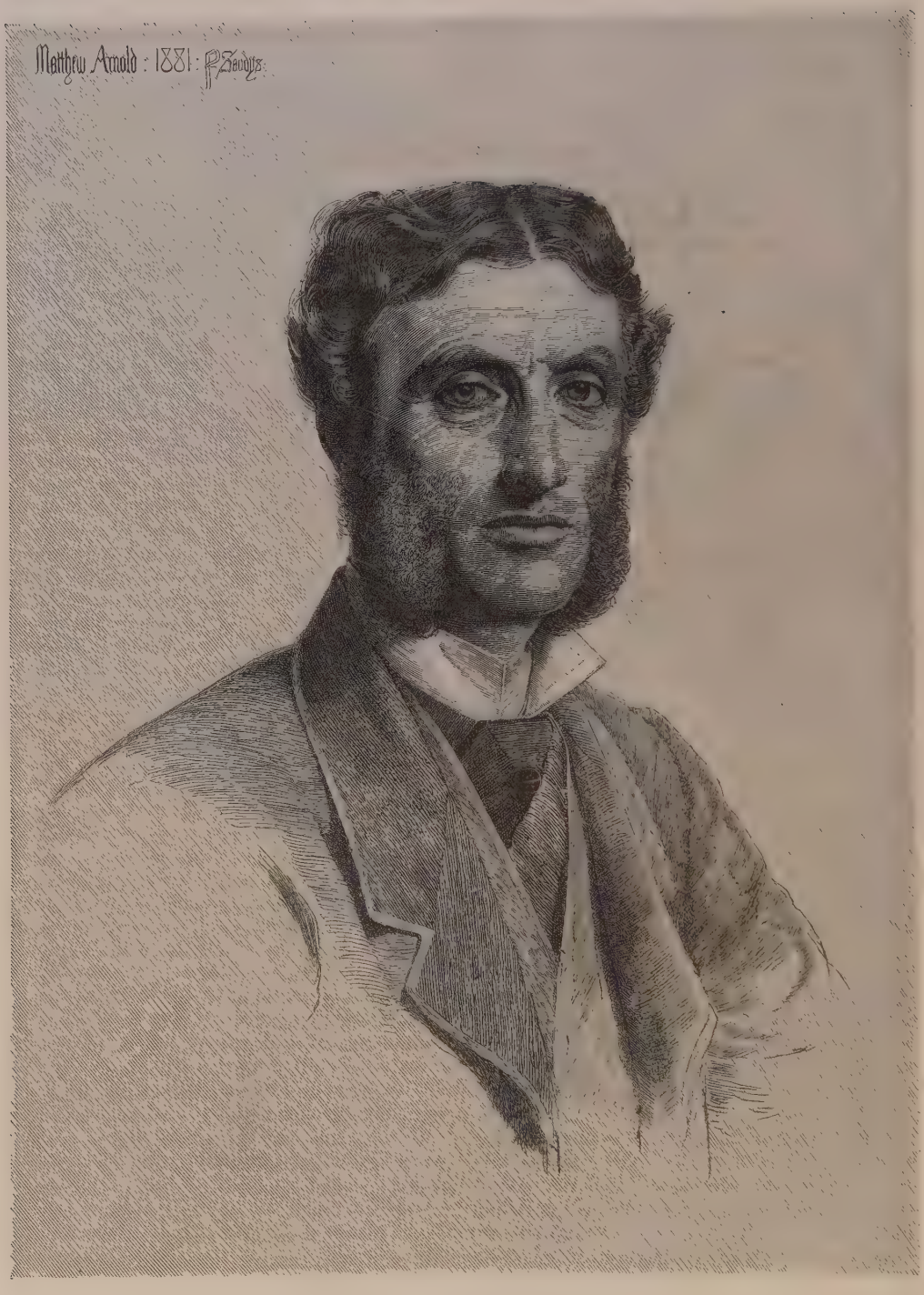
"But how shall we know him?"

"D'ye think a pair of green caterpillars like you can't be marked—unless indeed the gardener crushes you for blighting his roses." Wherewith the jester quitted the scene, walking on his hands, with his legs in the air.

"Is he to be trusted?" asked Tibble of the comptroller.

"Assuredly," was the answer; "none hath better wit than Quipsome Hal, when he chooseth to be in earnest. In very deed, as I have heard Sir Thomas More say, it needeth a wise man to be fool to my Lord of York."

(To be continued.)



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Engraved by O. Lacour, *from a Drawing by* F. Sandys *in the possession of* Alexander Macmillan, Esq.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

JANUARY, 1884.

DARTMOOR AND THE WALKHAM.

IN the northerly part of the region between the 50th and 51st degrees of north latitude, and roughly bisected from north to south by the fourth parallel of longitude west of Greenwich, lies the tract of wild and waste land known as Dartmoor. It fills but a small space in the map of England, and indeed is but moderately conspicuous in the map of Devonshire. On the largest view of its boundaries we cannot put its dimensions in any direction at much over twenty miles. I do not know how many times over it would go into the Yellowstone Park or the Yosemite Valley, and do not think it worth while to make the calculation. The hills of Dartmoor are of a scale which not only is insignificant compared with that of the Alps, but is considerably surpassed elsewhere in the British islands. Two thousand and odd feet above the sea level is the most we can attain in these parts. There are no sharply cut and towering peaks, nor such precipices as may be found among the cliffs of the Cornwall and North Devon coasts. Roughly speaking, Dartmoor is a monstrous lump of granite, covered with a sponge of peaty soil. At the crowning points of its eminences the native rock crops out in the singular masses —at first sight having the air of extraneous heaps of stone—which are its characteristic *tors*. The stranger is apt at first sight to find little more in the scene than a barren and featureless monotony. To this must be added the conditions of the climate. In Dartmoor the vapour-laden stream of air from the Atlantic meets with its first efficient condenser. The lesser heights of the Cornish moor barely take toll of it, and here it discharges its full burden of mist and rain, such mist and rain as only Alpine experience can parallel. Fine white mist that covers all things beyond the circle of a few score feet with an impenetrable cloak; wet mist that eddies in clouds and settles in a quiet pervading moisture; storms of rain that lash the hillsides and drive off; and, strangest and least tolerable of all, dense and baffling mist with heavy rain beating through it:—all these are the common lot of dwellers about Dartmoor, and the alternations of them may be the staple of Dartmoor weather for many days together. The Dartmoor pony, a creature adapted to the climate so as to be a distinct breed, fortifies himself by growing an exceedingly long and shaggy winter coat, of which considerable portions may hang about him till the next autumn if the summer is a cold and wet one. He is moreover fitted by inherited habit to the ground he has to live upon and traverse. These ponies are noted for toughness and endurance, and will not only find their own way, but will take a rider up and down steep places and over boggy ground where any other horse would assuredly come to grief.

Set down in words, the physical conditions of Dartmoor may not seem attractive; and the reader may be apt to think that no man of sense will go there for pleasure. In that view he would agree with our ancestors down to nearly the end of the last century, who looked on moors, mountains, and wild country in general as merely bleak and uncomfortable deformities of the earth. As late as 1826 a certain author who undertook to glorify the moor in a form of words purporting to be blank verse was really of opinion, as appears by one or two passages of the text,

and still more by the notes, that it would be much the better for being broken up, inclosed, and cultivated. But our modern feeling is different; and modern experience, at least that of the present writer and certain others he knows of, tells a different story of Dartmoor. With all its provoking caprices of weather, with all its mists overhead and its bogs underfoot (I forgot the bogs and the general plashiness of things in running over the amenities that strike one at first sight), the moor has a singular fascination for those who persevere in its acquaintance. If we must go to the Alps for a parallel to Dartmoor mist, there also must we seek the like of the affection which Dartmoor is capable of inspiring. I do not mean that the emotion is in degree the same, any more than the objects are similar in magnitude; the heroic passion of Alpine climbing is not to be forgotten or replaced. But the wild slopes and tors of Dartmoor call out a feeling which is truly of the same kind, and very fit for the consolation of a discreet householder who has given up serious mountaineering. As far as exercise goes, a man may get as hard a day's walking on the moor as he pleases, and among the tors, if he is minded to look for it, rock-climbing of any degree of difficulty. The other great fascinating power of nature is the sea; and of that also Dartmoor has a kind of savour. Occupying the centre of the western peninsula of England, it is within a moderate distance of the Atlantic on the north and west, and the Channel on the south and east. Plymouth Sound is within view of the south-westerly part of the moor, and looking forth to the sea over hill, down, wood, and fertile plain, one commands as it were an abridgment of England. This is one advantage of the scale and limits of our scenery, which to travellers, and especially to those who are familiar with the vast distances of the New World, appear sometimes to be of cramping and oppressive smallness. We cannot claim the overwhelming efforts of size and intensity. It raises a smile, if not a downright laugh, to read the inflated language of those who described the beauties of England in the first half of this century. For them, good souls, every boulder was a precipitous crag and every weir-

DARTMOOR WEATHER.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'Brien.

pool a magnificent cascade ; they would write sonnets to a cleft in a mud-bank, firmly believing it to be a sublime and terrifying ravine. So it is said that the nascent symphony of Haydn's early days, which now seems to us the natural expression of placid and simple cheerfulness, was to the first hearers a cause of such overpowering emotion as Beethoven in his might will hardly rouse in Mr. Manns's or Herr Richter's audiences. Even recent editions of English guidebooks remind one painfully of the frog in the fable : the coast scenery of North Cornwall, for instance, and certain parts of the Isle of Wight, are oftener than not ludicrously overrated. But after all, the inhabitants of Jupiter would probably have a very mean opinion of the Caucasus or the Himalayas ; nay, the man in the moon (if he has solved the difficulties of climbing without breath, or breathing without any air to speak of) might peradventure think scorn of our best cragsmen. Effects of size and bulk are relative to the surroundings, and nothing is little when referred to its proper scale. Let us in England frankly abandon the claim to imposing bigness, and we shall find that we have many good things left. What we lose in magnitude we gain in compass and variety. There is more to be seen in one sense from Mist Tor[1] than from Monte Rosa.

Dealing with nature on our Dartmoor scale—a miniature scale, if you will—we can gather up and keep in hand a number of aspects, interests, and points of view which in the Alps would demand every one its day's work. Within a few miles of the town of Okehampton, for example, we may stand at the fountain-head of most of the rivers of South Devon, and the chief river of North Devon west of the Exe and its feeders. Those few miles of distance have brought us to as wild a spot as we could find by hunting all the world over. No sign of human handiwork is in sight. It is a desolate plateau of moorland, dominated by Fur Tor, most remote and solitary of tors, and stretching off into a region where only pedestrians can go at all, and where it is best to go with a friend who knows the moor well. The ground is intersected by tiny streams, the streams that, gathering volume and renown as they flow, make their way down to the havens where the commerce of England was fostered, and whence her arms went forth to contest the empire of the seas with Spain. Here spring the two streams of the Okement which, after encircling Okehampton with a crown of rushing waters, bring their united tribute to the Torridge ; they speed with it past Bideford, once famous and still a bright and pleasant little town, to their journey's end at Appledore ; and there they meet their first neighbour the Taw, which, having taken a great sweep to the east, comes round by Barnstaple and picks up the Torridge in its estuary. Not far off rises the Dart, whence the whole region takes its name ; and at our feet are the beginnings of the Tavy, a river which, with its tributary the Walkham, may be judged not inferior to the Dart in beauty or interest, though the Dart has been more celebrated.

And these rivers of Devon have a beauty all their own, for which we should vainly seek in the turbid glacier waters and monotonous vegetation of the Alpine valleys. Here the sweet water of the moor, brilliantly transparent in fair weather, or tinged with rich peat-brown in time of flood, spreads in delicious pools, or tumbles in a succession of little falls and rapids (the proper word for these is "stickles") over its bed of moss-grown granite. Sometimes overshadowed by luxuriant foliage, sometimes open to the sky and looked down upon by a commanding spur of moorland, the stream to which the banks of a Dartmoor valley converge is always a centre of life and interest in the scene, a solace in the heat of the day, and a perpetual charm of sound. Lower down, the woodland of the banks is less wild, but still has a divine freshness. There are reaches of the Tavy where Virgil, who amid the pomps of Rome longed for cool glens and spreading shade, would surely have loved to meditate. One of the best known among the more open parts of the moor streams is the valley of the East Dart, which at Post Bridge, almost in the centre of the moor, is crossed by a bridge of rude and massive structure and unknown age. The ancient way of which it formed part must have been a bridle-path at most : it has long been replaced by a modern bridge carrying a good road, but fortunately some yards higher up, so that the old one is left undisturbed. My colleague Mr. O'Brien has chosen a point of view on the right bank of the stream, from which the old and the modern work are seen together. Beyond the little plantation the moor stretches away to the northward.

[1] It is called Mis Tor on the map, but I am assured on good authority that Mist Tor is the true local form. In older documents it is written in one word, Mistor, which proves nothing. See more below as to Dartmoor names.

This ancient bridge, formed of solid slabs of granite, which it must have cost immense toil to put there, is sometimes called Cyclopean; not a very rational epithet, but more innocent than "Druidical," a word much dealt in by

POST BRIDGE, DARTMOOR.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'Brien.

speculators on the antiquities of Dartmoor. Infinite nonsense has been talked and written, and is still current in books of local reputation, about supposed Druidical remains of one sort and another. To maintain this attribution it is necessary to prove two things: first, that there ever were Druids on Dartmoor; and secondly, that the works in question are such as Druids, from what is known of their rites and customs, were likely to produce. The modern Druidical school of antiquaries have dealt with the first of these points not at all, and with the second, to say the least, inadequately. Maunderings about the religious ceremonies of the ancient Britons having been much like those of the ancient Hebrews are the sort of research that passed muster with these worthies.

The so-called Druidical antiquities of Dartmoor may be divided into three classes: those which there is no sufficient reason to think the work of man's hands at all: those which may not improbably be ascribed to miners or herdsmen of uncertain date: and those which are certainly of human origin, but of which nothing else is really known as to date or otherwise, and which may very well have been as great a mystery to the contemporaries of Julius Cæsar as they are to ourselves. Examples of the first class are the detached columns of granite in which certain authors have been able to see "rock idols," and the "rock basins" which may be found on most of the western tors. All writers of the Druidical school have assumed, as a matter of clear ocular evidence, that these cavities are artificial; an assumption more plausible than the fancy about "rock idols," but not acceptable, nor now accepted by impartial observers. One curious fact about these basins, that they occur only on one side of the moor, has been used as an argument of their human origin, but appears rather to point the other way. It is easier to believe that there is more or less difference between the weather-resisting quality of granite on the east and the west of Dartmoor (and a slight difference

would be enough) than that there was a sect or schism of Druids who made rock-basins, and whose operations were, by choice or necessity, confined to this limited region. Certain it is that on the south-west part of the moor the rock is of a very poor and coarse texture, and weathers rapidly. I have myself seen a well formed miniature rock-basin on a block lying exposed in a quite undistinguished part of the moor: perhaps this might have been the prentice work of a young Druid learning the craft with a view to larger operations on the top of a tor. Finally, there are plenty of rock-basins of all sizes in the granite about the Logan Rock near the Land's End, one of the best marked being on the top of a crag inaccessible by ordinary means. As to those remains of which the human origin is not disputable, it is possible that "old men's workings," as the traces of abandoned mines are called in this country, may account for more of them than is generally admitted. From a very early time the rude process of getting tin by "streaming" was practised on Dartmoor, and it was not disused until within the present century. Thus a floating population of mining adventurers must at one time or another have occupied every accessible part of the moor; and it may be inferred, not only from the known extent of the mining industry, but from the churches around the moor being far in excess of the wants of the settled inhabitants, that this population was considerable throughout the middle ages. One would expect many traces of their rude operations—fragmentary, however, and possibly obscure in detail even to experts at this day—to remain in various quarters. It is impossible to go into particulars here; but some at least of the supposed "sacred circles" are suspiciously like filled-up shafts. Again, certain stone inclosures which have passed for British fortifications are now more plausibly considered to have been made (at a sufficiently remote time, we may freely allow) for the protection of cattle. But when all is said, there is still on our hands a residue of objects which we can only call prehistoric for want of any more certain name, and which present a riddle to be solved, it may be, by the patient and critical methods of comparative archæology, but not otherwise. Such are the stone avenues near Merrivale Bridge on the Walkham, a spot otherwise worthy of more than passing regard. Random talk about Druids and Arkites (I confess that I do not know what Arkites are supposed to have been) will anyhow make us no wiser. And let this be enough of prehistoric matters, for perhaps the reader who does not know how the local literature of Dartmoor is infested with Druids may think we have had more than enough. It would be unjust not to say that among all this idle stuff the voice of common sense has now and again been heard in later years.[1]

In true historical antiquities and associations, on the other hand, this region of Dartmoor is abundantly rich. We find here an ancient royal forest, long since annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall—itself not the least curious of legal curiosities—and peculiar customary rights and claims arising out of the relations of the Forest proper to the neighbouring common lands, which are mostly not separated from it by any visible bounds, and are included in Dartmoor as the name is commonly used. In the heart of the moor, at Crockern Tor, is the seat of the old Stannaries Court where the customs of the miners were administered. It is more than possible that an open-air popular court, under whatever name, sat at the same spot long before either Anglo-Norman or English laws were obeyed west of the Axe. On the western border, at Lidford, is the squat-looking ruin of the castle which was the Stannaries prison, a prison of evil and noisome repute. Early in the 16th century Richard Strode's durance in it, on account of words spoken and acts done by him in Parliament to the displeasure of the tin-mining interest, was the occasion of the privilege of Parliament being declared by an Act[2] which spares no emphasis in describing (no doubt in Strode's own terms) what bad quarters the Castle afforded him. Farther south, at Tavistock, was a great Benedictine monastery whereof remains are yet extant; not far off, at Buckland (still called Buckland Monachorum) was a Cistercian house, in frequent correspondence with another of the same order at Buckfastleigh on the south-east borders of the moor. The communications of the monks of Tavistock, Buckland, and Buckfastleigh, had much to do with keeping in use and memory, if they did not originate, certain of the ancient trackways (one of them is still known as the Abbot's Way) which in almost every quarter of Dartmoor afford aid and guidance to the traveller, and to the rider are invaluable. Often they mark the horseman's only possible course through the bad ground. Such is the case for example

[1] *e.g.* "What is Grimspound?" by G. W. Ormerod, *Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, 1872; "Were there Druids in Devon?" by R. N. Worth, *Ib.* 1880.

[2] 4 Henry VIII., *c.* 8.

in Aune Head Mire (Aune is a form of Avon), now probably the worst bog on the moor. Fox Tor Mire, once as dangerous, has lately been drained by a grazing speculator, with the result of reducing it to about the average condition of bad ground. In such places the path is well marked, and, however wet it looks, has everywhere a firm bottom of rock or gravel. When good ground is reached, the track becomes less plain, and might in many places be overlooked by a stranger. Another very old public way of this kind is the lich-path, which goes eastward from Lidford. The name is explained by the ancient custom of the people of the eastern parts to bring corpses across the moor to be buried at Lidford, in which parish the whole of the Forest was included. This was done until the modern church and burial-ground at Princetown came into use.

These venerable rights of way should have been safe, one would think, against modern encroachments and inclosures, but it is not so. The greed of useless and unjust appropriation, which of late years law and public opinion have done much to restrain in more thickly peopled counties, has not yet been effectually checked in the West. I know of one case where the lich-path itself has been obstructed by the process of first running across the path a wall with a gate in it, and leaving the gate unfastened; then (when the first novelty of the thing had gone off) making at another point some score yards distant a wire fence without any break; and finally locking the gate, thus completing the interruption. The new branch railway to Princetown (an abomination to all true lovers of the moor) has also been constructed with the least possible regard to rights of way and the convenience of the public, and has made a considerable tract all but inaccessible to riders. As for mere squatting on the moor by small occupiers who have taken in bits of common land here and there, and built cottages on them which now and then are picturesque enough, a good deal of it has gone on at different times, but the mischief is nothing to that of the systematic inclosures made by landlords and speculators. A great one was made a few years ago for sheep-farming, and is still maintained, though the experiment has not met with much success. Attempts have likewise been made to start new mines, compressed peat manufactories, and what not: these projects have all miserably failed, "scat"[1] as they say in this western mining country, and so far the powers of the moor have their revenge; but their carcases cumber the ground with bare

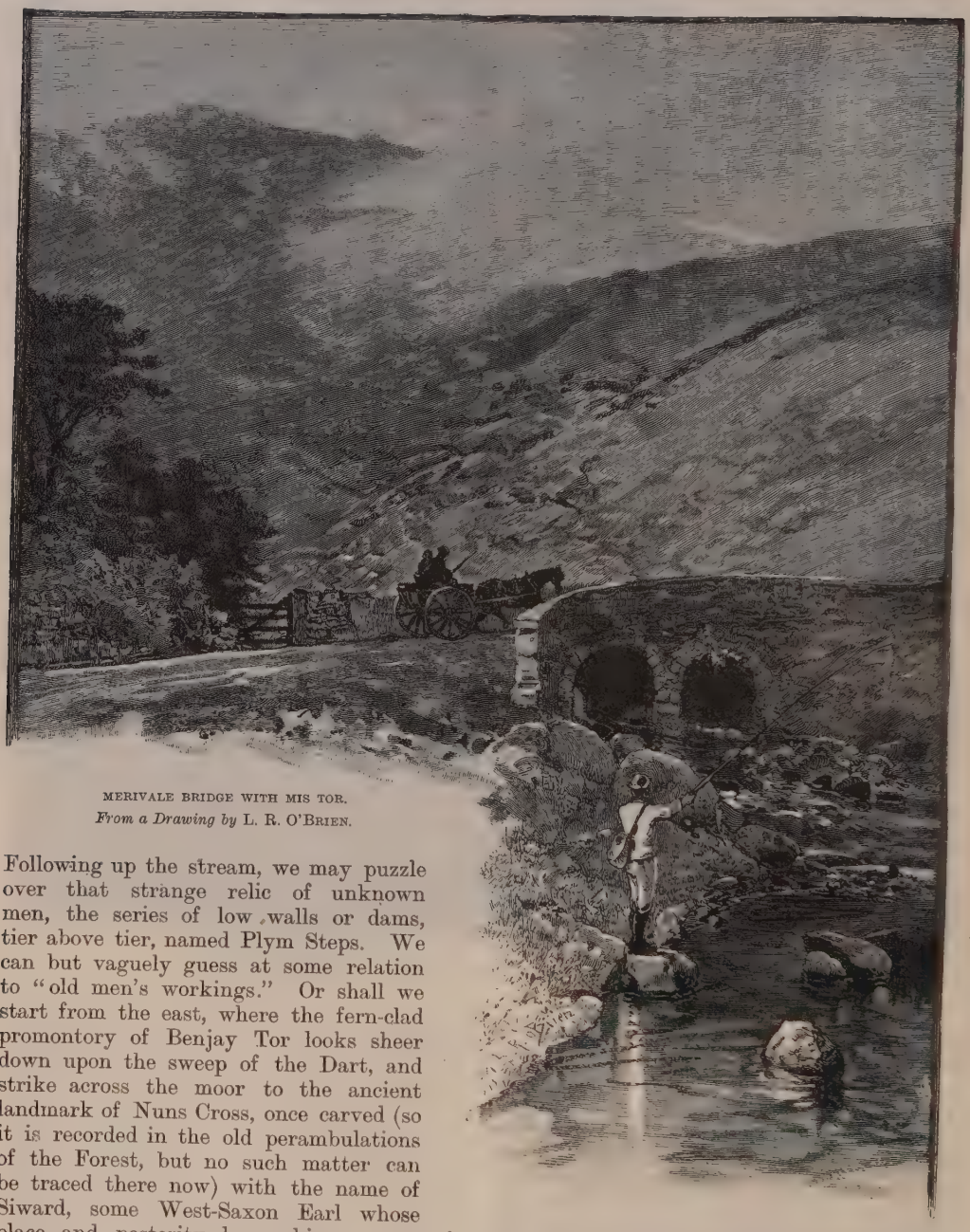
COTTAGE ON DARTMOOR.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'BRIEN.

[1] Vox obscurior, a lexicographis adhuc parum enucleata. Est qui *ἀπὸ τοῦ σκατὸς* deducere velit, quasi huiusmodi hominibus *σκατοφαγεῖν* apud inferos poena constituta sit. Quae quidem VV. DD. arbitrio in medio relinquimus.

walls and rubbish-heaps, mean and pitiful monuments of greed, fraud, and folly. Nevertheless, a revival of peat-works is at this moment in prospect, and, whatever it does to the shareholders, will certainly do nothing but harm to the moor. An association has now been formed (and not a day too soon) for the protection of Dartmoor against further encroachment and defacement. Happily there is better hope for the future. It has within the last few months been made known that the very extensive powers of the duchy of Cornwall will henceforth be used to discourage fresh inclosures, not only in the forest proper, but in the outlying parts of the moor which are subject to duchy rights. It is well for England that ancient rights and powers of this kind have survived the reign of a short-sighted economy which would have sacrificed them for the benefit of individual speculators, and are now wisely administered, not as mere sources of revenue, but as instruments of public welfare.

But let us leave controversial matter, and return to the enjoyment of unspoilt nature. On which side shall we look more closely into the moor? Shall it be from Okehampton, ever musical with the swift waters of its two streams, whose broad irregular street and massive buildings call up vague recollections of some Italian valley of the Alps? Or shall we come by the Plym from the south, and scramble up the woody cliff at its junction with the Meavy to where the Dewrstone looks toward the central tors? There we may laugh at the fancy of the poet, if to make sadly clumsy and affected blank verses is to be a poet, who, finding a Cadover Bridge—otherwise Cadaworth, Cadaford or Cudiford, which is the better form—thought it must needs be a bridge *over the Cad*, and straightway adorned the Plym, well known by its proper name from the head downwards, by the new title of "the ever-brawling Cad." One guide-book has improved on this invention by gravely explaining that Cad is the Celtic, and Plym the "Saxon" name. Thanks to the Princetown railway, the moor will now have a chance of making the acquaintance of the real "ever-brawling cad" on Bank Holidays and other feast days.

FROM PU TOR, DARTMOOR.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'BRIEN.



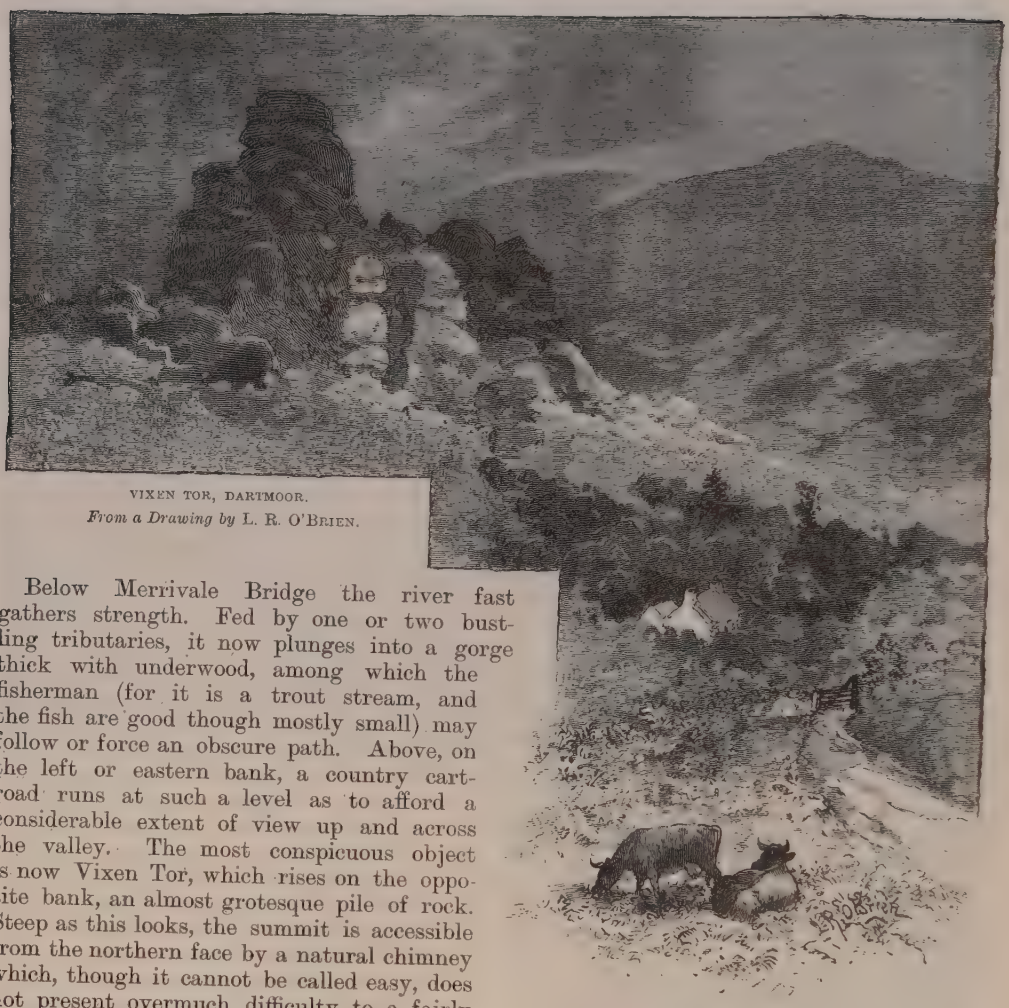
MERIVALE BRIDGE WITH MIS TOR.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'BRIEN.

Following up the stream, we may puzzle over that strange relic of unknown men, the series of low walls or dams, tier above tier, named Plym Steps. We can but vaguely guess at some relation to "old men's workings." Or shall we start from the east, where the fern-clad promontory of Benjay Tor looks sheer down upon the sweep of the Dart, and strike across the moor to the ancient landmark of Nuns Cross, once carved (so it is recorded in the old perambulations of the Forest, but no such matter can be traced there now) with the name of Siward, some West-Saxon Earl whose place and posterity know him no more? The sun may be hot; for changes are sharp in this country, and the sun makes up for lost time when his day comes. Noon can lie as heavy on Dartmoor as on any Alpine traveller's way; and though the air be pure, the exhilarating breath of the glaciers, in which the strong man exults, and the weak becomes strong, is wanting. But we shall have our reward notwithstanding, for there is refreshment at hand such as too rarely befalls in the Alps. In a curiously secluded hollow there lies a certain pool known to the faithful of the moor, that offers us a most grateful swim. It is fed by undiscovered springs, and is reputed bottomless. But its fame was once rudely shaken by mining adventurers who, presuming on an inexhaustible water supply, thought this a convenient place to open their works. To the pool they went merrily, and, as local report bore witness, "pumped

en dry in dree hours." Well for us that nature has replenished it. Or shall we go westward to the Lyd, and mount through its gorge till we come out on the moor towards Links Tor? There is matter here for the naturalist and the Darwinian, seeing that in a certain pool under a waterfall in the gorge there inhabit black-tailed trout, a kind not found elsewhere in the river.

With the reader's permission, we will leave these things untold, and be guided by our favourite river the Walkham. For it is, as I verily think, as laudable a river as any on Dartmoor, and on or near its banks we shall find a good sample of every kind of interest that the moor has to show. The general course is from north to south, until its bed leaves the moor, and turns westward to join the Tavy. We say and write Walkham with all the neighbours: but the ordnance map makes it Wallcomb, which suggests the rather tempting etymology Wall-combe, that is, Welshman's valley, with the inference that at some time this stream was the western boundary of English conquest. But the name of the parish of Walkhampton (which occurs in the same form in the earliest documents relating to Dartmoor) is against this. So is the fact that the component syllable *Wal* or *Wall* in proper names hereabouts is more likely to have to do with mines than with Welshmen; the Celtic word survives in the English adaptation *Wheal*. So, lastly, is the general character of the ordnance map, which is thoroughly untrustworthy for the forms and spelling of names in this region. All or nearly all the local names on the moor, especially those of tors, are corrupt, and attempts at giving them an English look have disguised the original Celtic forms beyond the possibility of recovery. The Ordnance Survey made matters rather worse; the first information that came to hand, competent or incompetent, loose or exact, was accepted without criticism. The story goes that one of the surveyors asked an old man at work on a road what a certain tor there visible was called. The old man, being hard of hearing, thought the question to be what he was doing, and made answer, "I be a guttering." And down went Gutter Tor on the map accordingly. We cannot, therefore, accept *Wallcomb* on the authority of the map, even though we might like to do so.

The Walkham, then, rises not far from the central western watershed, among the great bogs lying on the south side of Fur Tor. Flowing through a valley of open turf, and as yet a little stream which can be crossed almost in a level stride, it presently winds round the base of Mist Tor, the second in magnitude, and the most imposing altogether, of the heights of Dartmoor. Were I disposed to imitate the magnificent language of certain authors, I should call Mist Tor the Finsteraarhorn of the moor. Dominating as it does its own group, and lying on the outer verge of the Forest, it is a commanding and conspicuous object all over this western quarter; and it has a better defined hill form than most other tors, which are apt to be mere outcrops of stone without much relation to an actual summit. Mist Tor, even without its crowning rocks, would be a true mountain in miniature. On the right-hand bank opposite is Staple Tor, two of whose rock-masses have indeed all the look of the staples of some Titanic gate; insomuch that one is inclined to hope that this time the name is genuine. The same may be said of Wain Tor, recently called Little Mist or Mis Tor, a square mass that stands out some way down the crest of the Mist Tor itself. Now the river comes down to Merrivale Bridge, and is crossed by the high road from Tavistock to Princetown. Besides the curiosity of the prehistoric remains already mentioned, the bridge (which lies at the foot of Mist Tor) is picturesque, and a favourite spot for fishers and artists. The road is useful but not beautiful, and that to which it leads, Princetown and the great convict prison, is the ugliest thing, physically and morally, on the moor. It is like a desecration of the kindly fruits of the earth to see hay being made (and poor hay at best) by a working party under the eye of warders who pace the top of the boundary wall with loaded rifles. The buildings, however, have a certain interest; the older part was designed and used for receiving French prisoners during the latter years of the great war, and the concourse of people, vanquished and victors, thus brought together produced the village of Princetown (so named after George IV., then Prince Regent and Duke of Cornwall), and gave it a movement and animation which have now been in part revived by tourists and sight-seers. But it is a dreary place enough: luckily, as it befel, there was not much natural beauty for the prisons and the convicts' inclosures to deface. Some of their recent works, however, are offensively conspicuous near Mist Tor. It has been well remarked that setting convicts to "steal the common from the goose" is a curious way of reforming their morals. Let us escape from them back to the Walkham.



VIXEN TOR, DARTMOOR.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'BRIEN.

Below Merrivale Bridge the river fast gathers strength. Fed by one or two bustling tributaries, it now plunges into a gorge thick with underwood, among which the fisherman (for it is a trout stream, and the fish are good though mostly small) may follow or force an obscure path. Above, on the left or eastern bank, a country cart-road runs at such a level as to afford a considerable extent of view up and across the valley. The most conspicuous object is now Vixen Tor, which rises on the opposite bank, an almost grotesque pile of rock. Steep as this looks, the summit is accessible from the northern face by a natural chimney which, though it cannot be called easy, does not present overmuch difficulty to a fairly good climber. There is a well-marked "rock-basin" on the top; and those who are so minded may believe that the Druids took the trouble to climb Vixen Tor (and that before nailed boots were invented) when many loftier eminences round about could be attained with perfect ease. For Vixen Tor stands on comparatively low ground, and is overlooked in every direction except towards the river. Were it matched with a pedestal of fitting proportions, it would be the most imposing of all the tors. Behind Vixen Tor is Pu Tor, an outlying summit which looks out to Tavistock and the Cornish hills far beyond. In foul weather one can get here, without imprudence, a taste of Dartmoor mist and storms. Mr. O'Brien and myself were rewarded for coming out on a hopeless day by suddenly seeing, as we descended the hill side, the dense clouds in front of us rise and let down a ray of light upon the plain, and then swiftly roll up and drive off seaward, disclosing a whole region of clear air; the moor behind us remained meanwhile in a sea of impenetrable mist. This effect was too sudden and transient to be seized, and the reader must be content with the light and shade of another stormy evening as seen from nearly the same place. From Pu Tor we must not omit to note a conical peak in the northwest, crowned by a church. This is Brent Tor, a singular hill of volcanic rock which is not on the moor at all, but from its form and solitary place is a conspicuous landmark all over the western part of it.

Our way now trends down to rejoin the river, and becomes a typical Devonshire lane, or as near the true type as lanes are now-a-days. A lane, as here understood, is a

hollow way between high banks of turf, which are thick with grass, fern and briar. In old times the tops were so well set that the foliage formed a complete roof across the road, and this may still be seen in some of the less frequented ways. But such darkness was the result that the convenience and safety of travellers were in danger, and by this time almost all the hedges have been cut. Even so, however, a Devonshire lane retains quite enough peculiarity to be an object of curiosity to those who are not familiar with it. One good reason for building high banks in this country is the necessity of keeping out sheep, which here are very active and enterprising. Our present road differs for the better from a strict and perfect lane in that it sometimes allows us to see where we are. We may catch across the hedge or through a gap in it a glimpse of some of the minor tors above the eastern bank. And so we come to Ward Bridge, long noted as a typical spot in a typical Devonshire river. The stream is full and clear, broad enough to make one thankful for local knowledge of crossing-places, no longer in so deeply cut a valley, but still moving in a sheltered hollow fringed by the richest vegetation. In some places which, as Herodotus used to say, it is not lawful for me to mention, rare ferns may yet be found by those who deserve to find them. It is a goodly and a pleasant country; there is now tillage on either side, and homesteads cluster along the banks. Going up to Sampford Spiney church, we may take note of a solidly built old farm-house with its *cour d'honneur* formed, as was the custom hereabouts when gentlemen farmers were not ashamed of their business, by the farm-yard itself with its barns and offices. An ancient boundary cross (now moved from its original place) completes the local character of our little picture.

A DEVONSHIRE LANE.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'Brien.

The Walkham speeds on under the breezy down of Walkhampton Common to the hamlet and bridge of Huckworthy; the high road is dull enough, but a combination of fisherman's path and farm road will help us to follow the stream by wood and meadow. Then we pass the village of Horrabridge, where the course is diverted somewhat to the north of west by the high plateau of Roborough Down which separates us from the valley of the Tavy. Turning the northern promontory of Buckland Down, and still flowing in a country of rich woodland and water meadows, where here

and there an otter still haunts a dark pool, the waters of the Walkham join the Tavy some miles below Tavistock, and are carried with it to the estuary of the Tamar, to be once more caught up in the perpetual motion and counterchange of sun, cloud, river, and sea.

> "Und so trägt er seine Brüder,
> Seine Schätze, seine Kinder,
> Dem erwartenden Erzeuger
> Freudebrausend an das Herz."

The reader may think fit to observe, and with indisputable truth, that there are many other moors in the world. Yes; but they are not Dartmoor. And other moorlands have their rivers, and moreover "there is salmons in both," or trout at any rate: (but the salmon prosper so much since the Salmon Fishery Acts that now they come up the Dartmoor streams lean and ravenous, when they are themselves unfit to be taken, eat up the trout and depart, leaving the trout-fisher disconsolate). But no two families of rivers, nor yet any two rivers are alike; and therefore the ancients in their wisdom gave to every one a several deity. So that if any man deem, on the strength of general experience, that he knows Dartmoor beforehand, he will deem much amiss. I speak as a novice myself, and what I can bring together is but as the crumbs that fall from a true moor-man's table. Yet, since human perversity is infinite, there may be those who, having seen Dartmoor, go about to disparage it. The only answer that shall be made to this sort is a story from Tavistock. There is an ancient feud, half serious, half jocose, between Tavistock and the parts round about. It is said that a carrier of Tavistock was found on the moor by some Okehampton men struggling with a flooded stream, and that their comment on recognising him was, "Let en go, 'tis only a Tavistock man." It is a fact that a horse-dealer has been known to abate a seller's price by some pounds with the remark that the pony would be a good one but for having "*Tavy-stock* legs." In this usage of the name the first syllable is pronounced with a contemptuous emphasis.

HALL'S FARM, DARTMOOR.
From a Drawing by L. R. O'BRIEN.

Now Tavistock has nothing visibly contemptible about it, being a town of fair site, of convenient habitation, of ancient good fame, the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake and other worthies—including "manly Peeke," who, while a prisoner at "Sherries in Spaine," fought and beat single-handed with quarter-staff three Spaniards with rapier and dagger—and to this day a dwelling-place of sufficient men. A certain man of Tavistock was asked if he could account for the general disparagement affected by the neighbours from Okehampton to Plymouth. His answer was concise and complete, and for my part I shall take it to extend to whatever has been or may be said to the prejudice of Dartmoor: *They'm jealous.*

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

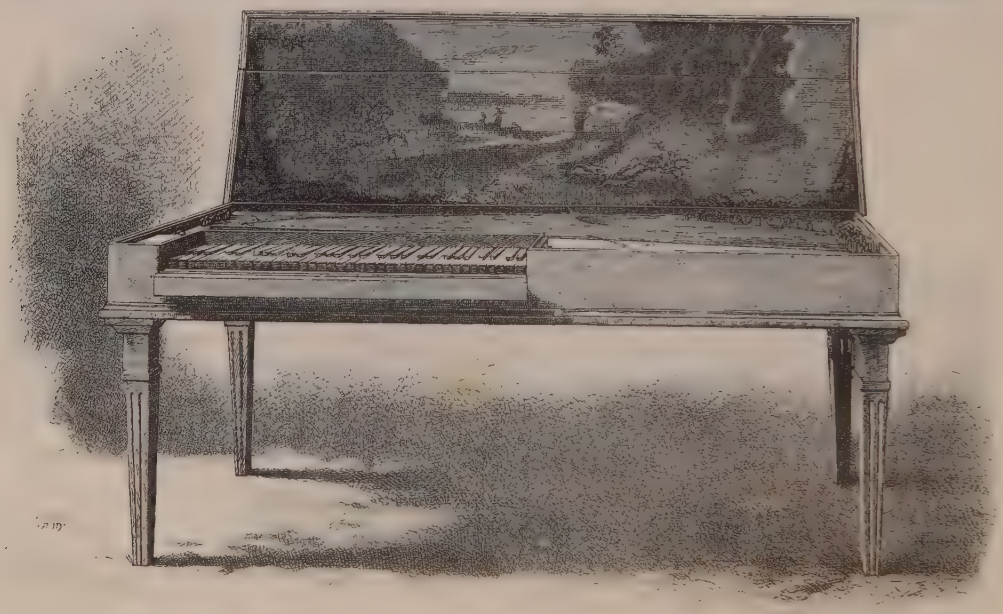
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. PANELS FORMING PART OF THE DECORATION FOR THE SIDE OF A PIANOFORTE.
Designed and painted by E. BURNE JONES *for the instrument in the possession of* W. GRAHAM, ESQ.

THE PIANOFORTE AND ITS PRECURSORS.

SOME six centuries before our era the principle which finds its most complete and complex expression in the modern pianoforte may be said to have been invented. Pythagoras, as we are told, was the first to measure a vibrating string stretched between bridges on a resonance box, and by shifting the bridges on this monochord, he was enabled accurately to determine the intervals of the Greek octave scale. We need not here discuss what those intervals were, nor try to elucidate the origin of the monochord itself, though it is known that the principle was familiar to the Egyptians at a very early date. After Pythagoras the monochord remained the canon or rule for interval measurement, and we find it so employed in the eleventh century of our era, by the acknowledged founder of our modern musical system, Guido d'Arezzo. But it had then become a contradiction in terms, inasmuch as to facilitate teaching the Plain Song of Milan and Rome—the so-called Ambrosian and Gregorian tones—it was, while still retaining the old name, furnished with more than a single string. The thirteenth century was one of great activity and change, and small portable and positive organs were introduced into the churches for use as boxes of pitch-pipes. Their notes were controlled by simple levers, a rudimentary key-board, which admitted or excluded wind. We are told that the order of these levers was diatonic, but with one note more than our common octave scale: that note we call B flat. This was due to the system of the Hexachord, attributed to Guido, a method of naming musical notes in series of sixes, from the initial words of a hymn.

Soon after this time it must have occurred to an ingenious monk that by adapting the lever apparatus to the monochord of the singing schools the instrument could be made more useful, and in some such way, we do not know exactly when, the clavichord became invented. The name is compounded from the Latin *clavis*, key, and *chorda*, string, the clavis or clef unlocking the sound in the musical instrument, as in another sense it unlocked a particular note of the musical notation. We find the name first about A.D. 1400, included with monochord and clavicymbal, in some rules of the Minnesingers. But for nearly two hundred years clavichord and monochord were interchangeable names. The reason for this is to be found in the clavichord having retained, as it did even so late as the eighteenth century, the shifting bridge, the first principle as a tone measurer of the school monochord; the sharps or flats were obtained from the same strings which gave the natural notes, by a stopping contrived from the adjacent keys,

the stopper being always a simple upright of brass, little more than a flattened pin, called a tangent. B flat, although an upper or short key, was regarded as a natural note; B natural being "fretted" upon it. From some unexplained reason A and D were left free from neighbouring tangents. This was the general construction of what is called in German a "gebunden," that is to say a "fretted" clavichord. Each tangent was a "nut" to its pair of strings, thus replacing the straight bridge absent in the clavichord. Of course there was the sound-board bridge, indispensable to all keyed instruments with



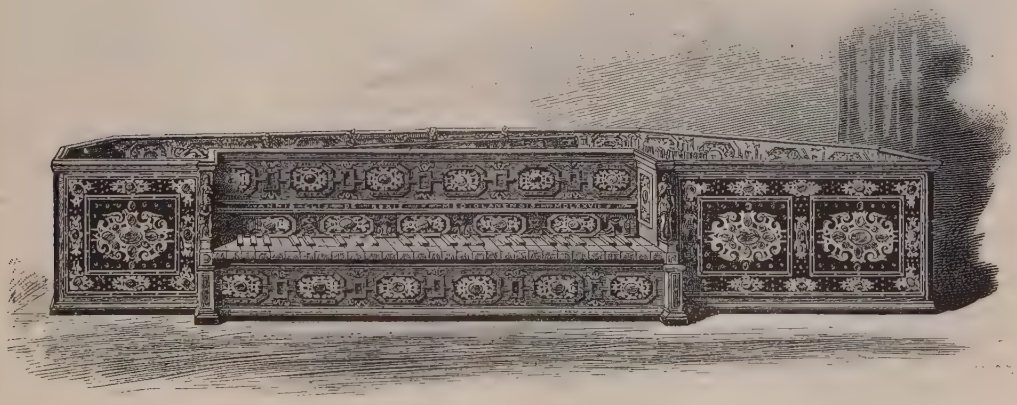
THE GREEN CLAVICHORD. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
South Kensington Museum.

strings: and a strip of cloth was the common damper to all the strings, acting when the tangents did not touch them. Although this simple instrument was of feeble sound, it was found to be capable of much tender, personal expression when, as happened early in the seventeenth century, feeling became a property of instrumental music. Then touch became gradually more and more important, and the necessity of a systematic fingering was clearly recognised; its method was indeed fixed nearly as we now employ it, in the time and school of the Bachs. The illustration here given is taken from the green clavichord in South Kensington Museum, which belonged to the late Carl Engel. It is more decorated than has been customary with clavichords, which were instruments of comparatively low price. In this instrument each note is independent or fret-free (Bundfrei), an improvement which came into vogue subsequent to 1700, and prevailed through the favour of John Sebastian Bach, who was by it enabled to tune equally in all keys and to compose as he pleased in them, which could not have been accomplished while the fretted system lasted.

Excepting in Germany, the clavichord had generally given way to the spinet early in the sixteenth century, and before its expressive character could have been observed. The spinet was a double-bridged instrument, the tones of which were produced by mechanical plectra, each plectrum plucking a single string. It was at first in a trapeze form, like our common dulcimer, a form derived from the psaltery, an instrument of Persian origin, brought into Europe by the Crusaders. By a mechanical adaptation of the psaltery plectrum were gained those fascinating rows of spinet jacks, which act by crow-quill points and hoist their little red-cloth flags for dampers. Scaliger expressly says the crow-quill points were introduced when he was a

boy, that is, late in the fifteenth century. But the spinet did not get its name from these little spines or thorns, as was long supposed to be the case, but from a Venetian named Spinetti, who, about the same time, contrived the rectangular or oblong shape, adopted for that form of spinet subsequently known as virginal—a form familiar in the German clavichord, and the successor of the clavichord, the square pianoforte.

A more beautiful form of the spinet was the pentagonal (sometimes heptagonal), the invention of which dates from some time in the sixteenth century, and is attributed to the Milanese Rosso. Observe the delicacy of the structural lines in our illustration, which also shows the luxury of adornment expended upon such instruments in Northern Italy. They had no lids or covers, but the oblong ones were furnished with them after the fashion of the cassone or large Italian chest. The virginal reproduced is Italian, and represents a small oblong instrument combined with a decorative cabinet of ebony inlaid with ivory. This example, like the previous one, is at South Kensington. Before the Restoration all keyed instruments with jacks, whether spinets or harpsichords, were known in England by the general name "virginal;" usually "a pair of virginals,"

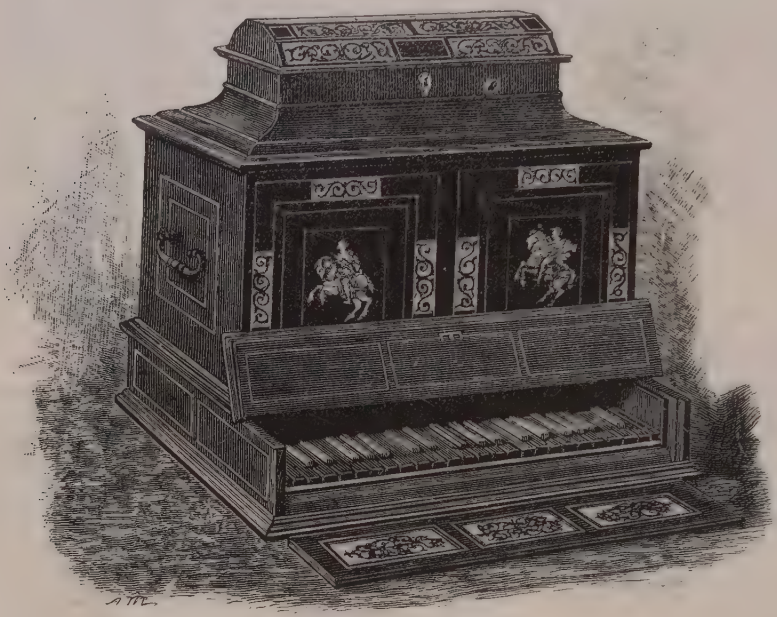


ROSSI SPINET. SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
South Kensington Museum.

just as we have "a pair of clavichords," or "a pair of organs," an evident allusion to the key-board which proceeded in scale by equal steps and was thus similar to "a pair of steps or stairs." From the Restoration of Charles the Second, each kind of instrument was known by its own particular name.

We have taken a fourteenth century representation of a trapeze-shaped psaltery from Orcagna's altar-piece of the Coronation of the Virgin in the National Gallery. While this instrument, when strung vertically, as was sometimes the case, led up to the spinet, another form known in Italy as "Strumento di Porco," from its resemblance to a pig's head, also strung vertically, led up to the harpsichord. We are obliged to go to pictures for examples of these instruments and an example of the "di Porco" is shown in a Filippino Lippi, another of the treasures of our National Gallery. The proper name, however, for psaltery was, in Italy, "cembalo" and when keyed it became "clavicembalo," and thus by loss of the final syllables, the French *clavecin*. Another term for the clavicembalo was "arpichord" of evident suggestion from the harp shape, and from this we derive our "harpsichord." It is true that in the old Minnesinger document we have referred to, the word "clavicymbolum" is found, but that is no proof that the instrument which bore this name had jacks; it was most likely a differently shaped clavichord. Names are illusory, and cannot be trusted unless the objects themselves, or fairly accurate representations of them, are in existence. We have the former, fortunately, in the fine Roman clavicembalo, here depicted, which has recently been acquired for South Kensington. It is dated A.D. 1521, and is the oldest known. By its discovery occasional references to virginals, which were previously somewhat obscure, are elucidated, and we have now proof that King Henry the Eighth might have played upon a

harpsichord were he so minded, and most likely he did. A modification of the spinet and Jan Couchet. The improvements of the double key-board with stops and the octave string have been attributed to the elder Hans; the latter possibly with authority. These men were all members of the Artists' Guild of St. Luke, which bound them to trade-mark their instruments, by inscription or by devices inserted in sound-boards. They frequently added Latin mottoes of religious or ethical signification.



ITALIAN OCTAVE VIRGINAL COMBINED WITH CABINET. CIRCA, A.D. 1600.
South Kensington Museum.

The best harpsichord making was early in the eighteenth century transferred from the Scheldt to the Thames, from Antwerp to London, where those famous makers, Kirkman and Shudi (founder of Broadwood's house) were rivals with each other and unrivalled elsewhere. Being pupils of the Flemish Tafel, they continued Antwerp traditions in their single and double-keyed harpsichords, Kirkman being the more conservative. We owe the Venetian Swell, now universally adopted in the organ, to Shudi, who endeavoured by it to compete with the then newly-introduced pianoforte in that power of increase and decrease of sound which is inherent in the latter.

The type of the pianoforte is found in that form of psaltery which is struck with hammers and is in England known as the dulcimer: it is identical with the cimbal of the Hungarian gipsies, recently made familiar to us by their characteristic bands that have visited London. The Italians call it "salterio tedesco," implying a German origin for the hammer practice. The Germans again call it "hackbrett"—a chopping-board. It must early have suggested itself to the spinet-makers to adapt keys to the hammers, but at first their efforts would be wasted by the over-striking problem which is to

form, due to the wing-shaped harpsichord is the Italian "spinetta traversa" which became naturalised, early in the seventeeth century in this country, and is to be occasionally met with in the masterpieces of the Hitchcocks and Hawards, of Keene and Player. Old Pepys as we know bought a Haward much to his satisfaction. The illustration is from one by Player, also at South Kensington, where it represents a piece of domestic furniture of the epoch of good Queen Anne. Nor is it less interesting as a musical instrument. Such transverse spinets were made as late as 1784. They were not painted as was so often the case with the harpsichord, in the decorations of which great masters like Rubens and Salvator Rosa were sometimes employed, the sound-boards being frequently covered with devices of birds, fruit, and flowers. The most famous Flemish makers at the latter end of the sixteenth and during the greater part of the seventeenth century were the Ruckers of Antwerp, of whose instruments still existing I have been able to catalogue sixty-three specimens. The family consisted of Hans the elder, his sons, Hans the younger, and Andries the elder: his grandsons, Andries the younger,

this day not satisfactorily solved for horizontal pianos. The alternative of striking from below would be suggested by the rising spinet-jacks, but then a gap was needed for the hammers to strike up through, and that gap weakened a structure required in fact to be much strengthened to bear the strain of the thicker strings, necessitated by the impact or percussion of hammers.

It has been my privilege to assist in proving that Bartolommeo Cristofori was, in the first years of the eighteenth century, the real inventor of the pianoforte, but with a wide knowledge and experience of how long it has taken to make any invention in keyed instruments practicable and successful, I cannot believe that Cristofori was the first to attempt to contrive one. I should rather accept his good and complete instrument as the sum of his own lifelong studies and experiments, added to those of generations before him, which have left no record for us as yet discovered.

The earliest mention of the name pianoforte (*piano e forte*), applied to a musical instrument, has been recently discovered by Count Valdrighi in documents preserved in the Estense Library, at Modena. It is dated A.D. 1598, and the reference is evidently to an instrument of the spinet or cembalo kind; but how the tone was produced there is no statement, no word to base an inference upon. The name has not been met with again between the Estense document and Scipione Maffei's well-known description, written in 1711, of Cristofori's "gravecembalo col piano e forte," that is, harpsichord with soft and loud. My view of Cristofori's invention allows me to think that the Estense "piano e forte" may have been a hammer cembalo, a very imperfect one, of course. But I admit that the opposite view of forte and piano, contrived by registers of spinet-jacks, is equally tenable.

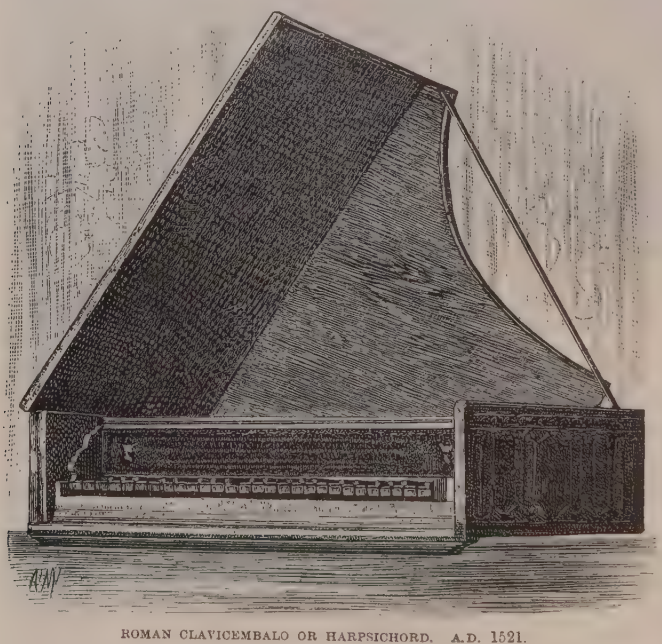
Bartolommeo Cristofori was a Paduan harpsichord maker, who was invited by Ferdinand dei Medici to Florence, to take charge of the large collection of musical instruments in the Prince's possession. At Florence, he produced the invention of the pianoforte, in which he was assisted and encouraged by his high-minded, richly cultivated, and very musical patron. Scipione Maffei tells us that in 1709, Cristofori had completed four of the new instruments, three of them being of the usual harpsichord form, and one of another form, which he leaves undescribed. It is interesting to suppose that Handel may have tried one or more of these four instruments during the stay he made at Florence in 1708. But it is not likely that he was at all impressed with the potentialities of the invention any more than was John Sebastian Bach in after years, when he tried the pianofortes of Silbermann. The sketch of Cristofori's action in Maffei's essay shows that in the first instruments this was not complete, and it may not have been perfected when Prince Ferdinand died in 1713. But there are Cristofori

ANGEL PLAYING ON A PSALTERY.
From the picture by ORCAGNA *in the National Gallery.*

grand pianos preserved at Florence, dated respectively 1720 and 1726, in which we find an improved construction of action that is in no way tentative, but effectually answers the requirements of a player not desiring force. I write from personal experience, having tried the 1726 piano, which still remains intact, and belongs to Signor Alessandro Kraus, the well-known collector

at Florence, by whose kindness a drawing of the instrument is here reproduced. Cristofori died in 1731. Cristofori had pupils, one of whom made, in 1730, the "Rafael d'Urbino," the favourite instrument of the great singer Farinelli. The story of inventive Italian pianoforte making ends thus early, but to Italy the invention indisputably belongs.

The first to make pianofortes in Germany was the famous Freiberg organ-builder and clavichord maker, Gottfried Silbermann. He submitted two pianofortes to the judgment of John Sebastian Bach in 1726, which judgment was, however, unfavourable, the trebles being found too weak, and the touch too heavy. Silbermann, according to the account of Bach's pupil, Agricola, being much mortified, put them aside, resolving not to show them again unless he could improve them. We do not know what these instruments were, but it may be inferred that they were copies of Cristofori, or were made after the description of his invention, by Maffei, whose work had already been translated from Italian into German, by König, the court poet at Dresden, and a personal friend of Silbermann. With the next anecdote which narrates the purchase of all the pianofortes Silbermann had made by Frederick the Great, we are upon surer ground. This well accredited occurrence took place in 1746, and in the following year occurred Bach's celebrated visit to Potsdam, when he played upon one or more of these instruments. Burney saw and described one in 1772. I had this one, which was known to have remained unaltered in the Neues Palais at Potsdam until the present time, examined, and, from a drawing of the action, found it was identical with Cristofori's. Not, however, being satisfied with one example, I resolved to go myself to Potsdam, and being furnished with permission from H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Germany, I was enabled in September, 1881, finally to solve the question as to the number and character of the grand pianofortes by Gottfried Silbermann that were still in existence at Potsdam. At Berlin there are none, but at Potsdam, in the music-rooms of Frederick the Great, which are in the town palace, the new palace, and Sans Souci—left, it is understood, from the time of Frederick's death undisturbed—there are three of these Silbermann pianofortes. One of these, the one in the town palace which J. S. Bach certainly played upon, is here, for the first time, engraved. All three are, with unimportant differences having nothing to do with structure, copies of the Cristofori instruments. The work in them is undoubtedly good; the sound-boards have given way in the trebles, as is usual with old instruments from the strain; but I should say all three might be satisfactorily restored.

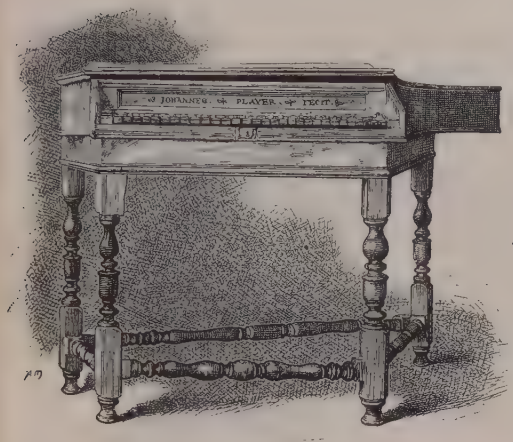


ROMAN CLAVICEMBALO OR HARPSICHORD. A.D. 1521.
South Kensington Museum.

The Seven Years' War put an end to pianoforte-making on the lines Silbermann had adopted in Saxony. A fresh start had to be made a few years later, and it took place contemporaneously in South Germany and in England. The results have been so important that the grand pianofortes of the Augsburg Stein, and the London Backers may be regarded, practically, as re-inventions of the instrument. The decade 1770-80 marks the emancipation of the pianoforte from the harpsichord, of which before it had only been deemed a variety. Compositions were now expressly written for the new

instrument, and a man of genius, Muzio Clementi, who subsequently established Messrs. Collards' business, came forward to indicate its special character and to found for it an independent technique.

A few years before, the familiar domestic



SPINET BY PLAYER.
South Kensington Museum.

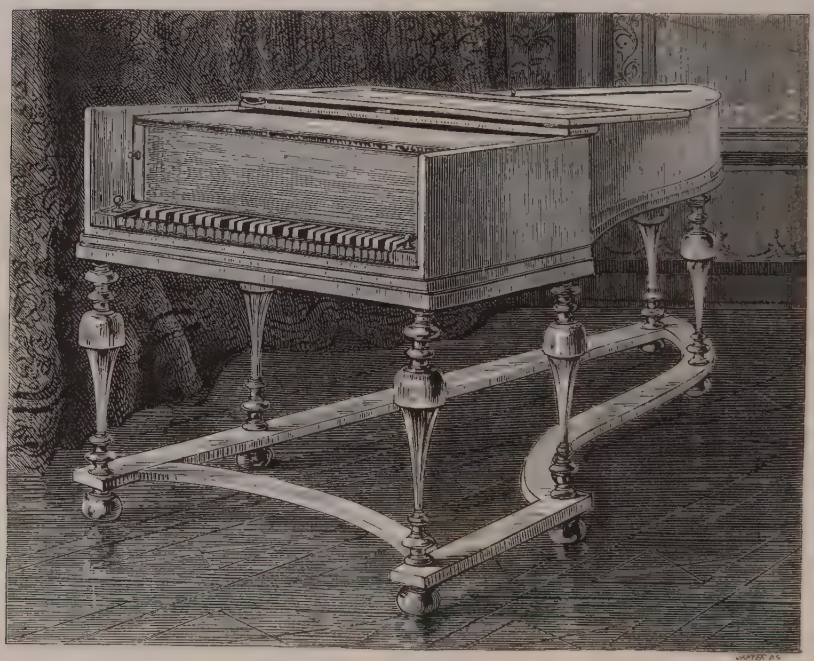
square piano had been invented. I do not think clavichords could have been altered to square pianos, as they were wanting in sufficient depth of case, but that the suggestion was from the clavichord is certain, the same kind of case and sound-board being employed. German authorities attribute the invention to an organ-builder, Frederici of Gera, and give the date about 1760. I have advertised in the public papers, and have had personal inquiry made for one of Frederici's "Fort Bien," as he is said to have called his instrument. I find he was making an upright grand piano as early as 1745, but, until more conclusive information can be obtained, I must be permitted to regard a London maker, but a German by birth, Johannes Zumpe, as the inventor of the instrument. It is certain that he introduced that model of square piano which speedily became the fashion, and was chosen everywhere for general adoption. Zumpe began to make his instruments about 1765. His little square, at first of nearly five octaves, with the "old man's head" to raise the hammer, and "mopstick" damper, was in great vogue, with but little alteration, for forty years; and that, in spite of the manifest improvements of John Broadwood and John Geib. After the beginning of this century, the square piano became much enlarged and improved. It was overdone in the attempt to gain undue power for it, and, about twenty years ago, went entirely out of fashion.

To return to the grand pianoforte. The origin of the Viennese grand is rightly accredited to Stein, the organ-builder, of Augsburg. I will call it the German grand, for I find it was as early made in Berlin as Vienna. According to Mozart's correspondence, Stein had made some grand pianos in 1777, with a special escapement, which did not "block" like the pianos the composer had played upon before. When I wrote the article "Pianoforte" in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary* no Stein instrument was forthcoming, but the result of the inquiries I had instituted at that time ultimately led to the discovery of an example which has been secured by M. Victor Mahillon, the curator of the Brussels Museum. This instrument, with Stein's action and two unison scale, is dated 1780. Mozart's grand piano, preserved at Salzburg, made by Walther, is a nearly contemporary copy of Stein, and so also are the grands by Huhn of Berlin, which I took notes of at Berlin and Potsdam, the latest of these bearing the date 1790. Stein's light and facile movement with shallow key-

PIANO BY CRISTOFORI. A.D. 1726.
Kraus Museum, Florence.

fall, resembling Cristofori's in bearing little weight, was gratefully accepted by the German clavichord players, and, in its turn, became one of the determining agents of the piano music and style of playing of the Vienna school.

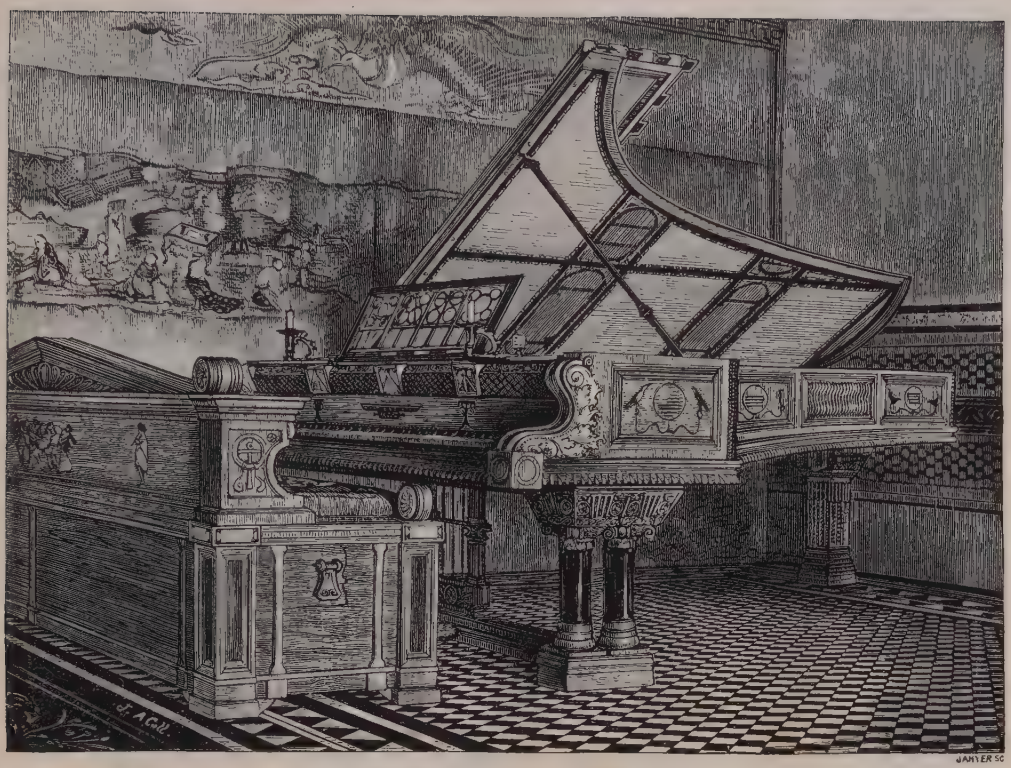
We gather from Burney's contributions to Ree's *Cyclopædia* that after the arrival of John Christian Bach in London, A.D. 1759, a few grand pianofortes were attempted, by the second-rate harpsichord makers, but with no particular success. If the workshop tradition can be trusted that about this time several of Silbermann's workmen had come to London driven from their country perhaps by the Seven Years' War, we should have here men acquainted with the Cristofori model, which Silbermann had taken up, and the early grand pianos referred to by Burney



SILBERMANN GRAND PIANO. A.D. 1746.

From the original used by J. S. BACH *in the Town Palace, Potsdam. Published by permission of* H.I.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

would therefore be on that model. I should say the "new instrument" of Messrs. Broadwood's often quoted playbill of 1767 was such a grand piano. Burney distinguishes by special mention Americus Backers, who is said to have been a Dutchman. Between 1772 and 1776, Backers produced the well-known English action, which has remained the most durable, and one of the best up to the present day. In the English action, as in the Florentine, the hopper rises with the key. To the direct leverage of Cristofori's first action, Backers added the check of the second, combining with both an important invention of his own, a regulating screw and button for the escapement. Backers died in 1776, and it is unfortunate we can refer to no pianoforte made by him. As, however, Backer's intimate friends, and his assistants in carrying out the invention, were John Broadwood and Robert Stodart, we have, in their early instruments, the principle and all the leading features of the Backers' "grand." The present pedals were introduced in English and grand pianos as early as 1785, and are attributed to John Broadwood, who appears to have given his attention at once to the improvement of Backers' instrument. Hitherto the grand piano had been made with an undivided belly-bridge in the same manner as the harpsichord, the bass strings, in three unisons, to the lowest note, being of brass. Theory would require that the notes of different octaves should be multiples of each other, and that the tension should be the same for each string. The lowest bass strings, which at that time were the note F, would thus require a vibrating length of about twelve feet, but as only half this length could be afforded, the difference had to be made up in the weight of the strings and their tension, which led, in these early grands, to many inequalities. The



PIANO BELONGING TO L. ALMA TADEMA, ESQ., R.A.

three octaves towards the treble could, with care, be adjusted, the lengths being practically the ideal lengths. It was in the bass octaves (pianos were then of five octaves) that the inequalities were conspicuous. To make a more perfect scale, and to equalise the tension, was the merit and achievement of John Broadwood, who joined to his own practical knowledge and sound intuitions the aid of professed men of science. The result was, the divided bridge, the bass strings being carried over the shorter division: and the most beautiful grand pianoforte in its lines and curves that has ever been made was then manufactured. In 1791, he carried his scale up to C, five and a half octaves; in 1794, down to C, six octaves, always with care for the artistic form. The pedals were attached to the front legs of the stand, on which the instrument rested. The left foot pedal acted first as the piano register, shifting the impact of each hammer to two unisons instead of three; a wooden stop in the right hand key-block permitted the action to be shifted yet further to the right, and reducing the blow to one string only, produced the pianissimo register, or *una corda*, of indescribable attractiveness of sound. The present school of pianoforte playing rejects this effect altogether, but Beethoven valued it, and indicated its use in some of his great works.

Up to the first years of the present century, the dampers were continued to the highest note in the treble. I have not discovered the exact year when the treble dampers were first omitted, thus leaving that part of the scale undamped, nor is it known to whom is due the credit of the improvement. This bold innovation, however, gave the instrument many sympathetic strings free to vibrate when the rest of the instrument was played, each string according to its length, being an aliquot division of a lower string; and it thus endowed the piano with the advantage of a certain brightness and animation which has secured its universal adoption. The expedients of employing an untouched octave string, and of utilising the lengths of wire that lie beyond the bridges, have been brought into notice of late years, but from difficulties of tuning, owing to friction and other causes, the real gain of these devices is small, and when we compare them with the natural resources we have always at command in the normal scale of

COVER OF A PIANOFORTE.

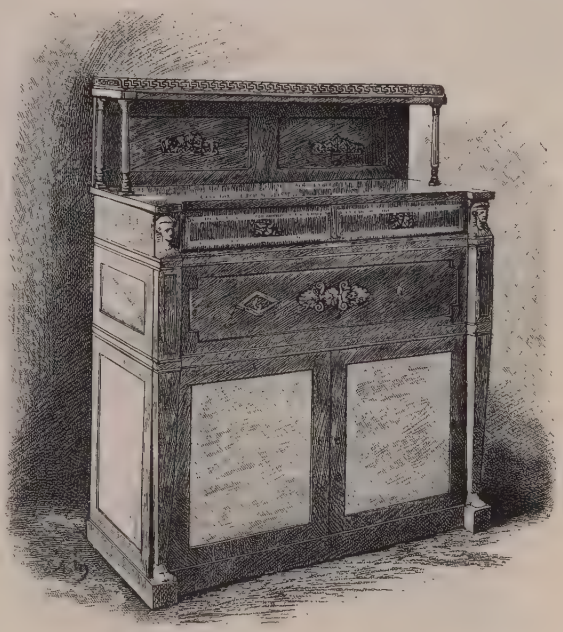
Designed and painted by E. Burne Jones, *for the instrument in the possession of* W. Graham, Esq.

the instrument, is not worth the cost. The inventor of the damper register opened a floodgate to such aliquot reinforcement as can be got in no other way. As each lower note of the undamped instrument is struck it sets in vibration higher strings, which are primes to its partials; and each higher string in like manner calls out equivalent partials in the lower strings. Even partials above the primes will excite their equivalents up to the twelfth and double octave. What a glow of tone-colour there is in all this harmonic reinforcement which enriches and glorifies the tone of the instrument.

The decade, 1790-1800, brings us to French grand pianoforte making, which was then taken up by Sebastian Erard. This ingenious mechanic and inventor travelled the long and dreary road along which nearly all who have tried to improve the pianoforte have had to journey. He appears, at first, to have adopted the existing model of the English instrument, and to have subsequently turned his attention to the action, most likely with the idea of combining the English power of gradation with the German lightness of touch. His ingenious *double escapement* was not, however, completed until 1821.

Erard re-discovered in 1808 an upward bearing, which had been accomplished by Cristofori a hundred years before. A down-bearing bridge to the wrest-plank, with hammers striking upwards, are clearly not in relation; the tendency of the hammer must be, if much force is used, to lift the string from its bearing, to the detriment of the tone. Erard reversed the direction of the bearing of the front bridge, substituting for a long, pinned, wooden bridge, as many little brass bridges as there were notes, and the strings passing through holes bored through the little bridges, called agraffes, or studs, turned upwards towards the wrest-pin. By this means the string was forced against its rest instead of off it. It is obvious that the merit of the invention would in time make its use general. A variety of it was the long brass bridge, specially used in the treble on account of the pleasant musical box like tone its vibration encouraged. Of late years another upward bearing has found favour in America and on the Continent; this is the Capo d'Astro bar of M. Bord, which exerts a pressure upon the strings at the bearing point.

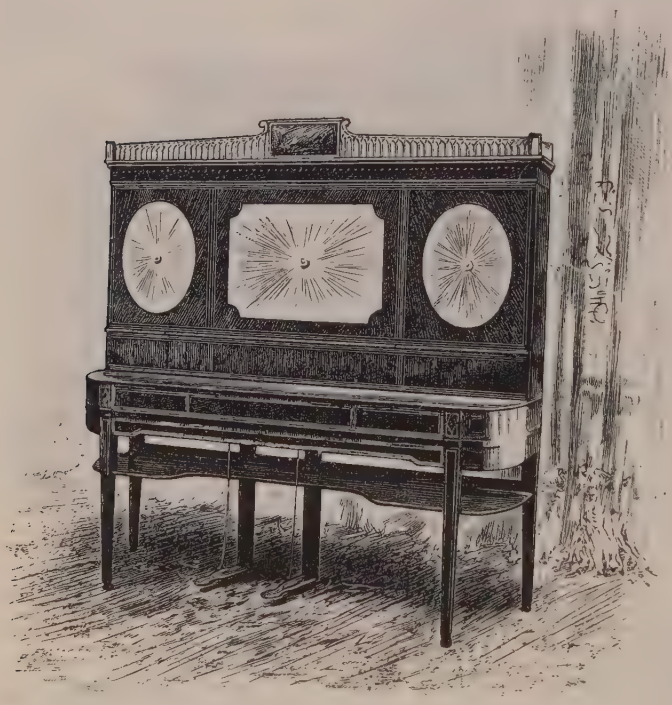
About the year 1820, great changes and improvements were made in the grand pianoforte both externally and in the instrument. The harpsichord boxed-up front gave way to the cylinder front, invented by Henry Pape, a clever German pianoforte-maker who had settled in Paris. Who put the pedals upon the familiar lyre I have not been able to learn. It was in the Empire time when a classical taste was predominant. But the greatest change was from a wooden resisting structure to one in which iron should play an important part. The invention belongs to this country, and is due to a tuner named William Allen, a young Scotchman, who was in Stodart's employ. With the assistance of the foreman Thom, the invention was completed, and a patent was taken out, dated the 15th January, 1820, which was, however, at once secured by the Stodarts, their employers. The object of the patent was a combination of metal tubes, with metal plates, the metallic tubes extending from the plates which were attached to the string-block, to the wrest-plank; the idea being to effect a compensation of tuning when affected by atmospheric change. At once a great advance was made in the possibility of using heavier strings, and James Broadwood was one of the first to see the importance



PIANOFORTE BY HAWKINS. A.D. 1800.
In the possession of MESSRS. BROADWOOD.

of the invention, if it were transformed into a stable principle. He had tried iron tension bars in past years, but without success. It was now due to his firm to introduce a fixed stringed plate, and in a few years to combine this plate with four solid tension bars, for which combination he, in 1827, took out a patent.

This construction of grand pianoforte soon became generally adopted in England and France. During 1840-50, as many as five and even six tension-bars were used in grand pianofortes to meet the ever-increasing strain of thicker stringing. The space required for fixing them cramped the scale, while the strings were divided into separate batches between them. It was also difficult to so adjust each bar that it should bear its proportionate share of the tension; an obvious cause of inequality. Towards the end of this period a new direction was taken by Mr. Henry Fowler Broadwood, by the introduction of an iron-framed pianoforte, in which the bars should be reduced in number, and in a grand pianoforte, made in 1847, he succeeded in producing an instrument of the largest size, practically depending upon iron alone. Two tension-bars sufficed, neither of them breaking into the scale; the first, nearly straight, being almost parallel with the lowest bass string; the second, presenting the new feature of a diagonal bar crossed from the bass corner to the string-plate, with its thrust at an angle to the strings. There were reasons which induced Mr. Broadwood to somewhat modify and improve this framing, but with the retention of its leading feature, the diagonal bar, which was found to be of supreme importance in bearing the tension where it is most concentrated. This construction is the farthest advance of the English pianoforte.



SOUTHWELL'S PIANO. A.D. 1798.
In the possession of A. SIMPSON, ESQ.

Almost simultaneously with it has arisen a new development in America, which, beginning with Conrad Meyer, about 1833, has been advanced by the Chickerings and Steinways to the well-known American and German grand pianoforte of the present day. It was perfected in America about 1859, and has been taken up since by the Germans almost universally, and with very little alteration. Two distinct principles have been developed and combined—the iron framing in a single casting, and the cross or overstringing. The first over-strung grand pianos seen in London were made by Lichtenthal, of St. Petersburg; not so much for tone as for symmetry of the case, two instruments so made were among the curiosities of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The iron framing in a single casting is a distinctly American invention, as it was Conrad Meyer who, in Philadelphia, and in 1833, first made a real iron frame square pianoforte. The gradual improvement upon Meyer's invention, in itself a development of Alphaeus Babcock's iron ring, during the next quarter of a century, are due to the Chickerings and Steinways. In the American make, the number of tension bars has not been reduced, but a diagonal support has, to a certain extent, been accepted and adopted. The sound-board bridges are much further apart than obtains with the English grand, or with the Anglo-French Erard. The

advocates of the American principle point out the advantages of a more open scale, and likewise claim, as a gain, a greater tension. I have no quite accurate information as to what the sum of the tension may be of an American grand piano. One of Broadwood's, twenty years ago, had a strain of $16\frac{1}{2}$ tons; the strain has increased since then.

The upright pianoforte has in some sense a separate history. The form has always recommended the upright on the score of convenience, but it was long before it occurred to any one to make an upright key-board instrument reasonably. Upright harpsichords were made nearly four hundred years ago; a very interesting seventeenth century one was sold lately in the great Hamilton sale—sold, I grieve to say, to be demolished for its paintings. But all vertical harpsichords were horizontal ones, put on end on a frame; and the bookcase upright grand pianos, which, from the eighties, were made right into the present century, were horizontal grands similarly elevated. The real inventor of the upright piano, in its modern and useful form, was that remarkable Englishman, John Isaac Hawkins, the inventor of ever-pointed pencils; a civil engineer, poet, preacher, and phrenologist. While living at Philadelphia, U.S.A., Hawkins invented the cottage piano; portable grand he called it, and his father, Isaac Hawkins, took out, in the year 1800, the English patent for it. One of these original pianinos, belongs to Messrs. Broadwood; it is a wreck, but it will be discerned from the woodcut that the strings descend nearly to the floor, while the key-board, a folding one, is raised to a convenient height between the floor and the upper extremities of the strings. Hawkins had an iron frame and tension rods, within which the belly was entirely suspended; a system of tuning by mechanical screws; an upper metal bridge; equal length of string throughout; metal supports to the action in which a later help to repetition was anticipated—the whole instrument being independent of the case. Hawkins tried also a lately revived notion of coiled strings in the bass, doing away with tension. Lastly, he sought for a *sostinente*, which has been tried for from generation to generation, always to fail, but which, even if it does succeed, will produce another kind of instrument, not a pianoforte, which owes so much of its charm to its unsatiating, evanescent tone.

Once introduced into Hawkins's native country, England, the rise of the upright piano became rapid. In 1807, at latest, the now obsolete high cabinet piano was fairly launched. In 1811, Wornum produced a diagonal; in 1813, a vertical cottage piano. Previously, essays had been made to place a square piano upright on its side as shown in the illustration for which Southwell, an Irish maker, took out a patent in 1798. At first Southwell's sticker action with a leather hinge to the hammer-butt was the favourite, and lasted long in England. The French, however, were quick to recognise the greater merit of Wornum's principle of the crank action, which, and strangely enough through France, has become very generally adopted in England, as well as Germany and elsewhere.

A. J. Hipkins.

CERBERUS.

One of a series of Panels illustrating the story of Orpheus and Eurydice painted by E. Burne Jones *on the piano belonging to* W. Graham, Esq.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS—THE FABLE.

Drawn by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

Some Hares becoming conscious of their own faint-heartedness determined to throw themselves down some precipice. So they proceeded to a steep rock with a marsh lying close by it. A number of Frogs, who were there, on hearing the pattering of the Hares' feet, plunged to the bottom of the marsh. Observing this, one of the Hares said to the others, "I don't think now there is any need for us to throw ourselves over; here we have found creatures fainter hearted than ourselves."

THE HARES AND THE FROGS—APPLICATION.

Drawn by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS. "Well, gentlemen, it is indeed a paltry dividend; but there 's no need to wind up the company- we must be content. Why, those people there pay no dividend at all!"

THE EMPEROR AND HIS MARSHAL.

PERHAPS in all history there is no episode so barren of touches of nature as was the Second Empire. From first to last it was a mere scaffolding of meretricious artificiality. There was the sham Cæsar, a flaccid person with a knack of uttering obscurities conveying a vague flavour of ominousness at which the nations pricked their sensitive ears. The inner life of the empire was a strange mixture of rottenness and gimcrackery. What a court! The atmosphere of Compiègne had a confused aroma of bastardy, the demi-monde, the bourse, bogus nobility, journalism in the degradation of prostitution, militaryism, half bravo, half *galant;* of intrigue, of dissoluteness, of insincerity, of ghastly hollowness. It is among the most humiliating problems of modern times how long this nasty gaudy caricature of Empire was able to impose on the world. It is a poor consolation for the world's long self-delusion that when the windbag was once resolutely pricked, it should have collapsed with such headlong swiftness. The humiliating memory cannot out of that eighteen-year-long imposition.

Almost in vain does one range through the record of the Empire in quest of but a glimmer of naturalness. There is a boy in the story, it is true, and surely, hopes the inquirer, some trait of nature is to be recognised in connection with him. But no; he was a buckram boy from his swaddling clothes, poor little toy and tool of sham Imperialism, down to the "baptism of fire." No trace is discernible of him as a boy in the fashion of other boys; he is ever found a mere padded clothes-horse, or rather clothes-pony. Now attired in the cumbrous uniform of the Compiègne hunt, with a *couteau de chasse* and a huge hunting horn hung about the poor melancholy little chap; now bedight in military garb, with a puny bit of a sword dangling about his shins, and his gloved hand raised in the frequent formal salute. The boy of the Second Empire is perhaps the most melancholy figure in its story, because we are fain to expect some human nature of boyhood, and the boyhood of this unfortunate child was as unreal as was the fantasy of which it was a victim.

It is an old story now, you will say, this Second Empire; and why recall the half sombre, half ludicrous memory? I do not know that I have a valid excuse. Others have had no such stimulus of personal interest in the successive catastrophes of the late Napoleons as that which the chances of my profession have brought to me. I have seen Napoleon III. at the pinnacle of his hollow splendour. From the German piquet line on the 2nd August, 1870, I heard the distant cheering on the Spicherenberg that greeted him and the lad whom he had brought from Metz to receive that day his "baptism of fire." Again I saw him on the morning after Sedan, as the broken man—broken in power, in prestige, in health, in spirits—sat with Bismarck on the grass plot in front of the weaver's cottage on the Donchery road. Next morning I witnessed his departure into his Wilhelmshöhe captivity. I have seen him doddering about Brighton and strolling under the beech trees that encircle Chislehurst Common. And for the last time of all I saw that stolid careworn face, as it lay on the raised pillow of the bier in the broad corridor of Camden Place; and when the face was no more visible I witnessed the coffin laid down in the little chapel among the Chislehurst elm trees. I knew the boy of the Empire when the shackles of the Empire had fallen from his limbs, and he was no longer a buckram creature, but a lively, natural lad. My acquaintance endured into his manhood. When the twilight was falling on the rolling

veldt of Zululand, and his day's work in the staff tent was done, he liked, as it seemed to me, to gossip with one who knew the other side of the picture, about the early days of the Franco-German war—a war that had wrought at once his ruin and his emancipation. And finally, poor gallant lad! I saw dimly through tears the very last of him, as he lay there dead on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi river, with a calm proud smile on his face, and his body pierced by countless assegai stabs. Men have called his death ignoble. Petty as was the quarrel, wretched as was the desertion that wrought his fate, I call him, rather, happy in the opportunity of his death. Had he lived, what of artificiality, what of hollow unreality might there not have been in store for him! As it was, he had moved in the world a live ghost. Better than this, surely, to be a dead hero:—to end the Napoleonic serio-comedy with his young face gallantly to his assailants, and his life-blood drawn by the cold steel!

Poor Prince Louis' life was fragrant with naturalness from the time that the fall of the Empire emancipated it; but before then it was among the most artificial of the Imperial phenomena. Nevertheless it mingles itself almost accidentally in the sole episode of the story of the Empire in which I have been able to detect anything of natural beauty and tenderness. Perhaps it is because I am an old soldier that there has come to me the recognition of a certain pathos in it. I do not know whether others will discern aught of this in the little narrative I am going to try to relate. It ought to be told on what authority rests the relation. I piece the story together from three sources; Marshal Bazaine's recent book detailing his own connection with the war of 1870-1, some conversations with the Marshal, and others in the earlier days of the Zululand campaign with Prince Louis Napoleon.

I do not know how the Palace of St. Cloud looks now; but when I saw it last it was a ghastly fire-blackened wreck. A German piquet of infantry men were quartered in the roofless salon, where they had built themselves a shelter of a kind of scorched tapestries and singed carpet scraps. A troop of Uhlan recruits were practising the *manège* on the little bend bordered by the stream—a spot that had been the Empress's flower garden. Six months earlier who, in the wildest speculation of fancy, could have imagined the possibility of such a fate as this for the beautiful château? There was the gaunt framework of a bow window whose outlook was up the Seine in the direction of Paris; this was the chief window, I was told, of the room that had been the private bureau—the "study" as we should perhaps call it—of the Emperor Napoleon. At that window he sat late on the afternoon of 16th July, 1870. It was a fair scene that lay before him. Out on the lawn close under his eye was the toy railroad-track that had been one of the rare playthings of his boy. But it was hardly a time for admiring scenery or thinking about toys. The dreamy-eyed man with his head on his chest had more serious food for reflection. War had been declared. The Germans were mobilising like clock-work; the French were trying to mobilise, and finding that the attempt produced chaos. Ollivier had proclaimed his lightness of heart in taking the arbitrement of war. It was in the council chamber next door where Le Bœuf had proclaimed the army ready to the last button on the last soldier's gaiter. But the gloomy, brooding man shared none of Ollivier's *insouciance;* and he knew too well how hollow had been Le Bœuf's swagger. Ever a puppet, whose wires men with stouter will pulled, he was never a stupid man. His intelligence was so keen as to impair his happiness; had he been a duller man, he would have had a much better time of his spell of Empire. He saw himself poised between the all but certainty of a revolution and the all but desperate chances of a war. In the one direction there was no hope; in the other he could not but realise there was only a forlorn hope. For he had read those ruthlessly lucid letters of Stoffel, detailing the German preparedness; he had seen that loyal officer's finger of warning held sternly and nakedly aloft. He knew that the sham Empire had deteriorated the once puissant French army into nearly as great a sham as itself.

Who were his servants? His lip must have curled as he thought of his ministry. And his generals? In MacMahon, a valiant chief and a fair tactician, he might put some faith, begotten of experience. Le Bœuf, his chief of staff—for, Heaven help him, he himself was to be his own commander-in-chief—he knew well had come in by the back stair behind a petticoat. The others were mostly grown in the imperial hothouse, forced products of the *sabreur-bon-vivant* family of military botany. He knew of some tried and clean officers, but then they were not Imperialists, and such was the precariousness of his position he could trust only Imperialists. "Ah, Bazaine!" Well, in him was one Imperialist at least, true and honest; whose allegiance had not been won

and kept by invitations to Compiegne. Perhaps he was not a profound military genius; but he did not regard *déjeuner* as absolutely indispensable; he had an un-French capacity for taking pains; he knew the theatre of war; he was a favourite with the troops (it had come to that with the French army that this was a consideration); and he was coming this very afternoon to pay his visit of farewell before going away east to take the command to which he had been nominated the same morning. This was he whom the page was ushering in.

IN THE BOW WINDOW AT ST CLOUD.
From a Drawing by F. VILLIERS.

Not a very grand soldier, in the physical sense, this man, who in forty years of steady purposeful duty had raised himself from out the very ranks to the position of Marshal of France. He was short, somewhat fat, long in the body, short and bulgy about the legs, and with a puffy, rather pasty face. But there were physical features that were to be marked favourably. He had a good, straight, manly eye; his mouth had a habit of setting itself firmly; his voice, rather hoarse in its lower notes, had a clear-sounding ring when raised, as it many a time and oft had been raised to bid men follow him in the charge. He could be silent, and he could sit still—two rare virtues in the Imperialist soldiery.

He was an Imperialist because he was a soldier, and worshipped *le petit Caporal*. He had owed not a great deal to the Empire; he had made his mark as a soldier before it began. Worthy soldiering in the Crimea had brought him his division; if the Mexican business could have been made a success by force of arms that success Bazaine would have achieved, and the baton was but his due. He had been always a "duty soldier," to use the expressive phrase of our own army; never a carpet knight of the salons. The Emperor had for him that sort of regard which an unpractical and loose person has for a man who is trustworthy—somewhat rugged, not over-congenial, but staunch; some such regard as that in which young Charles held stout old Marshal Lesley. Bazaine, for his part, had a faithful, honest love for his Emperor. I assume that he

knew that Emperor's faults; but he had a very tender spot in him for kind words, and Napoleon knew at least how to speak to men who served him well. It is to be said of him that no man has spoken ill of him who was much under his personal influence. Either it came natural to him, or he had learnt to speak as became a monarch. To sum Bazaine up, his good soldierhood and the regard his sovereign held him in for it, had earned him the jealousy of the soldier-fribbles of the Empire; a feeling nowise modified by the circumstance that he had been a "ranker," and had not come into the army through the fashionable gateway of the schools.

The interview was doubtless cordial enough, but there could have been little comfort in it for the Emperor. Bazaine had lately held a district command on the north-eastern frontier, where the army was concentrating, and which a German offensive would menace. He could tell, and no doubt did plainly tell, of the state of universal unpreparedness, the inefficiency of Metz for resistance, the emptiness of the local magazines, the studied neglect of the requisitions he had made while in the Nancy command. He would do his best, of that his master might be sure; but "beware the offensive!" was his reiterated caution. Bazaine had gathered some knowledge of the German military system; he knew that the French army had degenerated to no system at all. The defensive might be possible with energy and good fortune; but the offensive could have no other significance than ruin. And so the simple soldier-man took his *congé* and went to pack his campaigning-trunk.

He had been nominated to the command of an army corps with a sort of supervision over two more, the three lying in the neighbourhood of Metz. But after he went out from his audience the Emperor took a second thought. "This man," he said to himself, "had some purposefulness at least;" he would give him further charge. So he ordered Le Bœuf to intimate to him that he would have the interior disposition of all the seven corps which formed the Army of the Rhine until the Emperor himself, in his capacity of commander-in-chief, should take the field. Within twenty-four hours Bazaine was on his journey to the frontier.

What chaos he found there need not be described, because for one thing it would be indescribable. No money, food already scarce, ammunition defective, fortresses inadequately supplied—are not those things written in the histories of the period? Bazaine could not get the chiefs of any corps to report to him; they exercised a fine independence of insubordination, recognising doubtless that the omnipotent Le Bœuf—who by no means loved Bazaine—would not take them severely to task. True to his convictions Bazaine had insisted on a strict defensive, but Le Bœuf was to overrule this wisdom, and had force enough to persuade the Emperor out of the resolutions he had taken on Bazaine's representations. To facilitate this Bazaine was ordered out of Metz before the Emperor arrived on 26th July, and was hindered from access to the Imperial presence until misfortune on misfortune rendered it necessary to fall back on his counsels.

Froisard in command of an army was lying on the Spicherenberg, within cannon shot of the frontier line running between the Spicheren and Saarbrück. He was an engineer officer, and had been the governor of the Prince Imperial, in which capacity he had gained the Emperor's ear. He had conceived the notion of commencing the campaign, making its *début*, as he phrased it —as if the campaign had been an actress—by a sudden dash on Saarbrück. As a means to the end of resolute alert invasion such a scheme would have been practical; carried no further, it was in itself a childish folly, a conspicuous confession of inability to do anything more. Bazaine was opposed naturally to such a stale-mate, but Le Bœuf was an advocate for the enterprise; and the hope that his presence and that of his son in the field would have a good effect in Paris tempted the poor Emperor to give his consent. Bazaine had a nominal co-operation prescribed to him on a flank; he might have claimed the chief command, and probably would, but that they withheld from him the knowledge that the Emperor and the Prince Imperial were to witness the little military promenade.

This occupation of Saarbrück was the sole attempt on the part of the French during the war at the offensive outside their own frontier. On this occasion they penetrated into the bowels of the land of the Teuton barely two miles, and then certainly not without impediment. Three French army corps took a greater or smaller part in the operation. The French force of some 60,000 men had opposed to it—what? A German infantry battalion 800 strong, and two squadrons of Uhlans—in all, a force of barely a thousand men. This mighty host was commanded by one of the bravest and funniest of mortals, Colonel von Pestel. He had been ordered to retire and leave Saarbrück bare, but he begged hard to be allowed

to stay on, promising faithfully to fall back when molested. In the meantime he took the offensive with a comic vigour. Every afternoon as he rode out past the little Bellevue tavern, on the low ridge intervening between Saarbrück and the loftier Spicheren,

"I saw the first man fall that met his death in the Franco-German War."

Drawn by F. VILLIERS.

he would sing out cheerily, "Hurrah, I go to draw de shoots of de enemy! Come along!" If you went you found yourself engaged in a mental speculation, whether a target, inanimate object though it seems, has emotions, and if so whether its emotion when being fired at is one of serene beatitude. The Colonel's bearing, granting the former hypothesis, was conclusively in favour of the latter. Some of us were not so clear on the subject, and I suppose it was for the sake of having the opportunity calmly to analyse what our emotions were, that we occasionally went behind trees and waited there till the firing slackened.

Von Pestel treated his guests—who consisted of about half-a-dozen madcap newspaper correspondents—to this amusement for about ten days; alternated with a skirmish or two, in one of which, by the way, I saw the first man fall that met his death in the Franco-German war. At length, on August 2nd, the Spicheren volcano erupted, and its red-trousered lava floods poured down towards Saarbrück. Von Pestel made a laughably good defence. Some outlying points were manned with stuffed defenders, with a live man or two among them to fire an occasional shot. He held the line in front of Saarbrück for about four hours, and then retired fighting in good order, only because his orders were not wantonly to sacrifice lives. As it was he lost about eight killed and twenty or so wounded, one of whom was the gallant Colonel Battye of the Guides, who afterwards fell so gallantly in Afghanistan. Some of us repaired Battye, whose ribs were stove in, with successive layers of brown paper made adhesive by starch, until he got up to the Mayence hospital, when the surgeons found our job so neat that they never interfered with it. General Bataille came down into Saarbrück and took up his quarters at the Hotel de la Poste; he was very pleasant and civil. His men permeated the town, and did a little mild looting. They drank a brewery dry, and kissed all the waiting girls in the Rheinische Hof, including Fraulein Sophie, the landlady's niece. A corporal, I believe, kissed the landlady herself. This was all the damage they did. On the night of 5th August they all went away back whence they came; and so ended the first and only instalment—about two miles long—of the march *à Berlin*.

The Emperor and his son waited on the edge of the Spicheren till the firing was over. Prince Louis told me there was no truth in the ridiculous story about his picking up the bullets as they fell. As a matter of fact he was not actually under fire at all—neither he nor his father. When all was quiet they rode down the hill across the valley, up the Kaltenberg, and looked down on Saarbrück from the edge of the Exercir Platz. The next time the Emperor saw German scenery was when on his road to Wilhelmshöhe. Then the cortege turned and cantered by the "Golden Farmer" beerhouse, back to Forbach, where the train was taken for Metz. Bazaine was most anxious to salute

the Emperor and his lad, and he came back from his flank operations to Forbach at a gallop only to learn that the party had gone, and that the Emperor had asked where he was without getting a satisfactory answer, whereat honest Bazaine was sore distressed.

Spicheren, Wörth, and all the early ruin, presage true of the wretched end, came bickering and crumbling about the Imperial ears. Bazaine, in the real stress of things, had got the handling of three corps, but the insubordination and confusion of commands hampered him at every turn. All he could do was to work—out there in the front, conducting the retreat, covering the ragged edges, trying to keep the men in heart as became a manly soldier. At length, in a paroxysm of worry, the Emperor came out to consult with Bazaine—the man he turned to when he found Le Bœuf and the others like the crackling of the thorns under a pot. He brought that tough old buckram warrior Changarnier with him, and the place of rendezvous was Faulquemont, a foul little dunghill-village a couple of marches south-east of Metz. Bazaine was there in the midst of a disorganised horde of wearied and dispirited soldiers. His advice had a ring of soldierhood in it, but the wretched Emperor, quivering with nervousness because of the Paris mob, would take no counsel that involved the uncoverment of Paris even in appearance. So Bazaine had to take up an abortive line of battle nearer Metz, and "give up this new hope of being allowed to make an effective diversion."

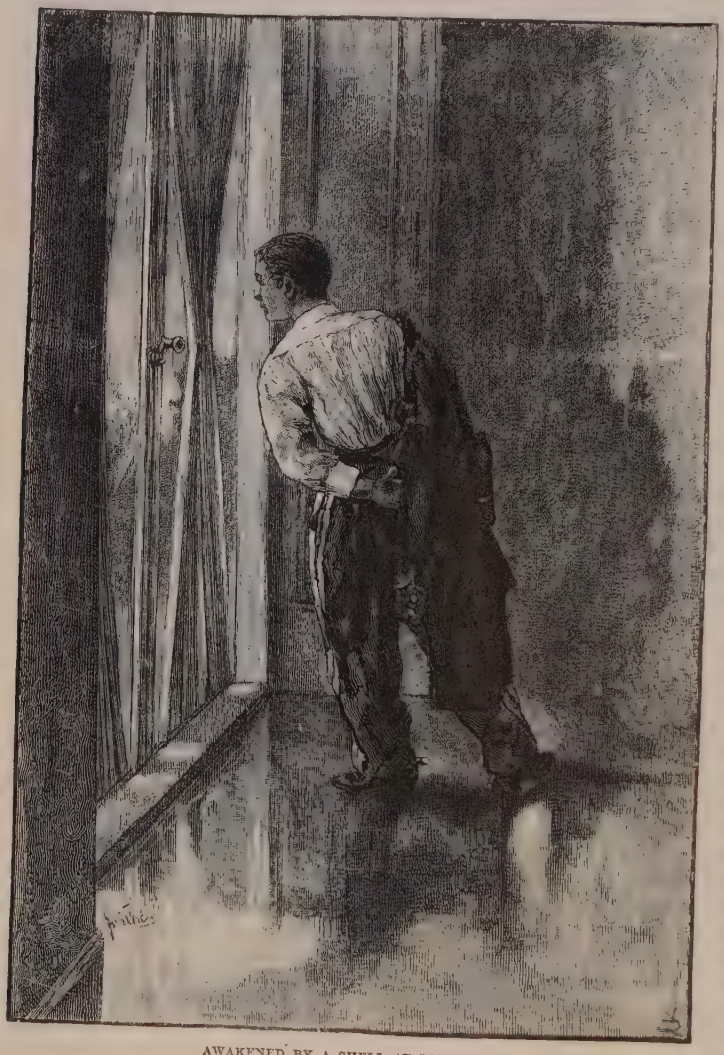
The blackness of the cloud overhanging the Empire grew denser, and the plot began that ultimately was to ruin poor Bazaine. To do him justice, the Emperor did not devise the baseness; I question whether he ever had cognisance of it in its naked ugliness. Pietri telegraphed an urgent "confidential" to the Empress that it should be insisted on that the Emperor should surrender the command-in-chief to Bazaine. Mark the modern Iago!—"If misfortune should still pursue the army, Bazaine would then be the object of obloquy, and so take the onus of the responsibility off the Emperor's shoulders." Bazaine was victimised accordingly. He did not know of the plot; but he recognised the eventuality, and being a loyal, honest man, accepted it as part of the duty of a subject to take the skaith from his sovereign. That burden of duty never troubled him; but he had a modest mistrust of his own intrinsic capacity for the post. There were two officers in the Army of the Rhine who were his seniors. So when he got the "letter of service" to take the command, he betook himself to the Imperial headquarters, and told the Emperor straightforwardly that both MacMahon and Canrobert were older and better officers than himself. MacMahon had other work reserved for him; Canrobert was equal to his Crimean antecedent of shirking responsibility in a tight place. "You are the right man," said the Emperor to Bazaine, "and it is an order I give you to take the duties." Well, there was no more to be said, was there? I can conceive Bazaine saluting in silence and going right about face on his heel, as he was wont to leave the guardroom when a sergeant. The old war-dog was not the man to bandy words with his superior officer.

"They drank a brewery dry, and kissed all the girls in the Rheinische Hof."

Drawn by F. VILLIERS.

I have often wondered whether now, and again four days later, as he drove away for Verdun, the Emperor had a thrill of compas-

sion for the simple steadfast man who had picked up the cross he had let fall. I would fain think so; and in the letters which he wrote to his old servant both after the capitulation of Metz, and when Bazaine lay under the sentence of death pronounced by the Trianon court-martial three years later, being stripped of everything that is dearest to the soldier—of reputation, of decorations that had been cut, as it were, from out the hostile ranks, of honours and of rank, because at a time when sacred oaths were as thistle-down he had held himself bound to the allegiance to which his soldier-oath had pledged him.



AWAKENED BY A SHELL AT LONGEVILLE.
Drawn by F. VILLIERS.

A commander-in-chief in name, a buffer and a scapegoat in reality, Bazaine had toiled hard amidst many other discouragements to get the army out of Metz, and forward on the march of retreat towards Verdun. That army's rear the masterful Germans had struck at on the 14th August, and brought about the battle of Borny, as the French call it, or Courcelles, as the Germans name it, on the eastern face of Metz. A poor organiser, Bazaine was himself the moment that the war music began to make the air throb. He turned fiercely and skilfully at bay, and although the fight won the Germans the delay for which they had made it, Bazaine at least charged them a dreadful effusion of blood for the advantage which he had no alternative but to concede. A curious article might be written on the immunity from wounds in action of some generals, and the ill-fortune of others in becoming the billet for a bullet. No commander was ever more forward in the fighting line than Sheridan, yet he never got a scratch. Skobeleff, who many a time went at it with his own good sword, and in his white coat and on his white charger headed every charge with a recklessness that men called madness, had as complete an immunity as if he carried the charmed life that his soldiers ascribed, and was wounded only in the quiet trenches by a chance bullet fired into the air a mile away. Wellington was but once hit, the bullet that

there are expressions which seem to have in them an undertone of natural tenderness. "I find," wrote Napoleon from his Wilhelmshöhe captivity, "I find one real consolation in the depths of misfortune into which I am plunged in knowing that you have been always staunch to me." He could say no less to a man before whom loomed the fate of

carried away his boot heel scarce gave him a contusion. Grant was never struck; no more was Napoleon. Of Sir Neville Chamberlain again, one of the most distinguished officers of our Indian army, the saying goes that he never went into action without receiving a wound, and the gallant old man has been fighting pretty steadily ever since the first Afghan war. Bazaine was a man to whom Fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. At Borny there came to him the leaden reminder that he was mortal, though this time it was but a gentle hint. The fragment of a shell hit him on the left shoulder, but it had been well spent, and because of the protection of the epaulette gave him but a contusion, from which he had pain for several days, especially when on horseback.

The fight over, the Germans forced back, and his troops once more on the march through Metz and across the Moselle with their faces set eastward toward Verdun, Bazaine bethought him of his master's natural anxiety to know the situation. That master was the white elephant of Bazaine and the army, but in the countries where white elephants are they live objects of sanctity. The Imperial headquarters had been fixed at the chateau of Longeville, a residence on the left bank of the Moselle valley, lying among trim, formal gardens, and nestled comfortably under the guns of Fort St. Quentin, perched on the steep dominant hill behind it. Thither in the dead of night, struggling his way through the chaos of the retreating army jammed into the narrow streets of Metz, Bazaine hied himself, carrying his bruised shoulder from the battle-field. Of what followed I think it best to let the simple soldier-man tell in his own blunt, short, but surely not ineffective way. "I found his Majesty unwell and in bed,"—the malady that killed Napoleon a few years later was already debilitating him—"and I was immediately admitted into his bed-room. The Emperor greeted me with his wonted kind affability. I told him what had passed (about the battle, &c.), and I gave vent as well to my anxieties in regard to the next few days. The Germans, said I, were finding the routes free to them by which to travel to gain a position between the Moselle and the Meuse, and consequently athwart our line of retreat. I represented to the Emperor that I was suffering physically, and adding my fear that I could not endure the pain the contusion caused me when on horseback, I begged of him that he would relieve me from the command. His Majesty, touching my shoulder on the part where the torn epaulette showed where I had been struck, answered me with that kind humour that charmed all who came within its influence, 'This is nothing serious, dear Marshal, it is a matter of but a few days; and the blow you have got is but the token that it is you who are destined to break the spell of our ill-fortune!' These were his very words. He gave no hint that he had any other thought but to remain with the army."

At last, in this Longeville bedroom, I think we get a touch of human nature. Bazaine's heart was very full, it is clear; and his master's thick quilting of selfishness seems to have been pierced. Before the interview ended the Emperor impressed on Bazaine the necessity for the most studious caution. The falling man still nourished his delusions. "I wait," said he, "for answers from the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy, who at the beginning of the war evinced a disposition to befriend us; for Heaven's sake risk nothing by over-precipitation, and avoid, above everything, any fresh reverse." And then, as Bazaine tells with a modest pride, the Emperor bade him good-night with the final words "I am leaning on you." One can fancy Bazaine leaving the chamber with a lump in his honest throat. How he felt about the future may be gathered from a chance colloquy. As he passed through the outer room the officers of the household, who sat watching, called out to him in the jaunty tone of such people—"You are going to fetch us out of this hole we have got into, are you not, Marshal?" "I am going to do my best, gentlemen," replied the honest Marshal; "*tout mon possible;* none of us can do more, and there are none of us who would do less!" And so he went out into the darkness, and consoled his bruised shoulder with an hour or two's sleep.

This was on the night between the 14th and 15th August. What happened on the following morning was told me in Zululand by the poor Prince Imperial. He was asleep in the bed-room next to his father's. They will show you the two rooms still in a wing of the grey-fronted chateau with the Mansard roof. A crash awoke him with a start, and he was sitting up in bed bewildered, when the Emperor rushed into the room: "Get up and dress—quick, my son, quick, Louis! the German shells are crashing through the roof." It was so. An audacious German horse-battery seeing soldiery about the chateau, had galloped up to within range on the opposite side of the river, and had opened that "quick fire" at

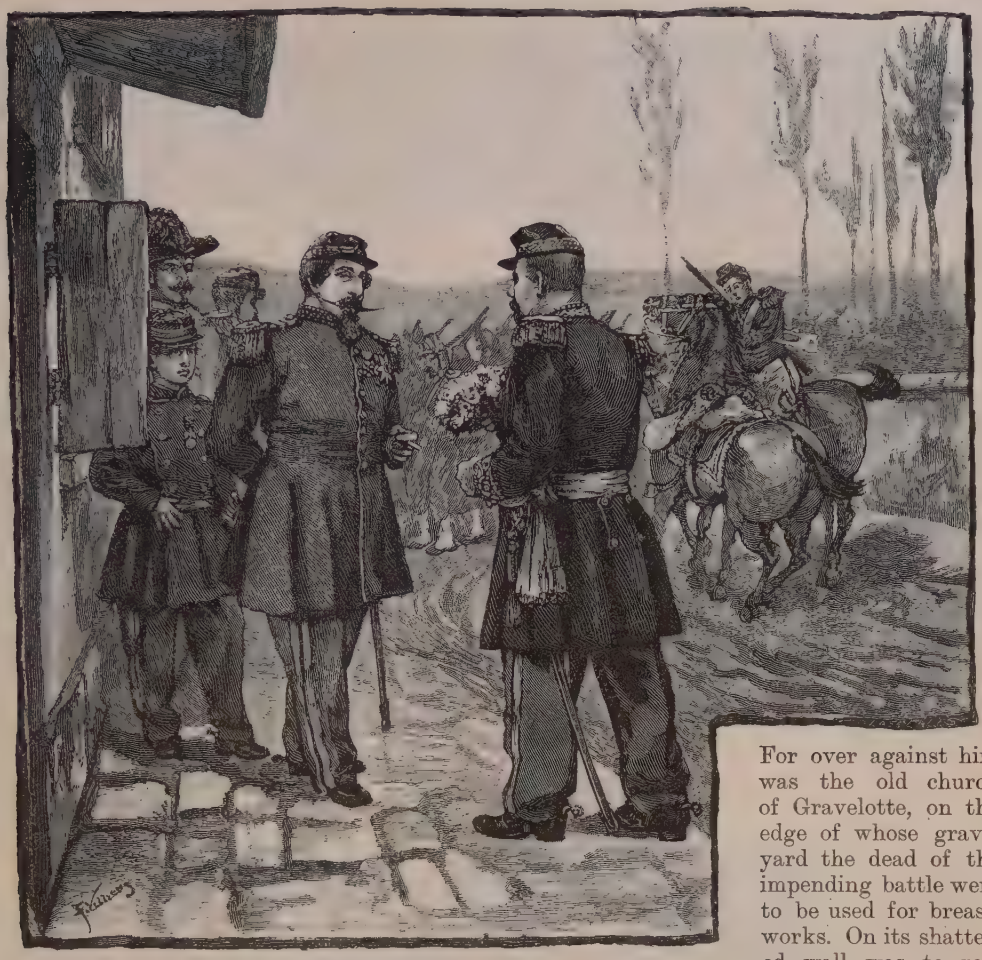
which the German gunners were so handy. As the Prince looked out of window while he dressed hurriedly he saw a shell fall on the table in the garden, at which a group of officers of the battalion on guard were breakfasting, and when the smoke of the explosion blew aside three of the officers lay dead men. St. Quentin began to reply from its great siege guns, but a horse-battery is not a big mark, and the Germans stuck to their work with characteristic persistence. The carriages and baggage might follow; Gravelotte was the rendezvous given; but meanwhile the business in hand was to get from under that shell fire. There was a hurried cup of coffee as yet the Germans were afar off, had employed much of his time in riding around the adjacent country. He had mastered the "lie" of it, and gained a knowledge of the by-tracks. Quietly ordering some soldiers to make a gap in the fence on the St. Quentin side, he called out, "Follow me, father!" and led the way across country at a canter for a vineyard track, whose trend he knew. So the boy-guide conducted the grey-beards down into the valley by Chatel, then up on to the ridge which in three more days was to be covered with corpse-mounds, past the auberge of St. Hubert, not then yet battered into dust and that dust made into

"FOLLOW ME FATHER."
Drawn by F. VILLIERS.

for Louis and his father; then they and the suite went to horse, and the abominable German shells were soon left behind.

An inauspicious commencement, truly, of this 15th day of August—the poor harried Emperor's fête day, of all days! The imperial party pushed on towards Gravelotte how it might by the road cumbered with all the impedimenta of a disorderly retreat. Presently, about the village of Lessy, an absolute block was encountered. The road was bounded by heavy fences, there were three waggons abreast of each other hopelessly broken down, and a battery of horse artillery tangled up in the debris. Interminable delay confronted the imperial party. But Prince Louis, during the early days in Metz, while mud by blood, down into the hollow of the Mance, not yet then a ghastly shamble: and so up the slope between the poplar trees to the auberge of Gravelotte, standing in the angle where diverge the upper and the lower roads from Metz to Verdun.

Thither, at least as yet, came no German shells, and the hunted Napoleons could draw their breath. Thither, about one of the afternoon came, too, the harassed Bazaine. Like Martha, the poor Marshal was "careful and troubled about many things." He found his master tramping up and down in front of the auberge. It was a way he had in trouble. I saw him doing just the same in the potato patch of the weaver's garden on the Donchery road, during the interval when



THE EMPEROR'S FÊTE DAY.
Drawn by F. VILLIERS.

Bismarck rode away to King Wilhelm to know what was to be done with the man who had come to them from out the devilry inside Sedan. It must have been a poor place at the best, this roadside auberge, even before the shell fire of the battle to which the village of Gravelotte gave its name had knocked it about. I knew it later well enough. I tried to get a place in it wherein to lie down on the night of the battle, but it was full beyond the threshold with wounded men. Later, during the siege, there used to dwell in it one of the cheeriest etappen officers I ever knew, who had a rare bin of local wine that resembled Muscat. As Napoleon stalked up and down, pondering uneasily, he was unconsciously making history, and just as unconsciously he moved in the heart of a scene waiting to be made historical ere many hours had passed. For over against him was the old church of Gravelotte, on the edge of whose graveyard the dead of the impending battle were to be used for breastworks. On its shattered wall was to rest the plank, sitting on which Wilhelm was to watch the stroke of the final blow wherewith he dinted in the long strenuous resistance that had held his soldiers at arm's length till after the summer sun had gone down on the red field.

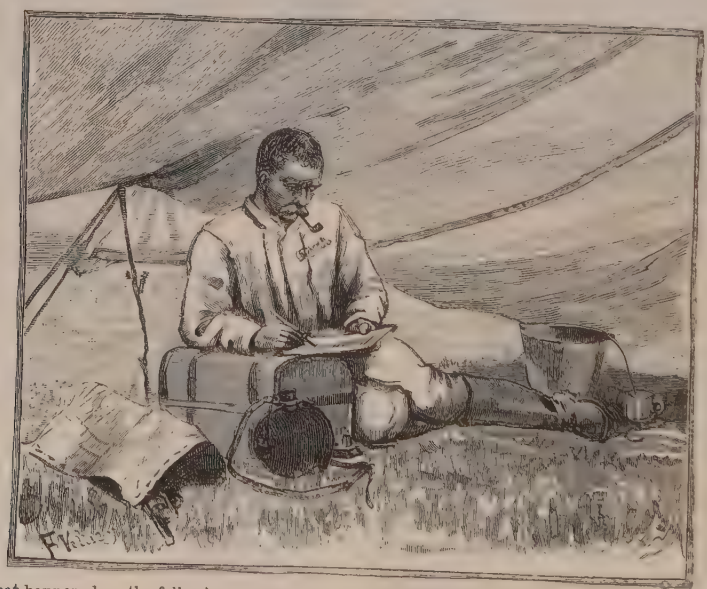
Bazaine approached his master. Poor loyal old fighting henchman! Childish you may call this, in the throes of a climax so sombre; but does it not move you, nevertheless? "I complimented him on his fête day by presenting him with a little nosegay I had gathered in the garden of my last night's quarters." The Emperor gave thanks for the present, and then, his trouble recurring on him, he asked in a loud voice, "Must I quit the army?" Bazaine, in surprise, bewilderment, and embarrassment, begged of him at least to wait events yet a little longer. So Napoleon turned to his people and said, "We will remain, gentlemen; but

do not have the baggage unpacked." Poor Bazaine sometimes shows a rare incisive gift with that blunt, clumsy pen of his. "During this colloquy," he writes, "the soldiers, melancholy and beaten out, continued to defile along the road in front of the auberge. Not a single cheer, not one '*Vive l'Empereur!*' came from the tumbled ranks at the sight of that sovereign and his son so enthusiastically acclaimed but a few days before. The moral influence of the retreat had already so lowered the tone of the army!" Is it not a sombre etching bitten in deeply by a few strong strokes?

These two men, Emperor and Marshal, parted next day and for ever. I think Bazaine may be allowed to draw down the curtain in his abrupt, rugged fashion. "On the morning of the 16th August the Emperor sent a galloper to fetch me. I lost not a moment, but rode alone at full speed to the imperial quarters. I found his Majesty already in the carriage along with the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon. The baggage had been sent off under escort in the course of the night. General de France's cavalry brigade was already on horseback to escort the Emperor. I had got no intimation in advance of those arrangements. I rode up to the carriage without dismounting. The Emperor seemed in suffering and he said to me but a few words: 'I have decided to leave for Verdun and Chalons. Get you on for Verdun how best you can. The gendarmes have left Briey, because the Prussians are in it.'"

Bazaine does not record a farewell, so abrupt seems to have been the parting. Napoleon whirled away out of bad into worse, until what relief the very worst brings came to him after Sedan. An hour after the imperial postilions had cracked their whips Bazaine was in the heart of the fierce mêlée of Mars la Tour, stemming all he knew, with his own sword-blade flashing through the dust of the hand-to-hand struggle, one of the whirlwind charges of the Brunswick Hussars. Ah! why did Heaven deny him then a straight thrust from the beautiful "white weapon," to give him the good death a man so soldierly had surely earned!

ARCH. FORBES.



"What happened on the following morning was told me in Zululand by the poor Prince Imperial."
Drawn by F. VILLIERS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IT seems perhaps hardly fair that while Matthew Arnold is in America and exposed to the extremity of public attention in that country, a native of the United States should take up the tale in an English magazine and let him feel the force of American observation from the rear as well as from the front. But, on the other hand, what better occasion could there be for a transatlantic admirer of the distinguished critic to speak his mind, without considering too much the place or the vehicle, than this interesting moment of Mr. Arnold's visit to the great country of the Philistines? I know nothing, as I write these lines, of the fruits of this excursion; we have heard little, as yet, of Mr. Arnold's impressions of the United States, or of the impression made upon their inhabitants by Mr. Arnold. But I would much rather not wait for information on these points: the elements of the subject are already sufficiently rich, and I prefer to make my few remarks in independence of such knowledge. A personal acquaintance with American life may have offered to the author of *Culture and Anarchy* a confirmation strong of his worst preconceptions; it may, on the other hand, have been attended with all sorts of pleasant surprises. In either event it will have been a satisfaction to one of his American readers (at least) to put on record a sentiment unaffected by the amount of material he may have gathered on transatlantic shores for the most successful satirical work of these last years. Nothing could be more delightful than the news that Mr. Arnold has been gratified by what he has seen in the western world; but I am not sure that it would not be even more welcome to know that he has been disappointed—for such disappointments, even in a mind so little irritable as his, are inspiring, and any record he should make of them would have a high value.

Neither of these consequences, however, would alter the fact that to an American in England, and indeed to any stranger, the author of the *Essays in Criticism*, of *Friendship's Garland*, of *Culture and Anarchy*, of the verses on Heine's grave, and of innumerable other delightful pages, speaks more directly than any other contemporary English writer, says more of these things which make him the visitor's intellectual companion, becomes in a singular way nearer and dearer. It is for this reason that it is always in order for such a visitor to join in a commemoration of the charming critic. He discharges an office so valuable, a function so delicate, he interprets, explains, illuminates so many of the obscure problems presented by English life to the gaze of the alien; he woos and wins to comprehension, to sympathy, to admiration, this imperfectly initiated, this often slightly bewildered observer; he meets him half way, he appears to understand his feelings, he conducts him to a point of view as gracefully as a master of ceremonies would conduct him to a chair. It is being met half way that the German, the Frenchman, the American appreciates so highly, when he approaches the great spectacle of English life; it is one of the greatest luxuries the foreign inquirer can enjoy. To such a mind as his, projected from a distance, out of a set of circumstances so different, the striking, the discouraging, I may even say the exasperating thing in this revelation, is the unconsciousness of the people concerned in it, their serenity, their indifference, their tacit assumption that their form of life is the normal one. This may very well be, of course, but the stranger wants a proof of some kind. (The English, in foreign lands, I may say in parenthesis, receive a similar impression; but the English are not irritated—not irritable—like the transplanted foreigner.) This unconsciousness makes a huge blank surface, a mighty national wall, against which the perceptive, the critical effort of the presumptuous stran-

ger wastes itself, until, after a little, he espies in the measureless spaces, a little aperture, a window which is suddenly thrown open, and at which a friendly and intelligent face is presented, the harbinger of a voice of greeting. With this agreeable apparition he communes—the voice is delightful, it has a hundred tones and modulations; and as he stands there the great dead screen seems to vibrate and grow transparent. In other words it is the fact that Mr. Arnold is, of all his countrymen, the most conscious of the national idiosyncrasies that endears him to the soul of the stranger. I may be doing him a poor service among his own people in saying this, I may be sacrificing him too much to my theory of the foreigner and his longing for sympathy. A man may very well not thank you for letting it be known that you have found him detached from the ranks of his compatriots. It would perhaps be discreet on the part of the Frenchman or the American not to say too loudly that to his sense Matthew Arnold is, among the English writers of our day, the least of a matter-of-course Englishman — the pair of eyes to which the English world rounds itself most naturally as a fact among many facts. This, however, is after all unnecessary; for what is so agreeable in his composition is that he is *en fin de compte* (as the foreigner might say) English of the English. Few writers have given such proof of this; few writers have had such opportunity to do so; for few writers have English affairs, the English character, the future, the development, the happiness, of England, been matters of such constant and explicit concern. It is not in the United States that Mr. Arnold will have struck people as not being a devoted child of the mother-country. He has assimilated certain continental ways of looking at things, his style has a kind of European accent, but he is full of English piety and English good-humour (in addition to an urbanity still more personal), and his spirit, in a word, is anchored in the deeps of the English past.

He is both a poet and a critic, but it is perhaps, primarily, because he is a representative of the critical spirit—apart from the accident of his having practised upon the maternal breast, as it were—that the sojourner, the spectator, has a kindness for the author of so many happy formulas, the propagator of so many capital instances. He, too, is necessarily critical, whatever his ultimate conclusion or reconciliation, and he takes courage and confidence from the sight of this brilliant writer, who knowing English life so much better than he can ever hope to do, is yet struck with so many of the same peculiarities, and makes so many of the same reflections. It is not the success of the critical effort at large that is most striking to-day to the attentive outsider; it is not the flexibility of English taste, the sureness of English judgment, the faculty of reproducing in their integrity the impressions made by works of art and literature, that most fixes the attention of those who look to see what the English mind is about. It may appear odd that an American should make this remark, proceeding as he does from a country in which high discernment in such matters has as yet only made a beginning. Superior criticism, in the United States, is at present not written; it is, like a great many superior things, only spoken; therefore I know not why a native of that country should take note of the desuetude of this sort of accomplishment in England, unless it be that in England he naturally expects great things. He is struck with the immense number of reviews that are published, with the number of vehicles for publicity, for discussion. But with the lightness of the English touch in handling literary and artistic questions he is not so much struck, nor with a corresponding interest in the manner, the meaning, the quality, of an artistic effort: corrupted (I should add) as he perhaps may be by communications still more foreign than those he has enjoyed on the other side of the Atlantic, and a good deal more forcible. For I am afraid that what I am coming to in saying that Matthew Arnold, as an English writer, is dear to the soul of the outsider, is the fact, (not equally visible, doubtless, to all judges) that he reminds the particular outsider who writes these lines (and who feels at moments that he has so little claim to the title), just the least bit of the great Sainte-Beuve. Many people do not care for Sainte-Beuve; they hold that his method was unscientific, his temper treacherous, his style tiresome, and that his subjects were too often uninteresting. But those who do care for him care for him deeply, and cultivate the belief, and the hope, that they shall never weary of him; so that as it is obviously only my limited personal sentiment that (with this little play of talk about the outsider in general) I venture to express, I may confess that the measure of my enjoyment of a critic is the degree to which he resembles Sainte-Beuve. This resemblance exists in Matthew Arnold, with many disparities and differences; not only does he always speak of the author of *Causeries* with esteem and

admiration, but he strikes the lover of Sainte-Beuve as having really taken lessons from him, as possessing a part of his great quality—closeness of contact to his subject. I do not in the least mean by this that Mr. Arnold is an imitator, that he is a reflection, pale or intense, of another genius. He has a genius, a quality, all his own, and he has in some respects a largeness of horizon which Sainte-Beuve never reached. The horizon of Sainte-Beuve was French, and we know what infinite blue distances the French see there; but that of Matthew Arnold, as I have hinted, is European, more than European, inasmuch as it includes America. It ought to be enough for an American that Sainte-Beuve had no ideas at all about America; whereas Mr. Arnold has a great many, which he is engaged at the moment at which I write, in collating with the reality. Nevertheless, Sainte-Beuve, too, on his side, had his larger movement; he had of course his larger activity, which indeed it will appear to many that Mr. Arnold might have emulated if it had not been for a certain amount of misdirected effort. There is one side on which many readers will never altogether do justice to Matthew Arnold, the side on which we see him as the author of *St. Paul and Protestantism*, and even of many portions of *Literature and Dogma*. They will never cease to regret that he should have spent so much time and ingenuity in discussing the differences—several of which, after all, are so special, so arbitrary — between Dissenters and Anglicans, should not rather have given these earnest hours to the interpretation of literature. There is something dry and dusty in the atmosphere of such discussions, which accords ill with the fresh tone of the man of letters, the artist. It must be added that in Mr. Arnold's case they are connected with something very important, his interest in religious ideas, his constant, characteristic sense of the reality of religion.

The union of this element with the other parts of his mind, his love of literature, of perfect expression, his interest in life at large, constitutes perhaps the originality of his character as a critic, and it certainly (to my sense) gives him that seriousness in which he has occasionally been asserted to be wanting. Nothing can exceed the taste, the temperance, with which he handles religious questions, and at the same time nothing can exceed the impression he gives of really caring for them. To his mind the religious life of humanity is the most important thing in the spectacle humanity offers us, and he holds that a due perception of this fact is (in connection with other lights) the measure of the acuteness of a critic, the wisdom of a poet. He says in his essay on Marcus Aurelius an admirable thing—"The paramount virtue of religion is that it has *lighted up* morality;" and such a phrase as that shows the extent to which he feels what he speaks of. To say that this feeling, taken in combination with his love of letters, of beauty, of all liberal things, constitutes an originality is not going too far, for the religious sentiment does not always render the service of opening the mind to human life at large. Ernest Renan, in France, is, as every one knows, the great and brilliant representative of such a union; he has treated religion as he might have treated one of the fine arts. Of him it may even be said, that though he has never spoken of it but as the sovereign thing in life, yet there is in him, as an interpreter of the conscience of man, a certain dandyism, a slight fatuity, of worldly culture, of which Mr. Arnold too has been accused, but from which (with the smaller assurance of an Englishman in such matters) he is much more exempt. Mr. Arnold touches M. Renan on one side, as he touches Sainte-Beuve on the other (I make this double *rapprochement* because he has been spoken of more than once as the most Gallicised of English writers); and if he has gone less into the details of literature than the one, he has gone more than the other into the application of religion to questions of life. He has applied it to the current problems of English society. He has endeavoured to light up with it, to use his own phrase, some of the duskiest and most colourless of these. He has cultivated urbanity almost as successfully as M. Renan, and he has cultivated reality rather more. As I have spoken of the reader who has been a stranger in England feeling that Mr. Arnold meets him half way, and yet of our author being at bottom English of the English, I may add here, in confirmation of this, that his theological pertinacity, as one may call it, his constant implication of the nearness of religion, his use of the Scriptures, his love of biblical phraseology, are all so many deeply English notes. He has all that taste for theology which characterises our race when our race is left to its own devices; he evidently has read an immense number of sermons. He is impregnated with the associations of Protestantism, saturated with the Bible, and though he has little love for the Puritans, no Puritan of them all was ever more ready on all occasions with a text either from the Old Testament or from the New. The appreciative

stranger (whom I go on imagining) has to remind himself of the force of these associations of Protestantism in order to explain Mr. Arnold's fondness for certain quotations which doubtless need the fragrance that experience and memory may happen to give them to reveal their full charm. Nothing could be more English, more Anglican, for instance, than our author's enjoyment of sundry phrases of Bishop Wilson—phrases which to the uninitiated eye are often a little pale. This does not take from the fact that Mr. Arnold has a real genius for quotation. His pages are full, not only of his own good things, but of those of every one else. More than any critic of the day he gives, from point to point, an example of what he means. The felicity of his illustrations is extreme; even if he sometimes makes them go a little further than they would and sees in them a little more than is visible to the average reader. Of course, in his frequent reference to the Bible, what is free and happy and personal to himself is the use he makes of it.

If it were the purpose of these few pages to give in the smallest degree a history of Mr. Arnold's literary career, I ought promptly to have spoken of his Poems—I ought to enumerate his works in their order. It was by his Poems that I first knew and admired him, and many such readers—early or late admirers—will have kept them in a very safe corner of memory. As a poet, Matthew Arnold is really singular; he takes his place among the most fortunate writers of our day who have expressed themselves in verse, but his place is somewhat apart. He has an imagination of his own, but he is less complete, less inevitable, as he says in his essay on Wordsworth that that poet said of Goethe, than the others. His form at moments is less rich than it might be, and the Wordsworthian example may perhaps be accused here and there of having sterilized him. But this limited, just a little precarious, character of his inspiration adds to his value for people who like the quality of rareness in their pleasures, like sometimes to perceive just a little the effort of the poet, like to hear him take breath. It reminds them of the awkwardness of line which we see in certain charming painters of early schools (not that Mr. Arnold is early!) and which seems a condition of their grace and a sign of their freshness. Splendour, music, passion, breadth of movement and rhythm we find in him in no great abundance; what we do find is high distinction of feeling (to use his own word), a temperance, a kind of modesty of expression, which is at the same time an artistic resource—the complexion of his work; and a remarkable faculty for touching the chords which connect our feelings with the things that others have done and spoken. In other words, though there is in Mr. Arnold's poems a constant reference to nature, or to Wordsworth, which is almost the same thing, there is even a more implicit reference to civilisation, literature, and the intellectual experience of man. He is the poet of the man of culture, that accomplished being whom he long ago held up for our consideration. Above all he is the poet of his age, of the moment in which we live, of our "modernity," as the new school of criticism in France gives us perhaps license to say. When he speaks of the past, it is with the knowledge which only our own time has of it. With its cultivated simplicity, its aversion to cheap ornament, its slight abuse of meagreness for distinction's sake, his verse has a kind of minor magic and always goes to the point—the particular ache, or regret, or conjecture, to which poetry is supposed to address itself. It rests the mind, after a good deal of the other poetical work of the day—it rests the mind, and I think I may add that it nourishes it.

It was, as every one remembers, in the essay on *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time*, and that on *The Literary Influence of Academies*, that, in 1864, Mr. Arnold first appeared in the character in which since then he has won so much fame, and which he may really be said to have invented; that of the *general* critic, the commentator of English life, the observer and expostulator, the pleader with the Dissenters, the genial satirist. His manner, since this light, sweet prelude, has acquired much amplitude and confidence; but the suggestiveness, the delightful temper were there from the first. Those who have been enjoying Mr. Arnold these twenty years will remember how fresh and desirable his voice sounded at that moment; if since then the freshness has faded a little we must bear in mind that it is through him and through him only that we have grown familiar with certain ideas and terms which now form part of the common stock of allusion. When he began his critical career there were various things that needed immensely to be said and that no one appeared sufficiently detached, sufficiently independent and impartial to say. Mr. Arnold attempted to say them, and succeeded—so far as the saying goes—in a manner that left nothing to be desired. There is, of course, another measure of success in regard to such an attempt—the

question of how far the critic has had an influence, produced an effect—how far he has acted upon the life, the feelings, the conduct of his audience. The effect of Mr. Arnold's writings is of course difficult to gauge; but it seems evident that the thoughts and judgments of Englishmen about a good many matters have been quickened and coloured by them. All criticism is better, lighter, more sympathetic, more informed, in consequence of certain things he has said. He has perceived and felt so many shy, disinterested truths that belonged to the office, to the limited specialty, of no one else; he has made them his care, made them his province and responsibility. This flattering unction Mr. Arnold may, I think, lay to his soul—that with all his lightness of form, with a certain jauntiness and irresponsibility of which he has been accused—as if he affected a candour and simplicity almost more than human—he has added to the interest of life, to the charm of knowledge, for a great many of those plain people among whom he so gracefully counts himself. As we know, in the number of the expressive phrases to which he has given circulation, none has had a wider currency than his application of Swift's phrase about sweetness and light. Assuredly it may be said that that note has reverberated, that it has done something—in the realm of discussion—towards making civility the fashion and facilitating the exchange of ideas. They appear to have become more accessible—they bristle rather less with mutual suspicion. Above all, the atmosphere has gained in clearness in the great middle region in which Philistinism is supposed to abide. Our author has hung it about—the grey confusion—with a multitude of little coloured lanterns, which not only have a charming, a really festive effect, but which also help the earnest explorer to find his way. It was in the volume entitled *Culture and Anarchy*, published in 1869, and perhaps his most ingenious and suggestive production, that he offered his most celebrated definitions, and exposed himself most to the penalties which the general critic is foredoomed to encounter. In some of his later books he has called down the displeasure of the Dissenters, but in the extremely witty volume to which I allude he made it a matter of honour with society at large to retaliate. But it has been Mr. Arnold's good fortune from the first that he has been fed and stimulated by criticism; his antagonist, in the phrase that he is fond of quoting from Burke, has ever been his helper. Rejoinder and refutation have always furnished him with texts and examples and offered a spring-board, as it were, to his polemical agility. He has had the further advantage, that though in his considerate, bantering way a disputant, having constantly to defend himself, as is inevitable for a man who frequently attacks, he has never lost his good humour, never shown a touch of the *odium theologicum*, nor ceased to play fair. This incorrigible fondness for his joke doubtless has had something to do with the reproach sometimes made him that he is not serious, that he does not really care for the causes for which he pleads, that he is a talker, an artist even, a charming humorist, but not a philosopher, nor a reformer, nor a teacher. He has been charged with having no practical advice to offer. To these allegations he would perhaps plead guilty, for he has never pretended to have a body of doctrine nor to approach the public with an infallible nostrum. He has been the plain man that we have alluded to, he has been only a skirmisher and a suggester. It is certain that a good many fallacies and prejudices are limping about with one of his light darts still sticking to them. For myself, when I have heard it remarked that he is not practical, the answer has seemed to be that there is surely nothing more practical than to combine that degree of wit with that degree of good feeling, and that degree of reason with both of them. It is quite enough to the point to be one of the two or three best English prose-writers of one's day. There is nothing more practical, in short, than, if one praises culture and desires to forward it, to speak in the tone and with the spirit and impartiality of culture. The Dissenters, I believe, hold that Mr. Arnold has not been impartial, accuse him of misrepresenting them, of making the absurd proposal that they shall come over to the Church merely because from the church-window, as it were, their chapels and conventicles interfere with the view. I do not pretend to judge this matter, or even to have followed closely enough to give an account of them the windings of that controversial episode, of which the atmosphere, it must be confessed, has at moments been more darkened than brightened with Biblical references and which occupies the middle years of the author's literary career. It is closed, and well closed, and Mr. Arnold has returned to literature and to studies which lie outside the controversial shadow. It is sufficient that, inveterate satirist as he is, it is impossible to read a page of him without feeling that his satire is liberal and

human. The much abused name of culture rings rather false in our ears, and the fear of seeming priggish checks it as it rises to our lips. The name matters little, however, for the idea is excellent, and the thing is still better. I shall not go so far as to say of Mr. Arnold that he invented it; but he made it more definite than it had been before —he vivified and lighted it up. We like to-day to see principles and convictions embodied in persons, represented by a certain literary or political face. There are so many abroad, all appealing to us and pressing towards us, that these salient incarnations help us to discriminate and save us much confusion. It is Mr. Arnold, therefore, that we think of when we figure to ourselves the best knowledge of what is being done in the world, the best appreciation of literature and life. It is in America especially that he will have had the responsibility of appearing as the cultivated man—it is in this capacity that he will have been attentively listened to. The curiosity with regard to culture is extreme in that country; if there is in some quarters a considerable uncertainty as to what it may consist of, there is everywhere a great wish to get hold of it, at least on trial. I will not say that Mr. Arnold's tact has absolutely never failed him. There was a certain want of it, for instance (the instance is small), in his quoting, in *Culture and Anarchy*, M. Renan's opinion on the tone of life in America, in support of his own contention that Philistinism was predominant there. This is a kind of authority that (in such a case) almosts discredits the argument—M. Renan being constitutionally, and as it were officially, incapable of figuring to himself the aspect of society in the United States. In like manner Mr. Arnold may now and then have appeared to satisfy himself with a definition not quite perfect, as when he is content to describe poetry by saying that it is a criticism of life. That surely expresses but a portion of what poetry contains—it leaves unsaid much of the essence of the matter. Literature in general is a criticism of life—prose is a criticism of life. But poetry is a criticism of life in conditions so peculiar that they are the sign by which we know poetry. Lastly, I may venture to say that our author strikes me as having, especially in his later writings, pushed to an excess some of the idiosyncracies of his delightful style—his fondness for repetition, for ringing the changes on his text, his formula—a tendency in consequence of which his expression becomes at moments slightly wordy and fatiguing. This tendency, to give an example, is visible, I think, in the essay which serves as an introduction to Mr. Ward's collection of the English poets, and in that on Wordsworth, contained in the volume of Mr. Arnold's own selections from him. The defect, however, I should add, is nothing but an exaggeration of one of the author's best qualities—his ardent love of clearness, his patient persuasiveness. These are minor blemishes, and I allude to them mainly, I confess, because I fear I may have appeared to praise too grossly. Yet I have wished to praise, to express the high appreciation of all those who in England and America have in any degree attempted to care for literature. They owe Matthew Arnold a debt of gratitude for his admirable example, for having placed the standard of successful expression, of literary feeling and good manners, so high. They never tire of him—they read him again and again. They think the wit and humour of *Friendship's Garland* the most delicate possible, the luminosity of *Culture and Anarchy* almost dazzling, the eloquence of such a paper as the article on Lord Falkland in the *Mixed Essays* irresistible. They find him, in a word, more than any one else, the happily-proportioned, the truly distinguished man of letters. When there is a question of his efficacy, his influence, it seems to me enough to ask one's self what we should have done without him, to think how much we should have missed him, and how he has salted and seasoned our public conversation. In his absence the whole tone of discussion would have seemed more stupid, more literal. Without his irony to play over its surface, to clip it here and there of its occasional fustiness, the life of our Anglo-Saxon race would present a much greater appearance of insensibility.

HENRY JAMES.

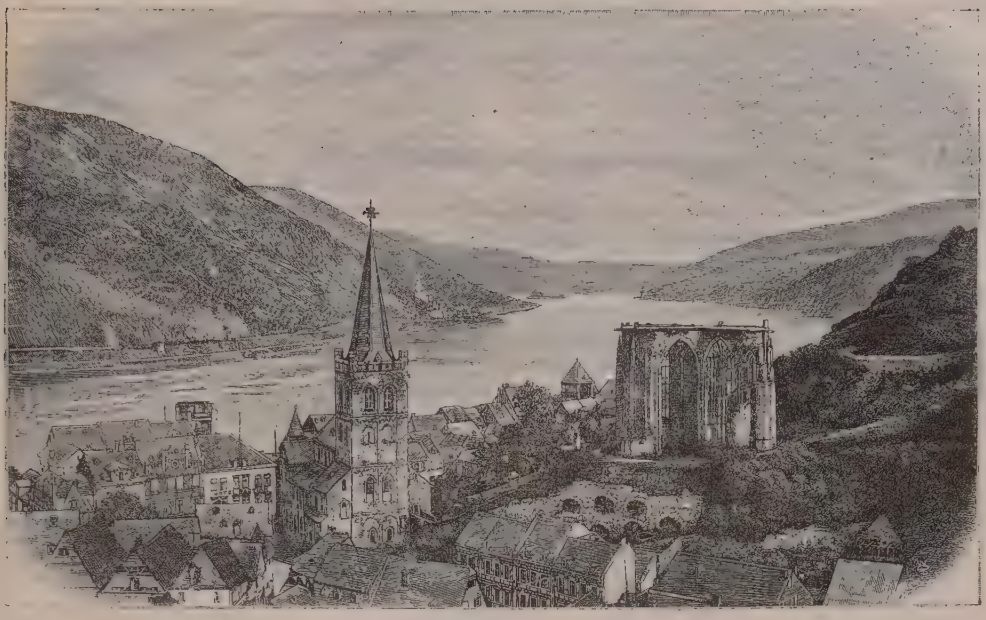


FIG. 1.—VIEW OF THE GORGE OF THE RHINE FROM BACHARACH.

RIVERS AND RIVER-GORGES OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

DURING that slow process of growth whereby the scenery of the land has become what it now is, no features have been so permanent as the river-channels, and none speak more eloquently of past changes in geological structure and in climate. Where a river first fixes its course, there as a rule it remains. Only some colossal upheaval of the earth's crust can make it quit its hold of the ground it has first chosen. A history of the rivers of a country includes, therefore, a history of the whole topography.

To one characteristic feature in river-scenery—their gorges or ravines—I propose to devote the present paper. I wish to call attention to a remarkable difference in type between the ravines of Europe and those of a high arid region like that of the Western Territories of North America.

European river-gorges, though they present abundant diversity of detail, are marked by a general similarity of character which cannot be better illustrated than by the well-known examples of the Rhine and the Meuse. The Rhine, between Bingen and the Siebengebirge, flows through the tableland of the Taunus in a winding trench, the breadth of which at bottom is greatly narrower than at the top. (Figs. 1 and 2.) Hence the sides of the ravine, though steep, are hardly ever precipitous, save here and there where some more stubborn mass of rock, like that of the Lurelei, projects from the side. Moreover, the ravine varies greatly in width, expanding from time to time into more open valleys, and then contracting into narrower gorges. Throughout its length no naked walls of verdureless rock shoot upwards from the edge of the stream. The underlying Devonian strata appear, indeed, almost everywhere, clearly enough revealing their structure to a passing geological eye; but they are concealed more than they are seen. Over their crumbling slopes the vineyards creep painfully from the margin of the river up to the edge of the tableland. And where man has not interfered nature has festooned with vegetation even their barest crags.

The gorge of the Meuse between Givet and Namur presents many of the same features, but is less continuous than that of the Rhine. Groups of white walls of lime-

stone, strangely cleft into spire and pinnacle, rise now from the midst of wide bosky hollows, and now from the verge of open meadows and gardens. At times the character of the gorge is lost in that of the valley with gently-sloping verdurous sides. The influence of vegetation is here again a dominant one in the landscape. Its presence everywhere tells of a genial climate and abundance of moisture.

In another important point the gorges of the Rhine and Meuse resemble each other, and are typical of a large proportion of European ravines. The traveller who passes even cursorily through them can hardly fail to notice how greatly the rocks between which the rivers wind have been curved and contorted. On the Meuse, for instance, the massive white beds of limestone have been crumpled and bent over in the most remarkable way, and the ravine has been cut across the edges of the rock-folds. On the Rhine and Moselle it is the hard Devonian greywacke and shale that have been similarly crushed together.

A long narrow ravine naturally suggests the operation of subterranean movements as its cause. Instinctively the first impulse of the mind is to conceive a rent in the solid earth which has remained open, and into which the river has made its way. This idea appears to derive support from the frequent evidence of great subterranean disturbances furnished by the rocks themselves. In the Rhine and Meuse, so greatly have the strata been plicated that there might seem to be no reason why the same movements by which this plication was effected should not have rent open the ravines. That such has been generally the origin of long deep river-chasms was for many years the commonly accepted belief among geologists, and it is probably not yet wholly abandoned. But for a good many years the opposite opinion has steadily gained ground, that these chasms have in the main been excavated by the water that flows through them.

FIG. 2.—VIEW OF THE GORGE OF THE RHINE AT BOPPARD.

As in the case of other geological problems, the solution of this one has been in no small degree affected by the limited area within which the subject was first studied. Europe after all is but a small part of the earth, and the portion of Europe, that until recently served as the arena for geological investigation, is but a small part of the whole Continent. Obviously therefore, questions involving conditions of climate, topography, and geological structure must take a distinctly local colouring when studied in so restricted a field.

An illustration of this effect of environ-

ment on geological thought is furnished by the history of opinion regarding the geological work of rivers. If we consider this question as it presents itself to observation in Europe, we can hardly fail to perceive how powerfully river-action is governed by geographical conditions. In this part of the world, rivers are hampered in their work by restrictions from which in other regions they are free. In particular, their power to excavate ravines is materially affected.

In the first place, leaving out of account the mountainous tracts, which cover so small a proportion of the Continent, and which, so far as river action is concerned, serve rather as gathering ground for the drainage than as a field for the excavation of ravines, the general low level of the land acts as a powerful hindrance to river-erosion. Among the mountains, indeed, where the slopes are steep and the velocity of the streams is great, many narrow but singularly picturesque gorges have been dug out. But when the rivers quit these heights, the lower grounds, on which they debouch, are so little raised above the level of the sea that the slope of the rivers, in their courses across the plains, is usually extremely small. No scope is therefore afforded for the excavation of long narrow winding gorges. When these occur, they must rather be looked upon as due to some accidental geological features, than as the normal result of river-erosion in Europe.

In the second place, the geological structure of our area is remarkably complicated. For the most part the rocks through which European rivers wind are so continually changing in relative hardness and softness, as well as in structure, that even if other conditions for erosion were favourable, the excavation of long continuous gorges would be hardly possible here.

In the third place, the climate is so moist and the rainfall so copious, that the general surface of the land is disintegrated and lowered in level by the washing away of its superficial layers. So large is the quantity of detritus thus swept off, that the rivers into which it is borne are in many cases hardly able to carry it onward, and cannot therefore seriously deepen their channels. Moreover where erosion does take place, the sides of the river channels are simultaneously attacked by rain, frost, and springs, so that instead of a ravine with precipitous walls, a valley with more gently sloping sides is the result. Wherever a stream has succeeded in digging out a gorge, we may infer that its action has there been more rapid than that of the atmospheric agents of decay.

In the fourth place, the presence of vegetation everywhere affects the progress of erosion, sometimes accelerating, but more frequently diminishing it. Protecting the soil from being rapidly washed away, it retards the general lowering of the level of the land by the operation of rain and wind. Even along river-courses, where nature's saw cuts deepest into the framework of a country, the subtle influence of vegetation may be traced. The talus of rubbish at the foot of a cliff is by degrees covered and protected by a growth of brushwood and grass, which, creeping upward, may even at last overspread the rocky scarps above and screen them from further decay.

One further fact must be kept in view when we discuss the history of river-erosion in Europe. A very large part of the Continent was buried beneath the ice-fields of the glacial period. Under the slow grinding action of the ice, the surface of the land was worn down, and that characteristic contour was given to it which, in spite of the subsequent progress of weathering, is still so conspicuous. Moreover, vast quantities of earth and stones, pushed on under the ice or dropped from its melting edges, were strewn over the plains. Thus the pre-glacial contours of the land were partly ground away, and partly buried underneath piles of detritus. Among the features more specially liable to modification or obliteration by these means were the river-channels, down which the drainage of the Continent flowed during the long ages that preceded the Age of Ice. Occupying generally the lowest levels, they would naturally be usurped by the glaciers, as they had previously been used by the rivers. Even where they escaped effacement by the erosion of the ice they could not fail to be more or less choked up, and would doubtless in many cases be completely obliterated under the mass of debris pushed over them by the glaciers. When the snow-fields eventually retired to the higher mountains, where they still maintain their hold, the aspect of the lower grounds must have been essentially different from what it had been before the ice settled down upon them. The hills and valleys would still remain, but the details of the landscape must have been entirely changed. In particular, the old river channels would be no longer traceable. The streams that now began to flow over the country, as the snow and ice withdrew from its surface, would have their channels determined by the inequalities left by the retreating glaciers. And these channels, once chosen, would be

maintained. The rivers would first cut their way down through the loose materials strewn over the land by the ice, and would then begin to saw into the solid rock underneath. Sometimes they could hardly fail to strike into their former or pre-glacial courses, but probably in most cases they would not. Every geologist who has attended to this subject is familiar with instances where the post-glacial channels have been cut across those of earlier date, sections of which, filled up with glacial debris, are to be seen along the sides of the present streams.

Hence it is clear that in Europe, or at least over that large part of Europe which lay beneath the ice-fields, the present river-channels are not older than the Glacial Period, though the valleys down which the waters drain have usually a far higher antiquity. It was at the close of that period that the rivers began to flow. A great part of their work since then has consisted in cutting through the detritus left by the ice. Many of them have not completed even this portion of their task, but are still slowly grinding their channels out of the glacial clay and boulders.

The rivers of Europe, therefore, cannot be taken as illustrations of the most vigorous type of river-erosion. They are impeded in their operations by various retarding conditions, which do not exist in other regions. Moreover their history has been interrupted so profoundly by the episode of the Ice Age, that as a rule they cannot be regarded as having occupied their present courses for a longer interval than that which separates us from the recession of the ice-sheet across the lowlands of central and northern Europe.

One of the most noticeable results of this combination of circumstances is the comparative rarity of river-gorges in Europe. This may seem at first to be a kind of paradoxical statement, for many familiar examples of such gorges in this country and on the Continent at once rise in our recollection. But further consideration of the matter will show us that these features of river-scenery are absent from a vast number of our rivers, that where they appear at all, they usually do so only for short spaces, and almost as it were accidentally, and that, when well developed, they are so exceptional as to be deserving of special notice among the scenic attractions of a district. In the great majority of cases our rivers flow in open valleys with gently sloping sides.

There are other regions of the earth's surface where the rivers are allowed to do their work, unimpeded by the various hindrances that have retarded it in Europe. Of these regions by far the most remarkable is that which lies in North America, between the southern borders of Wyoming and the desert plateau of Arizona. In no part of the world can the results of river-erosion be seen on such a colossal scale. The scenery is there of a type so peculiar to the eye and so overwhelming to the imagination, that the language which suffices for the description of landscapes elsewhere is felt to be powerless to convey an adequate impression of the strange magnificence that bewilders the vision. Thanks to the various expeditions and surveys equipped by the American Government for the exploration of this wonderland of geology, its leading features and history are now distinctly intelligible. Among the names which will always be honourably associated with these discoveries, those of Ives, Newberry, Powell, Dutton, and Holmes will occupy a foremost place.

A succession of high plains or plateaux covering many thousands of square miles stretches southwards from the Uinta Mountains. In Utah these plateaux attain a height of more than 11,000 feet, are densely wooded with pines, and enjoy a cool and comparatively moist climate. They have been built up of Mesozoic and Tertiary strata, which for the most part are nearly horizontal, but show a very slight inclination northwards. Along their southern margin they suddenly descend by a kind of gigantic staircase to the lower desert plateaux of the Colorado. Each step in this descent is formed by the escarpment of some harder band or bands of rock, often hundreds of feet thick, which with level top and vertical front, wind for many miles to right and left. The Eocene rocks cap the summits of the high plateaux. From beneath them at lower levels the Cretaceous beds extend further southward, followed successively by the Jurassic, Triassic, and Permian groups of escarpments, dropping down terrace after terrace, until the broad comparatively smooth platform of the Carboniferous rocks is reached, which sweeps for 150 miles or more into the heart of Arizona.

Many of these escarpments throw out projecting bastions. Detached portions, once connected with the main mass, stand far forward, as monuments of the enormous waste which the country has undergone. The horizontal lines of stratification impart to many of the rock-forms a strangely architectural character, and at the same time furnish impressive evidence of the extent to which successive geological formations

have been removed from the Colorado plateau.

The colours of these rocks are of the most vivid hues. Bands of brilliant red are relieved by others of dull chocolate-brown, deepening into purple or fading into slate and lavender. Some of the beds are of a pale lemon-yellow, shading into orange or brown or into a delicate pearl-grey, with here and there perhaps a seam of pale verdigris-green. As these tints characterise different layers of rock, the level stratification of the country, thus so clearly marked off, is one of the first and most striking features in the scenery.

The platform that stretches southward from the base of the great stairway of terraces in southern Utah, is a wide desert. Various species of cactus and other desert plants find a footing on its surface, but it is on the whole verdureless. The climate is extremely arid. The scanty rains sink at once into the dry ground, or run off into the nearest depressions, without giving rise to a single permanent stream.

But the strangest feature in this strange region is the way in which it is trenched by profound ravines, on a scale of grandeur to which there is no parallel in any other part of the world. The Colorado river runs, in a winding course, for more than 1,000 miles through the region, but sunk to a depth of several thousand feet below the level of the surrounding country. It flows in a succession of gorges, to which the Spanish name of cañons (*i.e.* pipes or tunnels) is given. Every tributary stream runs in a similar gorge. Each cañon moreover branches into side cañons, and these again subdivide, until some parts of the region have been so trenched that they look like piles of the most colossal ruins. At the bottom of its abyss, almost out of sight and sound, the Colorado river rushes furiously over its rapids. The coolness and moisture near the water allow, here and there, a fringe of willows and cottonwood trees to find a footing, and furnish a contrast to the dry, dusty sterility of the plateaux above.

The most astonishing portion of the course of the Colorado, through this deeply dissected region, is that to which the name of the Grand Cañon has been given, and which has recently been so well described by Captain Dutton. It is about 220 miles long, being the last of a long succession of similar cañons. Where deepest, it is about 6,000 feet below the level of the country on either side. It presents two cañons, one within the other. The outer has a width of from five to six miles, bounded on either side by a noble range of cliffs, about 2,000 feet high, that sweep into the distance with many a projecting point and deep recess, and are here and there cut down from summit to base by some lateral cañon. The bottom of this wide gorge or valley is a platform, along which winds the inner chasm—a narrower and more profound depression, measuring about 3,000 feet in depth and from 3,500 to 4,000 feet from crest to crest.

Now here if anywhere, there should be evidence of subterranean movements, if it is to such a cause that river-gorges are to be assigned. But not the least trace has been found of any coincidence between these cañons and actual ruptures of the rocks. On the contrary, wherever the strata can be traced across the dried-up channel of a gorge, they are found to be unbroken. So far from having been determined by ruptures of the ground, the cañons exhibit the most remarkable indifference to all the fractures and foldings which have affected the rocks. Although nearly horizontal for such wide spaces, the strata have been ridged up into broad folds, and have also been dislocated by a number of large faults. But the cañons cross these features without deflection. So that, far from having been determined by lines of disturbance, they cross these lines indefinitely wherever they may chance to occur.

It is the concurrent testimony of every explorer who has penetrated into the cañon region, that these remarkable defiles have been entirely excavated by running water. From the ruts torn out of the level strata of an escarpment by the last rain-storm, an insensible gradation in form and size can be traced into the deeper gullies gouged out by the rains of centuries, and from these into the defiles of the side cañons, and lastly into the gulf of the great chasm itself. The whole network of lines is unmistakably the work of running water alone, furnishing the most stupendous example of erosion in the world.

In considering the cause of the extraordinary development of ravines in the Colorado basin, we perceive that running water acts in that region under conditions that peculiarly favour its operations. Among these favourable circumstances the following deserve to be noticed.

1. The country through which the rivers flow consists of lofty plateaux, rising in some places to more than 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. The great declivity, thus given to the streams, endows them with considerable velocity and unusual power of

erosion. The Colorado river is an impetuous stream, with many cataracts and rapids, from which it rushes downward flecked with foam. In the Grand Cañon district the fall of the river is believed to be about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in a mile—a slope probably four times greater than the average declivity of the great rivers of the globe. The velocity which such a slope gives is so great that the erosive power of the river must be enormously higher than the average rate among European rivers.

2. The climate of the cañon region furnishes the most favourable meteorological conditions for river-erosion. It is remarkably dry. Though heavy rain-showers occasionally fall, there is no coating of vegetation or of soil, to intercept and retain the moisture. The rain, so far as not evaporated, partly rushes off the surface at once by innumerable channels worn out of the bare rock, and plunges into the cañons, partly sinks into the ground, whence it issues in springs at the base of the cañon walls. The quantity of water supplied by these springs appears to be considerable, and as Captain Dutton has pointed out, it is important to notice that the volume, and consequently the velocity, of the river is thus increased by the addition of water free from sediment.

The water of the rivers flowing through the cañon region comes almost wholly from a distance. The area drained by the Colorado river and its tributaries, to the foot of the Grand Cañon, is given roughly at 165,000 square miles. To the north lie the lofty ranges of the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming. Eastward rise the chains that run through the heart of Colorado. Westward the lofty plateaux of Utah cover a vast area. The rains and melting snows of these remote heights supply most of the water that flows through the cañons.

Hence the copious rainfall, which in Europe rushes down the slopes of our river-valleys, is absent from the cañon region. The rivers are there allowed to carry on unimpeded their task of sawing downward into the solid rock. And this task they have continued until they have sunk from 1,000 to 6,000 feet below the general surface of the surrounding country.

3. Another fact must be kept in view. The amount of sediment in the waters of the cañon rivers is described by Captain Dutton as being abnormally great. Though rains are infrequent at any one locality, they are not uncommon in the plateau country as a whole. Heavy local showers fall from time to time, and rapidly fill the gullies with torrents of water. The loose decomposed rock is at once washed off, and this takes place so effectually that the runnels are soon loaded to the full with mud and sand, carrying down twice or three times their own volume of sediment. All this detritus is swept into the cañons, and maintains the turbidity of the river. The velocity of the Colorado is so great that it can transport a much greater load than rivers usually carry. From the side cañons immense quantities of

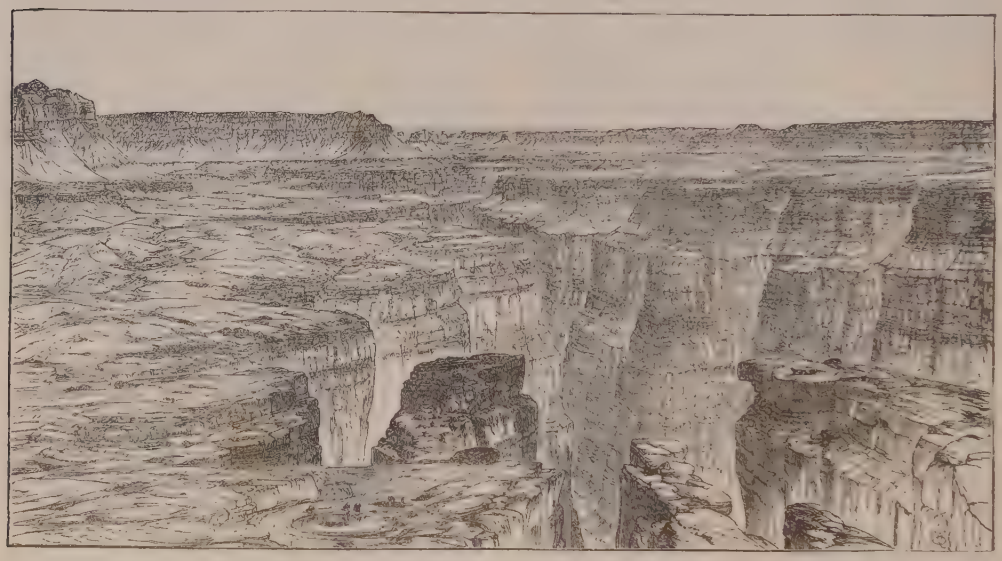


FIG. 3.—VIEW OF THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO (Reduced from the drawing by Mr. Holmes).

rubbish are shot out into the main stream, partially impeding its course and causing rapids. But these piles of rock are ere long ground away by the rush of sand-laden water over them.

An appreciable amount of sand must also be supplied to the rivers by the action of wind. As the general surface of the arid country is bare crumbling rock, the winds lift up the finer particles and sweep them away. Here and there, blown sand has accumulated into shifting dunes, that add to the barren desolation of these deserts, but some of it must be carried into the cañons, and thus increase the sediment borne onward by the rivers.

In the cañon region, then, river erosion attains its maximum development, because the rivers, flowing with abnormal rapidity, are abundantly supplied with rock-debris, and because the climate is such as to retard the decay of the sides of the ravines, so that the rivers are left to their task of deepening the channels they have excavated in the solid rocks.

But it must not be supposed that the general surface of the cañon region remains free from the disintegration that more or less affects all land-surfaces. From some kinds of decay indeed it is remarkably exempt. The scarcity of rain, with the consequent absence or scantiness of vegetation, tells in some interesting ways upon the weathering of the landscapes. In moist climates, such as those of Western Europe, much of the decay of the outer layer of the surface arises from the chemical action of the moisture retained between the pores of the rocks and soils. Certain more soluble minerals are attacked, and portions of them are slowly removed in solution by the creeping moisture. By degrees this removal loosens the cohesion of the parts that remain, which are thus liable to be washed off by rain, or blown away as dust by wind, exposing a new skin of rock or soil to undergo a similar process. Vegetation, indeed, to some extent checks this decay, by screening the surface from the direct mechanical effects of heavy rain or high wind. But, on the other hand, the decay of plants and animals furnishes percolating rain with certain organic acids, which give it greatly increased solvent power, and thus augment its efficacy in the process of weathering.

In the cañon country, however, the surface of the ground is excessively parched and dry. There can be hardly any chemical dissolution of the superficial rocks. The heavy rains that now and then fall, moisten the surface indeed, but so rapid is the evaporation, that the moisture quickly returns to the atmosphere, before it can have time to exercise any appreciable solvent action on the rocks. There is no vegetation to retain it or to increase its chemical activity. The absence of moisture further excludes the operation of frost, which in less arid climates produces such notable effects on the rocks and soils of a country.

But that the waste of the surface of the cañon region has been enormous, is most impressively shown by the abrupt escarpments of the strata, rising above each other, terrace upon terrace, and looking over the vast plains from which they have been removed. Here and there a solitary outlying *butte* remains to witness the former extension of the rocks of which it is built up. In the Grand Cañon district a thickness of about 10,000 feet of strata has been removed from an area of from 13,000 to 15,000 square miles. In other words a mass of rock measuring from 25,000 to 30,000 cubic miles has been entirely swept away. From the Uinta Mountains further north, the amount of material removed has been still more stupendous. It is estimated by Major Powell at $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in depth. These almost incredible quantities are not mere guesses, but are computed from measurements of the actual thickness of the groups of rock that have demonstrably been removed, and of the areas from which the removal has certainly taken place.

It is obvious that so enormous a denudation has been long in progress. There is evidence which seems to establish that it began in older Tertiary time and has been continued ever since. In such a protracted lapse of geological periods, there may have been variations in climate. Indeed, we know that at first the climate was sufficiently moist to nourish a rich vegetation, the remains of which have been imbedded in the Eocene strata. Alternations in meteorological conditions would probably produce changes in the rate of denudation. And there are traces of such changes in the structure of the cañons.

Under the present climatal conditions of these Western Territories there is a remarkably great daily oscillation in temperature. At mid-day, the thermometer may rise to 100° or more, and may fall at night below the freezing point. The superficial parts of the rocks are thus in a continual state of strain, expanding under the fierce heat of the sun during the day, and contracting from the rapid radiation at night. Where this kind

of action is well sustained, its effects resemble those of frost. The outer skin of many rocks is disintegrated and peeled off, or crumbles into sand. The loosened particles are then ready to be washed off by rain or to be blown away by wind.

One of the lessons which a European geologist is most interested in learning among these plateaux of the Far West is the efficacy of wind in the general lowering of the surface of the land. This action is of a twofold nature. In the first place, the wind lifts and carries off the finer particles loosened from the baked and barren surfaces of bare rock, thereby exposing a new surface to the disintegrating effects of the weather. In the second place, it uses the materials thus carried off, as a kind of grinding powder by which it polishes and ultimately rubs down the surfaces across which it blows. In the gravelly patches of desert places, the stones are left sticking out of the soil which is blown away from around them, and every projecting pebble is worn smooth and bright by the friction of the sand-blast. Even large fallen blocks of rock are eaten away along their base, until they come to be supported on a narrowing pedestal, which in the end is so reduced that the block topples over, and the same process is again renewed.

Bearing in mind this slow but constant disintegration of the surface, we can understand why the sudden infrequent rains should soon give birth to torrents of mud. Every precipice and slope, every crag and cleft, every ledge and gully has its crust of pulverised rock ready for removal. As the rain-threads gather into runnels and these into larger torrents, they rush with this disintegrated material headlong into the chasms, and sweep it into the main river.

The enormous waste from the surface of the plateaux has been entirely the work of atmospheric agents. It is quite certain that since the Colorado River and its tributaries began to flow, this region has never been under the sea. At the close of the Cretaceous period the sea still stretched across the area of the plateau country. But about that time an elevation began. By degrees a large lake or group of lakes took the place of the upraised sea-floor, and covered with fresh water a vast area in the heart of the continent. In these fresh-water basins the Eocene deposits of the region were laid down to a total depth of sometimes more than 10,000 feet. The plants that clothed the surrounding land with green, the fish that abounded in the lake-waters, the huge and strange mammals that frequented the shores, have been partially entombed in these lake-deposits, and their remains have given us an interesting glimpse into the life of the time. Eventually the lake that covered what is now the cañon country began to diminish in size, by a gradual elevation of its southern portion into dry land. At the same time the whole region was slowly upheaved, the sea was finally excluded from the heart of the continent, and the great high plateaux gradually appeared.

In this upward movement, the strata of the dried-up lake, with the underlying Mesozoic formations, were elevated so equably as to retain nearly their original approximately horizontal position. Over the upraised lake-bottom the overflowing water drained southward, as the earliest Colorado river. So far as we can tell, the stream has flowed along the same course ever since. The lakes have long since disappeared, but the channels cut by their escaping waters are still the channels by which the drainage of a vast region to the west of the Rocky Mountains finds its way to the Pacific Ocean.

There can be no doubt that much that is most characteristic in the scenery of the plateaux and cañons depends upon the fact that the rocks are stratified masses of vast thickness, and nearly flat, varying greatly among themselves in hardness, but each bed or group of beds retaining the same characters for great distances. For hundreds of square miles, the same zone of sandstone or limestone may be traced, with hardly any alteration in thickness, and little or no change in colour, aspect, or mode of weathering. The same escarpment may be recognised, by its own peculiar contours and tints, for distances of many leagues across the plateaux.

The deposits of the long-vanished Tertiary lakes consist for the most part of soft strata —marls, clays, sands, and limestones—thinly bedded, and usually nearly horizontal. These friable rocks have been specially liable to erosion, and they have consequently been entirely removed from wide areas which they undoubtedly once covered. In their decay, they give rise to one of the most characteristic features of the scenery of the plateau country—the "Mauvaises Terres" or "Bad Lands." These tracts are utterly barren; the soft level strata have been so deeply trenched, by a network of gullies and valleys, that they have been separated into detached hills and ridges. The slopes are everywhere crumbling into sand. Here and there, a harder rib of rock, projecting from them, and traceable from mound to mound, or cliff to

cliff, shows the stratified character of the rocks. By occasional heavy rains, the crumbled rock is washed off in torrents of mud into the plains. But the general dryness of the climate is shown in the white alkaline crust that forms on the ground, as the scanty moisture from below rises and is evaporated. Fierce hot winds howl through these dreary wastes, sweeping off the finer particles of the decomposing strata, and filling the air with a blinding alkaline dust. A region of truly hopeless sterility, on which the seal of death and desolation has been set for ever.

But among the older Mesozoic and Palæozoic formations the rocks are more coherent. They present a remarkable alternation of harder and softer strata, and it is in this association of materials possessing different powers of resistance, that scope is afforded for the development of these inequalities of weathering on which so much of the peculiar scenery of the region depends. The harder or more durable bands project from the surface, while the softer or less permanent recede. Along the cañon-walls the harder limestones and sandstones stand out as bold lines of terraced cliff, while the softer clays and shales retire in gentle talus-slopes, or are etched into niches and mouldings. On the plateaux the harder strata form lines of winding escarpment. But as they are interstratified with less durable layers, and are traversed by lines of joint, their cliffs are sculptured into the most marvellous variety of contours. The vocabulary of architectural terms has been ransacked to find expressions that will in some measure convey an idea of these ever-varying rock-forms, so strangely symmetrical and architectural in their regularity of recurrence. Some portions stand out from the line of cliff like the buttresses of a Gothic cathedral, mounting up into pinnacles and finials. At other parts, the cliffs retire into vast recesses or alcoves, enriched with a fretwork of arabesque-like sculpturing. Spires, towers, colonnades, friezes, mouldings, in endless diversity of style, rise on every side till the eye grows almost weary of the multiplicity of detail.

Yet through all this strange variety and richness of architectural effect, the pervading influence of the stratification of the rocks is never for a moment lost. The long level and parallel bars of sandstone, limestone, or shale may be traced from cliff to cliff, rising one over the other, like lines of gigantic masonry. Each group of rock, moreover, contributes its own peculiar and characteristic colours and contours to the scenery. The rock-forms and tints of the Carboniferous strata of the Grand Cañon are distinct from those of the Permian and the Trias escarpments, as these in turn differ from each other, and from the Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Eocene terraces that successively overlie them.

Amidst this extraordinary richness of rock-forms, while the cañons are sinking deeper and deeper below the level of the surrounding country, the lines of escarpment, that wind across the plateaux, are slowly retreating. Their array of buttresses, alcoves, towers, and pinnacles, is continually crumbling down, but new shapes of a like kind are being carved, by the same atmospheric agents, out of the cliffs behind, and thus each cliff slowly creeps backward.

This recession of the lines of escarpment constitutes an essential feature in the waste of the plateaux. It depends upon the alternation of beds of very different powers of resistance. Each cliff consists of one or more bands of hard rock, but at its base lies a zone of softer material, the more rapid decay and removal of which deprives the overlying mass of its support. Slice after slice is thus detached from the face of the cliff. The fallen masses accumulate at the base, but by degrees are broken up, and removed by weathering, so that the cliff is not finally protected by its own ruins, but is exposed to a renewal of the same waste.

Compared with the action of the cañon-rivers in grinding up the blocks which fall down from the cliffs, that of the atmospheric agents, in wearing away and removing the rubbish from the base of the escarpments, may appear almost too slow and feeble, materially to count in the general degradation of the land. The rains, which are so rapidly absorbed by the thirsty surfaces of the plateaux, soak through the underlying strata, and issuing at the foot of an escarpment, promote the decay and removal of the softer rock lying there. No perennial streams are thus formed indeed, but every successive shower does its part, and the dry climate and drifting winds do the rest.

The climate of the cañon country has been such as it now is for a very long period, probably from the beginning of Pliocene time. Captain Dutton has noticed traces of an earlier drainage-system than the present, on the summits of some of the plateaux—old river-channels that have little or no reference to the present levels of the country, and which sometimes open on the crest of the cañon-walls. In these cases, the bottoms of the valleys, not being attacked by streams, are not deepened, but the cliffs at their sides are nevertheless exposed to the same process

of waste which causes the recession of the escarpments elsewhere. Hence the cliffs recede from each other, and the depressions become wide but shallow valleys, while those which are traversed by living streams remain narrow and deep cañons.

There can be little doubt, however, that this long protracted period of great aridity was interrupted by at least one interval of greater coolness and moisture—that of the Ice Age. It is a remarkable feature of American geological history that while in the Eastern States, the northern ice-sheet, as indicated by striated rock-surfaces and transported debris, crept over the country as far south as the latitude of Washington, overflowing ranges of hills 5,000 feet high, on the elevated plateaux and lofty mountain ranges about the watershed of the continent only small valley glaciers were nourished. To the north of the cañon region, the range of the Uinta Mountains had its tiny glaciers, which threw across its valleys the crescent-shaped moraine mounds, still so perfect there. Farther west the Wahsatch Mountains maintained in like manner a group of glaciers, of which the memorials are still clear in ice-worn hummocks of rock and heaps of moraine-rubbish. To the north, the cañons of the Yellowstone were choked with glaciers, some of which were probably more than 1,900 feet thick. But no proof has yet been found that the glaciers marched out from the mountains and spread over the plains. I searched for proofs of glaciation on the plateaux on both sides of the watershed, but without success.

The reason of this contrast between the glaciation of the high regions of the West and that of the comparatively low lands of the East has doubtless been correctly traced to a difference in the meteorological conditions of the two areas. The annual precipitation of moisture, during the Ice Age, was probably much less in the one region than in the other, as it still is; though the difference may not have been so great as now. Over the summits of the high plateaux and the ranges of mountains that rise beyond them, the moisture that would now fall as rain, fell as snow, and accumulated into snow-fields and glaciers. From these regions perennial streams of water flowed into the cañon country, while a lower temperature and less active evaporation might lead to the more frequent precipitation of rain over tracts that are now but scantily watered. It has been even suggested that the glacial period in these regions was rather a time of copious rains than of snow and ice.

This much at least is certain, that there was far more water in those tracts, during the glacial period, than there was in the ages immediately preceding, or than there has been since. A singularly impressive proof of this fact is furnished by the terraces of the Great Salt Lake. These ancient shore-lines mark former higher levels of the water. They show that at its maximum height the lake was at least six times larger and nearly 1,000 feet deeper than it is now; that its waters were then fresh, and that they escaped by an outlet at the northern end, so as to join the Snake River and reach the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Gilbert, by whom these interesting facts have been brought to light, has further shown that there was formerly another lake; of hardly inferior size, in the same great basin.

On the eastern margin of the Great Salt Lake valley, rises the picturesque chain of the Wahsatch Mountains. At the time of its greatest extension, this lake bathed the lower slopes of these heights, for its terraces wind along them, like artificial roadways. At that time also, glaciers nestled in the mountains, and crept down to the edge of the water. The glacier of Little Cottonwood cañon has shed its moraine just at the level of the highest of the terraces.

If such was the state of the climate on the west side of the mountains looking into the Great Basin, we may conclude that it was not greatly different on the other side, which drains into the cañon region. The rivers were doubtless well supplied, and many channels that have long since been dried up, were then filled with living streams. But this interval of greater humidity was of comparatively brief duration, and though, whilst it lasted, there may have been increased activity in some of the forms of disintegration in the cañon country, it passed away, and the former conditions of aridity returned. Possibly the network of small dried-up channels on parts of the plateaux may be a relic of this transient episode in the history of cañon erosion.

I have said that a ravine, when left dry by the disappearance of the stream that excavated it, does not sink any deeper, but becomes wider by the sapping and retreat of its walls. Such a piece of topography is vividly suggestive of the gradual change of climate. Not less so, however, is the evidence, which Captain Dutton has adduced, that lateral cañons in the terraces are being gradually filled up by the accumulation of alluvium, which has buried their talus-slopes and extends as a level floor between the cliffs on either side.

There is a question in theoretical geology on which the history of the cañons casts a new and unexpected light. Measures of time, though so desirable in geological speculation, are rarely obtainable. Absolute measures, except for changes now in progress, can hardly be said to exist, and even relative measures are neither abundant nor satisfactory. No one has yet attempted to measure, nor even to estimate, the rate at which the cañons are being eroded. Obviously, even if this rate were reliably ascertained, it would afford us the means only for an approximate computation of the length of time which has been occupied in the erosion of the cañons as a whole. The present rate may be above or below the average, and we have no means of ascertaining what the average has been.

Still, even under the most favourable conditions, and those of the present day seem eminently favourable, we cannot suppose cañon-erosion to be a rapid process, though it may well be a good deal more expeditious than the rate at which ordinary rivers deepen their channels in Europe. If we were to say that a great geological change took place at the same rate at which the cañons were dug out, we should no doubt be understood to mean that the change was an extremely slow and gradual one, the passage of which would not have been appreciable in a lifetime nor even in centuries.

Now it happens that the story of the cañons is connected with movements of the earth's crust, and actually furnishes us with data for estimating the relative rapidity with which mountains have been ridged up and faults in the earth's crust have been formed. This deeply interesting question was first discussed by Major Powell in reference to the Green River in the Uinta Mountains, and has since been more fully illustrated by Captain Dutton from the history of the Grand Cañon.

The Uinta Mountains, unlike other North American chains, run in an east and west direction. They are about 150 miles long and 50 miles broad. They have been formed by a vast billow or anticlinal fold of the strata. The same rocks observable on both sides of the fold have been denuded from its crest If all the material thus removed could be restored it would form a broad flattened arch, the top of which would be some 24,000 feet higher than the present summits of the Uinta range. The Green River, which is the name of the upper part of the Colorado, after flowing southward from the Wind River Mountains, approaches the Uinta chain. Instead, however, of turning round the flank of the chain, as it might be expected to have done, it boldly dashes into it, flowing through a series of profound cañons, right across the axis, and then passing out into the lower country.

The first obvious explanation of this singular course supposes that a way has been opened for the river by some underground disturbance which has ruptured the mountains. One of the cañons indeed flows through a portion of the chain, called "Split Mountain" by the explorers. But no trace of any dislocation can be found. On the contrary, the cañons of the Green River, across the Uinta anticline, are precisely like those in the flat undisturbed strata of the plateaux further south. They assuredly have not been caused by subterranean movements, but are entirely due to the action of the river itself.

There are only two possible explanations of this action. If the folding took place before the river began to cut its channel, the whole of the Uinta Mountains and of the surrounding country must have been buried under a mass of rock of sufficient depth completely to conceal all trace of the fold; otherwise the river would have been turned aside. This overlying mass, several thousand feet thick, over-lying the youngest of the Tertiary groups of the plains, would need to be cut through before the river could reach the plicated Uinta rocks underneath. Not a trace of it now remains, however, and there is good evidence to show that it never existed.

We are thus shut up to the remaining conclusion, that the curving course of the Green River was traced out before the folding of the Uinta range began. The axis of upheaval passed athwart the course of the river. Had the movement been rapid, it would certainly have turned the river aside. It must have been so gentle and equable, that the deepening of the channel kept pace with the upheaval. The action has been compared to that of the circular saw revolving on a fixed pivot, while the log to be cut through is moved along. The great Uinta anticline was the log, slowly pushed upward, and the Green River was the saw that cut it in two.

Such in its simplest expression has been the history of the cañons carved out of these mountains. But the process has involved far more than the mere excavation of ravines 2,000 to 3,000 feet deep. Before the Uinta uplift began, the various Mesozoic and Tertiary formations of the region, somewhere about 24,000 feet thick, stretched across its

site. The Green River, when it first began to flow upon the floor of the desiccated Eocene lake, had therefore somewhere about four and a half miles of stratified rock lying between the bottom of its channel and the top of the sandstones that were subsequently to be ridged up into the range of the Uinta Mountains. As the uplift slowly advanced, the river had to saw its way down through this enormous overlying depth of rock, before it could reach the sandstones out of which its present cañons have since been carved. The total mass of solid rock, through the erosion of which the river has reached its present bed, must thus be more than six miles in vertical thickness. Simultaneously, the surrounding area of upheaval has been attacked by the ordinary agents of atmospheric disintegration. The whole of the 24,000 feet of younger formations has been stripped off the site of the Uinta Mountains, and the underlying massive Palæozoic sandstones have been cut into vast amphitheatres, gorges, and glens. This denudation, like the river-erosion, may have advanced as fast as the rate of uplift. We do not need therefore to suppose that the Uinta Mountains ever rose 24,000 feet higher than they do now. If, as is probable, their overlying mantle of strata was removed as fast as they rose, they may never have been more elevated than they are at present.

The Grand Cañon district of the Colorado, so clearly interpreted by Captain Dutton, impresses upon us the same lesson of the extreme slowness with which colossal disturbances of the earth's crust may take place. The nearly level stratified formations of that region have been dislocated by a series of great faults, which run in a general north and south direction. By these fractures the country is divided into wide plateaux, varying considerably in size and altitude, but all composed of similar nearly flat beds. One of the most important of these dislocations forms the western boundary of the plateau province. It drops the country to the west of it about 6,000 feet. Now the Colorado River has cut its cañons right across these displacements, and without being in any way deflected by them. The geological history of the district shows conclusively that, as in the case of the Green River cañons, no vast superincumbent formation ever covered the country after the establishment of the existing dislocations. The faults affect the Eocene strata, and are therefore of later date. The Colorado River, which began to flow as far back as Eocene time, had already established its channel before the displacements were made, winding to and fro on the dried-up lake-floor, and gradually sawing its way down through the uplifted lacustrine strata. The faulting, therefore, must have been effected so gently, as not sensibly to interfere with the erosion of the river. The cañons traverse the plateaux, cut down successive escarpments, and cross large dislocations, with an independence or indifference which powerfully impresses upon the mind their venerable antiquity, and the tranquillity with which even the most stupendous geological results have, in these regions, been achieved.

When we stand before a great mountain-chain, or look into a profound chasm, we instinctively associate these manifestations of nature's energy with the idea of rapidity of action. We think of some sudden convulsion, some titanic earth-throe, that gave them birth. We see the complete result, and realise at once the tremendous energy of which it is a memorial. We do not so readily recognise the element of time. It requires a little reflection to perceive that in many cases, at least, the same result might have been produced by an action so slow, as to be at any moment or, perhaps in the course of many years or even centuries, quite inappreciable by our senses. Doubtless from time to time, in the past history of our planet, there have been epochs of convulsion —periods when under the strain of prolonged contraction portions of the crust have snapped, and mountain-chains have been rapidly ridged up. One cannot look up at the wonderfully contorted rocks that surround the Lake of the Four Cantons, for example, without sharing the common conviction that they must surely bear witness to some sudden convulsion in the uprise of the Alps. But the cañons of the Far West teach us that faults with a throw of 6,000 feet, and mountain-chains of imposing magnitude have been produced by movements of the crust so slow and gentle that they did not disturb the rivers which were flowing over their sites.

There can be no doubt, however, that the upheaval of the cañon region, to its present height above the sea, must have affected the river-erosion. When the Colorado began to flow over the top of the Eocene strata, its channel was probably little above the level of the sea. Could the denuded strata be restored above the present surface, the beds through which the young river made its infant way would be somewhere about 16,000 feet above the sea, or 10,000 feet above the general level of the plateau through which

the cañons have been dug. The total upheaval of the region therefore cannot have been less than 16,000 feet. The present level of the plateaux represents the sum of the difference between upheaval and denudation.

The most obvious result of this elevation was to increase the declivity, and therefore the rapidity and erosive energy, of the rivers. If the movement continued unintermittently, there might be no further effect on the erosion than a progressive increase in the rate of cañon-cutting. But if the uprise, instead of being continuous, advanced by stages, with long pauses between, as seems to have been so generally the case with such movements in all parts of the world, then the action of the rivers would be alternately accelerated and left to decline.

There can be little doubt that this must be the explanation of the conspicuous series of terraces so often observable along the sides of river-valleys in this and other countries. Each terrace may be taken to mark off, in a general way, the pauses in the rise of the land, when the rivers, having reached what Powell has called a "base-level of erosion," laid down alluvium, rather than eroded their channels. The spaces between the terraces serve to show the intervals of uplift, when the scour of the rivers was increased, and they were again enabled to deepen their beds.

In the cañon country, the same succession of events appears to be indicated in another way. There are no alluvial terraces, but the manner in which the level sheets of sandstone and limestone have been eroded points to intermittent activity on the part of the rivers. The outer chasm of the Grand Cañon, with its level platform through which the inner gorge has been excavated, belongs evidently to a distinct period in the history of the cañon. Captain Dutton regards the platform as evidence of a pause in the upward movement. The country, he thinks, had been stationary for an interval, during which the surface of the Carboniferous plateau was near sea-level. Then came an elevation of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, quickening the erosion, whereby the outer gorge of the river was excavated. A cessation of the uplift checked the cañon-cutting capacity of the river, which had probably again deepened its channel nearly to the sea-level. It was during this pause that the cliffs on either side began to recede, leaving the broad esplanade between them. Eventually the upward movement recommenced, and continued until it amounted to from 3,000 to 4,000 feet, and the present levels were established. As one of the concomitant results of this last uprise, the inner gorge has been cut out in the esplanade between the outer walls. The whole region has meanwhile been exposed to continuous disintegration, during which nearly two miles of rock have ultimately been removed from its general surface, and the present marvellous contours have been sculptured.

Such has been the past history of the cañons. What is to be their future? Obviously the Colorado has still more than a thousand feet to cut out of the bottom of its cañons, before it can reach a base-level of erosion, at which its excavating power will cease. Unless, therefore, subsidence of the land should occur, we may anticipate that these profound chasms will sink yet deeper beneath the plateaux. There is one effect of their erosion, however, which may possibly set a limit to their depth. When a seam of coal has been mined at a considerable depth from the surface, the immense superincumbent pressure on the supporting pillars on either side of a gallery sometimes forces up the intervening floor until it presses against the roof. Now something analogous to this "creep" in a coal mine is conceivable, as not only possible but probable, in the cañon country. It has been noticed there that the almost level strata of the plateaux have their most marked dip just as they are about to plunge beneath the next overlying massive escarpment; and Captain Dutton connects this rise or inclination with the weight of the escarpment. Major Powell also informed me that he had seen something strongly suggestive of a "creep" at the bottom of one of the cañons. If this be established, it would show that these chasms have now nearly reached their furthest limits of depth, and that in the future, as the rivers grind down their channels, the bottom of these channels will be squeezed up by the weight of the walls on either hand. This uprise of the bottom cannot fail to be exceedingly irregular, some portions bulging much more than others. Considerable irregularities in the channels of the rivers will thus be caused, and a new element will be introduced into the problem of the erosion of the cañons.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUIPSOME HAL.

"The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear
The one in motley here
The other found out there."
SHAKESPEARE.

THERE lay the quiet Temple Gardens, on the Thames bank, cut out in formal walks, with flowers growing in the beds of the homely kinds beloved by the English. Musk roses, honeysuckle and virgin's bower climbed on the old grey walls; sops-in-wine, bluebottles, bachelor's buttons, stars of Bethlehem and the like filled the borders; May thorns were in full sweet blossom; and near one another were the two rose bushes, one damask, and one white Provence, whence Somerset and Warwick were said to have plucked their fatal badges; while on the opposite side of a broad grass plat was another bush, looked on as a great curiosity of the best omen, where the roses were streaked with alternate red and white, in honour, as it were, of the union of York and Lancaster.

By this rose tree stood the two young Birkenholts. Edmund Burgess having, by his master's desire, shown them the way, and passed them in by a word and sign from his master, then retired unseen to a distance to mark what became of them, they having promised also to return and report of themselves to Master Headley.

They stood together earnestly watching for the coming of the uncle, feeling quite uncertain whether to expect a frail old broken man, or to find themselves absolutely deluded, and made game of by the jester.

The gardens were nearly empty, for most people were sitting over their supper tables after the business of the day was over, and only one or two figures in black gowns paced up and down in conversation.

"Come away, Ambrose," said Stephen at last. "He only meant to make fools of us! Come, before he comes to gibe us for having heeded a moment. Come, I say—here's this man coming to ask us what we are doing here."

For a tall, well-made, well-dressed personage in the black or sad colour of a legal official, looking like a prosperous householder, or superior artisan, was approaching them, some attendant as the boys concluded, belonging to the Temple. They expected to be turned out, and Ambrose in an apologetic tone, began, "Sir, we were bidden to meet a—a kinsman here."

"And even so am I," was the answer, in a grave quiet tone, "or rather to meet twain."

Ambrose looked up into a pair of dark eyes, and exclaimed "Stevie, Stevie, 'tis he. 'Tis uncle Hal."

"Ay, 'tis all you're like to have for him," answered Harry Randall, enfolding each in his embrace. "Lad, how like thou art to my poor sister! And is she indeed gone—and your honest father too—and none left at home but that hunks, little John? How and when died she?"

"Two years agone come Lammastide," answered Stephen. "There was a deadly creeping fever and ague through the Forest. We two sickened, and Ambrose was so like to die that Diggory went to the abbey for the priest to housel and anneal him, but by the time Father Simon came he was sound asleep, and soon was whole again. But before we were on our legs, our blessed mother took the disease, and she passed away ere many days were over. Then, though poor father never took that sickness, he never

was the same man again, and only twelve days after last Pasch-tide he was taken with a fit and never spake again."

Stephen was weeping by this time, and his uncle had a hand on his shoulder, and with tears in his eyes, threw in ejaculations of pity and affection. Ambrose finished the narrative with a broken voice indeed, but as one who had more self-command than his brother, perhaps than his uncle, whose exclamations became bitter and angry as he heard of the treatment the boys had experienced from their half-brother, who, as he said, he had always known as a currish mean-spirited churl, but scarce such as this.

"Nor do I think he would have been save for his wife, Maud Pratt of Hampton," said Ambrose. "Nay truly, also he deemed that we were only within a day's journey of council from our uncle Richard at Hyde."

"Richard Birkenholt was a sturdy old comrade! Methinks he would give Master Jack a piece of his mind."

"Alack, good uncle, we found him in his dotage, and the bursar of Hyde made quick work with us, for fear, good Father Shoveller said, that we were come to look after his corrody."

"Shoveller—what, a Shoveller of Cranbury? How fell ye in with him?"

Ambrose told the adventures of their journey, and Randall exclaimed "By my bau—I mean by my faith—if ye have ill luck in uncles, ye have had good luck in friends."

"No ill luck in thee, good kind uncle," said Stephen, catching at his hand with the sense of comfort that kindred blood gives.

"How wottest thou that, child? Did not I—I mean did not Merryman tell you, that mayhap ye would not be willing to own your uncle?"

"We deemed he was but jesting," said Stephen. "Ah!"

For a sudden twinkle in the black eyes, an involuntary twist of the muscles of the face were a sudden revelation to him. He clutched hold of Ambrose with a sudden grasp; Ambrose too looked and recoiled for a moment, while the colour spread over his face.

"Yes, lads. Can you brook the thought—Harry Randall is the poor fool!"

Stephen, whose composure had already broken down, burst into tears again, perhaps mostly at the downfall of all his own expectations and glorifications of the kinsman about whom he had boasted. Ambrose only exclaimed "O uncle, you must have been hard pressed." For indeed the grave, almost melancholy man who stood before them, regarding them wistfully, had little in common with the lithe tumbler full of absurdities whom they had left at York House.

"Even so, my good lad. Thou art right in that," said he gravely. "Harder than I trust will ever be the lot of you two, my sweet Moll's sons. She never guessed that I was come to this."

"O no," said Stephen. "She always thought thou—thou hadst some high preferment in——"

"And so I have," said Randall with something of his ordinary humour. "There's no man dares to speak such plain truth to my lord—or for that matter to King Harry himself, save his own Jack-a-Lee—and he, being a fool of nature's own making, cannot use his chances, poor rogue! And so the poor lads came up to London hoping to find a gallant captain who could bring them to high preferment, and found nought but—Tom Fool! I could find it in my heart to weep for them! And so thou mindest clutching the mistletoe on nunk Hal's shoulder. I warrant it groweth still on the crooked May bush? And is old Bobbin alive?"

They answered his questions, but still as if under a great shock, and presently he said, as they paced up and down the garden walks, "Ay, I have been sore bestead, and I'll tell you how it came about, boys, and mayhap ye will pardon the poor fool, who would not own you sooner, lest ye should come in for mockery ye have not learnt to brook." There was a sadness and pleading in his tone that touched Ambrose, and he drew nearer to his uncle, who laid a hand on his shoulder, and presently the other on that of Stephen, who shrank a little at first, but submitted. "Lads, I need not tell you why I left fair Shirley and the good greenwood. I was a worse fool then than ever I have been since I wore the cap and bells, and if all had been brought home to me, it might have brought your father and mother into trouble—my sweet Moll who had done her best for me. I deemed, as you do now, that the way to fortune was open, but I found no path before me, and I had tightened my belt many a time, and was not much more than a bag of bones, when, by chance, I fell in with a company of tumblers and gleemen. I sang them the old hunting song, and they said I did it tunably, and, whereas they saw I could already dance a hornpipe and turn a somersault passably well, the leader of the troop, old Nat Fire-eater, took me on, and methinks he did not repent—nor I

neither—save when I sprained my foot and had time to lie by and think. We had plenty to fill our bellies, and put on our backs, we had welcome wherever we went, and the groats and pennies rained into our caps. I was clown and Jack Pudding and whatever served their turn, and the very name of Quipsome Hal drew crowds. Yea, 'twas a merry life! Ay, I feel thee wince and shrink, my lad; and so should I have shuddered when I was of thine age, and hoped to come to better things."

"Methinks 'twere better than this present," said Stephen rather gruffly.

"I had my reasons, boy," said Randall, speaking as if he were pleading his cause with their father and mother rather than with two such young lads. "There was in our company an old man-at-arms who played the lute and the rebeck, and sang ballads so long as hand and voice served him, and with him went his grandchild, a fair and honest little maiden, whom he kept so jealously apart that 'twas long ere I knew of her following the company. He had been a franklin on my Lord of Warwick's lands, and had once been burnt out by Queen Margaret's men, and just as things looked up again with him, King Edward's folk ruined all again, and slew his two sons. When great folk play the fool, small folk pay the scot, as I din into his grace's ears whenever I may. A minion of the Duke of Clarence got the steading, and poor old Martin Fulford was turned out to shift as best he might. One son he had left, and with him he went to the Low Countries, where they would have done well had they not been bitten by faith in the fellow Perkin Warbeck. You've heard of him?"

"Yea," said Ambrose; "the same who was taken out of sanctuary at Beaulieu, and borne off to London. Father said he was marvellous like in the face to all the kings he had ever seen hunting in the Forest."

"I know not; but to the day of his death old Martin swore that he was a son of King Edward's, and they came home again with the men the Duchess of Burgundy gave Perkin—came bag and baggage, for young Fulford had wedded a fair Flemish wife, poor soul! He left her with his father nigh to Taunton ere the battle, and he was never heard of more, but as he was one of the few men who knew how to fight, belike he was slain. Thus old Martin was left with the Flemish wife and her little one on his hands, for whose sake he did what went against him sorely, joined himself to this troop of jugglers and players, so as to live by the minstrelsy he had learnt in better days, while his daughter-in-law mended and made for the company and kept them in smart and shining trim. By the time I fell in with them his voice was well nigh gone, and his hand sorely shaking, but Fire-eating Nat, the master of our troop, was not an ill-natured fellow, and the glee women's feet were well used to his rebeck. Moreover, the Fire-eater had an eye to little Perronel, though her mother had never let him train her—scarce let him set an eye on her; and when Mistress Fulford died, poor soul, of ague, caught when we showed off before the merry Prior of Worcester, her last words were that Perronel should never be a glee maiden. Well, to make an end of my tale, we had one day a mighty show at Windsor, when the king and court were at the castle, and it was whispered to me at the end that my Lord Archbishop's household needed a jester, and that Quipsome Hal had been thought to make excellent fooling. I gave thanks at first, but said I would rather be a free man, not bound to be a greater fool than Dame Nature made me all the hours of the day. But when I got back to the Garter, what should I find but that poor old Martin had been stricken with the dead palsy while he was playing his rebeck, and would never twang a note more, and there was pretty Perronel weeping over him, and Nat Fire-eater pledging his word to give the old man bed, board, and all that he could need, if so be that Perronel should be trained to be one of his glee maidens, to dance and tumble and sing. And there was the poor old franklin shaking his head more than the palsy made it shake already, and trying to frame his lips to say, 'rather they both should die.'"

"Oh, uncle, I wot now what thou didst!" cried Stephen.

"Yea, lad, there was nought else to be done. I asked Master Fulford to give me Perronel, plighting my word that never should she sing or dance for any one's pleasure save her own and mine, and letting him know that I came of a worthy family. We were wedded out of hand by the priest that had been sent for to housel him, and in our true names. The Fire-eater was fiery enough, and swore that, wedded or not, I was bound to him, that he would have both of us, and would not drag about a helpless old man unless he might have the wench to do his bidding. I verily believe that, but for my being on the watch and speaking a word to two or three stout yeomen of the king's guard that chanced to be crushing a pot of sack at the Garter, he would have played some villainous trick on us. They gave a hint to my Lord of York's

steward, and he came down and declared that the archbishop required Quipsome Hal, and would—of his grace—send a purse of nobles to the Fire-eater, wherewith he was to be off on the spot without more ado, or he might find it the worse for him, and they, together with mine host's good wife, took care that the rogue did not carry away Perronel with him, as he was like to have done. To end my story, here am I, getting showers of gold coins one day and nought but kicks and gibes the next, while my good woman keeps house nigh here on the banks of the Thames with Gaffer Martin. Her Flemish thrift has set her to the washing and clear starching of the lawyers' ruffs, whereby she makes enough to supply the defects of my scanty days, or when I have to follow my lord's grace out of her reach, sweet soul. There's my tale, nevoys. And now, have ye a hand for Quipsome Hal?"

"O uncle! Father would have honoured thee!" cried Stephen.

"Why didst thou not bring her down to the Forest?" said Ambrose.

"I conned over the thought," said Randall, "but there was no way of living. I wist not whether the Ranger might not stir up old tales, and moreover old Martin is ill to move. We brought him down by boat from Windsor, and he has never quitted the house since, nor his bed for the last two years. You'll come and see the housewife? She hath a supper laying out for you, and on the way we'll speak of what ye are to do, my poor lads."

"I'd forgotten that," said Stephen.

"So had not I," returned his uncle; "I fear me I cannot aid you to preferment as you expected. None know Quipsome Hal by any name but that of Harry Merryman, and it were not well that ye should come in there as akin to the poor fool."

"No," said Stephen, emphatically.

"Your father left you twenty crowns apiece?"

"Ay, but John hath all save four of them."

"For that there's remedy. What saidst thou of the Cheapside armourer? His fellow, the Wrymouth, seemed to have a care of you. Ye made in to the rescue, with poor old Spring."

"Even so," replied Ambrose, "and if Stevie would brook the thought, I trow that Master Headley would be quite willing to have him bound as his apprentice."

"Well said, my good lad!" cried Hal. "What sayest thou, Stevie?"

"I had liefer be a man-at-arms."

"That thou couldst only be after being sorely knocked about as horseboy and as groom. I tried that once, but found it meant kicks, and oaths, and vile company—such as I would not have for thy mother's son, Steve. Headley is a well-reported, God-fearing man, and will do well by thee. And thou wilt learn the use of arms as well as handle them."

"I like Master Headley and Kit Smallbones well enough," said Stephen, rather gloomily, "and if a gentleman must be a prentice, weapons are not so bad a craft for him."

"Whittington was a gentleman," said Ambrose.

"I am sick of Whittington," muttered Stephen.

"Nor is he the only one," said Randall; "there's Middleton and Pole—ay, and many another who have risen from the flat cap to the open helm, if not to the coronet. Nay, these London companies have rules against taking any prentice not of gentle blood. Come in to supper with my good woman, and then I'll go with thee and hold converse with good Master Headley, and if Master John doth not send the fee freely, why then I know of them who shall make him disgorge it. But mark," he added, as he led the way out of the gardens, "not a breath of Quipsome Hal. Down here they know me as a clerk of my lord's chamber, sad and sober, and high in his trust, and therein they are not far out."

In truth, though Harry Randall had been a wild and frolicsome youth in his Hampshire home, the effect of being a professional buffoon had actually made it a relaxation of effort to him to be grave, quiet, and slow in movement; and this was perhaps a more effectual disguise than the dark garments, and the false brown hair, beard, and moustache, with which he concealed the shorn and shaven condition required of the domestic jester. Having been a player, he was well able to adapt himself to his part, and yet Ambrose had considerable doubts whether Tibble had not suspected his identity from the first, more especially as both the lads had inherited the same dark eyes from their mother, and Ambrose for the first time perceived a considerable resemblance between him and Stephen, not only in feature but in unconscious gesture.

Ambrose was considering whether he had better give his uncle a hint, lest concealment should excite suspicion; when, niched as it were against an abutment of the wall of the Temple courts, close to some steps going down to the Thames, they came upon a tiny house,

at whose open door stood a young woman in the snowiest of caps and aprons over a short black gown, beneath which were a trim pair of blue hosen and stout shoes; a suspicion of yellow hair was allowed to appear framing the honest fresh Flemish face, which beamed a good-humoured welcome.

"Here they be! here be the poor lads, Pernel mine." She held out her hand, and offered a round comfortable cheek to each, saying, "Welcome to London, young gentlemen."

Good Mistress Perronel did not look exactly the stuff to make a glee maiden of, nor even the beauty for whom to sacrifice everything, even liberty and respect, as a person of full sense. She was substantial in form, and broad in face and mouth, without much nose, and with large almost colourless eyes. But there was a wonderful look of heartiness and friendliness about her person and her house; the boys had never in their lives seen anything so amazingly and spotlessly clean and shining. In a corner stood an erection like a dark oaken cupboard or wardrobe, but in the middle was an opening about a yard square, through which could be seen the night-capped face of a white-headed, white-bearded old man, propped against snowy pillows. To him Randall went at once, saying, "So, gaffer, how goes it? You see I have brought company, my poor sister's sons—rest her soul!"

Gaffer Martin mumbled something to them incomprehensible, but which the jester comprehended, for he called them up and named them to him, and Martin put out a bony hand, and gave them a greeting. Though his speech and limbs had failed him, his intelligence was evidently still intact, and there was a tenderly cared for look about him, rendering his condition far less pitiable than that of Richard Birkenholt, who was so evidently treated as an incumbrance.

The table was already covered with a cloth, and Perronel quickly placed on it a yellow bowl of excellent beef broth, savoury with vegetables and pot-herbs, and with meat and dumplings floating in it. A lesser bowl was provided for each of the company, with horn spoons, and a loaf of good wheaten bread, and a tankard of excellent ale. Randall declared that his Perronel made far daintier dishes than my Lord Archbishop's cook, who went every day in silk and velvet.

He explained to her his views on the armourer, to which she agreed with all her might, the old gentleman in bed adding something which the boys began to understand, that there was no worthier nor more honourable condition than that of an English burgess, specially in the good town of London, where the kings knew better than to be ever at enmity with their good towns.

"Will the armourer take both of you?" asked Mistress Randall.

"Nay, it was only for Stephen we devised it," said Ambrose.

"And what wilt thou do?"

"I wish to be a scholar," said Ambrose.

"A lean trade," quoth the jester; "a monk now, or a friar may be a right jolly fellow, but I never yet saw a man who throve upon books!"

"I had rather study than thrive," said Ambrose rather dreamily.

"He wotteth not what he saith," cried Stephen.

"Oh ho! so thou art of that sort!" rejoined his uncle. "I know them! a crabbed black and white page is meat and drink to them! There's that Dutch fellow, with a long Latin name, thin and weazen as never was Dutchman before; they say he has read all the books in the world, and can talk in all the tongues, and yet when he and Sir Thomas More and the Dean of St. Paul's get together at my lord's table one would think they were bidding for my bauble. Such excellent fooling do they make, that my lord sits holding his sides."

"The Dean of St. Paul's!" said Ambrose, experiencing a shock.

"Ay! He's another of your lean scholars, and yet he was born a wealthy man, son to a lord mayor, who, they say, reared him alone out of a round score of children."

"Alack! poor souls," sighed Mistress Randall under her breath, for, as Ambrose afterwards learnt, her two babes had scarce seen the light. Her husband, while giving her a look of affection, went on—"Not that he can keep his wealth. He has bestowed the most of it on Stepney Church, and on the school he hath founded for poor children, nigh to St. Paul's."

"Could I get admittance to that school?" exclaimed Ambrose.

"Thou art a big fellow for a school," said his uncle, looking him over. "However, faint heart never won fair lady."

"I have a letter from the Warden of St. Elizabeth's to one of the clerks of St. Paul's," added Ambrose. "Alworthy is his name."

"That's well. We'll prove that same," said his uncle. "Meantime, if ye have eaten your fill, we must be on our way to thine armourer, nevoy Stephen, or I shall be called for."

And after a private colloquy between the husband and wife, Ambrose was by both of them desired to make the little house his home until he could find admittance into St. Paul's School, or some other. He demurred somewhat from a mixture of feelings, in which there was a certain amount of Stephen's longing for freedom of action, and likewise a doubt whether he should not thus be a great inconvenience in the tiny household, a burden he was resolved not to be. But his uncle now took a more serious tone.

"Look thou, Ambrose, thou art my sister's son, and fool though I be, thou art bound in duty to me, and I to have charge of thee, nor will I—for the sake of thy father and mother—have thee lying I know not where, among gulls and cutpurses and beguilers of youth here in this city of London. So, till better befals thee, and I wot of it, thou must be here no later than curfew, or I will know the reason why."

"And I hope the young gentleman will find it no sore grievance," said Perronel, so good-humouredly that Ambrose could only protest that he had feared to be troublesome to her, and promise to bring his bundle the next day.

CHAPTER IX.

ARMS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

"For him was leifer to have at his bedde's hedde
Twenty books clothed in blacke or redde
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche or fiddle or psalterie."

CHAUCER.

MASTER HEADLEY was found spending the summer evening in the bay window of the hall. Tibble sat on a three-legged stool by him, writing in a crabbed hand, in a big ledger, and Kit Smallbones towered above both, holding in his hand a bundle of tally sticks. By the help of these, and of that accuracy of memory which writing has destroyed, he was unfolding, down to the very last farthing, the entire account of payments and receipts during his master's absence, the debtor and creditor account being preserved as perfectly as if he had always had a pen in his huge fingers and studied book-keeping by double or single entry.

On the return of the two boys with such an apparently respectable member of society as the handsome, well-dressed personage who accompanied them, little Dennet, who had been set to sew her sampler on a stool by her grandmother, under penalty of being sent off to bed if she disturbed her father, sprang up with a little cry of gladness, and running up to Ambrose, intreated for the tales of his good greenwood Forest, and the pucks and pixies, and the girl who daily shared her breakfast with a snake and said "Eat your own side, Speckleback." Somehow, on Sunday night, she had gathered that Ambrose had a store of such tales, and she dragged him off to the gallery, there to revel in them, while his brother remained with her father.

Though Master Stephen had begun by being high and mighty about mechanical crafts, and thought it a great condescension to consent to be bound apprentice, yet when once again in the Dragon court, it looked so friendly and felt so much like a home that he found himself very anxious that Master Headley should not say that he could take no more apprentices at present, and that he should be satisfied with the terms uncle Hal would propose. And oh! suppose Tibble should recognise Quipsome Hal!

However, Tibble was at this moment entirely engrossed by the accounts, and his master left him and his big companion to unravel them, while he himself held speech with his guest at some distance—sending for a cup of sack wherewith to enliven the conversation.

He showed himself quite satisfied with what Randall chose to tell of himself as a well known "housekeeper" close to the Temple, his wife a "lavender" there, while he himself was attached to the suite of the archbishop. Here alone was there any approach to shuffling, for Master Headley was left to suppose that Randall attended Wolsey in his capacity of king's counsellor, and therefore, having a house of his own, had not been found in the roll of the domestic retainers and servants. He did not think of inquiring further, the more so as Randall was perfectly candid as to his own inferiority of birth to the Birkenholt family, and the circumstances under which he had left the Forest.

Master Headley professed to be quite willing to accept Stephen as an apprentice with or without a fee; but he agreed with Randall that it would be much better not to expose him to having it cast in his teeth that he was accepted out of charity; and Randall undertook to get a letter so written and conveyed to John Birkenholt that he should not dare to withhold the needful sum, in earnest of

which Master Headley would accept the two crowns that Stephen had in hand as soon as the indentures could be drawn out by one of the many scriveners who lived about St. Paul's.

This settled, Randall could stay no longer, but he called both nephews into the court with him. "Ye can write a letter?" he said.

"Ay, sure, both of us, but Ambrose is the best scribe," said Stephen.

"One of you had best write then. Let that cur John know that I have my Lord of York's ear, and there will be no fear but he will give it. I'll find a safe hand among the clerks, when the judges ride to hold the assize. Mayhap Ambrose might also write to the Father at Beaulieu. The thing had best be bruited."

"I wished to do so," said Ambrose. "It irked me to have taken no leave of the good Fathers."

Randall then took his leave, having little more than time to return to York House, where the archbishop might perchance come home wearied and chafed from the king, and the jester might be missed if not there to put him in good humour.

The curfew sounded, and though attention to its notes was not compulsory by law, it was regarded as the break up of the evening and the note of recall in all well-ordered establishments. The apprentices and journeymen came into the court, among them Giles Headley, who had been taken out by one of the men to be provided with a working dress, much to his disgust; the grandmother summoned little Dennet and carried her off to bed. Stephen and Ambrose bade good-night, but Master Headley and his two confidential men remained somewhat longer to wind up their accounts. Doors were not as a rule locked within the court, for though it contained from forty to fifty persons, they were all regarded as a single family, and it was enough to fasten the heavily bolted, iron-studded folding doors of the great gateway leading into Cheapside, the key being brought to the master like that of a castle, seven minutes, measured by the glass, after the last note of the curfew in the belfry outside St. Paul's.

The summer twilight, however, lasted long after this time of grace, and when Tibble had completed his accountant's work, and Smallbones' deep voiced "Good-night, comrade," had resounded over the court, he beheld a figure rise up from the steps of the gallery, and Ambrose's voice said: "May I speak to thee, Tibble; I need thy counsel."

"Come hither, sir," said the foreman, muttering to himself, "Methought 'twas working in him! The leaven! the leaven!"

Tibble led the way up one of the side stairs into the open gallery, where he presently opened a door, admitting to a small, though high chamber, the walls of bare brick, and containing a low bed, a small table, a three-legged stool, a big chest, and two cupboards, also a cross over the head of the bed. A private room was a luxury neither possessed nor desired by most persons of any degree, and only enjoyed by Tibble in consideration of his great value to his master, his peculiar tastes, and the injuries he had received. In point of fact, his fall had been owing to a hasty blow, given in a passion by the master himself when a young man. Dismay and repentance had made him a cooler and more self-controlled man ever since, and even if Tibble had not been a superior workman he might still have been free to do almost anything he chose. Tibble gave his visitor the stool, and himself sat down on the chest, saying: "So you have found your uncle, sir."

"Ay," said Ambrose, pausing in some expectation that Tibble would disclose some suspicion of his identity; but if the foreman had his ideas on the subject he did not disclose them, and waited for more communications.

"Tibble!" said Ambrose, with a long gasp, "I must find means to hear more of him thou tookedst me to on Sunday."

"None ever truly tasted of that well without longing to come back to it," quoth Tibble. "But hath not thy kinsman done aught for thee?"

"Nay," said Ambrose, "save to offer me a lodging with his wife, a good and kindly lavender at the Temple."

Tibble nodded.

"So far am I free," said Ambrose, "and I am glad of it. I have a letter here to one of the canons, one Master Alworthy, but ere I seek him I would know somewhat from thee, Tibble. What like is he?"

"I cannot tell, sir," said Tibble. "The canons are rich and many, and a poor smith like me wots little of their fashions."

"Is it true," again asked Ambrose, "that the dean—he who spake those words yesterday—hath a school here for young boys?"

"Ay. And a good and mild school it be, bringing them up in the name and nurture of the Holy Child Jesus, to whom it is dedicated."

"Then they are taught this same doctrine?"

"I trow they be. They say the dean loves them like the children of his old age, and declares that they shall be made in love

with holy lore by gentleness rather than severity."

"Is it likely that this same Alworthy could obtain me entrance there?"

"Alack, sir, I fear me thou art too old. I see none but little lads among them. Didst thou come to London with that intent?"

"Nay, for I only wist to-day that there was such a school. I came with I scarce know what purpose, save to see Stephen safely bestowed, and then to find some way of learning myself. Moreover, a change seems to have come on me, as though I had hitherto been walking in a dream."

Tibble nodded, and Ambrose, sitting there in the dark, was moved to pour forth all his heart, the experience of many an ardent soul in those spirit searching days. Growing up happily under the care of the simple monks of Beaulieu he had never looked beyond their somewhat mechanical routine, accepted everything implicitly and gone on acquiring knowledge with the receptive spirit but dormant thought of studious boyhood as yet unawakened, thinking that the studious, clerical life to which every one destined him would only be a continuation of the same, as indeed it had been to his master, Father Simon. Not that Ambrose expressed this, beyond saying, "They are good and holy men, and I thought all were like them, and fear that was all!"

Then came death, for the first time nearly touching and affecting the youth, and making his soul yearn after further depths, which he might yet have found in the peace of the good old men, and the holy rites and doctrine that they preserved; but before there was time for these things to find their way into the wounds of his spirit, his expulsion from home had sent him forth to see another side of monkish and clerkly life.

Father Shoveller, kindly as he was, was a mere yeoman with nothing spiritual about him; the monks of Hyde were, the younger, gay comrades, only trying how loosely they could sit to their vows, the elder, churlish and avaricious; even the Warden of Elizabeth College was little more than a student. And in London, fresh phases had revealed themselves; the pomp, state, splendour and luxury of Archbishop Wolsey's house had been a shock to the lad's ideal of a bishop, drawn from the saintly biographies he had studied at Beaulieu; and he had but to keep his ears open to hear endless scandals about the mass priests, as they were called, since they were at this time very unpopular in London, and in many cases deservedly so. Everything that the boy had hitherto thought the way of holiness and salvation seemed invaded by evil and danger, and under the bondage of death, whose terrible dance continued to haunt him.

"I saw it, I saw it," he said, "all over those halls at York House. I seemed to behold the grisly shape standing behind one and another, as they ate and laughed; and when the archbishop and his priests and the king came in it seemed only to make the pageant complete! Only now and then could I recall those blessed words, 'Ye are free indeed.' Did he say from the bondage of death?"

"Yea," said Tibble, "into the glorious freedom of God's children."

"Thou knowst it. Thou knowst it, Tibble. It seems to me that life is no life, but living death without that freedom! And I *must* hear of it, and know whether it is mine, yea, and Stephen's, and all whom I love. O Tibble, I would beg my bread rather than not have that freedom ever before mine eyes."

"Hold it fast! hold it fast, dear sir," said Tibble, holding out his hands with tears in his eyes, and his face working in a manner that happily Ambrose could not see.

"But how—how? The barefoot friar said that for an *Ave* a day our Blessed Lady will drag us back from purgatory. I saw her on the wall of her chapel at Winchester saving a robber knight from the sea, yea and a thief from the gallows; but that is not being free."

"Fond inventions of pardon mongers," muttered Tibble.

"And is one not free when the priest hath assoilsied him?" added Ambrose.

"If, and if—" said Tibble. "But none shall make me trow that shrift in words, without heart-sorrow for sin, and the Latin heard with no thought of Him that bore the guilt, can set the sinner free. 'Tis none other that the dean sets forth, ay, and the book that I have here. I thank my God," he stood up and took off his cap reverently, "that He hath opened the eyes of another!"

His tone was such that Ambrose could have believed him some devout almost inspired hermit rather than the acute skilful artisan he appeared at other times; and in fact, Tibble Steelman, like many another craftsman of those days, led a double life, the outer one that of the ordinary workman, the inner one devoted to those lights that were shining unveiled and new to many; and especially here in the heart of the city,

partly from the influence of Dean Colet's sermons and catechisings at St. Paul's, but far more from the intercourse with the Low Countries and Germany whence the Lutheran literature—as yet, in 1515, only matter of controversy and curiosity—was smuggled in large quantities among the Londoners. The ordinary clergy looked at it with horror, but the intelligent and thoughtful of the burgher and craftsman classes studied it with a passionate fervour which might have sooner broken out and in more perilous forms save for the guidance it received in the truly Catholic and open-spirited public teachings of Colet, in which he persisted in spite of the opposition of his brother clergy.

Not that as yet the inquirers had in the slightest degree broken with the system of the Church, or with her old traditions. They were only beginning to see the light that had been veiled from them, and to endeavour to clear the fountain from the mire that had fouled it; and there was as yet no reason to believe that the aspersions continually made against the mass priests and the friars were more than the chronic grumblings of Englishmen, who had found the same faults with them for the last two hundred years.

"And what wouldst thou do, young sir?" presently inquired Tibble.

"That I came to ask thee, good Tibble. I would work to the best of my power in any craft so I may hear those words and gain the key to all I have hitherto learnt, unheeding as one in a dream. My purpose had been to be a scholar and a clerk, but I must see mine own way, and know whither I am being carried ere I can go farther."

Tibble writhed and wriggled himself about in consideration. "I would I wist how to take thee to the dean himself," he said, "but I am but a poor man, and his doctrine is 'new wine in old bottles' to the master, though he be a right good man after his lights. See now, Master Ambrose, me seemeth that thou hadst best take thy letter first to this same priest. It may be that he can prefer thee to some post about the minster. Canst sing?"

"I could once, but my voice is nought at this present. If I could but be a servitor at St. Paul's School!"

"It might be that the will which hath led thee so far hath that post in store for thee, so bear the letter to Master Alworthy. And if he fail thee, wouldst thou think scorn of aiding a friend of mine who worketh a printing-press in Warwick Inner Yard? Thou wilt find him at his place in Paternoster Row, hard by St. Paul's. He needeth one who is clerk enough to read the Latin, and the craft being a new one 'tis fenced by none of those prentice laws that would bar the way to thee elsewhere, at thy years."

"I should dwell among books!"

"Yea, and holy books, that bear on the one matter dear to the true heart. It might serve thee and Lucas Hansen at the sign of the Winged Staff well till thou hast settled thine heart, and then it may be the way would be opened to study at Oxford or at Cambridge, so that thou couldst expound the faith to others."

"Good Tibble, kind Tibble, I knew thou couldst aid me! Wilt thou speak to this Master Hansen for me?"

Tibble, however, held that it was more seemly that Ambrose should first try his fate with Master Alworthy, but in case of this not succeeding, he promised to write a billet that would secure attention from Lucas Hansen. "I warn thee, however, that he is Low Dutch," he added, "though he speaketh English well." He would gladly have gone with the youth, and at any other time might have been sent by his master, but the whole energies of the Dragon would be taken up for the next week by preparations for the tilting-match at court, and Tibble could not be spared for another working hour.

Ambrose, as he rose to bid his friend good-night, could not help saying that he marvelled that one such as he could turn his mind to such vanities as the tilt-yard required.

"Nay," said Tibble, "'twas the craft I was bred to—yea, and I have a good master; and the Apostle Paul himself—as I've heard a preacher say—bade men continue in the state wherein they were, and not be curious to chop and change. Who knoweth whether in God's sight, all our wars and policies be no more than the games of the tilt-yard. Moreover Paul himself made these very weapons read as good a sermon as the dean himself. Didst never hear of the shield of faith, and helmet of salvation, and breastplate of righteousness? So, if thou comest to Master Hansen, and provest worthy of his trust, thou wilt hear more, ay, and maybe read too thyself, and send forth the good seed to others," he murmured to himself, as he guided his visitor across the moonlit court up the stairs to the chamber where Stephen lay fast asleep.

CHAPTER X.

TWO VOCATIONS.

"The smith a mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."
LONGFELLOW.

STEPHEN'S first thought in the morning was whether the *ex voto* effigy of poor Spring was put in hand, while Ambrose thought of Tibble's promised commendation to the printer. They both, however, found their affairs must needs wait. Orders for weapons for the tilting-match had come in so thickly the day before that every hand must be employed on executing them, and the Dragon court was ringing again with the clang of hammers and screech of grind-stones.

Stephen, though not yet formally bound, was to enter on his apprentice life at once; and Ambrose was assured by Master Headley that it was of no use to repair to any of the dignified clergy of St. Paul's before mid-day, and that he had better employ the time in writing to his elder brother respecting the fee. Materials were supplied to him, and he used them so as to do credit to the monks of Beaulieu, in spite of little Dennet spending every spare moment in watching his pen as if he were performing some cabalistic operation.

He was a long time about it. There were two letters to write, and the wording of them needed to be very careful, besides that the old court hand took more time to frame than the Italian current hand, and even thus, when dinner-time came, at ten o'clock, the household was astonished to find that he had finished all that regarded Stephen, though he had left the letters open, until his own venture should have been made.

Stephen flung himself down beside his brother hot and panting, shaking his shoulder-blades and declaring that his arms felt ready to drop out. He had been turning a grind-stone ever since six o'clock. The two new apprentices had been set on to sharpening the weapon points as all that they were capable of, and had been bidden by Smallbones to turn and hold alternately, but "that oaf Giles Headley," said Stephen, "never ground but one lance, and made me go on turning, threatening to lay the butt about mine ears if I slacked."

"The lazy lubber!" cried Ambrose. "But did none see thee, or couldst not call out for redress?"

"Thou art half a wench thyself, Ambrose, to think I'd complain. Besides, he stood on his rights as a master, and he is a big fellow."

"That's true," said Ambrose, "and he might make it the worse for thee."

"I would I were as big as he," sighed Stephen, "I would soon show him which was the better man."

Perhaps the grinding match had not been as unobserved as Stephen fancied, for on returning to work, Smallbones, who presided over all the rougher parts of the business, claimed them both. He set Stephen to stand by him, sort out and hand him all the rivets needed for a suit of proof armour that hung on a frame, while he required Giles to straighten bars of iron heated to a white heat. Ere long Giles called out for Stephen to change places, to which Smallbones coolly replied, "Turnabout is the rule here, master."

"Even so," replied Giles, "and I have been at work like this long enough, ay, and too long!"

"Thy turn was a matter of three hours this morning," replied Kit—not coolly, for nobody was cool in his den, but with a brevity which provoked a laugh.

"I shall see what my cousin, the master, saith!" cried Giles, in great wrath.

"Ay, that thou wilt," returned Kit, "if thou dost loiter over thy business and hast not those bars ready when called for."

"He never meant me to be put on work like this, with a hammer that breaks mine arm."

"What! crying out for *that!*" said Edmund Burgess, who had just come in to ask for a pair of tongs. "What wouldst say to the big hammer that none can wield save Kit himself?"

Giles felt there was no redress, and panted on, feeling as if he were melting away, and with a dumb, wild rage in his heart, that could get no outlet, for Smallbones was at least as much bigger than he, as he was than Stephen. Tibble was meanwhile busy over the gilding and enamelling of Buckingham's magnificent plate armour in Italian fashion, but he had found time to thrust into Ambrose's hand an exceedingly small and curiously folded billet for Lucas Hansen, the printer, in case of need. "He would be found at the sign of the Winged Staff, in Paternoster Row," said Tibble, "or if not there himself, there would be his servant who would direct Ambrose to the place where the Dutch printer lived and worked." No one was at leisure to show the lad the way, and he set out with a strange feeling of solitude, as his

path began decisively to be away from that of his brother.

He did not find much difficulty in discovering the quadrangle on the south side of the minster where the minor canons lived near the deanery; and the porter, a stout lay brother, pointed out to him the doorway belonging to Master Alworthy. He knocked, and a young man with a tonsured head but a bloated face opened it. Ambrose explained that he had brought a letter from the Warden of St. Elizabeth's College at Winchester.

"Give it here," said the young man.

"I would give it to his reverence himself," said Ambrose.

"His reverence is taking his after-dinner nap and may not be disturbed," said the man.

"Then I will wait," said Ambrose.

The door was shut in his face, but it was the shady side of the court, and he sat down on a bench and waited. After full an hour the door was opened, and the canon, a good-natured looking man, in a square cap, and gown and cassock of the finest cloth, came slowly out. He had evidently heard nothing of the message, and was taken by surprise when Ambrose, doffing his cap and bowing low, gave him the greeting of the Warden of St. Elizabeth's, and the letter.

"Hum! Ha! My good friend—Fielder—I remember him. He was always a scholar. So he hath sent thee here with his commendations. What should I do with all the idle country lads that come up to choke up London, and feed the plague? Yet stay—that lurdane Bolt is getting intolerably lazy and insolent, and methinks he robs me! What canst do, thou stripling?"

"I can read Latin, sir, and know the Greek alphabeta."

"Tush! I want no scholar more than enough to serve my mass. Canst sing?"

"Not now; but I hope to do so again."

"When I rid me of Bolt there—and there's an office under the sacristan that he might fill as well as another knave—the fellow might do for me well enow as a body servant," said Mr. Alworthy, speaking to himself. "He would brush my gowns and make my bed, and I might perchance trust him with my marketings, and by and by there might be some office for him when he grew saucy and idle. I prove him on mine old comrade's word."

"Sir," said Ambrose, respectfully "what I seek for is occasion for study. I had hoped you could speak to the dean, Dr. John Colet, for some post at his school."

"Boy," said Alworthy, "I thought thee no such fool! Why crack thy brains with study when I can show thee a surer path to ease and preferment? But I see thou art too proud to do an old man a service. Thou writst thyself gentleman, forsooth, and high blood will not stoop."

"Not so, sir," returned Ambrose, "I would work in any way so I could study the humanities, and hear the dean preach. Cannot you commend me to his school?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the canon, "this is your sort, is it? I'll have nought to do with it! Preaching, preaching! Every idle child's head is agog on preaching nowadays! A plague on it! Why can't master dean leave it to the black friars, whose vocation 'tis, and not cumber us with his sermons for ever, and set every lazy lad thinking he must needs run after them? No, no, my good boy, take my advice. Thou shalt have two good bellyfuls a day, all my cast gowns, and a pair of shoes by the year, with a groat a month if thou wilt keep mine house, bring in my meals, and the like, and by and by, so thou art a good lad, and runst not after these new-fangled preachments which lead but to heresy, and set folk racking their brains about sin and such trash, we'll get thee shorn and into minor orders, and who knows what good preferment thou mayst not win in due time!"

"Sir, I am beholden to you, but my mind is set on study."

"What kin art thou to a fool?" cried the minor canon, so startling Ambrose that he had almost answered, and turning to another ecclesiastic whose siesta seemed to have ended about the same time, "Look at this varlet, Brother Cloudesley! Would you believe it? He comes to me with a letter from mine old friend, in consideration of which I offer him that saucy lubber Bolt's place, a gown of mine own a year, meat and preferment, and, lo you, he tells me all he wants is to study Greek, forsooth, and hear the dean's sermons!"

The other canon shook his head in dismay at such arrant folly. "Young stripling, be warned," he said. "Know what is good for thee. Greek is the tongue of heresy."

"How may that be, reverend sir," said Ambrose, "when the Holy Apostles and the Fathers spake and wrote in the Greek?"

"Waste not thy time on him, brother," said Mr. Alworthy. "He will find out his error when his pride and his Greek forsooth have brought him to fire and faggot."

"Ay! ay!" added Cloudesley. "The dean with his Dutch friend and his sermons, and his new grammar and accidence, is sowing heretics as thick as groundsel."

Wherewith the two canons of the old school waddled away, arm in arm, and Bolt put out his head, leered at Ambrose, and bade him shog off, and not come sneaking after other folk's shoes.

Sooth to say, Ambrose was relieved by his rejection. If he were not to obtain admission in any capacity to St. Paul's School, he felt more drawn to Tibble's friend the printer; for the self-seeking luxurious habits into which so many of the beneficed clergy had fallen were repulsive to him, and his whole soul thirsted after that new revelation, as it were, which Colet's sermon had made to him. Yet the word heresy was terrible and confusing, and a doubt came over him whether he might not be forsaking the right path, and be lured aside by false lights.

He would think it out before he committed himself. Where should he do so in peace? He thought of the great minster, but the nave was full of a surging multitude, and there was a loud hum of voices proceeding from it, which took from him all inclination to find his way to the quieter and inner portions of the sanctuary.

Then he recollected the little Pardon Church, where he had seen the *Dance of Death* on the walls; and crossing the burial ground he entered, and, as he expected, found it empty, since the hours for masses for the dead were now past. He knelt down on a step, repeated the sext office, in warning for which the bells were chiming all round, covering his face with his hands, and thinking himself back to Beaulieu, then, seating himself on a step, leaning against the wall, he tried to think out whether to give himself up to the leadings of the new light that had broken on him, or whether to wrench himself from it. Was this, which seemed to him truth and deliverance, verily the heresy respecting which rumours had come to horrify the country convents? If he had only heard of it from Tibble Wrymouth, he would have doubted, in spite of its power over him, but he had heard it from a man, wise, good, and high in place, like Dean Colet. Yet to his further perplexity, his uncle had spoken of Colet as jesting at Wolsey's table. What course should he take? Could he bear to turn away from that which drew his soul so powerfully, and return to the bounds which seem to him to be grown so narrow, but which he was told were safe? Now that Stephen was settled, it was open to him to return to St. Elizabeth's College, but the young soul within him revolted against the repetition of what had become to him unsatisfying, unless illumined by the brightness he seemed to have glimpsed at.

But Ambrose had gone through much unwonted fatigue of late, and while thus musing he fell asleep, with his head against the wall. He was half wakened by the sound of voices, and presently became aware that two persons were examining the walls, and comparing the paintings with some others, which one of them had evidently seen. If he had known it, it was with the *Dance of Death* on the bridge of Lucerne.

"I question," said a voice that Ambrose had heard before, "whether these terrors be wholesome for men's souls."

"For priests' pouches, they be," said the other, with something of a foreign accent.

"Alack, when shall we see the day when the hope of paradise and dread of purgatory shall be no longer made the tools of priestly gain; and hatred of sin taught to these poor folk, instead of servile dread of punishment."

"Have a care, my Colet," answered the yellow bearded foreigner; "thou art already in ill odour with those same men in authority; and though a dean's stall be fenced from the episcopal crook, yet there is a rod at Rome which can reach even thither."

"I tell thee, dear Erasmus, thou art too timid; I were well content to leave house and goods, yea, to go to prison or to death, could I but bring home to one soul, for which Christ died, the truth and hope in every one of those prayers and creeds that our poor folk are taught to patter as a senseless charm."

"These are strange times," returned Erasmus. "Methinks yonder phantom, be he skeleton or angel, will have snatched both of us away ere we behold the full issue either of thy preachings, or my Greek Testament, or of our More's Utopian images. Dost thou not feel as though we were like children who have set some mighty engine in motion, like the great water wheels in my native home, which, whirled by the flowing streams of time and opinion, may break up the whole foundations, and destroy the oneness of the edifice?"

"It may be so," returned Colet. "What read we? 'The net brake' even in the Master's sight, while still afloat on the sea. It was only on the shore that the hundred and fifty-three, all good and sound, were drawn to His feet."

"And," returned Erasmus, "I see wherefore thou hast made thy children at St. Paul's one hundred and fifty and three."

The two friends were passing out. Their latter speeches had scarce been understood by Ambrose, even if he heard them, so full was he of conflicting feelings, now ready to cast himself before their feet, and entreat the dean to help him to guidance, now withheld by bashfulness, unwillingness to interrupt, and ingenuous shame at appearing like an eavesdropper towards such dignified and venerable personages. Had he obeyed his first impulse, mayhap his career had been made safer and easier for him, but it was while shyness chained his limbs and tongue that the dean and Erasmus quitted the chapel, and the opportunity of accosting them had slipped away.

Their half comprehended words had however decided him in the part he should take, making him sure that Colet was not controverting the formularies of the Church, but drawing out those meanings which in repetition by rote were well nigh forgotten. It was as if his course were made clear to him.

He was determined to take the means which most readily presented themselves of hearing Colet; and leaving the chapel, he bent his steps to the Row which his book-loving eye had already marked. Flanking the great Cathedral on the north, was the row of small open stalls devoted to the sale of books, or "objects of devotion," all so arranged that the open portion might be cleared, and the stock-in-trade locked up, if not carried away. Each stall had its own sign, most of them sacred, such as the Lamb and Flag, the Scallop Shell, or some patron saint, but classical emblems were oddly intermixed, such as Minerva's Ægis, Pegasus, and the Lyre of Apollo. The sellers, some middle-aged men, some lads, stretched out their arms with their wares to attract the passengers in the street, and did not fail to beset Ambrose. The more lively looked at his Lincoln green and shouted verses of ballads at him, fluttering broad sheets with verses on the lamentable fate of Jane Shore, or Fair Rosamond, the same woodcut doing duty for both ladies, without mercy to their beauty. The scholastic judged by his face and step that he was a student, and they flourished at him black bound copies of Virgilius Maro, and of Tully's Offices, while others, hoping that he was an incipient clerk, offered breviaries, missals or portuaries, with the use of St. Paul's, or of Sarum, or mayhap St. Austin's Confessions. He made his way along, with his eye diligently heedful of the signs, and at last recognised the Winged Staff, or caduceus of Hermes, over a stall where a couple of boys in blue caps and gowns, and yellow stockings, were making a purchase of a small grave-looking, elderly but bright cheeked man, whose yellow hair and beard were getting intermingled with grey. They were evidently those St. Paul's School boys whom Ambrose envied so much, and as they finished their bargaining and ran away together, Ambrose advanced with a salutation, asked if he did not see Master Lucas Hansen, and gave him the note with the commendations of Tibble Steelman the armourer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOVING CUP.

Engraved by J. D$^{\text{d}}$ Cooper, *from the painting by* D. G. Rossetti *in the possession of* A. S. Stevenson, Esq.

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FEBRUARY, 1884.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH CORNWALL.

DAY THE FIRST.

BELIEVE in holidays. Not in a frantic rushing about from place to place, glancing at everything and observing nothing; flying from town to town, from hotel to hotel, eager to "do" and to see a country, in order that when they get home they may say they have done it, and seen it. Only to say;—as for any real vision of eye, heart, and brain, they might as well go through the world blindfold. It is not the things we see, but the mind we see them with, which makes the real interest of travelling. "Eyes and No Eyes,"—an old-fashioned story about two little children taking a walk; one seeing everything, and enjoying everything, the other seeing nothing, and thinking the expedition the dullest imaginable. This simple tale, which the present generation has probably never read, contains the essence of all rational travelling.

So when, as the "old hen," (which I am sometimes called, from my habit of going about with a brood of "chickens," my own or other people's) I planned a brief tour with two of them, one just entered upon her teens, the other in her twenties, I premised that it must be a tour after my own heart.

"In the first place, my children, you must obey orders implicitly. I shall collect opinions, and do my best to please everybody; but in travelling one only must decide, the others coincide. It will save them a world of trouble, and their 'conductor' also; who, if competent to be trusted at all, should be trusted absolutely. Secondly, take as little luggage as possible. No sensible people travel with their point-lace and diamonds. Two 'changes of raiment,' good, useful dresses, prudent boots, shawls, and waterproofs—these I shall insist upon, and nothing more. Nothing for show, as I shall take you to no place where you can show off. We will avoid all huge hotels, all fashionable towns; we will study life in its simplicity, and make ourselves happy in our own simple, feminine way. Not 'roughing it' in any needless or reckless fashion—the 'old hen' is too old for that; yet doing everything with reasonable economy. Above all, rushing into no foolhardy exploits, and taking every precaution to keep well and strong, so as to enjoy the journey from beginning to end, and hinder no one else from enjoying it. There are four things which travellers ought never to lose: their luggage, their temper, their health, and their spirits. I will make you as happy as I possibly can, but you must also make me happy by following my rules: above all, the one golden rule, obey orders."

So preached the "old hen," with a vague fear that her chickens might turn out to be ducklings, which would be a little awkward in the region whither she proposed to take them. For if there is one place more risky than another for adventurous young people with a talent for "perpetuating themselves down prejudices," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, it is that grandest, wildest, most dangerous coast, the coast of Cornwall.

I had always wished to investigate Cornwall. This desire had existed ever since, at five years old, I made acquaintance with Jack the Giantkiller, and afterwards, at

fifteen or so, fell in love with my life's one hero, King Arthur.

Between these two illustrious Cornishmen, —equally mythical, practical folk would say— there exists more similarity than at first appeared. The aim of both was to uphold right and to redress wrong. Patience, self-denial; tenderness to the weak and helpless, dauntless courage against the wicked and the strong: these, the essential elements of true manliness, characterise both the humble Jack and the kingly Arthur. And the qualities seem to have descended to more modern times. The well-known ballad:—

> "And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
> And shall Trelawny die?
> There's twenty thousand Cornishmen
> Will know the reason why,"

has a ring of the same tone, indicating the love of justice, the spirit of fidelity and bravery, as well as of that common sense which is at the root of all useful valour.

I wanted to see if the same spirit lingered yet, as I had heard it did, among Cornish folk, which, it was said, were a race by themselves, honest, simple, shrewd, and kind. Also, I wished to see the Cornish land, and especially the Land's End, which I had many a time beheld in fancy, for it was a favourite landscape-dream of my rather imaginative childhood, recurring again and again, till I could almost have painted it from memory. And as year after year every chance of seeing it in its reality seemed to melt away, the desire grew into an actual craving.

After waiting patiently for nearly half a century, I said to myself, "I will conquer Fate; I *will* go and see the Land's End."

And it was there that, after making a circuit round the coast, I proposed finally to take my "chickens."

We concocted a plan, definite yet moveable, as all travelling plans should be, clear in its dates, its outline, and intentions, but subject to modifications, according to the exigency of the times and circumstances. And with that prudent persistency, without which all travelling is a mere muddle, all discomfort, disappointment, and distaste—for on whatever terms you may be with your travelling companions when you start, you are quite sure either to love them or hate them when you get home—we succeeded in carrying it out.

The 1st of September, 1881, and one of the loveliest of September days, was the day we started from Exeter, where we had agreed to meet and stay the night. There, the previous afternoon, we had whiled away an hour in the dim cathedral, and watched, not without anxiety, the flood of evening sunshine which poured through the great west window, lighting the tombs, old and new, from the Crusader, cross-legged and broken-nosed, to the white marble bas-relief which tells the story of a not less noble Knight of the Cross, Bishop Patteson. Then we wandered round the quaint old town, in such a lovely twilight, such a starry night! But—will it be a fine day to-morrow? We could but live in hope: and hope did not deceive us.

To start on a journey in sunshine feels like beginning life well. Clouds may come—are sure to come: I think no one past earliest youth goes forth into a strange region without a feeling akin to Saint Paul's "not knowing what things may befall me there." But it is always best for each to keep to himself all the shadows, and give his companions the brightness, especially if they be young companions.

And very bright were the eyes that watched the swift-moving landscape on either side the railway: the estuary of Exe; Dawlish, with its various colouring of rock and cliff, and its pretty little sea-side houses, where family groups stood photographing themselves on our vision, as the train rushed unceremoniously between the beach and their parlour windows; then Plymouth and Saltash, where the magnificent bridge reminded us of the one over the Tay, which we had once crossed, not long before that Sunday night when, sitting in a quiet sick-room in Edinburgh, we heard the howl outside of that fearful blast which destroyed such a wonderful work of engineering art, and whirled so many human beings into eternity.

But this Saltash bridge, spanning placidly a smiling country, how pretty and safe it looked! There was a general turning to carriage-windows, and then a courteous drawing back, that we, the strangers, should see it, which broke the ice with our fellow-travellers. To whom we soon began to talk, as is our conscientious custom when we see no tangible objection thereto, and gained, now, as many a time before, much pleasant as well as useful information. Every one evinced an eager politeness to show us the country, and an innocent anxiety that we should admire it; which we could honestly do.

I shall long remember, as a dream of sunshiny beauty and peace, this journey between Plymouth and Falmouth, passing Liskeard, Lostwithiel, St. Austell, &c. The green-wooded valleys, the rounded hills, on

one of which we where shown the remains of the old castle of Ristormel, noted among the three castles of Cornwall; all this, familiar to so many, was to us absolutely new, and we enjoyed it and the kindly interest that was taken in pointing it out to us, as happy-minded simple folk do always enjoy the sight of a new country.

Our pleasure seemed quite to amuse an old gentleman who sat in the corner. He at last addressed us, with an unctuous west-country accent which suited well his comfortable stoutness. He might have fed all his life upon Dorset butter and Devonshire cream, the slightest intention of taking any body in, that we liked justice, and blamed no man, Cornishman or otherwise, for trying to do the best he could for himself, so that it was not to the injury of other people.

"Well, well, perhaps you're right. But they are sharp, for all that, especially in the towns."

We replied that we meant to escape towns, whenever possible, and encamp in some quiet places, quite out of the world.

Our friend opened his eyes, evidently thinking this a most singular taste.

"Well, if you really want a quiet place, I

VIEW OF FLUSHING FROM THE GREEN BANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH.
From a Drawing by T. NAPIER HEMY.

to one of which counties he certainly belonged. Not, I think, to the one we were now passing through, and admiring so heartily.

"So you're going to travel in Cornwall. Well, take care, they're sharp folk, the Cornish folk. They'll take you in if they can." (Then, he must be a Devon man. It is so easy to sit in judgment upon next-door neighbours.) "I don't mean to say they'll actually cheat you, but they'll take you in, and they'll be careful that you don't take them in—no, not to the extent of a brass farthing."

We explained, smiling, that we had not

can tell you of one, almost as quiet as your grave. I ought to know, for I lived there sixteen years." (At any rate, it seemed to have agreed with him.) "Gerrans is its name—a fishing-village. You get there from Falmouth by boat. The fare is"—(I regret to say my memory is not so accurate as his in the matter of pennies), "and mind you don't pay one farthing more. Then you have to drive across country; the distance is — and the fare per mile —" (Alas! again I have totally forgotten.) "They'll be sure to ask you double the money, but never you mind! refuse to pay it, and they'll give in.

You must always hold your own against extortion in Cornwall."

I thanked him, with a slightly-troubled mind. But I have always noticed that in travelling "with such measure as ye mete it shall be meted to you again," and that those who come to a country expecting to be cheated generally are cheated. Having still a lingering belief in human nature, and especially in Cornish nature, I determined to set down the old gentleman's well-meant advice for what it was worth, no more, and cease to perplex myself about it. For which resolve I have since been exceedingly thankful.

He gave us, however, much supplementary advice which was rather useful, and parted from us in the friendliest fashion, with that air of bland complaisance natural to those who assume the character of adviser in general.

"Mind you go to Gerrans. They'll not take you in more than they do everywhere else, and you'll find it a healthy place, and a quiet place—as quiet, I say, as your grave. It will make you feel exactly as if you were dead and buried."

That not being the prominent object of our tour in Cornwall, we thanked him again, but as soon as he had left the carriage determined among ourselves to take no further steps about visiting Gerrans.

However, in spite of the urgency of another fellow-traveller—it is always good to hear everybody's advice, and follow your own—we carried our love of quietness so far, that we eschewed the magnificent new Falmouth Hotel, with its *table d'hôte*, lawn tennis ground, sea baths and promenade, for the old-fashioned Green Bank, which though it had no green banks, boasted, we had been told, a pleasant little sea view and bay view, and was a resting-place full of comfort and homely peace.

Which we found true, and would have liked to stay longer in its pleasant shelter, which almost conquered our horror of hotels; but we had now fairly weighed anchor, and must sail on.

"You ought to go at once to the Lizard," said the friend who met us, and did everything for us at Falmouth—and the remembrance of whom, and of all that happened in our brief stay, will make the very name of the place sound sweet in our ears for ever. "The Lizard is the real point for sight-seers, almost better than the Land's End. Let us see if we can hear of lodgings."

She made inquiries, and within half an hour we did hear of some most satisfactory ones. "The very thing! We will telegraph at once—answer paid," said this good genius of practicality, as sitting in her carriage she herself wrote the telegram and despatched it. Telegrams to the Lizard! We were not then at the Ultima Thule of civilisation.

"Still," she said, "you had better provide yourself with some food, such as groceries and hams. You can't always get what you want at the Lizard."

So, having the very dimmest idea what the Lizard was—whether a town, a village, or a bare rock—when we had secured the desired lodgings ("quite ideal lodgings," remarked our guardian angel), I proceeded to lay in a store of provisions, doing it as carefully as if fitting out a ship for the North Pole—and afterwards found out it was a work of supererogation entirely.

The next thing to secure was an "ideal" carriage, horse, and man, which our good genius also succeeded in providing. And now, our minds being at rest, we were able to write home a fixed address for a week, and assure our expectant and anxious friends that all was going well with us.

Then, after a twilight wander round the quaint old town—so like a foreign town—and other keen enjoyments, which, as belonging to the sanctity of private life I here perforce omit, we laid us down to sleep, and slept in peace, having really achieved much; considering it was only the first day of our journey.

DAY THE SECOND.

Is there anything more delightful than to start on a smiling morning in a comfortable carriage, with all one's *impedimenta* (happily not much!) safely stowed away under one's eyes, with a good horse, over which one's feelings of humanity need not be always agonising, and a man to drive, whom one can trust to have as much sense as the brute, especially in the matter of "refreshment." Our letters that morning had brought us a comico-tragic story of a family we knew, who, migrating with a lot of children and luggage, and requiring to catch a train thirteen miles off, had engaged a driver who "refreshed himself" so successfully at every public-house on the way, that he took five hours to accomplish the journey, and finally had to be left at the road-side, and the luggage transferred to another vehicle, which of course lost the train. We

congratulated ourselves that no such disaster was likely to happen to us.

"Yes; I've been a teetotaller all my life," said our driver, a bright-looking, intelligent young fellow, whom, as he became rather a prominent adjunct to our life and decidedly to our comfort, I shall individualise by calling him Charles. "I had good need to avoid drinking. My father drank through a small property. No fear of me, ma'am."

So at once between him and us, or him and "we" according to the Cornish habit of transposing pronouns, was established a feeling of fraternity, which, during the six days that we had to do with him, deepened into real regard. Never failing when wanted, never presuming when not wanted, straight forward, independent, yet full of that respectful kindliness which servants can always show and masters should always appreciate, giving us a chivalrous care, which, being "unprotected females" was to us extremely valuable, I here record that much of the pleasure of our tour was owing to this honest Cornishman, who served us, his horse, and his master—he was one of the employés of a livery-stable keeper—with equal fidelity.

Certainly, numerous as were the parties he had driven—("I go to the Lizard about three times a week," he said)—Charles could seldom have driven a merrier trio than that which leisurely mounted the upland road from Falmouth, leading to the village of Constantine.

"Just turn and look behind you, ladies" (we had begged to be shown everything and told everything); "isn't that a pretty view?"

It certainly was. From the high ground we could see Falmouth with its sheltered bay and glittering sea beyond. Landward were the villages of Mabe and Constantine, with their great quarries of granite, and in the distance lay wide sweeps of undulating land, barren and treeless, but still beautiful—not with the rich pastoral beauty of our own Kent, yet having a charm of its own. And the air, so fresh and pure, yet soft and balmy, it felt to tender lungs like the difference between milk and cream. To breathe became a pleasure instead of a pain. I could quite understand how the semi-tropical plants that we had seen in a lovely garden below, grew and flourished, how the hydrangeas became huge bushes, and the eucalyptus an actual forest tree.

But this was in the sheltered valley, and we had gained the hill-top, emerging out of one of those deep cut lanes peculiar to Devon and Cornwall, and so pretty in themselves, a perfect garden of wild flowers and ferns, except that they completely shut out the view. This did not much afflict the practical minds of my two juniors. Half an hour before they had set up a shout—

"Stop the carriage! *Do* stop the carriage! Just look there! Did you ever see such big blackberries? and what a quantity! Let us get out; we'll gather them for to-morrow's pudding."

Undoubtedly a dinner earned is the sweetest of all dinners. I remember once thinking that our cowslip tea (I should not like to drink it now) was better than our grandmother's best Bohea out of her lovely old tea-caddy. So the carriage, lightened of all but myself, crawled leisurely up and waited on the hill-top for the busy blackberry-gatherers.

While our horse stood cropping an extempore meal, I and his driver began to talk about him and other cognate topics, including the permanent one of the great advantage to both body and soul in being freed all one's life long from the necessity of getting "something to drink" stronger than water.

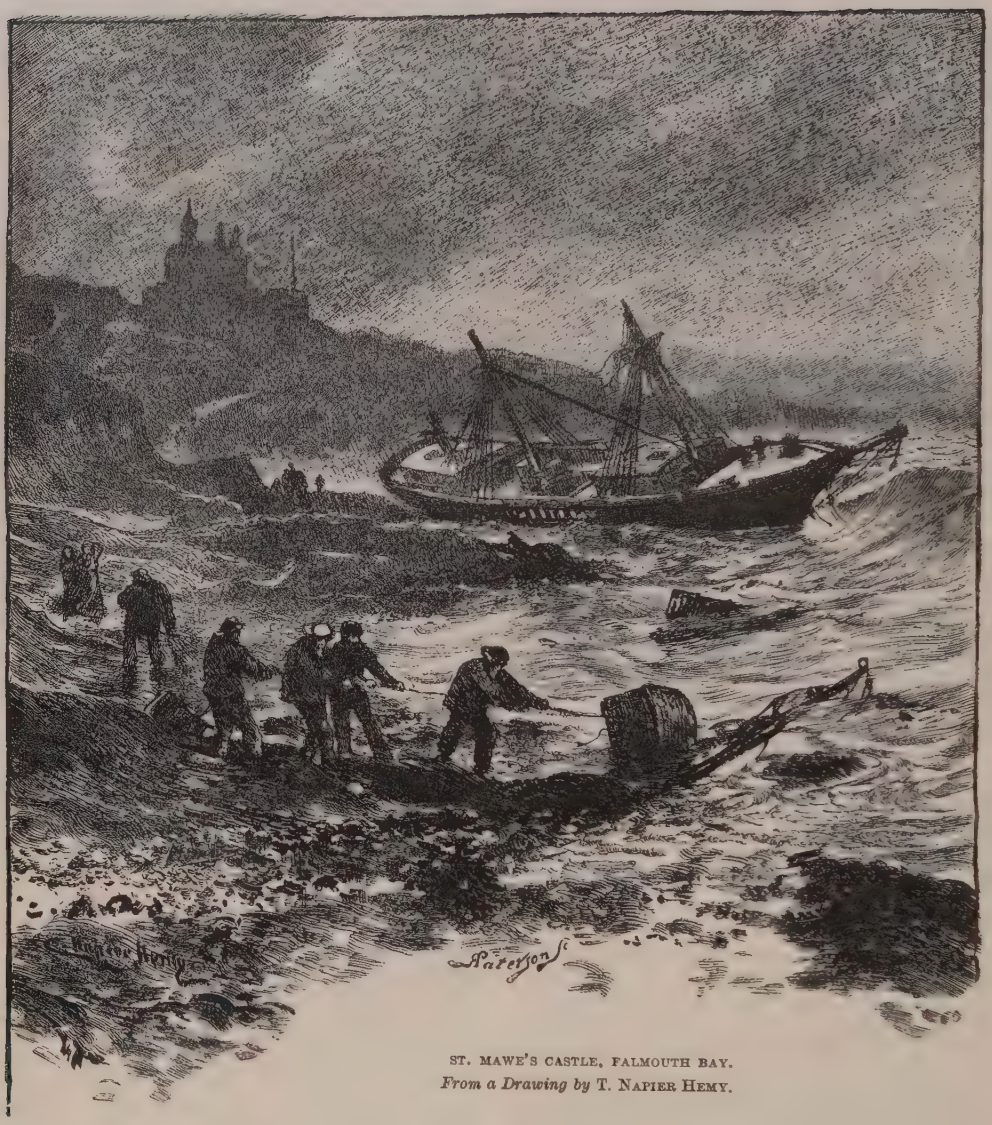
"Yes," he said, "I find I can do as much upon tea or coffee as other men upon beer. I'm just as strong and as active, and can stand weather quite as well. It's a pretty hard life, winter and summer, driving all day, coming in soaked, sometimes in the middle of the night, having to turn in for an hour or two, and then turn out again. And you must look after your horse, of course, before you think of yourself. Still, I stand it well, and that without a drop of beer from year's end to year's end."

I congratulated and sympathised; in return for which Charles entered heart and soul into the blackberry question, pointed out where the biggest blackberries hung, and looked indeed—he was still such a young fellow!—as if he would have liked to go blackberry-hunting himself.

I put, smiling, the careless question, "Have you any little folks of your own? Are you married?"

How cautious one should be over an idle word! All of a sudden the cheerful face clouded, the mouth began to quiver, with difficulty I saw he kept back the tears. It was a version in every-day life of Longfellow's most pathetic little poem, "The Two Locks of Hair."

"My wife broke her heart after the baby, I think. It died. She went off in consumption. It's fifteen months now"—(he had evidently counted them)—"fifteen months since I have been alone. I didn't like to give



ST. MAWE'S CASTLE, FALMOUTH BAY.
From a Drawing by T. NAPIER HEMY.

up my home and my bits of things; still, when a man has to come in wet and tired to an empty house——"

He turned suddenly away and busied himself over his horse. For just that minute the two girls came running back, laughing heartily, and showing their baskets full of "the very biggest blackberries you ever saw!"

I took them back into the carriage; the driver mounted his box, and drove on for some miles in total silence. As, when I had whispered that little episode to my two companions, so did we.

There are two ways of going from Falmouth to the Lizard—the regular route through the town of Helstone, and another, a trifle longer, through the woods of Trelowarren, the seat of the old Cornish family of Vyvyan.

"I'll take you that road, ma'am, it's much the prettiest," said Charles, evidently exerting himself to recover his cheerful looks and be the civil driver and guide, showing off all the curiosities and beauties of the neighbourhood. And very pretty Trelowarren was, though nothing remarkable to us who came from the "garden of England." Still, the trees were big—for Cornwall, and in the ferny glade grew abundantly the *Osmunda regalis*, a root of which we greatly coveted, and Charles offered to get. He seemed to take a pride in showing us everything, except what he probably did not know of, and

which, when I heard of too late, was to me a real regret.

At Trelowarren, not far from the house, are a series of subterranean chambers and galleries, in all ninety feet long and about the height of a man. The entrance is very low. Still, it is possible to get into them and traverse them from end to end, the walls being made of blocks of unhewn stone, leaning inward towards the roof, which is formed of horizontal blocks. How, when, and for what purpose this mysterious underground dwelling was made, is utterly lost in the mists of time. I should exceedingly have liked to examine it, and to think we passed close by and never knew of it, will always be a certain regret, of which I relieve my mind by telling it for the guidance of other archæological travellers.

One of the charms of Cornwall is that it gives one the sense of being such an old country, as if things had gone exactly as they do now, not merely since the days of King Arthur, but for ever so long before then. The Romans, the Phœnicians, nay, the heroes of pre-historic ages, such as Jack the Giantkiller and the giant Cormoran, seemed to be not impossible myths, as we gradually quitted civilisation in the shape of a village or two, and a few isolated farm-houses, and came out upon the wild district known as Goonhilly Down.

Certainly not from its hills, for it is as flat as the back of your hand, and as bare. But the word, which is old Cornish—that now extinct tongue, which only survives in the names of places and people—means a *hunting ground;* and there is every reason to believe that this wide treeless waste was once an enormous forest, full of wild beasts. There St. Rumon, an Irish bishop, long before there were any Saxon bishops or saints, is said to have settled, far away from the world, and made a cell and oratory, the memory of which, and of himself, is still kept up by the name of the two villages, Ruan Major and Ruan Minor, on the outskirts of this Goonhilly Down.

In later times the down was noted for a breed of small, strong ponies, called "Goonhillies." Charles had heard of them, but I do not suppose he had ever heard of St. Rumon, or of the primeval forest. At present, the fauna of Goonhilly is represented by no animal more dangerous than a rabbit or a field-mouse, and its vegetation includes nothing bigger than the *erica vagans*—the lovely Cornish heath, lilac, flesh-coloured and white, which will grow nowhere else, except in a certain district of Portugal.

"There it is!" we cried, at the pleasant first sight of a new flower: for though not scientific botanists, we have what I may call "a speaking acquaintance" with almost every wild flower that grows. To see one that we had never seen before was quite an excitement. Instantly we were out of the carriage, and gathering it by handfuls.

Botanists know this heath well—it has the peculiarity of the anthers being outside instead of inside the bell—but we only noticed the beauty of it, the masses in which it grew, and how it would grow only within a particular line—the sharp geological line of magnesian earth, which forms the serpentine district. Already we saw, forcing itself up through the turf, blocks of this curious stone, and noticed how cottage-walls were built, and fences made of it.

"Yes, that's the serpentine," said Charles, now in his depth once more; we could not have expected him to know about St. Rumon &c. "You'll see plenty of it when you get to the Lizard. All the coast for miles and miles is serpentine. Such curious rocks, reddish and greenish; they look so pretty when the water washes against them, and when polished, and made into ornaments, candlesticks, brooches and the like. But I'll show you the shops as we pass. We shall be at Lizard Town directly."

So it was a town, and it had shops. We should not have thought so, judging by the slender line of white dots which now was appearing on the horizon—Cornish folk seemed to have a perfect mania for painting their houses a glistening white. Yes, that was the Lizard; we were nearing our journey's end. At which we were a little sorry, even though already an hour or two behind hand—that is, behind the hour we had ordered dinner. But "time was made for slaves"—and railway travellers, and we were beyond railways.

"Never mind, what does dinner matter?" (It did not seriously, as we had taken the precaution, which I recommend to all travellers, of never starting on any expedition without a good piece of bread, a bunch of raisins, and a flask of cold tea or coffee.) "What's the odds so long as you're happy? Let us linger and make the drive as long as we can. The horse will not object, nor Charles either."

Evidently not; our faithful steed cropped contentedly an extempore meal, and Charles, who would have scrambled anywhere or dug up anything, "to please the young ladies," took out his pocket-knife, and devoted himself to the collection of all the different coloured heaths; roots which we determined to send

home in the hope, alas! I fear vain, that they would grow in our garden, afar from their native magnesia.

So for another peaceful hour we stayed; wandering about upon Goonhilly Down. How little it takes to make one happy, when one wants to be happy, and knows enough of the inevitable sorrows of life to be glad to be happy—as long as fate allows. Each has his burthen to bear, seen or unseen by the world outside, and some of us that day had not a light one; yet was it a bright day, a white day, a day to be thankful for.

young folks; and off they started down the garden, over a stile—made of serpentine of course—and across what seemed a field, till they disappeared mysteriously where the line of sea cut the line of cliffs, and were heard of no more for two hours.

Then they returned, all delight and excitement. They had found such a lovely little cove, full of tiny pools, a perfect treasure-house of sea-weeds and sea-anemones; and the rocks, so picturesque, and "so grand to scramble over." (I must confess that to these, my practically-minded "chickens," the

FALMOUTH, FROM FLUSHING.
From a Drawing by T. NAPIER HEMY.

Nor did it end when, arriving at the "ideal" lodgings, and being received with a placidity which we felt we had not quite deserved, and fed in a manner which reflected much credit not only on the cook's skill, but her temper—we sallied out to see the place.

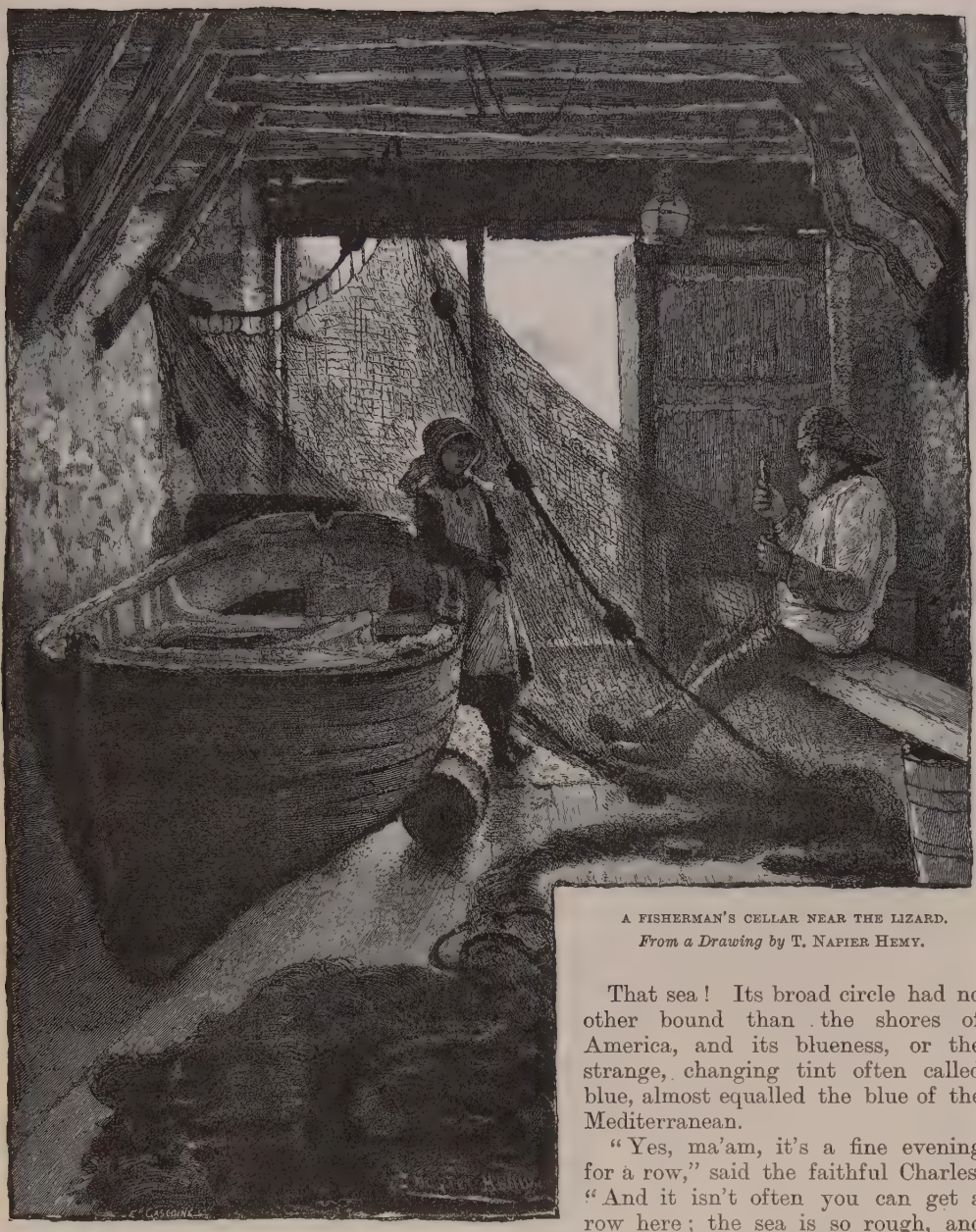
Not a picturesque place exactly. A high plain, with the sparkling sea beyond it; the principal object near being the Lizard Lights, a huge low building, with a tower at either side, not unlike the Sydenham Crystal Palace, only dazzling white, as every building apparently was at the Lizard.

"We'll go out and adventure," cried the

picturesque or the romantic always ranked second to the fun of a scramble.) The descent to this marine paradise also seemed difficult enough to charm anybody.

"But *you* wouldn't do it. Quite impossible! You would break all your legs and arms, and sprain both your ankles."

Alas, for a hen—and an old hen—with ducklings! But mine, though daring, were not rash, and had none of that silly fool-hardiness which for the childish vanity of doing, or of saying one has done, a dangerous thing, risks health, comfort, life, and delights selfishly in making other people



A FISHERMAN'S CELLAR NEAR THE LIZARD.
From a Drawing by T. NAPIER HEMY.

utterly miserable. So, being feeble on my feet, though steady in my head, I agreed to sit like a cormorant on the nearest cliff, and look down placidly upon the young adventurers in their next delightful scramble.

It could not be to-night, however, for the tide was coming in fast; the fairy cove would soon be all under water.

"Shall we get a boat? It will soon be sunset and moon-rise; we can watch both from the sea."

That sea! Its broad circle had no other bound than the shores of America, and its blueness, or the strange, changing tint often called blue, almost equalled the blue of the Mediterranean.

"Yes, ma'am, it's a fine evening for a row," said the faithful Charles. "And it isn't often you can get a row here; the sea is so rough, and the landing so difficult. But there's a man I know: he has a good boat, he knows the coast well, and he 'll not go out unless it's quite safe."

This seemed ultra-prudent, with such a smiling sky and sea; but we soon found it was not unnecessary at the Lizard. Indeed all along the Cornish coast the great Atlantic waves come in with such a roll or a heavy ground-swell, windless, but the precursor of a storm that is slowly arriving from across

the ocean, that boating here at best is no child's play.

We had been fair-weather sailors, over shut-in lochs or smooth rivers; all of us could handle an oar, or had handled it in old days, but this was quite a different style of thing. Descending the steep zigzag path to the next cove—the only one where there was anything like a fair landing—we found we still had to walk through a long bed of seaweed, and manage somehow to get into the boat between the recoil and advance of a wave. Not one of the tiny waves of quiet bays, but an Atlantic roller, which, even if comparatively small and tame, comes in with a force that will take you off your feet at any time.

However, we managed it, and found ourselves floating among an archipelago of rocks, where the solemn cormorants sat in rows, and affectionate families of gulls kept swimming about in a large flotilla of white dots on the dark water. Very dark the sea was: heaving and sinking in great hills and valleys, which made rowing difficult. Also, for several yards round every rock extended a perfect whirlpool of foaming waves, which, if any boat chanced to be caught therein, would have dashed it to pieces in no time. But our boatmen seemed quite used to the danger, and took us as near it as possible, without actually running into it.

They were both far from commonplace-looking men, especially the elder, our stroke-oar. Being rather given to ethnological tastes, we had already noticed the characteristic Cornish face, not unlike the Norman type, and decidedly superior to that of the inland counties of England. But this was a face by itself, which would have attracted any artist or student of human nature; weather-beaten, sharp-lined, wrinkled as it was—the man must have been fully sixty—there was in it a sweetness, an absolute beauty, which struck us at once. The smile, placid and paternal, came often, though words were few; and the keen, kindly eyes were blue as a child's, or as Tennyson describes King Arthur's.

"I can quite imagine," whispered one of us who had imaginative tendencies, "that King Arthur might have looked thus, had he lived to grow old."

"I don't believe King Arthur ever lived at all," was the knock-me-down utilitarian answer, to which the other had grown quite accustomed, and indifferent. Nevertheless, there was such a refinement about the man, spite of his rough fisherman's dress, and he had been so kind to the young folks, so considerate to "the old lady," as Cornish candour already called me, that intending to employ him again, we asked his name.

"John Curgenven."

"John what?" We made several hopeless plunges at it, and finally asked him to spell it.

"Cur-gen-ven," said he; adding, with a slight air of pride, "one of the oldest families in Cornwall."

(I have no hesitation in stating this, because, when we afterwards became great friends, I told John Curgenven I should probably "put him in a book"—if he had no objection. To which he answered with his usual composure, "No, he didn't think it would harm him." He evidently considered "writing a book" was a very inferior sort of trade, or else that "the old lady" was not a likely person to follow it.)

But looking at him, one could not help speculating as to how far the legend of King Arthur had been really true, and whether the type of man which Tennyson has preserved—or created—in this his "own ideal knight," did once exist, and still exists, in a modified modern form, throughout Cornwall. A fancy upon which we then only argued; now I, at least, am inclined to believe it.

"There is Lord Brougham's head, his wig and his turn-up nose, you can see all distinctly. At least you could, if there was light enough."

But there was not light, for the sun was setting, and the moon only just rising. Black looked the heaving sea, except where rings of white foam encircled each group of rocks, blacker still. And blackest of all looked the iron-bound coast, sharp against the amber western sky.

"Yes, that's Kynance Cove, and the Gull Rock and Asparagus Island. Shall we row there? It's only about two miles."

Two miles there, and two back, through this angry sea, and then to land in the dim light about 9 p.m.! Courage failed us. We did not own this; we merely remarked that we would rather see Kynance by daylight, but I think each of us felt a sensation of relief when the boat's head was turned homewards.

Yet how beautiful it all was! Many a night afterwards we watched the same scene, but never lovelier than that night, the curved line of coast traceable distinctly up to Mount's Bay, and then the long peninsula which they told us was the Land's End, stretching out into the horizon, where sea and sky met in a mist of golden light, through which the sun

A CRABBER'S HOLE, GERRAN'S BAY.

From a Drawing by T. NAPIER HEMY.

was slowly dropping right from the sky into the sea. Beyond was a vague cloud-land, which might be the fair land of Lyonesse itself, said still to lie there submerged, with all its cities and towers and forests; or the "island-valley of Avillion," whither Arthur sailed with the three queens to be healed of his "grievous wound," and whence he is to come again some day. Popular superstition still expects him, and declares that he haunts this coast even now in the shape of a Cornish chough.

Modern ghosts, too, exist, decidedly more alarming.

"Look up there, ladies, that green slope is Pistol Meadow. Nobody likes to walk there after dark. Other things walk as well."

"What things?"

"Two hundred and more of foreign sailors, whose ship went to pieces in the little cove below. They're buried under the green mounds you see. Out of a crew of seven hundred only two men were washed ashore alive, and they were in irons, which the captain had put on them because they said he was going too near in shore. It was called Pistol Meadow because most of 'em were found with pistols in their hands, which may have been true or may not since it happened more than a hundred years ago. However, there are the green mounds, you see, and Lizard folk don't much like passing the place after dark."

"But you?"

John Curgenven smiled. "Oh, us and the coast-guards! Us goes anywhere, at all hours, and never meets nothing. D'ye see those white marks all along the coast every few yards? They're rocks, kept white-washed, to guide the men of dark nights between here and Kynance. It's a ticklish path, when all's as black as pitch, with a stiff wind blowing."

I should think it was! One almost shuddered at the idea, and then felt proud of the steady heads and cool courage of these coast-guardmen—always the pick of the service, true Englishmen, fearless and faithful—the business of whose whole lives is to save other lives—that is, now that smuggling has abated, and those dreadful stories once current all along the coast of Cornwall have become mostly legends of the past. No tales of wreckers, or of fights between smugglers and revenue officers, reached our ears, but the stories of shipwrecks were endless. Every winter, and many times through the winter, some ghastly tragedy had happened. Every half-mile along this picturesque shore was recorded the place where some good ship went to pieces, often with the brief addendum, "all hands lost."

"The sun's just setting. Look out for the Lizard Lights," called out Charles, who sat in the bow of the boat in faithful attendance upon his "ladies,"—another Knight of the Round Table in humble life—we met many such in Cornwall. "Look! There they are."

And sure enough, the instant the sun's last spark was quenched in the sea, into which he dropped like a red round ball, out burst two substitute suns, and very fair substitutes too, making the poor little moon in the east of no importance whatever. The gleam of them extended far out upon the darkening ocean, and we could easily believe that their light was "equal to 20,000 candles," and that they were seen out at sea to a distance of twenty, some said even thirty, miles.

"Except in a fog; and the fogs at the Lizard are very bad. Then you can see nothing, not even the Lights, but they keep sounding the fog-horn every minute or so. It works by the same machinery as works the Lights—a big steam-engine; you can hear it bum-bumming now, if you listen."

So we could, a mysterious noise like that of a gigantic bumble-bee, coming across the water from that curious building, long and white, with its two towers and those great eyes in each of them, at either end.

"They're wonderful bright;" said John Curgenven; "many's the time I've sat and read my newspaper by them a quarter of a mile off. They're seen through the blackest night, the blacker the brighter, seen through everything—except fog. Now, ladies, d'ye think you can jump ashore?"

Some of us did, airily enough, though it required to choose your moment pretty cleverly so as to escape the incoming wave. And some of us—well, we accepted the inevitable, and were only too thankful to scramble anyhow, wet or dry, on terra firma.

And then we had to ascend the zigzag path, slippery with loose stones, and uncertainly seen in the dim half-twilight, half-moonlight. At last we came out safe by the life-boat house, which we had noticed in passing, with the slit in its door for "Contributions," and a notice below that the key was kept at such and such a house—I forget the man's name—"and at the Rectory."

"Yes," said Curgenven, "in many places along this coast, when there's a wreck, and we're called out, the parson's generally at the head of us. Volunteers? Of course we're all volunteers, except the coast-guard, who are paid. But they're often glad enough of us and of our boats too. The life-boat isn't

enough. They keep her here, the only place they can, but it's tough work running her down to the beach on a black winter's night, with a ship going to pieces before your eyes, as ships do here in no time. I've seen it myself—watched her strike, and in ten minutes there was not a bit of her left."

We could well imagine it. Even on this "calm" evening the waves kept dashing themselves against every rock with a roar and a swell and a circle of boiling foam. What must it be on a stormy winter night, or through the deathly quiet of a white mist, with nothing visible or audible except the roar of the waters and the shriek of the fog-horn!

"I think it's quite time we were in-doors," suggested a practical and prudent little voice; "we can come again and see it in the day-light. Here's the road."

"That's the way you came, Miss," said Charles, "but I can take you a much shorter one on the top of the hedges"—or edges, we never quite knew which they were, though on the whole the letter *h* is tolerably well treated in Cornwall.

But these "hedges," they were startling to any one not Cornish-born. In the Lizard district the divisions of land are made not by fences, but by walls, built in a peculiar fashion, half stones, half earth, varying from six to ten feet high, and about two feet broad. On the top of this narrow giddy path, fringed on either side by deceitful grass, you are expected to walk!—in fact, are obliged to walk, for there is often no other road. There was none here.

I looked round in despair. Once upon a time I could have walked upon walls as well as anybody, but now—!

"I'll help you, ma'am; and I'm sure you can manage it," said Charles consolingly. "It's only three-quarters of a mile."

Three-quarters of a mile along a two-foot path on the top of a wall, and in this deceitful light, when one false step would entail a certain fall. And at my age one doesn't fall exactly like a feather or an india-rubber ball.

"Ma'am, if you go slow and steady, with me before and Curgenven behind, you'll *not* fall."

Nor did I. I record it with gratitude to those two honest men—true *gentlemen*, such as I have found at times in all ranks—who never once grumbled or relaxed in their care of their tardy and troublesome charge; one instance more of that kindly courtesy which it does any man good to offer, and which any woman, "lady" though she be, may feel proud to receive.

When we reached "home," as we had already begun to call it, a smiling face and a comfortable tea justified the word. And when we retired, a good deal fatigued, but quite happy, we looked out upon the night, where the fiery stream of the Lizard Lights was contending with the brightest of harvest moons. It was a hopeful ending of our second day.

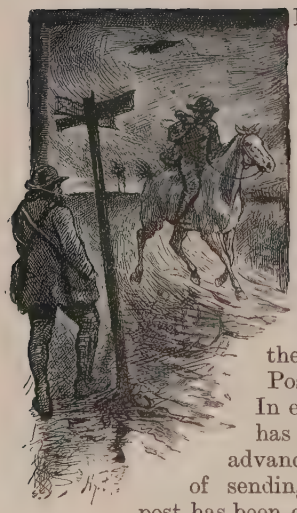
(To be continued.)

CORNISH FISH.

From a Drawing by T. NAPIER HEMY.

THE HOSPITAL.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

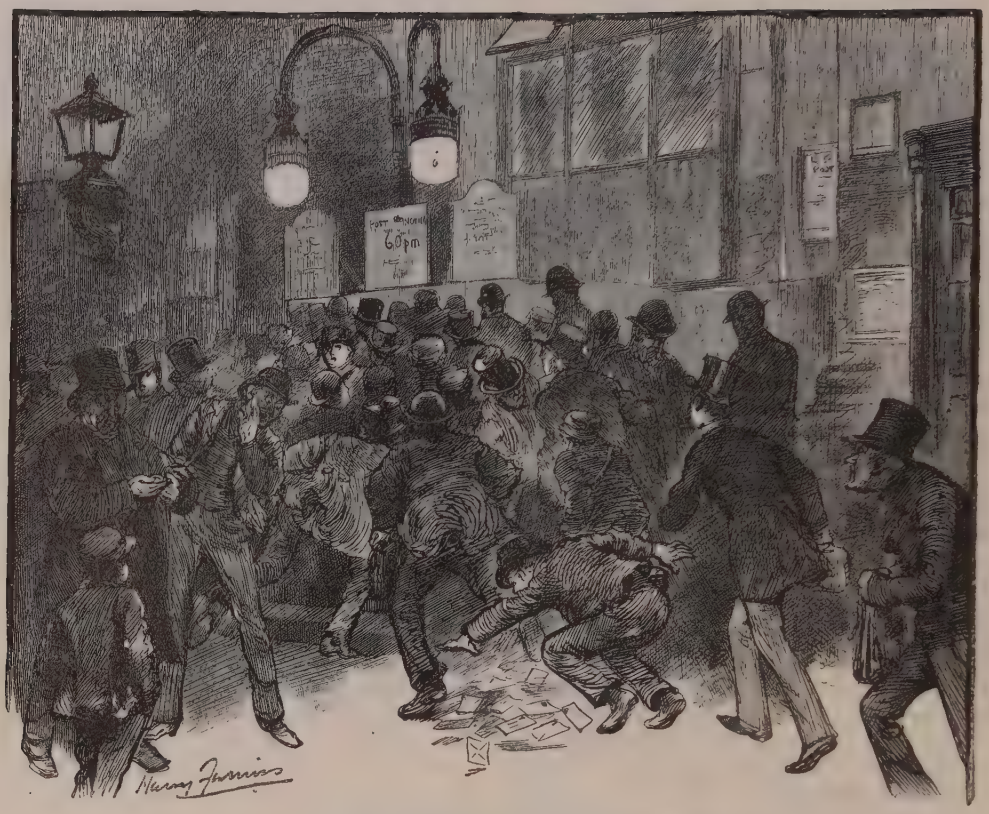
THE POST-OFFICE.



MR. FAWCETT has been accused of wishing to make the world at large a department of the Post-Office. This is only one way of saying that the Post-Office has attracted an unusual share of attention under the rule of the present Postmaster-General. In every branch there has been some notable advance. A new means of sending small sums by post has been given to the public in postal notes. Investments in Consols have been placed within the reach of the poor through the medium of the Savings Bank, while children have been encouraged to make a beginning of saving by means of the penny stamp slips. The carriage of parcels, the most important reform since the introduction of the penny post, has been initiated, and sixpenny telegrams are promised next year. These continual adaptations of the postal system to the needs of the public have quickened the interest always felt in the far-reaching organisation which plays so active a part in our social life. There is a certain attraction in great size and in conspicuously efficient work. When the work is done by our own servants and the results are wholly good, a harmless feeling of self-satisfaction heightens the pleasure with which we listen to large figures and astounding statements.

The Post-Office is an example of the mode in which things change while names remain. It was originally the office which arranged the posts or places at which, on the great roads, relays of horses and men could be obtained for the rapid forwarding of Government despatches. There was a Chief Postmaster of England many years before any system of conveyance of private letters by the Crown was established. Such letters were conveyed either by carriers, who used the same horses throughout their whole journey, or by relays of horses maintained by private individuals, that is, by private post. The scheme of carrying the correspondence of the public by means of Crown messengers originated in connection with foreign trade. A Post-Office for letters to foreign parts was established "for the benefit of the English merchants" in the reign of James I., but the extension of the system to inland letters was left to the succeeding reign. Charles I., by a Proclamation issued in 1635, may be said to have founded the present Post-Office. By this Proclamation he commanded "his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near that road." Neighbouring towns, such as Lincoln and Hull were to be linked on to this main route, and posts on similar principles were directed to be established on other great high-roads, such as those to Chester and Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth. So far no monopoly was claimed, but two years afterwards a second Proclamation forbade the carriage of letters by any messengers except those of the king's Postmaster-General, and thus the present system was inaugurated. The monopoly thus claimed, though no doubt devised by the King to enhance the Royal power and to bring money into the Exchequer, was adopted by Cromwell and his Parliament, one main advantage in their eyes being that the carriage of correspondence by the Government would afford "the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." The opportunity of an extensive violation of letters, especially if they proceeded from suspected Royalists, was no doubt an attractive bait; and it is rather amusing to notice how the tables were thus turned on the monarchical party by means of one of the Sovereign's own acts of aggression. However, from one motive or another Royalists and Parliamentarians agreed in the establishment of a State Post, and the institution has come down without a break from the days of Charles I. to our own.

When the condition of the roads in early times is remembered, it may be imagined that the carriage of post-letters was not very rapid. So lately as 1784 the mail-bags were carried by post-boys on horseback at an average rate, including stoppages, of from three to four miles an hour. In 1783, Mr. John Palmer, the manager of the theatre at Bath, then the Capital of the West, suggested to Mr. Pitt that the passenger coaches, which had begun to run on the principal roads, should be employed to carry the mails. It forcibly recalls the difference in the state of the country then and now, to observe that in advocating this reform Mr. Palmer lays as much stress upon the superior safety of the mails if conveyed by coach, as upon the greater speed with which they would be carried. "The mails," he says, speaking of the old system, "are generally entrusted to some idle boy without character, mounted on a worn-out hack, and who, so far from being able to defend himself or escape from a robber, is much more likely to be in league with him." If conveyed by coach, on the other hand, the mails should, he recommends, be accompanied by well-armed and trustworthy guards. We all have a tolerably vivid picture in our minds of the well-appointed mail-coach of later times, with its fine horses and brisk guard. Dickens has also photographed for us in his *Tale of Two Cities* the same vehicle in its younger days, with its guard armed to the teeth and its load of passengers each suspicious that his neighbour might be a highwayman in disguise. But the still earlier picture of the post-boy jogging along the country roads on his sorry nag with the mail bags slung over his back affords a yet stronger contrast to the limited mails and travelling post-offices of the present day. Mr. Palmer's suggestion, it is needless to say, was adopted, though like many other reforms it was sturdily opposed by the Department; and when some thirty years later the roads were, thanks to Mr. MacAdam, brought into their greatest state of perfection, the speed of the mails was gradually increased till it attained more than ten miles an hour. Very shortly afterwards railways were introduced, and in 1830, on the opening of the line between Liverpool and Manchester, the mails were conveyed by train. Thanks to steam-power, the correspondence which in Palmer's time must have taken more than



SIX O'CLOCK AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE—OUTSIDE.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

four days to travel from London to Edinburgh, and in the best coaching days must have been more than a day and a half in transit, is now less than ten hours on the road, and a letter written in London this afternoon will be delivered in Dublin tomorrow morning. The use of the railways, however, was still in its infancy when Sir Rowland Hill's great innovation, the uniform penny postage, was sanctioned by Parliament. With greatly improved means of conveying its mails, and with a low and simple tariff, the Post-Office may be said to have attained its majority in 1840. Its childhood had been prolonged, but it was destined to show by the brilliancy of its subsequent career with what capabilities it had been endowed.

The Penny Post at once doubled the correspondence of the country. Those of us who have never known any other system can hardly realise the annoyances to which letter-writers were previously exposed. The lowest charge for a letter from London to Birmingham was ninepence. This charge only carried a single sheet of paper; any inclosure at once doubled the amount. The mode of calculating postage led to the oddest results: Mr. Cobden informed Sir Rowland Hill of a case in which a packet of 32 ounces, posted by a ship's captain at Deal, was handed to the addressee in London charged with more than 6*l*. No wonder that in such circumstances the Revenue was extensively defrauded. The system of franking, by which a letter passed free under the signature of a privileged person, was outrageously abused. Traders sent their customers' letters in bales of goods, and friends were utilised as carriers and purveyors of news to the greatest possible extent. There is a well-known story of a woman in the Lake District whom Coleridge befriended by the payment of a shilling for her letter, and who when the postman was out of sight explained that her son had arranged to write to her in blank letters which she should refuse, by way of letting her know that he was well, and at the same time saving the postage. Marks and names on newspapers, which might be franked by the use of any distinguished name without the owner's consent,

SIX O'CLOCK AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE—INSIDE.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

were also employed to convey messages. It is therefore not surprising to find that, in the year before the introduction of the new postage, each person on the average wrote only three letters in the course of the year. In the following year the average was seven; it is now thirty-six. In 1839, there were eighty-two millions of letters posted, of which about one in every thirteen was franked. In 1840, the circulation rose to 169,000,000, although franking was abolished. At the present time it has reached the astonishing total of 1,280,000,000. It will perhaps be gratifying to the pride of Englishmen to learn that, notwithstanding the boasted superior education of Scotland, each member of the community there writes on the average thirty-one letters in the year, while in England and Wales the number is forty-one; in Ireland only seventeen. But increased letter correspondence is only one item in the growth of the Post-Office. Post-cards did not exist in 1839; they are a wholly new invention within the memory of all of us. Their circulation now exceeds 144,000,000. In addition 288,000,000 of book packets and circulars, and 140,000,000 of newspapers passed through the post in the year, making a total of more than 1,852,000,000 of packets of one kind and another. The increase in the circulation during a single year is now nearly equal to the total number of letters carried by the department in 1839.

The conveyance of correspondence is no longer the sole duty which the Post-Office undertakes. We can pay our debts through the post, and no less a sum than £31,000,000 was thus transmitted last year. This total is the more remarkable from being made up of small sums. About £3,500,000 were sent by means of no less than 8,000,000 of postal-orders, and as many as 948,000 of these little papers represented one shilling only. Again, the Post-Office carries on an enormous banking business. One person in every ten in England and Wales is its customer, and it holds deposits to the extent of £39,000,000. This is a business not only unknown in 1840, but commenced little more than twenty years ago. When the Penny Post was introduced,

telegraphic communication may have been the dream of a few savants. It was many years before it made good its footing. In 1870, its further development was entrusted to the Post-Office. At the present day there are nearly 6,000 post-offices and railway stations opened for the receipt and despatch of public messages, and more than 30,000,000 of such messages are forwarded in the course of the year.

The head-quarters from which the business represented by these large figures is controlled, consist of the two buildings forming the General Post-Office, and facing each other on either side of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The newer of these buildings, that on the west side of the thoroughfare is occupied by the Postmaster-General and his staff.

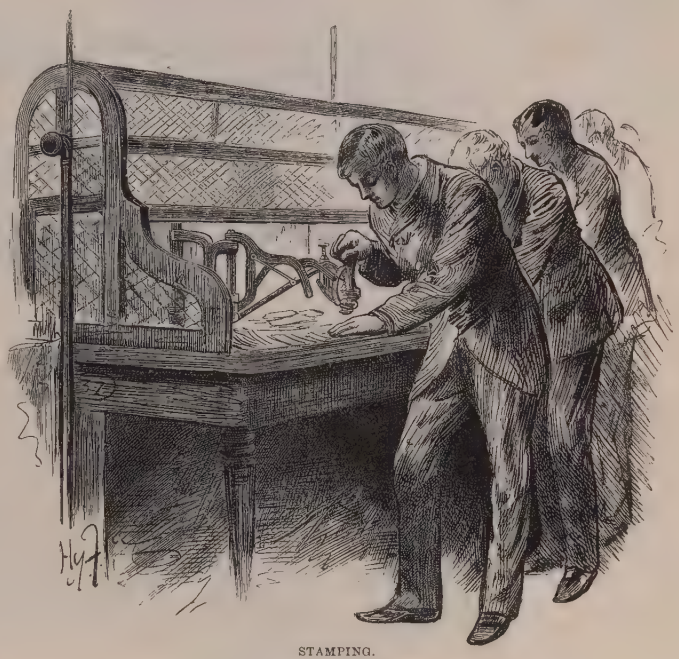
SIGNING THE STAMP BOOK—HIS MARK.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

When the Civil Service is considered as a career for the sons of the well-to-do, the West-End offices are generally uppermost in the mind. But the Post-Office numbers in its employ many hundreds of the young men who pass through the ordeal of the Civil Service Commisioners, and, owing to the constant expansion of business and consequent chances of promotion, it is becoming a somewhat popular office. It may be imagined, however, that the time of its servants is not devoted, according to the popular conception of a Civil Service clerk to reading the paper. From the Permanent Secretary, Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, downwards, no one under Mr. Fawcett's rule finds time hang heavy on his hands, and any one glancing down at the basement of the new Post-Office, as he passes in the evening, will see clerks busily engaged long after official hours. In the same building is generated the electricity which keeps the telegraphic system of the country at work, and here are the instruments which transmit our messages, and the small army of men and women who work them. The older building on the east side of St. Martin's, which formerly accommodated the whole central service, is now entirely given up to the receipt, sorting, and despatch of correspondence. There was formerly a popular superstition, not yet we fancy entirely dead, that every letter posted in the United Kingdom was first sent to St. Martin's-le-Grand, and thence forwarded to its destination, even though this might be in the next street to the office where the letter was posted. It is needless to say that no such waste of power takes place. Every post-town throughout the country acts as a centre for the distribution of letters, and in the metropolis there are district-offices which perform the same function. Many letters, indeed, never pass through any office except that at which they are posted.

Still, the ever-increasing correspondence of the country leaves abundance of letter-work to be done at St. Martin's-le-Grand; for the General Post-Office, is the medium of communication between London and the provinces, the Continent, and more distant parts of the world. It would be hazardous to say how many men are employed in the nightly despatch of the evening mails; but some idea may be formed from the fact that about five hundred are engaged on a busy night in the Foreign Department alone. The exigencies of the work have indeed had a very lamentable effect on the building itself. For, whereas it was originally a handsome pile with a straight sky-line, as befits the classic style which it affects (it was designed by Mr. Smithe, the architect of the Bank of England), it is now disfigured by all sorts of excrescences, the meaning of which is that a second story has been improvised within, and the roof perforce raised. Originally, too, it boasted a handsome central hall open to the public, but some years ago it was found necessary to fill this space with sorting desks, and every corner of the building is now turned to use. Even the surrounding yard, which was freely open to the public until recently, has now been closed on one side to accommodate the carts and waggons of the Parcels Post, while the Department has burrowed like a mole and is sorting its parcels under the hoofs of its contractors' horses.

From half-past five to eight in the evening

is the busy time at the Post-Office, and any one who enjoys a scene of bustle and activity should obtain leave from the Postmaster-General to visit the building at that time. A few minutes before six a flap is raised over the country letter-box in the front of the building, so that a bagful of letters may be shot in at once. The scene which takes place as the hands of the clock approach the hour is vividly reproduced in the accompanying sketch. Letters are posted by the score rather than singly. Sacks and bags pour down their contents, while practised posting clerks take long-shots at the box from a distance. Very eager men seem, as one of the officials says, as if they were going to post themselves; and occasionally they do post things they certainly never intended to part with. Not long since a man rushed up with a pair of fowls in one hand and some letters in the other. He knew he had to post something, but he had not time to consider what; so he dropped the fowls into the box and went off with the letters. The general rule is that a letter cannot be given back when once posted; we do not know whether this principle was rigidly enforced in this instance. Inside, the arriving letters drop down a wide funnel, and are received in deep circular wicker baskets. When one of these baskets can hold no more, a wooden lid, which exactly plugs the bottom of the funnel, is let down, and receives the letters for the next few seconds. Meantime, the full basket is removed, and an empty one takes its place. Then a boy rushes down, digs amongst the accumulation of paper till he finds a handle, removes the lid, and tips the letters resting upon it into the basket. It takes a very few minutes to fill a basket, and half a dozen clerks are employed in keeping up a fresh supply. Presently, the four quarters are chimed, and the clock begins to strike the hour. As the last note dies away, the funnels are once more plugged by the lids, and at the same time the flap is let down, the letter-boxes resume their ordinary appearance, and the rush for the evening mails is over for another four-and-twenty hours. Inside, however, the real business of the evening is commencing. As basket after basket is filled, it is dragged from the place of posting to a long flat desk known as the facing table. Here, as the letters are emptied out pell-mell, they are promptly taken possession of by scores of nimble fingers, and reduced to something like order. Packets are separated from letters proper, insufficiently stamped letters are detected, circulars and pamphlets which pass for a halfpenny, but should have been posted by half-past five are eliminated, and the bulk of the letters are arranged the right way up for stamping. From the facing table boys hurry with armfuls of letters to the stampers. Almost like lightning the stamp descends upon letter after letter, at once defacing the postage stamp to prevent its future use, and showing the office through which the letter has passed and the despatch by which it goes. Indeed, the obliterating stamp shows even more than this. For each man engaged in the work has to sign in a book every evening, under an impression of the mark which he is to use,—an incident portrayed in Mr. Furniss's drawing. Thus, in any inquiry respecting the delay or ill-treatment of a letter, not only the despatch by which it left the General Post-Office, but the hand by which it was stamped, can be traced by means of the post-mark. For a time the great press of work is at the facing and stamping



STAMPING.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

tables. But the carrier-boys are soon hurrying further down the room and depositing bundles of letters before the sorters. This is the most serious part of the work. The men sit at long tables, and facing them are a series of compartments or pigeon-holes, bearing various labels. The sorting has three stages. At the first set of tables the letters are sorted into divisions, at the next into subdivisions, and at the third and last into "roads." The divisions consist of the several main lines of railway and a few of the very large towns, such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, while the carelessness of the public is represented by a compartment headed "Blind," for addresses which puzzle the sorters. As the divisional pigeon-holes are filled, their contents are taken off to the second set of tables, which are specially appropriated to the several railways. Here the bundles are further divided under the heads of the large towns on each line; and finally, the packets thus obtained are sorted into the name under which they will leave the building, or to use the technical term, into the "roads" on which they will be delivered. This term has come down from the old coaching days, or, to go still further back, from the original running-posts of Charles I., which, it will be remembered, followed the great main roads. As now used, however, it often designates a single post-town, and must be taken as only a distinguishing name for the final sortation to which the letters are subjected. Sorting is perhaps a tamer process than stamping, as a little thought is required to shuffle the letters aright, and consideration and speed bear an inverse ratio to each other in any manual labour. But it is striking to see the rapidity with which a practised hand will make the bundles of letters disappear and re-form before him. In the case of packets, a larger table is used, and baskets are substituted for pigeon-holes. The packets fly about in a merry way, as they are thrown with unerring accuracy into the several mouths yawning to receive them, and the scene, looking down one of the long tables, is a very lively one. It is this phase of the sorting process that the artist has selected for his sketch.

SORTING LETTER PACKETS.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

As the sorting tables are now getting fairly into work, it is time to ascend to the gallery and take a bird's-eye view of the long room.

To the lazy visitor who likes to take his amusement without mental exertion, this is perhaps the best part of his tour. He is, as it were, wrapped in an atmosphere of hurried movement. Long rows of men are dealing out the letters like cards, boys are hurrying from one table to another with piles of letters, batches of mail-bags just arrived from District Offices are being hurriedly shunted in and made to disgorge the bundles of letters within them, letter-packets are being poured from one basket to another, the overseers are shouting their directions to the busy crowd. There is a strong light on the floor and the tables, while directly below us are dark shadows and bright circlets of yellow flame glancing up from the dark setting of the almost opaque shades.

When we have taken in to the full the enjoyable sensation of watching a crowd of workers from this safe eminence, we may by circuitous passages and odds and ends of stairs—all giving one the impression that they could not have been intended by the architect — arrive at the Newspaper Room, and see the process going on below repeated with such variations as the bulkier nature of the things to be sorted demands. There is one duty in this room which must be the desire of all the younger sorters. A boy stands on the top of a long flat table wallowing in newspapers almost up to his knees, and throws handfuls along the table to the end where the facing clerks stand,—performing in fact the same function as the policeman who makes a crowd "move on." While the facing and stamping and sorting takes place, it is the duty of certain experienced officials to make a tour of the tables and to pounce upon a certain number of packets for examination. These are taken to a separate desk and opened, the rule being that everything which is posted open at the ends may be subjected to this process. The object of the examination, which the artist has shown in process in the accompanying sketch, is to ascertain whether anything is being sent for a halfpenny in the folds of the newspaper which is liable either to letter or book rate. It is said that of the newspapers selected for examination about half are found to offend. It is to be hoped, however, that this result is not a guage of the honesty of the public, but an evidence of the wonderful detective power developed in the examiners through constant practice. Proceeding a little further on the upper story of the building, we come to the Foreign Room, where we may stand by a shoot and see sacks of letters despatched to all parts of the world, and may learn the startling fact that a circular may be sent for a halfpenny to the north of China, travelling over long distances through the dreary flats of Russia and the desolate wastes of Siberia by a courier on horseback, or, at the will of the sender, crossing the two great oceans by way of San Francisco. Both in the Newspaper and the Foreign Rooms small witches' cauldrons may be noticed here and there, containing a simmering red compound, which "an officer"—every one is an officer in the Post-Office—stirs up from time to time, though not with the orthodox trident. This is the wax used for sealing the large bags. The foreign-going wax is of a superior character, quite a delightful scarlet, and the old man who has grown grey and bent in superintending its use, has an air quite in keeeping with his odd employment. He puts his wax not on the bags themselves, but on wooden labels through which the twine passes,—labels which, after guarding their bags half round the world, are carefully preserved and returned to St. Martin's to pass through the fiery waters of purification and enter upon another round of service. There can be few greater travellers in the British Isles than these little labels.

From the Foreign Branch we may pass to the Registered Letter Department, but it will probably take more time than there is at the disposal of a casual visitor to understand thoroughly the mysteries of this craft. A registered letter is never passed from one officer to another without a receipt being taken for it. If any idea has been given of the process of sorting and the speed with which it is necessarily performed—about half a million of letters pass through the General Post-Office every night—it will be obvious that the giving and taking of receipts from table to table would be practically impossible. The difficulty is got over by substituting for the letter itself a form of receipt containing the address. This form is given out by the clerk who opens the registered letter-bag on its arrival. It passes through the whole process of sortation, and when it reaches the hands of the man who is to make up the bag for despatch, it is signed by him, brought to the original table, and exchanged for the letter itself. Thus only two hands touch the letter—the clerk who opens the in-coming bag, and the clerk who makes up the out-going. Registered letters are sent in separate small blue bags, which are put inside the larger bags for final despatch.

But time flies, and there are one or two corners of the main room to be seen before the bags are made up. One of them is

devoted to the task of extricating from their hopeless situation the letters which, through the incoherence of their addresses, have got into a blind turning. Experienced officials search the Post-Office Guide and Directories, and if a probable destination is found, the endorsement we have all sometimes seen on our letters, "Try so and so," is made. Some of the most extraordinary perversions of addresses which have been detected by this process have been preserved by the department in a book which is shown to visitors. One would not at first sight recognise that "Santlings, Hilewite," was intended for "St. Helen's, Isle of Wight," or that "Haselfeach in no famtshere" meant "Hazelbeach, Northamptonshire." Metropolitan places come in for their share of distortion. Holborn Viaduct is consolidated into "Obanvidock," and Mile End appears as "Mailand." Either an excess of loyalty, or some haziness as to the precise division of labour between the Sovereign and her Ministers must have prompted the person who addressed a letter "to the Sectery of Wore, Chelsey Osbitile, London, Queen Victoria," while the importance of preserving a broad distinction between urban and rural districts may perhaps have animated Lord Northbrook's correspondent, who addressed his lordship as "Lordnorthbrook, Stroton House, Country." Of course there are addresses which are absolutely hopeless, and there are letters which bear no address at all. One can quite understand from one's personal experience that a letter must occasionally be slipped into the post in a blank envelope. But it is somewhat startling to be told that in each of the last two years there were more than 26,000 of such letters; and perhaps still more so to find that carelessness is not precluded when money is at stake, for in this batch was inclosed in each year about £6,000 in cash, cheques, or some other form. It was perhaps, however, confidence in the Post-Office rather than negligence which was exemplified by the man who in 1881 posted a £5 Bank of England note without any cover whatever, but merely folded in two, and bearing a penny postage stamp.

THE DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT—SEARCHING THE NEWSPAPERS.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

In another corner of the building aid of a different character is given to the public. There is a "Hospital" for packets which arrive in bad condition. It needed the Parcel Post fully to exemplify the extraordinary carelessness of many persons in packing, but the Hospital in the Letter Department is never idle. Every evening may be seen there delicate articles of millinery escaped from their paper wrappers, which have been torn to shreds by contact with harder substances, whalebone and steel cutting its way through paper covers, packets of seeds or powder gaping at every corner, or, perhaps, a plaster medallion inclosed in a single sheet of paper already torn in two or three places. Such wounded and helpless packets are carefully tended in the Post-Office Hospital (over which a distinguished athlete whose face may be seen in the accompanying sketch, presides), and are sent on their way with an appropriate outfit. In another corner is an official who keeps an account of all letters addressed to the Queen. Many of these are sent unpaid, and, as Her Majesty pays postage like her subjects, these letters are invariably refused, and the postage collected if possible from the senders.

BLIND LETTERS.
From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

Here also are records kept of the amount of work done by the Post-Office for other departments. The correspondence of the Government is reckoned by many thousands of letters every day,—probably 50,000 would be under the mark. The Savings' Bank Department of the Post-Office itself furnishes a very good contingent every day.

Eight o'clock is now approaching, and interest centres in the making up and despatch of the mail-bags. At the north end of the great room is a crowd of men and boys jostling each other in the eagerness of the work. Bags labelled to the various post-offices are held with open mouths to receive the bundles of letters tossed into them. Here is a lad with a full bag ruthlessly twisting its canvas neck, and throttling it with a piece of string. Little gas jets fly out from under the tables, huge sticks of wax are produced, the ends of string are buried under a molten mass, and the official seal clapped on. In all the haste there is method. Certain seals are used for certain bags, and the man who uses them signs his name in a book, so that the bag may be hereafter traced to him, if necessary. Rapidly the bags are shouldered and hurried away to the gallery outside the building.

Up to the last moment batches of letters are brought up from the late-fee boxes The first sortation only can be effected with these letters. They are sent to their appropriate line of railway, and put in a bag labelled for the travelling post-offices to be then further sorted. Outside the scene is very animated. Backed against the railings, so as to bring the top of the cart on a level with the floor, stands a row of the pair-horse mail-vans with which London is familiar. These carts are constructed with a door behind, and a roof which opens in two flaps. To receive the mails the door is shut and the roof opened so that the mail-bags can be thrown from the gallery into the cart. Down a shoot from the upper story of the building come upon

the floor of the gallery heavy bags of newspapers, while from the lower floor issue the letters in a constant stream. Over each cart is placed a ticket denoting the line to which it is going, or, in some cases, the name of a very large town, such as Manchester or Liverpool; and by each cart is a clerk, who ticks off the number of bags deposited. The hurried movements of the porters as they enter, or pass along the gallery bent under their loads, the crowd round the newspaper shoot, the touches of colour on the uniforms of postmen and mail drivers, and on the sides of the carts as they move off one by one with their appointed cargoes, the stream of dark figures crossing the yard within a few minutes after the clock has struck—for work is finished for the majority at eight o'clock—all seen by the imperfect light of flaring gas-lamps in the gathering darkness of the evening, and enlivened by the cries of the checking clerks, the constant thud of the bags as they come down the shoot or are thrown into the carts, and the stamp and scrape of the horses' hoofs on the stones of the yard as the first effort is made to move the weight behind, combine to give a strong element of picturesqueness to the departure of the mails. By a quarter past eight the yard is empty, and half-an-hour later the mails should be in the trains.

The Post-Office does all its cartage by contract, and the contractor is bound to convey the mails from the Post-Office to the railway terminus in a specified time. All the great mail-trains again start and arrive at a time fixed by the Postmaster-General. The carts which leave St. Martin's a few minutes after eight must reach the most distant terminus, Paddington, in little over half an hour, and by nine o'clock all the mail-bags are on their way at the top speed which steam can achieve to their respective destinations. This busy scene, enacted every night, represents, it must be remembered, only one phase of activity at the General Post-Office. There are midnight provincial mails to be despatched; the morning mails go out between six and eight; and there is the constant service of London throughout the day. There are also specially heavy mails from abroad, and the extraordinary pressure of the great holiday times. During the last Christmas week nearly fourteen millions of extra letters and packets passed through the Central Office. Occasionally, too, there are startling despatches by single business firms. One such firm last year posted 132,000 letters at one time, and another 167,000 post-cards. What such abnormal work must mean can only be guessed by reference to what takes place every night. That it can be disposed of without sensibly interfering with the ordinary correspondence of the country proves that the arrangements of the Post-Office have attained a high pitch of efficiency.

Let us endeavour to follow some of the letters which we have seen despatched from St. Martin's-le-Grand a little further on their routes. Some of them have a very plain and simple experience. They travel in the bags in which they leave the General Post-Office directly by rail to the town to which they are addressed, where they are sorted and delivered. Others again are conveyed from the station at which the train deposits them, many miles across country in a mail-cart to the town for which they are intended, often performing the journey at dead of night. Then there are the letters which are intended for country places which are not post-towns. There are now more than six hundred post-towns in England and Wales, and it is a principle of postal circulation, handed down from the earliest days, that other places should, as a rule, be grouped around these towns as centres. The letter for a country village, therefore, first arrives in a sealed bag at the post-town from which such village is served. It is there re-sorted into another bag addressed to the village post-office, or it may be given at once to a rural letter-carrier to deliver on his round. For post-towns are connected with the villages and scattered country-houses, rectories and farms, in the district around, by the country postman, who not only delivers but collects on his walk, and thus forms an important link between the most out-of-the-way place and the world at large. But there are many letters which are not suffered to lie quietly in their bags during the rapid journey of the train. Inside the mail-van the scene at St. Martin's-le-Grand is repeated in miniature. Many of the bags which are delivered from head-quarters are opened, the contents re-sorted, and fresh bags addressed to minor post-towns, or to other places on the line of railway are made up and sealed. Letters arriving late are, as we have seen, perforce subjected to this process, but they are by no means singular in their fate. The travelling post-office is extensively used as a supplement to the great central establishments, and as a means of hastening the journey of letters after they leave the train. If, for example, the travelling post-office, instead of delivering at some town half a dozen bags, all addressed to the post-office there, the contents of which must be re-

sorted, gives out each bag already addressed to some more distant place which is served from the town, the letters may be sent on without delay and much time is obviously saved. At many places which are not even post-towns, bags made up in the train are at once deposited. Nor is this deposit of bags confined to places at which the mail-train stops. At certain points on the great lines nets are erected into which bags may be thrown from the passing train, while the travelling post-office in its turn catches mail-bags in a similar way. The letters and packets which are the subject of this game of catch do not, as may well be imagined, always escape scatheless. But the occasional receipt of a packet with the unpleasant endorsement "found open," or even with the contents somewhat shattered, is willingly put up with in consideration of the great convenience of receiving correspondence direct from such trains as the Limited Scotch and the Irish mails, and the Flying Dutchman, instead of waiting till the letters can be brought back again from some distant town.

In Germany the travelling post-office is used even more extensively than in this country, but the Germans are not in so great a hurry as the English, and the bag-exchanging apparatus is comparatively little employed.

Such are some of the adventures which befall our letters. We find them on the breakfast table in the morning, and treat their appearance as no more remarkable than that of the coffee and toast. We write to our friends with a confidence approaching to absolute certainty that they will be reading our words the next morning. That which is matter of everyday occurrence ceases, of course, to be astonishing. But when we stand in the whirl of the General Post-Office, and see the letters flying hither and thither, and realise the number of hands through which they pass, the many combinations and rearrangements to which they are necessarily subject, and the scant time for consideration on the part of those who handle them, we approach the question, as it were, from the other side, and it seems really surprising that half our letters do not miscarry. As a piece of organisation in which machinery takes no part, but which depends entirely upon forethought and care on the part of the controllers, and dexterity of finger and nimbleness of mind on the part of the subordinates, the letter post has few rivals. Carlyle was never tired of exulting in the marvellous efficiency produced by military drill. The Post-Office exemplifies a skill of a higher kind than that of soldiers, and may boast an army moving with a precision as exact as that of any destructive force, and working always, not for any merely negative result, but to further the better acquaintance of man with man, to facilitate the interchange of ideas and commodities, and consequently to increase good will and mutual helpfulness.

WAX.

From a Drawing by HARRY FURNISS.

THE CHARACTER OF DOGS.

THE civilisation, the manners and the morals of dog-kind are to a great extent subordinated to those of his ancestral master, man. This animal, in many ways so superior, has accepted a position of inferiority, shares the domestic life, and humours the caprices of the tyrant. But the potentate, like the British in India, pays small regard to the character of his willing client, judges him with listless glances, and condemns him in a bye-word. Listless have been the looks of his admirers, who have exhausted idle terms of praise, and buried the poor soul below exaggerations. And yet more idle and, if possible, more unintelligent has been the attitude of his express detractors: those who are very fond of dogs "but in their proper place;" who say "poo' fellow, poo' fellow," and are themselves far poorer; who whet the knife of the vivisectionist or heat his oven; who are not ashamed to admire "the creature's instinct;" and flying far beyond folly, have dared to resuscitate the theory of animal machines. The "dog's instinct" and the "automaton-dog," in this age of psychology and science, sound like strange anachronisms. An automaton, he certainly is: a machine working independently of his control, the heart like the mill-wheel, keeping all in motion, and the consciousness, like a person shut in the mill garret, enjoying the view out of the window and shaken by the thunder of the stones:—an automaton in one corner of which a living spirit is confined: an automaton like man. Instinct again, he certainly possesses. Inherited aptitudes are his, inherited frailties. Some things he at once views and understands, as though he were awakened from a sleep, as though he came "trailing clouds of glory." But with him, as with man, the field of instinct is limited; its utterances are obscure and occasional; and about the far larger part of life both the dog and his master must conduct their steps by deduction and observation.

The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that the one can speak and that the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect; it hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysic; at the same blow it saves him from many superstitions; and his silence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justifies. The faults of the dog are many. He is vainer than man, singularly greedy of notice, singularly intolerant of ridicule, suspicious like the deaf, jealous to the degree of frenzy, and radically devoid of truth. The day of an intelligent small dog is passed in the manufacture and the laborious communication of falsehood; he lies with his tail, he lies with his eye, he lies with his protesting paw; and when he rattles his dish or scratches at the door his purpose is other than appears. But he has some apology to offer for the vice. Many of the signs which form his dialect have come to bear an arbitrary meaning, clearly understood both by his master and himself; yet when a new want arises he must either invent a new vehicle of meaning or wrest an old one to a different purpose; and this necessity,

frequently recurring, must tend to lessen his idea of the sanctity of symbols. Meanwhile the dog is clear in his own conscience, and draws, with a human nicety, the distinction between formal and essential truth. Of his punning perversions, his legitimate dexterity with symbols, he is even vain; but when he has told or been detected in a lie, there is not a hair upon his body but confesses guilt. To a dog of gentlemanly feeling, theft and falsehood are disgraceful vices. The canine, like the human, gentleman demands in his misdemeanours Montaigne's "*je ne sais quoi de généreux.*" He is never more than half ashamed of having barked or bitten; and for those faults into which he has been led by the desire to shine before a lady of his race, he retains, even under physical correction, a share of pride. But to be caught lying, if he understands it, instantly uncurls his fleece.

Just as among dull observers he preserves a name for truth, the dog has been credited with modesty. It is amazing how the use of language blunts the faculties of man—that because vainglory finds no vent in words, creatures supplied with eyes have been unable to detect a fault so gross and obvious. If a small spoiled dog were suddenly to be endowed with speech, he would prate interminably, and still about himself: when we had friends, we should be forced to lock him in a garret; and what with his whining jealousies and his foible for falsehood, in a year's time he would have gone far to weary out our love. I was about to compare him to Sir Willoughby Patterne, but the Patternes have a manlier sense of their own merits; and the parallel, besides, is ready. Hans Christian Andersen, as we behold him in his startling memoirs, thrilling from top to toe with an excruciating vanity, and scouting even along the street for shadows of offence—here was the talking dog.

It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into his satellite position as the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves his independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into slavery, and praised and patted into the renunciation of his nature. Once he ceased hunting and became man's plate-licker, the Rubicon was crossed. Thenceforth he was a gentleman of leisure; and except the few whom we keep working, the whole race grew more and more self-conscious, mannered and affected. The number of things that a small dog does naturally is strangely small. Enjoying better spirits and not crushed under material cares, he is far more theatrical than average man. His whole life, if he be a dog of any pretension to gallantry, is spent in a vain show, and in the hot pursuit of admiration. Take out your puppy for a walk, and you will find the little ball of fur clumsy, stupid, bewildered, but natural. Let but a few

SOCIAL INEQUALITY.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

months pass, and when you repeat the process you will find nature buried in convention. He will do nothing plainly; but the simplest processes of our material life will all be bent into the forms of an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. Instinct, says the fool, has awakened. But it is not so. Some dogs—some, at the very least—if they be kept separate from others, remain quite natural; and these, when at length they meet with a companion of experience, and have the game explained to them, distinguish themselves by the severity of their devotion to its rules. I wish I were allowed to tell a story which would radiantly illuminate the point; but men, like dogs, have an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. It is their bond of sympathy that both are the children of convention.

The Wife-beater.

THE HERO OF A SAD HISTORY.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

The person, man or dog, who has a conscience is eternally condemned to some degree of humbug; the sense of the law in their members fatally precipitates either towards a frozen and affected bearing. And the converse is true; and in the elaborate and conscious manners of the dog, moral opinions and the love of the ideal stand confessed. To follow for ten minutes in the street some swaggering, canine cavalier, is to receive a lesson in dramatic art and the cultured conduct of the body; in every act and gesture you see him true to a refined conception; and the dullest cur, beholding him, pricks up his ear and proceeds to imitate and parody that charming ease. For to be a high-mannered and high-minded gentleman, careless, affable, and gay, is the inborn pretension of the dog. The large dog, so much lazier, so much more weighed upon with matter, so majestic in repose, so beautiful in effort, is born with the dramatic means to wholly represent the part. And it is more pathetic and perhaps more instructive to consider the small dog in his conscientious and imperfect efforts to outdo Sir Philip Sidney. For the ideal of the dog is feudal and religious; the ever-present polytheism, the whip-bearing Olympus of mankind, rules them on the one hand; on the other, their singular difference of size and strength among themselves effectually prevents the appearance of the democratic notion. Or we might more exactly compare their society to the curious spectacle presented by a school—ushers, monitors, and big and little boys—qualified by one circumstance, the introduction of the other sex. In each, we should observe a somewhat similar tension of manner, and somewhat similar points of honour. In each, the larger animal keeps a contemptuous good humour; in each the smaller annoys him with wasplike impudence, certain of practical immunity; in each we shall find a double life producing double characters, and an excursive and noisy heroism combined with a fair amount of practical timidity. I have known dogs, and I have known school heroes that, set aside the fur, could hardly have been told apart; and if we desire to understand the chivalry of old, we must turn to the school playfields or the dungheap where the dogs are trooping.

Woman, with the dog, has been long enfranchised. Incessant massacre of female innocents has changed the proportions of the sexes and perverted their relations. Thus, when we regard the manners of the dog, we see a romantic and monogamous animal, once perhaps as delicate as the cat, at war with impossible conditions. Man has much to answer for; and the part he plays is yet more damnable and parlous than Corin's in the eyes of Touchstone. But his intervention has, at least, created an imperial situation for the rare surviving ladies. In that society they reign without a rival: conscious queens; and in the only instance of a canine wife-beater that has ever fallen under my notice, the criminal was somewhat excused by the circumstances of his story. He is a little, very alert, well-bred, intelligent Skye, as black as a hat, with a wet bramble for a nose and two cairngorms for eyes. To the human observer, he is decidedly well-looking; but to the ladies of his race he seems abhorrent. A thorough, elaborate gentleman, of the plume and sword-knot order, he was born

with a nice sense of gallantry to women. He took at their hands the most outrageous treatment; I have heard him bleating like a sheep, I have seen him streaming blood, and his ear tattered like a regimental banner; and yet he would scorn to make reprisals. Nay more, when a human lady upraised the contumelious whip against the very dame who had been so cruelly misusing him, my little great-heart gave but one hoarse cry and fell upon the tyrant, tooth and nail. This is the tale of a soul's tragedy. After three years of unavailing chivalry, he suddenly, in one hour, threw off the yoke of obligation; had he been Shakespeare he would then have written *Troilus and Cressida* to brand the offending sex; but being only a little dog, he began to bite them. The surprise of the ladies whom he attacked indicated the monstrosity of his offence; but he had fairly beaten off his better angel, fairly committed moral suicide; for almost in the same hour, throwing aside the last rags of decency, he proceeded to attack the aged also. The fact is worth remark, showing, as it does, that ethical laws are common both to dogs and men; and that with both a single deliberate violation of the conscience loosens all. "But while the lamp holds on to burn," says the paraphrase, "the greatest sinner may return." I have been cheered to see symptoms of effectual penitence in my sweet ruffian; and by the handling that he accepted uncomplainingly the other day from an indignant fair one, I begin to hope the period of *sturm und drang* is closed.

All these little gentlemen are subtle casuists. The duty to the female dog is plain; but where competing duties rise, down they will sit and study them out, like Jesuit confessors. I knew another little Skye, somewhat plain in manner and appearance, but a creature compact of amiability and solid wisdom. His family going abroad for a winter, he was received for that period by an uncle in the same city. The winter over, his own family home again, and his own house (of which he was very proud) re-opened, he found himself in a dilemma between two conflicting duties of loyalty and gratitude. His old friends were not to be neglected, but it seemed hardly decent to desert the new. This was how he solved the problem. Every morning, as soon as the door was opened, off posted Coolin to his uncle's, visited the children in the nursery, saluted the whole family, and was back at home in time for breakfast and his bit of fish. Nor was this done without a sacrifice on his part, sharply felt; for he had to forego the particular honour and jewel of his day—his morning's walk with my father. And, perhaps from this cause, he gradually wearied of and relaxed the practice, and at length returned entirely to his ancient habits. But the same decision served him in another and more distressing case of divided duty, which happened not long after. He was not at all a kitchen dog, but the cook had nursed him with unusual kindness during the distemper; and though he did not adore her as he adored my father—although (born snob) he was critically conscious of her position as "only a servant"—he still cherished for her a special gratitude. Well, the cook left, and retired some streets away to lodgings of her own; and there was Coolin in precisely the same situation with any young gentleman who has had the inestimable benefit of a faithful nurse. The canine conscience did not solve the problem with a pound of tea at Christmas. No longer content to pay a flying visit, it was the whole forenoon that he dedicated to his solitary friend. And so, day by day, he continued to comfort her solitude until (for some reason which I could never understand and cannot approve) he was kept locked up to break him of the graceful habit. Here, it is not the similarity, it is the difference, that is worthy of remark; the clearly marked degrees of gratitude and the proportional duration of his visits. Anything farther removed from instinct it were hard to fancy; and one is even stirred to a certain impatience with a character so destitute of spontaneity, so passionless in justice, and so priggishly obedient to the voice of reason.

There are not many dogs like this good Coolin, and not many people. But the type is one well marked, both in the human and the canine family. Gallantry was not his aim, but a solid and somewhat oppressive respectability. He was a sworn foe to the unusual and the conspicuous, a praiser of the golden mean, a kind of city uncle modified by Cheeryble. And as he was precise and conscientious in all the steps of his own blameless course, he looked for the same precision and an even greater gravity in the bearing of his deity, my father. It was no sinecure to be Coolin's idol: he was exacting like a rigid parent; and at every sign of levity in the man whom he respected, he announced loudly the death of virtue and the proximate fall of the pillars of the earth. I have called him a snob; but all dogs are so, though in varying degrees. It is hard to follow their snobbery among themselves; for though I think we can perceive distinctions of rank, we cannot grasp what is the criterion.

Thus in Edinburgh, in a good part of the town, there were several distinct societies or clubs that met in the morning to—the phrase is technical—to "rake the backets" in a troop. A friend of mine, the master of three dogs, was one day surprised to observe that they had left one club and joined another; but whether it was a rise or a fall, and the result of an invitation or an expulsion, was more than he could guess. And this illustrates pointedly our ignorance of the real life of dogs, their social ambitions and their social hierarchies. At least, in their dealings with men they are not only conscious of sex, but of the difference of station. And that in the most snobbish manner; for and to live in a town was what he refused. He led, I believe, a life of troubled but genuine pleasure, and perished beyond all question in a trap. But this was an exception, a marked reversion to the ancestral type; like the hairy, human infant. The true dog of the nineteenth century, to judge by the remainder of my fairly large acquaintance, is in love with respectability. A street-dog was once adopted by a lady. While still an Arab, he had done as Arabs do, gambolling in the mud, charging into butchers' stalls, a cat-hunter, a sturdy beggar, a common rogue and vagabond; but with his rise into society, he laid aside these inconsistent pleasures. He stole no more, he

NOT RECEIVED IN SOCIETY.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

the poor man's dog is not offended by the notice of the rich, and keeps all his ugly feeling for those poorer or more ragged than his master. And again, for every station they have an ideal of behaviour, to which the master, under pain of derogation, will do wisely to conform. How often has not a cold glance of an eye informed me that my dog was disappointed; and how much more gladly would he not have taken a beating than to be thus wounded in the seat of piety!

I knew one disrespectable dog. He was far liker a cat; cared little or nothing for men, with whom he merely co-existed as we do with cattle, and was entirely devoted to the art of poaching. A house would not hold him, hunted no more cats; and conscious of his collar, he ignored his old companions. Yet the canine upper class was never brought to recognise the upstart, and from that hour, except for human countenance, he was alone. Friendless, shorn of his sports and the habits of a lifetime, he still lived in a glory of happiness, content with his acquired respectability, and with no care but to support it solemnly. Are we to condemn or praise this self-made dog? We praise his human brother. And thus to conquer vicious habits is as rare with dogs as with men. With the more part, for all their scruple-mongering and moral thought, the vices that are born with them remain invincible throughout; and they live all their years,

glorying in their virtues, but still the slaves of their defects. Thus the sage Coolin was a thief to the last; among a thousand peccadilloes, a whole goose and a whole cold leg of mutton lay upon his conscience; but Woggs, whose soul's shipwreck in the matter of gallantry I have recounted above, has only twice been known to steal, and has often nobly conquered the temptation. The eighth is his favourite commandment. There is something painfully human in these unequal virtues and mortal frailties of the best. Still more painful is the bearing of those "stammering professors" in the house of sickness and under the terror of death. It is beyond a doubt to me that, somehow or other, the dog connects together, or confounds, the uneasiness of sickness and the consciousness of guilt. To the pains of the body he often adds the tortures of the conscience; and at these times his haggard protestations form, in regard to the human deathbed, a dreadful parody or parallel.

I once supposed that I had found an inverse relation between the double etiquette which dogs obey; and that those who were most addicted to the showy street life among other dogs were less careful in the practice of home virtues for the tyrant man. But the female dog, that mass of carneying affectations, shines equally in either sphere; rules her rough posse of attendant swains with unwearying tact and gusto; and with her master and mistress pushes the arts of insinuation to their crowning point. The attention of man and the regard of other dogs flatter (it would thus appear) the same sensibility, but perhaps, if we could read the canine heart, they would be found to flatter it in very different degrees. Dogs live with man as courtiers round a monarch, steeped in the flattery of his notice and enriched with sinecures. To push their favour in this world of pickings and caresses is, perhaps, the business of their lives; and their joys may lie outside. I am in despair at our persistent ignorance. I read in the lives of our companions the same processes of reason, the same antique and fatal conflicts of the right against the wrong, and of unbitted nature with too rigid custom; I see them with our weaknesses, vain, false, inconstant against appetite, and with our one stalk of virtue, devoted to the dream of an ideal; and yet, as they hurry by me on the street with tail in air, or come singly to solicit my regard, I must own the secret purport of their lives is still inscrutable to man. Is man the friend, or is he the patron only? Have they indeed forgotten nature's voice? or are those moments snatched from courtiership when they touch noses with the tinker's mongrel, the brief reward and pleasure of their artificial lives? Doubtless, when man shares with his dog the toils of a profession and the pleasures of an art, as with the shepherd or the poacher, the affection warms and strengthens till it fills the soul. But doubtless, also, the masters are, in many cases, the object of a merely interested cultus, sitting aloft like Louis Quatorze, giving and receiving flattery and favour; and the dogs, like the majority of men, have but foregone their true existence and become the dupes of their ambition.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE PRODUCT OF CIVILISATION.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

HUMMING-BIRDS.
From a Drawing by C. WHYMPER.

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S RELATIVES.

IN a certain tangled Jamaican garden, overgrown by scarlet poinsettias, crimson hibiscus, and the great trailing purplish masses of the gorgeous liana-like bougainvillea, I have often sat under my broad verandah, in the cooler hours of a tropical afternoon, and watched the common little bronze and emerald West Indian humming-birds flitting lightly from flower to flower of all the bell-shaped or tubular blossoms that grew beneath the meagre dappled shadows of the tall feathery coco-nut palms. Darting swiftly and invisibly from one big patch of scarlet or orange to another, they would poise themselves gracefully for a second before its open mouth, so that the eye could just perceive their motionless bodies and fluttering wings; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, they would be off again instantaneously, one never knew whither, till after a little looking one saw the selfsame tiny airy form poised again in similar guise before another flower,

and a wee forked tongue protruded with lightning speed to probe the inmost recesses of its nectar-bearing tube. Honey and insects the humming-birds suck hastily from the blossoms they visit; for they are really by origin insect-eating birds, and their nearest relatives in the northern hemisphere are our own dingy and inconspicuous little church-haunting and fly-catching English swifts.

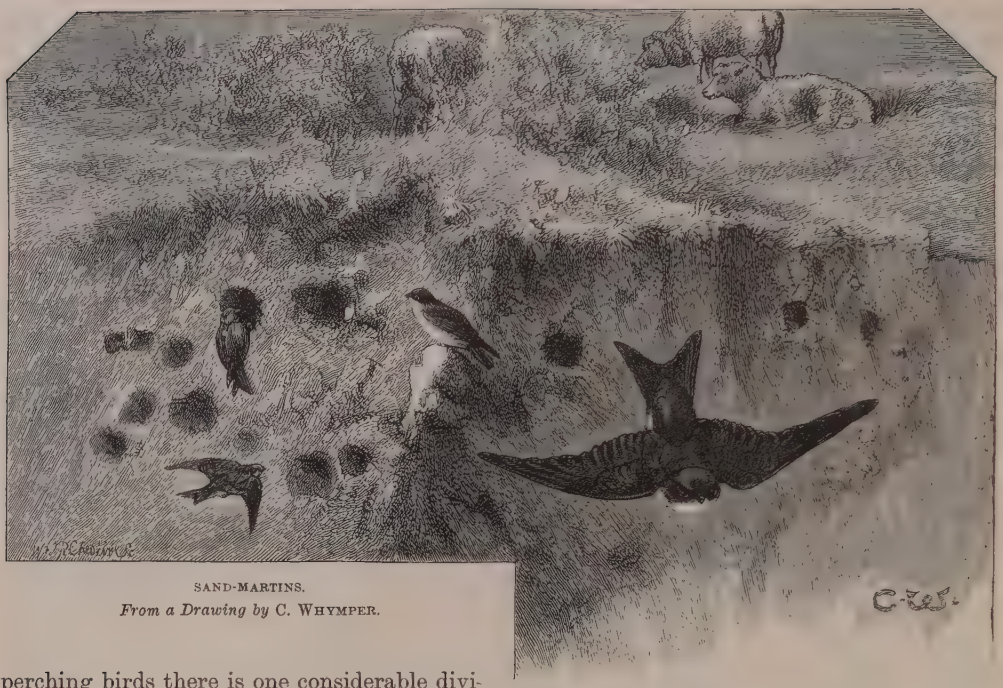
I never killed a humming-bird myself—I never had the heart to do it: but a friend who used to come and stay with me, often brought his murderous scientific air-gun, and, sitting leisurely in his bamboo chair under the verandah, used to shoot my pretty visitors with an infinitesimal charge of fine sand, "in the interests of science." When once they were really dead, however killed, there was no cause or just impediment why one should not dissect them: and dissection very soon showed what were the reasons which had induced modern ornithologists, like Mr. A. R. Wallace, to separate the humming-birds in their systematic classifications from the closely similar and brilliant sun-birds, and to place them next in order to the very unlike and commonplace northern swifts. The story of the strange cross-relationship between these three groups of birds and the English swallows is so curious a one, and it throws so much unexpected side-light on the queerly deceptive results often produced by evolution in the animal world, that we cannot do amiss in devoting half an hour to clearing up this odd bit of natural genealogical mystification.

Very few people in England, I suppose, really know the difference between swallows and swifts. We have some three kinds of true swallows in Britain, more or less familiar in our fields and meadows, from the common fork-tailed swallow that skims and curves along the ground in damp weather in pursuit of its flitting insect prey, to the rarer and prettier tiny sand-martins whose deep gallery nests honeycomb the soft sandy banks along the roadsides of our southern counties. But besides these familiar long-winged birds there is another common creature in England, extremely like them in shape, length of wing, and habit of flight; and that is the equally migratory European swift. The swifts come later than the true swallows to this country, and they go away earlier: yet hardly anybody except the regular naturalists ever notices, in all probability, the underlying difference between the two creatures. Most people, as they see the dainty agile birds swooping in long curves around the church steeples where they love to make their airy home, take them merely for large swallows, though they are really hardly any bigger in the body, and owe their deceptive appearance of great size entirely to the immense and disproportionate length of the wing pinions. Yet the swifts, in spite of their close resemblance to the swallow type, must in fact be reckoned as members of a totally different order of birds, and the similarity between them is due, not to any original identity of ancestral descent, but to like modifications of outer shape in adaptation to a like mode of life.

On the other hand, though swallows and swifts, which so closely imitate one another in every external particular, are not at all related in genealogical order; humming-birds and swifts, which differ so immensely from one another in every external particular, are very nearly related indeed. But, as if to complete this queer natural family puzzle, there are in India and other Asiatic countries, certain pretty little flower-haunting thrushes, accurately known as the sun-birds, which are so ridiculously like the true humming-birds in shape, size, colour, decoration, and flitting habits that they are universally described as humming-birds by all old Anglo-Indians and Eastern travellers outside the restricted naturalist interest. Let us see if we can discover how this odd set of cross-relationships and imitative resemblances has arisen in the simple course of the evolutionary process.

The birds with the history of whose development we have here to deal, all belong to one of two great natural orders, with whose technical peculiarities and distinctions I don't think we need trouble ourselves in any detail to-day. One of these is the order of the perchers or sparrow-like birds, in which also our own thrushes, blackbirds, crows, larks, finches, and wagtails are included. The other is the order of the woodpeckers, in which must be reckoned our English cuckoos and nightjars, as well as the parrots, toucans, hornbills, trogons, and plantain-eaters of the tropics. The swallows and sun-birds belong to the first of these two great natural divisions: the swifts and humming-birds belong to the second. They may be said to represent one another in the two orders, or, in other words, to be similar modifications of unlike ancestral types, specialised for filling the same places in the economy of nature.

And now first let us look at the two duskier and more northern groups, the swifts and swallows. Among the finch-like



SAND-MARTINS.
From a Drawing by C. WHYMPER.

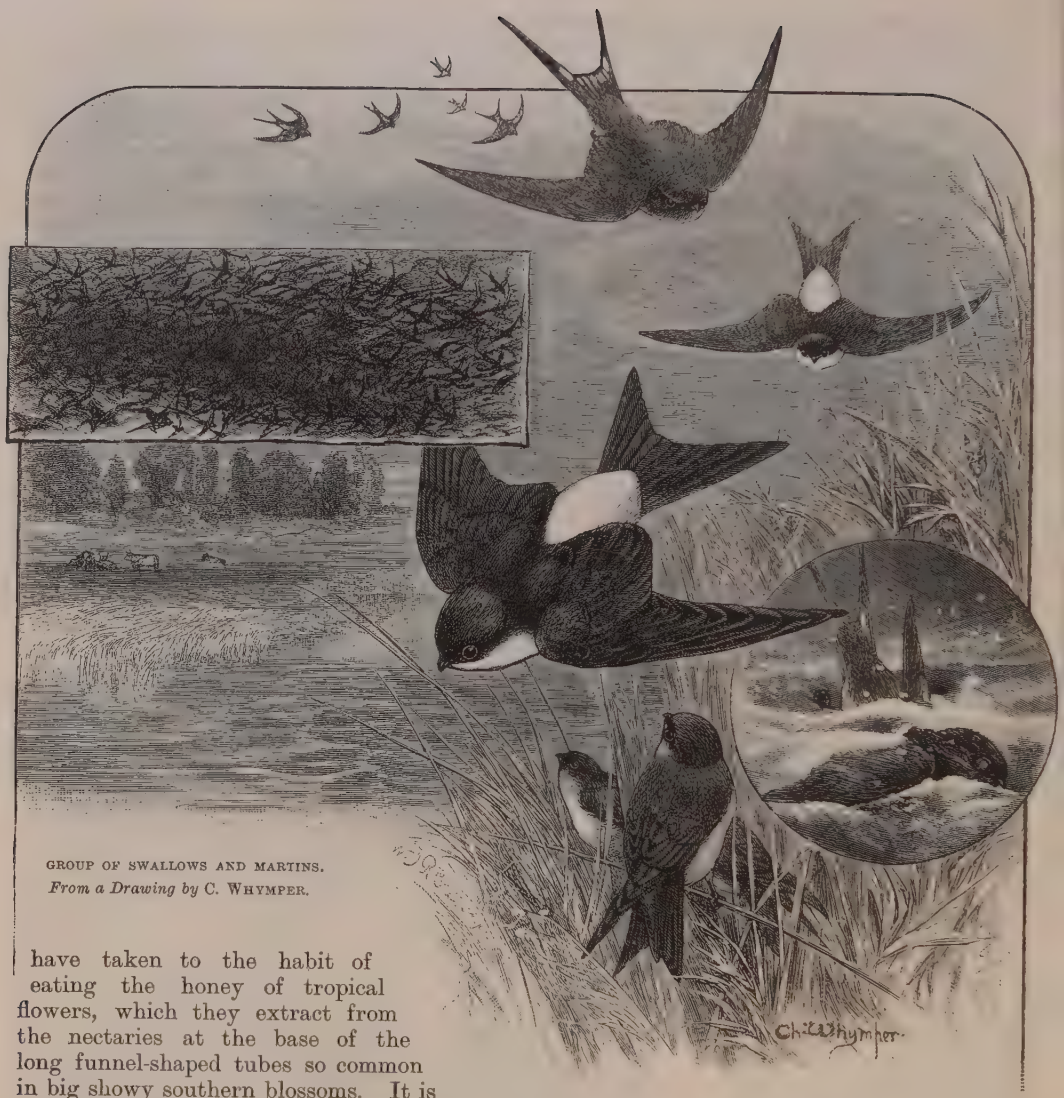
perching birds there is one considerable division which has taken entirely to living upon the smaller winged insects, and to the habit of catching them while actually on the wing, instead of hunting for them as they settle lightly upon the ground or the foliage of trees. This division is that of the common European swallows and martins. As a consequence, these birds have acquired certain noticeable general peculiarities of form and structure which fit them for their chosen mode of life—peculiarities partly due to increased use of special limbs or muscles, and partly to the constant survival of the best adapted individuals in the constant struggle for existence which everywhere goes on between the members of the same species. From time immemorial, ever since the ancestors of the swallows first took to hawking after flies in the open sunshine, the longest-winged and most powerful swallow must always have secured the largest amount of food for himself and his callow nestlings. As a consequence, such longest-winged birds have always best survived in their own persons and those of their descendants, while their shorter-winged rivals have constantly died out by being distanced in the continuous competition for food and offspring. All the other peculiarities of the swallows follow as a matter of course from these prime features of the primitive race. The body is small and very buoyant; the bones of the pinions are specially shaped for extended flight; the beak is broad and short, so as to snap easily at the prey which the bird pursues open-mouthed through the air; the whole system is in every respect designed for that rapid skimming motion over the grass of meadows which is so characteristic of the entire family. As the swallow hardly ever perches on the ground, its feet are naturally small, and its walking powers extremely feeble. Its insect food being abundant in the north during the summer only, it is necessarily also a migratory bird, and it passes the winter months in Algeria or Central Africa, returning to England, like other winter tourists, about April or May. Altogether it may be looked upon as the very type of a rapidly-flying, insect-hunting modification of the original sparrow form.

Now, among the totally unlike woodpecker group of birds, there is also a family which has taken quite independently to just the very selfsame mode of life, by catching midges and small mayflies as they hover lightly poised above grass or water. This family is that of the beautiful and graceful English swifts. There are other members of the woodpecker group which have adopted to some extent similar habits, especially the family of the goatsuckers or mosquito-hawks, including our own nightjars and the American whip-poor-wills—nocturnal birds, which prowl after the insects that love the dusk, and have so acquired comparatively

long wings and considerable power of pinion. But in these respects the swifts far surpass them, excelling even the swallows themselves in their marvellous breadth of wing and sustained endurance in the air. The same bones which have grown long in the swallow have for the same reason grown still longer in the swift: there is the same broad short beak, the same smallness and feebleness of the feet, the same habit of living almost entirely on the wing, the same migratory instinct, necessitated by the similar annual deficiency of food. Even the practice of building round about habitations is common to both races, for though the swift is the better ecclesiologist of the two kinds, loving to perch his nest under the tall pinnacles of some cathedral steeple, yet the swallow, too, is fond of churches, and neither bird wholly despises the shelter of overhanging cottage eaves. So like, in fact, have the two kinds become by this independent modification to similar circumstances, that they were long counted by earlier naturalists as members of a single great family. As our modern evolutionary biologists put it, the two groups, though originally quite distinct, have converged in external adaptive characters. How, then, are we able now to discover their primitive ancestral unlikeness? Simply by certain deep-seated unlikenesses in certain unobtrusive but structurally important anatomical points. Into the details of these points (which are by no means attractive to the untechnical mind) it is not necessary here to enter fully: it must suffice to say that in five main particulars the swift differs essentially from the swallows, and agrees with the woodpecker group, and more especially with its own near relations, the humming-birds: and these five particulars are the shape and outline of the breastbone, the distribution of the feathers on the skin, the arrangement of the muscles of the toes, the number of the tail feathers, and the want of a vocal organ on the windpipe. Such deep-seated points of structure serve as clues to the real ancestral relationships of animals: the mere external likenesses often depend only (as in this case) on similarity of accidental circumstances and mode of life.

When we pass on to consider the respective development of the sun-birds and the humming-birds, this cardinal truth is even more fully forced upon us. The sun-birds belong to the order of perchers —that is to say, the same group which includes the swallows and sparrows, not that which includes the swifts and humming-birds. But instead of hunting insects in the open, like the swallows, they

SWIFTS IN MID AIR.
From a Drawing by C. WHYMPER.



GROUP OF SWALLOWS AND MARTINS.
From a Drawing by C. WHYMPER.

have taken to the habit of eating the honey of tropical flowers, which they extract from the nectaries at the base of the long funnel-shaped tubes so common in big showy southern blossoms. It is easy enough to see how a family of insect-eating birds, inhabiting the forests and jungles of Africa and India, might readily undergo this simple change of taste and habit. Large numbers of insects are always to be found searching for honey around the mouths of brilliant scarlet or crimson flowers; and it was the insects, not the nectar, in the first place, that the ancestral sun-birds originally took to collecting from the base of the blossoms. Naturally enough, they would learn to hunt for them where they were most abundant: and it is a significant fact that the nearest relatives of the sun-birds, such as our own English creepers, feed entirely off an unmixed insect diet. Indeed, the sun-birds themselves are still to a great extent insectivorous: for though they now feed largely on honey, they take their honey a good deal mixed with casual weevils or flies, and in confinement they do not refuse small worms, ants' eggs, and bits of bread sweetened to their taste in sugar and water. Still, they have naturally undergone a great deal of modification in adaptation to their acquired habits of flower-haunting and honey-eating. The bill has become very long and slender with a curved point, so as to probe the inmost recesses of the long trumpet-shaped Indian flowers; the tongue has grown extremely long and extensile, so that it can be rapidly darted out to ransack the deep nectary and catch the insects that flutter in its honeyed depths: the body and wings have been fitted not for swooping

in great curves like the swifts and swallows, but for poising easily in front of an open bell, and there treading the air motionless, as it were, while the bird extracts the flies and honey from the flower before it. Almost all the sun-birds are also creatures of a remarkably brilliant plumage, generally glistening with metallic lustre, for a reason which we shall have a little later to consider. It is no wonder, therefore, that they should so commonly be taken for humming-birds by the world at large, seeing that the two classes resemble one another in all these important points of external appearance, while they differ only in matters of minute anatomy, indistinguishable to the unlearned eye. Nevertheless, the sun-birds are certainly by descent modified and specialised sparrow-like birds, while the humming-birds are modified and specialised allies of the English swifts.

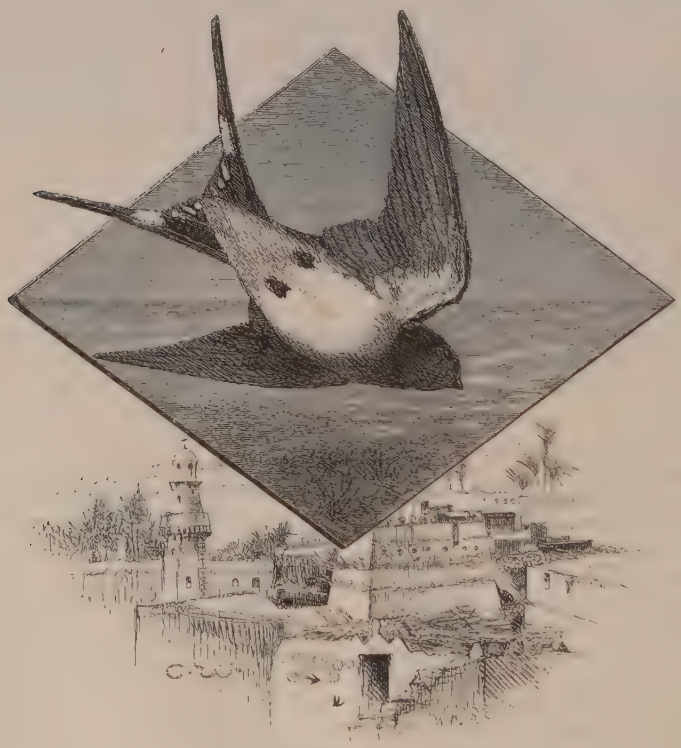
Sun-birds are only found in Africa and India, including the Malayan region: true humming-birds, as everybody knows, are entirely confined to the American continent. In other words, the same place in nature which has been occupied in the tropics of the old world by a group of sparrow-like birds, has been occupied in the tropics of the new world by a group of highly developed swifts. Hence the humming-birds, though descended from a totally different ancestral stock, have in the end acquired almost every one of the peculiar features which the sun-birds display in our own eastern continental area. The same conditions have in the end produced in both cases pretty much the same results. At some remote period, a group of tropical American swifts began to hunt for insects among the tubes of flowers, exactly as the ancestral sun-birds began to do in the eastern hemisphere. Gradually, as the habit of flower-haunting became more and more pronounced, the organisation of the birds began to depart, under the influence of natural selection, more and more widely from the primitive swift-like type. The birds best adapted to the new circumstances survived and intermarried, while the worst adapted died constantly out. The short, broad bill was thus slowly lengthened into the extremely long, slender, and graceful beak of the modern humming-birds, and the wings were adapted to the rapid, darting flight from flower to flower, and the habit of poising stationary in front of the chosen bunch of blossoms. Yet to the end, the humming-birds in their anatomical peculiarities still remain essentially swifts, and are easily distinguished by a naturalist from the externally similar but fundamentally different perching sun-birds. Indeed, Mr. Wallace has shown that humming-birds even now live, like the swifts, mainly on insects, and when he tried to feed some young humming-birds in captivity on sugar and water alone, he found they refused that unwonted fare in favour of flies and spiders. In short, young humming-birds are still essentially in the swift stage of their development.

Now it is easy enough to understand why both sun-birds and humming-birds, living a closely similar life in every respect, should resemble one another in most of their adaptive peculiarities, in spite of their original difference in origin and pedigree. It is even easy enough to understand why both sets of birds should be so extremely small and dainty in form, because their food consists merely of tiny insects and honey, which would be insufficient to support a larger creature: they are, in fact, birds almost reduced in practice to the level of bees or butterflies. But it is not so easy at first sight to see why both groups, instead of being dull and dingy, like the sparrows, swallows, and swifts, should be almost uniformly adorned with the most exquisite hues, and the most brilliant metallic sheen. Here I believe the analogy of the butterflies affords us a most pregnant hint. Creatures which feed much among bright-coloured flowers and fruits seem to acquire a decided taste for brilliancy of hue: the patch of scarlet, or blue, or lilac, or orange which is to them the visible symbol of success in their search for food, comes at last, apparently, to have a certain distinct æsthetic value in their eyes on its own account. The taste for colour thus produced reacts after a time upon their own plumage: the brightest and most beautiful among their fellows are preferred as mates, while the duller and dingier are passed over and neglected in favour of their more lovely peers. Generation after generation, the more brilliantly coloured or decorated humming-birds and sun-birds have been steadily favoured by this special preferential selection, till at last we get all the exquisite metallic lustre of our modern topazes, and emerald-hummers, and ruby-throats, and amethystines. Both families are now noticeable, too, not only for the general splendour of their hue in their ordinary plumage, but also for the profuseness of their special decorative appendages, such as crests, ruffs, lappets, collars, and tail plumes. It is a very significant fact that these decorations are much more frequent and beautiful in the male birds than in the hens, and that in many observed cases the brilliant orange and crim-

son tufts are especially displayed in rivalry between two emulous lovers, each striving to attract the attention of some coy and retiring future mate. So close, indeed, is the connexion between the flower-haunting habits and the ordinary beauty of humming-birds and sun-birds, that in two small minor branches of the two families we find both characteristics are absent together. There is one little set of humming-birds which have never acquired the common flower-sucking habits of their class, but which still hunt for minute insects in exposed situations: and these creeping kinds, instead of being richly dight in purple and gold, after the fashion of their beautiful flower-sucking kindred, are mere inconspicuous little brown birds, no gayer in plumage than common northern wrens or titmice. Again, there is a similar little group of sun-birds, known as the spider-hunters, which have no brilliant metallic colouring, and which catch their food among the big and uncoloured spathes of the various palm-trees. In short, only where the practice of flower-feeding exists among them do the humming-birds and sun-birds exhibit their peculiarly brilliant and characteristic metallic ornamentation.

To sum up, then, we may say briefly that humming-birds are highly specialised tropical or sub-tropical American swifts, deeply modified by their flower-haunting habits in two distinct and separate directions. Their shapes, mode of flight, long bills, and bodily structure generally, are due to survival of the fittest, in accordance with the practical necessities of their flower-feeding life. Their beauty is due to their own long-exerted selective action, based upon an æsthetic taste for colour stimulated and quickened by the beautiful blossoms amongst which their days are passed.

GRANT ALLEN.



THE SWALLOW.
From a Drawing by C. WHYMPER.

JULIA.

By Walter Besant.

I.

"THERE'S the *Family Treasure*, Julia. Now don't forget the *Family Treasure*, whatever you do. It's three pound four and eight. And owing three months."

"Three four eight," Julia repeated, mechanically making a note of the amount with a stump of a pencil. "He said he'd pay this morning."

"See that he does then. The *Treasure's* a slippery chap. Lord! The world's full of slippery chaps. We've all got to be slippery whether we like it or not, we have, because we're poor. Nobody ought to be poor."

The speaker was an old man of seventy or more, perched upon a high stool; a dried up old man, with short and spiky white hair, and a face covered with lines, wrinkles, and crow's feet. His chin was square, and he spoke with the sharp impatience which belongs to masterful men. In fact, he was a pugnacious man and a stickler for rights; one of those men who can kick. The fighting and kicking man is invaluable when he has been taught to use his gifts aright. Too often, however, he kicks the wrong persons and fights on the wrong side. This man was so pugnacious that he certainly ought to have become a rich and successful man. But he was neither rich nor successful, because I suppose he had never found himself in the right groove. The office in which he was at work belonged to his workshop, and that was in the City Road, on the north or sunny side of that noble thoroughfare, and very near where it bends southward. It was only a small slip of a place, eight feet broad and fifteen feet long: there was a small fireplace at one end and a safe at the other; there was also in it a table with a wooden chair; there was a high desk and a stool, and beside the fireplace there was a cupboard. This was the living or keeping room of Mr. Bradberry, as well as his office, and above it was his bedroom, because he was not ashamed to live in his place of business, and indeed could not afford to live elsewhere. On entering the place for the first time, one observed a curiously sour smell, one of those smells which seem to the outsider as if they must always become the more unpleasant the longer one remains among them; a smell which would very soon entirely rout a whole army and put them to flight; a smell to which no one can ever become accustomed; in that respect a smell like the smell of a poulterer's shop, or the smell of new furniture, or that of vinegar. To those, however, familiar with the industries of the country, the smell meant paste, and the paste meant cases, and the cases meant books, and the books meant bookbinding. In fact this was the workshop or studio of a bookbinder, one of the humblest followers of that craft and mystery; one whose workmen and workgirls are few, and whose operations are conducted with a view to cheapness much more than to artistic finish. Mr. Bradberry, in fact, knew nothing of the history and splendours of his own craft, had never heard of the great masters, even of Grolier de Servier, knew nothing at all, even by hearsay, of blazons, mottoes and geometrical patterns, and was quite content to bind everything that came to him in stout cloth at ninepence, in half leather at one and six, and in whole leather, with gilt extra, at three and six; and hoped for little more than to get work to keep his people employed, and to pay his way with regularity.

"And that, Julia," he said, "no man can do who don't get paid himself. Stick it into them, therefore. You're a deal too mild. Tell 'em I'll County Court 'em, every one."

"Have I got all?" Julia interrupted him, without paying the least heed to this burst of wrath, which happened regularly on Saturday morning when she went forth to collect for her employer.

"Yes, you've got 'em all." The old man slipped off his stool, and you then perceived that he was quite a little old man, and wondered how he could impress people, as he did, with the sense of importance. "You've got 'em all; and presently you'll come back with about a quarter of what you ought to have, and a cartload of excuses. They can't pay and then they tell lies. Nobody ought to be poor. I'll go bankrupt and shut up the shop, I will. I'll go to New Zealand. You shall go with me if you like, and your grandmother shall go to the House. There, Julia, you've got 'em all. Well? What are you waiting for?"

The words were harsh, but the manner was not. Julia nodded and began to put up her pencil and her note-book. Then suddenly her face turned white, and her head began to swim and things got dark, and Julia would have fallen, but the old man caught her and placed her in his arm-chair. It was only a brief fainting fit and over in a moment. She recovered, and sat up, looking rather white and dazed.

"What's the matter with the girl?" the old man cried. "Are you better, now, Julia?"

"Oh, yes," she said, looking about her. "It was nothing. I am well enough now. Perhaps the room was hot."

"Nothing!" he repeated with scorn. "Hot room! Don't tell lies, you girl. Your beast of a grandfather was drunk again last night, and there's no money this morning, and no breakfast."

Julia cast down her eyes. The charge was not to be denied. Indeed, this tendency of her grandparent to drink up and devour the family revenues was as well known as if he had been Louis Quatorze.

"And there was no supper last night when you came home from the theatre." He banged the table with his fist. "No supper, and no breakfast, and then you waste my precious time with your fainting fits."

Julia replied not, but sat guiltily hanging her head.

"You move out of that chair if you dare, till I come back."

Mr. Bradberry seized his hat and disappeared. Presently he returned followed by a boy bearing a tray, on which was a cup of cocoa steaming hot, and a roll of bread and a pat of butter.

"You will eat this—every bit of it, you will," said Mr. Bradberry, with terrifying fierceness, "before you go. Mind you, Julia, don't think I'm going to pay for it. Not a bit. It shall be taken out of your wages. Every penny. And if you don't take care, I'll make you eat a mutton-chop out of your wages too, every morning, when you come, before you do a stroke, I will. By the Lord, I will. Tell your grandmother."

He stopped because he choked. Otherwise he would have said a good deal.

Julia made no reply. If you are horribly hungry—faint with hunger, and have had nothing to eat from yesterday's five o'clock cup of tea and slice of bread and butter, you do not want any second bidding to swallow a cup of cocoa and a roll. Therefore she obediently drank up all the cocoa, which might have been stronger, but was hot and sweet, and made short work of the roll and the pat of butter, which was beautiful, though very likely it was only butterine and made out of pure beef fat. But it went very well with the roll, and she thought it was butter.

"If your grandfather and your grandmother was took," Mr. Bradberry went on, in a kinder voice, "or if you'd let 'em go into the House at once, I'd double your wages, Julia, I would, indeed. You're worth more than eighteen shillings a week to me, a great deal more. What I said about you bringing of 'em up to the mark was nonsense, Julia. You persuade 'em out of their money with your pretty talk much better than any clerk-fellow could. But I sha'n't raise your wages, for all that, d'ye hear? I shall lower 'em. Go and tell your miserable old grandfather that I shall cut you down. Where's your spirit? What do you do it for? Why don't you take and keep your money? Very well, I shall cut you down five shillings a week, and you shall have a cup of cocoa for breakfast and a mutton-chop for dinner every day out of the balance. Go and tell 'em that. Yah!"

Julia answered none of these questions. But being greatly strengthened and refreshed with the cocoa and the roll, she got up and said "Thank you," and went away with her pocket-book and her stump of pencil.

II.

The girl was simply, but not shabbily, dressed in a black cloth jacket, and a black

stuff frock ; her hat was ornamented with a red feather, and she wore a pair of Swedish gloves, once a light drab, but now gone brown, or even black in the fingers. If you were to meet Julia in the street you would probably pass her by without notice ; quite an insignificant girl : a girl of whom there are hundreds and thousands in London. Yet those observant persons who sat opposite her when she went on her errands by omnibus or Metropolitan Railway, became presently aware that this was a girl who had points. For instance, she had large and limpid eyes of deep blue, which immediately attracted the attention of any one who had eyes of his own ; they were the kind of eyes which seem to absorb the light and let it stay there ; they were "as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters" ; or the kind of eyes which seem to be always full of tenderness, and thoughts too deep for human utterance ; her hair was brown and plentiful ; her nose was perhaps a little too short, and her mouth a little too large, but in a workgirl you do not expect everything, and it really was a face full of possibilities. She was of a fair height, but not tall, and much too thin ; she was also rather round-shouldered and flat-chested. If one sits in a third-class carriage opposite such a girl, one presently—unless one is reading the paper, or happens to be a stock or a stone—falls a thinking how it would be if one were to take her away and place her where she could breathe pure air, with people who would endeavour to put great thoughts into her mind, suffer her to do no work but what she pleased, give her plenty of good food, pretty dresses, and sweet companionship, with sympathy, confidence, and love. Then certainly would the round shoulders straighten themselves, the flat chest fill out with womanly beauty, the lines in her forehead vanish, the cheek grow plump and rosy, and her face become bright with smiles and sunshine, as was intended at the outset. There is a certain admirable school to which all really gracious ladies belong : they think every person they know to be possessed of as pure and perfect a soul as was originally planned for them, and so they treat and trust them accordingly. Very often they get horribly cheated, but that matters little. Now it helps these good people wonderfully in the estimate which they make of their friends if they can discover for themselves the true face—the model—behind the sorry failure which a narrow and pinching life too often makes of it. Nobody who has not tried it can imagine how interesting a person becomes when you have once discovered what a wonderfully beautiful face ought to belong to that person. Up to a certain time of life the real face is easily discerned, and without much difficulty recoverable. Let us take a great number of these failures, while they are yet young, and bring them back to themselves.

As for Julia it was easy to see what her face should have been, because at nineteen it is almost impossible to have spoiled the original. Besides, Julia had as yet done nothing at all to disfigure herself, except so far as ignorance, hard work, and lack of any pleasure disfigure a girl. They do undoubtedly make for disfigurement, as may be seen any Saturday afternoon in the London streets. She did not, for instance, walk about these streets three abreast talking loudly and laughing noisily and on small provocation, as many maidens use ; she "kept company," good or bad, with no man ; she went home every evening after her work was over with regularity, and she sallied forth every morning before work was begun with punctuality. She lived with her grandparents, who had two rooms on a first floor in Brunswick Place, which leads out from the City Road to Charles Square, the favourite home and retreat of Hoxton solicitors ; and to Hoxton Square ; and to the theatre which is known in the neighbourhood as the Britannieroxton. The old man had been all his life employed at a certain publisher's in Paternoster Row, and he was still retained at a small wage, though well-nigh past his work, to pack up parcels, which he did with so much zeal and enthusiasm, and so virtuous and benevolent a countenance that many people believed he must have a share in the profits. The old lady had been for many years a dresser at the Royal Grecian, and still had the run of the house, and was enthusiastic for the drama, especially that part of it which concerns the ladies' frocks. Both the old people, moreover, were lovers of those emotions which can be procured by strong drink and plenty of it. They got it, as they got their rent, their clothes, and most of their food, out of Julia's wages.

The girl was, not to disguise the truth, a gutter girl, a child of the streets. As for her mother, she knew only, because her grandmother derived satisfaction from the thought, that she was buried with a wedding ring, and as for her father, as she was bidden not to ask, it is as well for us not to inquire. Perhaps he deserted his wife, which frequently happens in certain circles ; perhaps he "did something," which also often happens. Whatever his history, he contributed

nothing to the maintenance of the child, who was from the first given to understand that she was indebted to her grandmother beyond any power of repayment, but that she would be obliged in after life to give back some of the dreadful expenditure lavished upon her for her early "keep" out of her own earnings.

The Board School taught her to read, spell, and cipher; her playgrounds were about the shabby and broken railings of Charles Square, in whose inclosure are real shrubs and real grass; and the pavements of Tabernacle Walk, and Pitfield Street, where are the great Haberdashers' schools, and even the boundless City Road itself; her earliest views concerning Heaven, of which she really did acquire some vague information, were of a place quite far off, the way to which was at present unknown to her, where there would be no old grandmother to beat and nag at her, and an endless supply of eel-pie, mutton-pie, and cranberry pie; her companions were naturally girls like herself: and the greatest pleasure attainable by the children was to dance on the pavement to the music of a barrel-organ—everybody ought always to give sixpence to an organ-grinder, whenever one is observed to be benevolently grinding for the penniless little ones to dance. As for religion, morals, principles, rules of life, conduct—Julia, like the others, had, for the most part to pick them up for herself. Considering that this was Julia's birth, and this her education, I can only explain her love of things quiet, decorous, and well-ordered by supposing that she was naturally driven to like the exact opposite of the things which pleased her grandmother. If this is not considered sufficient to account for the fact, one may fall back on the general truth, that some girls, whether they be princesses or gutter children, are born with a natural and instinctive love for good behaviour and all that belongs thereto. The Lord, said some divine—probably Augustine, who seems to have said almost all the really human things—made women pure and men strong. The monks, in order to find an excuse for their monkeries, reversed the maxim.

She was reckoned an extremely fortunate girl, and drew wages which made other girls gasp and pant and hold their breath. Family connection and private interest, as is always the way, brought her this good fortune. For her grandmother took her at a very tender age to the Grecian, where she appeared on the stage whenever a child, boy or girl, was wanted in the melodrama. At Christmas a good many children are taken on for the pantomime, and Julia always made one. When she grew taller, she was a village maiden, or one of the crowd, or part of a procession, or she held the princess's train, or in fact, she was anybody required to fill up the stage and make a group. As she was the prettiest of all the girls, and "made up" better than any of them, she was soon placed in the front, with orders to turn her big eyes upon the sympathetic pit, and smile sweetly. She did this, driving the shop boys to despair, and drawing all hearts to herself for fifteen shillings a week. Yet if Julia ever tried to understand anything at all in the world, which I very much doubt, it was to ask why people came to the theatre—all the tricks of which she knew and despised—unless it was to see the heroine's dresses.

This was her evening's occupation. All the day long she kept the accounts of a bookbinder. Observe again the value of family connection. Her grandfather it was who saw in the bookbinding trade a chance for the girl, and therefore got her taken by Mr. Bradberry, of the City Road, as a folder. She might have learned in time to fold very neatly, and might even have risen to be a sewer of sheets, but, by some lucky accident, her employer discovered in her a previously hidden and very remarkable capacity for keeping accounts. Julia possessed a clear head and an accurate power of addition. Therefore, she ceased to sit in a row and fold, and was promoted from the workshop to the office, and was consequently separated from the other girls. She drew from the theatrical treasury fifteen shillings a week, and Mr. Bradberry paid her eighteen, so that this fortunate girl was actually earning thirty-three shillings a week, on which, with the ten shillings which the old man got for his packing, her grandparents did remarkably well, and enjoyed most of the blessings of civilisation, including gin.

It can hardly be said that in those days Julia could be called happy, because happiness is an active condition of brain, and cannot exist without something to feed upon in the shape of a memory or an expectation. Certainly, on the other hand, she was not miserable, because misery also requires a memory or a dread. If, like Robinson Crusoe, she had to consider the questions for or against, she might have set down, on the one hand, that she made a really great income; on the other, that her grandmother took it all: on the one hand, that she had steady work; on the other, that she had too much of it: on the one hand, that she had

no friends and no amusements; on the other, that she knew the "ropes" of one form of amusement at least, and wanted no more of it: on the one hand, that she was young; on the other, that young people ought to have some time in the day, if it be only an hour in the evening, for the enjoyment of their youth. The human soul, say the phrase-mongers, is capable of infinite happiness. Let us rather read it that the human soul is capable of enjoying whatever it knows how to desire. Julia desired nothing because as yet she knew nothing. She was too young to feel the curse of labour. She liked the book-keeping work because her employer was kind to her. She went to the theatre without asking herself whether she liked it or not, because she had always gone there. And what she thought about all day I know not, nor can I understand, seeing that she consorted not with other girls, who talk, and therefore I suppose, think, all day long without stopping; was at work from nine in the morning till nearly twelve at night; never read anything, and never talked with anybody except Mr. Bradberry, who came in and out of his office, and grumbled about his debts and the hardness of the times. But she was used to him, and besides, he was kind to her in his way.

On Sundays some girls go for a walk, some go to church, some have lovers who come a courting. Julia, for her part, had fallen into the custom of spending the Sunday morning at the office, pretending to make up arrears of books with Mr. Bradberry, but really in order that he might have a listener while he discoursed upon the iniquity of poverty. Julia listened solemnly, but did not understand one word. Then, on Sunday afternoon, while the old people took a nap, she arranged her wardrobe. It is not for nothing that a girl has a grandmother who has been a dresser at the theatre. Most girls of Julia's level know no more how to use a needle than a graving tool, which is the reason why they always go draggle-tailed. Julia could sew. Therefore, though she might dress simply, she never looked shabby. And Sunday evening was the pleasantest evening in the whole week, because she sat in a chair and did nothing, and the old folks went to their room at nine o'clock, and she could go to bed three hours before her usual time, the noise of the feet in the street and the singing of disorderly people and the roll of the omnibuses in the City Road serving for her lullaby.

If she looked or hoped for any change in her lot, it would have been, I think, for nothing more than that her grandmother would always keep her temper, and that she herself could shake off the troublesome cough which came to her at the beginning of winter and stayed with her till the middle of summer.

But she was nineteen years of age, and there was bound to come, some time or other, a change to this monotonous existence. There are so many things, you see, which young people must desire as soon as they get to know of them. Sooner or later, they are bound to learn some of them; and it is proper and fitting for youth to be always desiring; and Nature abhors that condition of mind in which nothing is desired. It is, in fact, the moral vacuum.

III.

Thus passed the days, each like unto each, save that some were colder and some warmer, and on some days there was grey cloud, and on some there was sunshine on the flags; not one among them all leaving a mark. But, since where there is life there is movement, and nothing stands still, the girl was learning to know that the old people drank a great deal more than was good for them, and that they were growing shaky in the morning, and that they were getting to drink more every week, and that all her money ought not to be demanded of her, in strict justice, for the purpose of buying gin, even though her grandmother had brought her up: perhaps she felt, too, that the bookbinder's office was a more pleasant place than her own home, and that her testy employer was a more agreeable companion than her grandfather. But no thought, as yet, or desire of change, or expectation that her life could be anything but that of Cato's Perfect Slave, who was always asleep when he was not at work, and always at work when he was not asleep.

But there came a change, as there always does, to things mundane. The Roman slave got his when he fell ill, and was carried out, by a grateful master's orders, into the open air to die on a rock. Julia got hers by a method which promised at first much more pleasant things.

It was in the last week of May. A melodrama was going on in which she was not required after the end of the fourth act and fifteenth tableau, that, namely, in which the marriage of the good young miller and the virtuous dairy-maid, just about to be accom-

plished, after unheard-of difficulties, is interrupted at the very doors of the church by the arrival of the wicked young lord with the press gang, and the bridegroom is torn from the arms of his bride amid the shrieks of the village maidens. Julia was a village maiden, and while she held up her arms in the conventional attitude to express terror, indignation, and pity, she turned her great eyes as usual to the pit and smiled sweetly upon the rows of white and eager faces. When the curtain fell, she was free, and hurried away to resume her walking dress.

It was half-past ten, the evening air was cool and fresh after the hot breath of the gas. Julia came out of the theatre, and passed through the gardens where a band was playing, and the people were dancing on the platform. There is now no place at all, actually no place, in the whole of this great city, of four millions, where the people are allowed to dance—think upon it!—but two years ago there was this poor little City Road Ranelagh still surviving with its gallery and its lights and its platform and its band. Julia stopped and looked at the scene as she passed through: it had no attractions at all for her: after standing on the stage close to the big drum she had no wish for any more music; and as for dancing, which she had once endeavoured to learn for stage purposes, it was associated in her mind with the horrible temper of a dancing-master. Nor was she attracted by the appearance of the company, consisting chiefly of rather noisy boys of the smaller shop kind and workgirls. The boys mostly kept together and laughed among each other, while the girls also kept together and laughed among each other too, as if to demonstrate their independence. A good many of the girls danced together; now and then one of the boys would step out and beckon with his finger to the bevy of girls, and say, "'Ere," when one of them would step out, and they danced with each other. Well: they enjoyed the dancing after their own way: now they are not allowed to dance at all, but are left to themselves, and are therefore making up revolutionary clubs, and want to nationalise the land—as if that will make them any the happier. When they come to divide private capital as well as land, the worthy Middlesex magistrates, who all have capital though very few have land, will perhaps wish that they had encouraged a taste for more innocent amusements while it was yet time.

Julia, however, did not dance: and she knew none of the company, and so slipped through them and passed out into Shepherdess Walk, and into the City Road. Here she hesitated a moment. She was tired and would have liked to go to bed, but it was Saturday night, and the old people were not yet, she very well knew, "ripe" for bed. So she crossed the road, because the south side is quieter, and turned to the right, and thought as it was a fine night and a bright moon, that she would walk for half an hour.

When she came out of the gardens a young man followed her; when she turned her face west and walked towards Islington, he followed too, keeping a few yards behind her. She, meantime, was too much accustomed to the tread of multitudinous feet to take heed of following steps. The soft air of spring and the bright moonlight soothed her after the theatre and the roar of the audience, and the blare of the band. Why, she thought, do people want so much noise? And why should they all shout and applaud when the heroine is thrown into the river by the villain, and rescued all dripping by her dauntless lover? The sillies! They must know it is all sham.

Three times that young man who followed her, walked quickly after the girl as if with intent to speak to her; three times his courage failed him, because he was a shy young man; at the fourth attempt he grew desperate and laid his hand, with City Road politeness, on the girl's shoulder, saying, in a hoarse and husky whisper, "May I speak with you for a moment?"

"You'd best let me go," she replied quickly, looking round to see if assistance was near. "You'd best let me go. I don't speak to strangers."

"Only for a moment," he said. "Only for a moment. Please don't send me away. I don't mean any harm. I don't want to be rude." She wavered. "I want to tell you"—here he gasped and choked—"that I've been to the Grecian every night for three weeks and more on purpose to see you on the stage, and for a fortnight I've followed you home every night."

"What did you want to follow me home for?" she asked, wondering what possessed the man. She had been followed before, but not every evening for a fortnight. And she had been spoken to, but not in so polite a manner.

"Because I love you," he replied. "Oh! I've seen lots of girls on the stage, but not one half so beautiful as you, nor with such lovely eyes."

Julia knew that she had good eyes and thought of them with gratitude, because they procured her a front place on the stage,

and a certain consideration at the treasury on a Saturday. They had their money value.

"As for insulting you," the young fellow went on, clenching his fist, "I'd like to see the man who'd dare to try it on when I was about. Look here—tell me your name first."

"My name is Julia."

"Julia—ah!" he gasped again, as if the name fitted with the beauty of its owner. "Julia! I ought to have guessed it. Will you meet me to-morrow afternoon? Will you go for a walk with me?"

She hesitated. It was the first time that such an invitation had been offered her. "Am I too late?" he asked. "But I've never seen any other fellow with you. Do you keep company with some one else?"

"No," she replied, "it isn't that. I've never kept company with any one."

"Do you think I'm not respectable? Why, I'm in charge of the bookstall at Haggerston Junction, to sell the books and papers. They give me thirty shillings a week already. You can come and see me there. Come on Monday. I don't want to hide anything from you; if you'll only keep company with me, I'll tell you all about myself."

"I can't come on Monday," she replied, touched by this proof of confidence. "I work all day at Mr. Bradberry's, the bookbinder, keeping his books for him. In the evening I go to the theatre."

"Then will you meet me to-morrow?" He took her hand. She trembled a little and looked at him doubtfully. He was a very good-looking young fellow, with fair hair and pink and white complexion, rather tall, and dressed with as much regard to fashion as the money would allow. His eyes looked into hers with an expression which she knew not, but it made her heart leap up strangely.

"Meet me here at three," he went on. "I always go to chapel in the morning with mother, who is particular and serious. We will go—we will go—" He began to consider how, with due regard to the expense, he could make an attractive programme. "We will go by the King's Cross tram to Hampstead, and have tea at North End, and we'll walk down Fortune Lane or on the Heath, if you like that better, after tea. If it's a fine day it will be beautiful. Do you like Hampstead?"

"I have never been there," she said. "I have never been anywhere. I have got no friends at all except grandmother and grandfather and Mr. Bradberry." Her eyes filled with tears, partly because she now perceived for the first time how lonely and friendless a girl she was, and partly because it was such a beautiful thing to have any one caring to know her.

"Haven't you got friends at the theatre among the other girls?"

She shook her head.

"You are too beautiful for them," he said. "Of course you can't make friends with them. Most of them are a horrid ugly lot. And haven't you any friends in the bookbinding?"

"No. I keep my own hours, so I see none of the girls. I used to know a lot of girls when I went to school, but I don't know where they are now; girls like us get scattered, so I've nobody."

"And haven't you got father and mother?"

"No; they are both dead; and I am told not to ask any questions about them: and, oh! you are respectable, and—would your mother like it?"

She meant would his mother like him, so handsome and well dressed a lad, to keep company with a girl so humble as herself. He thought she meant that perhaps his mother wouldn't like her stage business.

"Mother wouldn't mind the book-keeping. Come, Julia, let us two be friends. My name is James Atherston. Call me Jem, and I will call you Julia. Will you promise for to-morrow? Give me your hand, and——" he not only took her hand but he kissed her forehead. "Oh! Julia, if you knew how I love you! Why! I fell in love with you the first time I saw you on the stage—the very first time! Oh! Julia, we shall be so happy!"

In this way Julia's happiness began for her: coming upon her swiftly and unexpectedly as all great and good things come. When her lover left her at her own door, she went in feeling conscious all over that she had been kissed, that her hand had been pressed, that she had been called beautiful, and that a young man—a lovely young man—handsome and well set up, well dressed, a young man to be proud of, had said he loved her. Never before had any one kissed her in all her life, nor had any one caressed her, nor had any one said a word of love or tenderness to her. Oh! girls of the better sort, you receive the love and endearments that are lavished on you by those who love you without much heed, regarding them, as in some sort, your due. So they are: I deny it not: but think how it would have been for you if you had had none!

Her grandmother would certainly have noticed the change in the girl when she came

home, the light in her eye, the flush of her cheek, the carriage of her head, the elasticity of her step—for this was a suspicious grandmother, and she went daily in dread of this very thing, namely, a lover and a wedding, which might lead to the loss of her Julia and the extinction of her income; but for the circumstance that she was now in the last stage but one of intoxication, that is to say, she was sitting bolt upright with a vacuous smile upon her face: a few moments more and another drop of gin and water and she would be ready to be led away. The old man might also have noticed his granddaughter's unusual appearance, but that he too, was in the last stage but one. He held an empty pipe in his hand and, with the tears of pity and sympathy running down his face, he was singing "Father, oh! father, come home to your child." So that neither of them took the least notice of the girl, who, for the first time in her life, regarded her guardians with shame, because—what—oh!—what! would Jem think of her if he were to see them in this condition? She had often before seen them in the same condition with disgust and a helpless bitterness, but now she was ashamed of them. Jem, it was quite certain from the very beginning, must not be allowed to spend an evening with her grandfather.

Presently, however, Julia was left alone. She pulled down her bed, which was one of the old-fashioned kind made up to look like a cabinet or wardrobe; but she was not sleepy. She wrapped her head in her shawl and sat at the open window looking up at the moonlit sky and thinking of what had happened. So she remained, her chin in her hand, long after midnight, till the hurrying feet outside had nearly all gone off to bed, and Brunswick Place, never a noisy street, was perfectly quiet. Noisy or quiet it mattered not. Her brain was full of the young man and his words. Foolish brain! He called her beautiful; he said he loved her. He wanted to keep company with her; he had been following her for a fortnight; he called her beautiful; he had been to the theatre every night for three weeks; he said he loved her; he had pressed her hand; he must be good as well as handsome, for he told her at once what he was and where he worked; he said he loved her: and so on over and over again.

At last, with a sigh, she shut the windows and drew down the blind, and went to bed. Simple Julia! All this agitation because a young fellow was in love with her! Why at the West-end theatres—but then Julia was only at the Royal Grecian.

IV.

Then there began a sweet and pretty idyl, though the shepherd was but a bookstall clerk and the nymph only a theatre person. On the one side, a boy, full of imagination, who had read a good many of the books he sold, and who saw, behind those large and lustrous eyes, which had so ravished his heart, a whole heaven of beautiful thoughts. This belief gave him an unbounded respect for his mistress. What does it matter—the rank and social position of a girl—if with her eyes or her face she can inspire her lover with this belief? On the other hand a girl who, for her part, saw that her lover was well-mannered, handsome and brave; she had always thought so little of herself that this strange thing, his love, made her wonder and feel afraid. How should he love so poor a creature as herself? How should she fix his love so that he should never again want to look upon the face of another woman?

Of course her first instinct in this new posture of affairs was to make herself as beautiful as the day, if that were possible. Therefore, at every opportunity she added something to her little fineries; and, because happiness always shows itself by external signs, she began to hold up her head, to walk with elastic step; her cough left her, her cheek filled out, her chest expanded, she became daily more beautiful—her eyes smiled still upon the enraptured pit, but they smiled also upon the whole world.

"Julia," said her grandmother, with sinking heart, because she quickly found out how the girl spent her Sundays. "Julia, mind—there's young men and young men. Some of 'em want nothing but to live upon your wages. Take care. I believe I *have* heard things about him—but never mind. Take care, my gell. Keepin' company is one thing. A gell can't keep company too long. Remember that. Marryin's another. A gell can't put off marryin' too long. You take care, and be guided by your old grandmother. And, oh! Julia, don't let him have none of your money!"

Julia laughed. Her Jem would not want to take her money, he was only too ready to spend his own. But she did a thing which filled the old lady with terror; one day she dared to keep all her money, and only allowed her grandmother so much out of it as would pay the rent and the food. Why, where was the money for drink to come from in future? The old people sat and looked at each other, considering the question in dismay. The old

woman went to the theatre and asked for her granddaughter's money to be paid weekly to herself. They laughed at her. She went to Mr. Bradberry with a similar request, and came away broken in spirit and wounded in her feelings.

Now, too, though Julia spent her Sunday mornings as before with Mr. Bradberry, she no longer went through the books with him. She brought her work and thread and made pretty things for herself while he smoked his pipe and talked about the wickedness of existing institutions, especially of all kings, queens, princes, priests, and ministers of the gospel who keep people poor. Julia listened and heard nothing, her heart being far away. Besides, as she knew none of these people, what did it matter to her how wicked they chose to be? Anybody, she ignorantly thought, may be as wicked as he pleases. It is mere matter of personal taste.

"You don't mind what I say, Julia," he grumbled. "That's the way with a girl. Give her a lover and she's spoiled. Can't think about anything else."

Sometimes, but not often, because his mother did not like him to come home late, Jem met her as she came out of the theatre, and walked home with her; but the regular day was Sunday, when she put on her best things and met him at three o'clock on the south side of the City Road, just where the bridge goes over the canal. When she saw him striding along the pavement to meet her, a flower in his button-hole, so gallant, so full of love, her heart beat fast and her cheek flushed, and there was not one single person in all this great city happier than Julia. Like the Shulamite, her beloved was to her "as a roe or a young hart leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills, saying that the winter was past and the flowers come back again upon this joyful earth, with the singing of the birds and the putting forth of the green figs upon the fig tree."

They spent the afternoon and evening of the Sunday together; it was a tolerably fine summer—as summers go—with few wet Sundays, and they were always able to go somewhere. Like most London lads, this young fellow knew all the accessible holiday places and the attractions of each: there is a band in Regent's Park on Sunday afternoons; there is another with a most beautiful pavilion for taking tea at Battersea Park; there are the gardens of Kew, where, he thought, there ought to be a Sunday band, but there isn't; there is the river at Richmond; there are green lanes and country walks round Tottenham, Hornsey, Highgate, and Hampstead; you can easily reach the River Lea from Hoxton; you may even get as far as Epping Forest; if there be tightness as regards money, there are Victoria and Finsbury Parks always open. London is surrounded everywhere by the most delightful places for those who take their summer holidays on Sunday afternoons. To Julia the summer passed in a dream; she looked neither before nor behind; she lived in the present; all the week, whether in the smell of the paste over the account books, or in the hot theatre, she lived her Sundays over again and recalled the beautiful things her lover had said to her, and thought of the things he had given her, and how he looked while he kissed her in the open street at meeting, and wondered what they should do next Sunday. She learned all kinds of unsuspected things in these walks and excursions: woods, fields, wild flowers, the voice of the thrush and the blackbird. All these wonders were as new to her as the thoughts of the boy who read the books and papers which he sold, and gathered ideas which he poured into the receptive ear of his companion; so that her mind was full of new thoughts and freshly-created images; she had new hopes; she looked on everything differently; she was no longer satisfied; she was born again, and born full of strange yearnings.

As for Jem, there was never a moment when he ceased to be the most ardent lover; he surrounded her with little cares as much as if he had been a gentleman and she a young lady. He thought nothing was too good for her: he was never out of temper with her or cross; it made him as well as his sweetheart perfectly happy only to walk hand in hand along the country paths and by the hedges. He did not drink or smoke; he talked about books and what he read, the newspapers and what went on in the world, so that Julia was ashamed of her ignorance and bought a book with maps; he sometimes brought a book in his pocket, and read to her, sitting in the shade. He was, in fact, a youth of imagination, who might, with education, have become a poet, and he had simple tastes, so that a cup of tea and some bread and butter in an arbour with Julia, was to him better than an alderman's feast without her. As for her own tastes, she had none; she thought as he thought, liked what he liked, learned his mind and thought him as wise as he was handsome, and as prudent as he was affectionate.

She walked beside him mostly in silence, while the boy, who was full of generous and

wild ideas, a Socialist and a Republican, and a Radical, and believed in his fellow-man and loved everything that attracts ardent youth, poured out his heart to her, and was repaid when she lifted her beautiful eyes and said, "Oh, Jem, if every one could talk like you!" Out of all he said there grew up in her mind a new and glorious faith; that things may be ordered better, and that there is a more perfect world where all the men would be as honest and as brave as her Jem, and all the women would be as good as—as Jem thought her.

And every Sunday evening when they parted at her door in Brunswick Place while he folded his arms round her and kissed her lips and cheek, she kissed him again, whispering, "Oh, Jem, you *are* kind to me!"

"Hang me!" said Mr. Bradberry, "if I know you any longer, Julia! I suppose it's his doing. Why, you are twice the girl you were! You've got flesh on your bones at last; and you go singing about your work, and you're saucy, you are. Who'd ha' thought to see you saucy? And I really believe your cough has gone for good; and your grandmother tells me you've plucked up spirit at last and won't let her collar more than half the wages. Came here cryin' she did—wanted me to pay her all of it—says you're an unnatural granddaughter. Never you mind, Julia. I told her if she'd kept you ten years, you'd kept her ten years, and if she made a fuss I'd take you away at once, and where'd she be then?"

It was true. Julia with her new strength gained courage, and actually dared, as has been stated, to deny her grandmother's right to seize all her money. She began, too, in a mean and miserly spirit to put some of it every week in the post-office bank. More than this, she threatened the old people, if they kept on reproaching her, to leave them altogether.

This promise, together with the prospect of Julia's marriage, alarmed them horribly. They sat together every evening with limited rations of gin and discussed the subject from all its different points of view. Could they not, for instance, go with the bride as a sort of dot, so that their right to maintenance by her husband might be acknowledged? Or, if this was impossible, could there not be granted a weekly allowance, such as she now made them? or, better still, could not the match be somehow broken off?

"What he finds in her," said her grandmother, "a skinny little slip of a thing—I don't know. As for her, you can't mention his name but she's up in arms."

"What are you going to do then?" asked her husband, who allowed his wife to do all the scheming, contriving, and thinking, and was not ashamed.

"I shall see," she replied. "You may be sure I'll do something, whatever it is. She thinks she's going to throw over her old grandmother who brought her up—does she? You make sure I'll do something. An ungrateful toad!"

"She is! she is!" murmured the old man, looking at the empty gin bottle.

The old woman was not so nice to look at as the old man, whose creamy white hair and clean shaven face made him a beautiful object of contemplation. Her own hair had fallen off in patches, and her cap could not completely hide all the ravages of time. Venus Calva, grown old, is not beautiful without the aid of art, and the old lady could not afford to wear a front. Then her eyes were cunning, as if she was always devising some new trick, and her lips were generally in motion, as if she were rehearsing that trick beforehand. Why she looked so cunning cannot be explained on any reasonable theory, because her life, which had been spent in dressing the ladies at the theatre, was not one of those which are generally thought to favour an active exercise of cunning.

She would do something. But what could she do?

First, she thought she might say something to the young man which should chill his passion, but that she knew might be a very difficult thing to do, and would certainly lead to a rupture with Julia, and a row from Mr. Bradberry, whom the old woman feared.

Next she might say something to Julia—but she had tried that already.

Thirdly, she might say something to the young man's relatives. But she did not know who they were, or where they lived.

She turned this difficulty over in her mind for the rest of the week, but said nothing until Sunday morning, when she began by offering to help her granddaughter with some of her work.

"Bless you, my dearie," she said, with a burst of geniality quite unusual. "Bless you, when my eyes are not bad I'm as good a workwoman as ever. Give me the needle and thread, then; now you go on with your work, and I'll go on with mine. Never mind your grandfather. Let him lie abed if he likes. Ah! if it's only for your own happiness, my dearie, I don't mind. Ho! no, I sha'n't mind. If he's what he should be, and you deserve, I'll let you go with a cheerful

heart. He's a clerk in a book-stall, isn't he?"

Julia nodded.

"Lor! And your grandfather always in the same line too. Seems a Providence, don't it? And who's his relatives, Julia? Are they in the book trade, too?" She held up the dress and looked at it critically, as if she was thinking of that, and the position of Jem's relations did not concern her at all.

Julia, thus taken unawares, told unsuspiciously all there was to tell.

"And his mother," she concluded, "is particular and religious, and a temperance woman, and would not approve of the theatre—I don't know why. So when we're married, I am to stay with Mr. Bradberry, who says he will double my wages, and give up the Grecian. And she's not to be told anything about the theatre."

"Double your wages, will he? Ah! I always said he got you dirt-cheap. And where does the mother of the young gentleman live?"

"She's got a stationer's shop in Goswell Road," said Julia.

"She keeps a shop in the Goswell Road," repeated the grandmother slowly, "and she's religious, and particular, and temperance, and doesn't approve of the theatre. Ho!"

When Julia went off an hour or two later to meet her lover, the old woman put on her bonnet and shawl, and took the nearest way, which is past St. Luke's Hospital, along Old Street. The Goswell Road, which may be considered as the main artery of Clerkenwell, runs from Aldersgate Street to the Angel at Islington, a distance of half a mile or thereabouts. Presently the old woman, slowly walking along the street, and looking at the names over the shops, saw that of "Atherston." The shutters were up, because it was Sunday, but it was clearly a small and mean shop. While she stood there, looking at the name, the door opened and a woman stood in the doorway. She wore a widow's cap, and carried a Bible in her hand. She was about five-and-forty years of age, and her face was pinched with care; it was not the common carking care of money, because her shop, with the little left by her husband, was enough for her; hers was care of another kind; she was in fact in continual trouble and anxiety about her son's soul. It is a kind of trouble which in more Puritanic days made thousands of mothers lead lives of agony with never-ceasing prayers, exhortations, and misgivings. She belonged to a clear-headed and logical sect, which could put the case in unanswerable fashion—either a person is saved or he is not. That is intelligible; certainly those who habitually break the Sabbath, go to theatres, stay out late, and refuse to attend public worship oftener than once a week, cannot possibly be saved. What hope, then, could she entertain of her son?

"You are Mrs. Atherston, m'm?" The old woman went boldly and accosted her.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I was passing this way, m'm," she said, crossing her hands with the sweetest smile, "and I thought I would look in to make the acquaintance of a lady of whom I've heard so much, and going to be my own near relation, as it might be, m'm."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Atherston. "I think there must be some mistake."

"Ho! no. Ho! no, m'm," her visitor replied. "I'm Julia's grandmother."

"Who is Julia?"

"What?" the old woman put on a look of amazement. "What? you don't know the name—the very name—of the young lady that your son is a going to marry?"

"My son—going to marry?" The poor mother's face showed her astonishment. "Who is he going to marry? I know nothing of it. Come in and tell me."

She led the way into her parlour at the back of the shop. The grandmother sat down, untied her bonnet strings, which in certain circles means friendliness and the intention of having a good long chat.

"Will you," asked Mrs. Atherston, her lips trembling, "will you tell me what you mean about my son?"

"He is going to marry my granddaughter Julia. Lor! And you not to know about it!"

"And who—pray forgive me—I ought to know—my son has not acted straight with me—I ought to have been told—who are you?"

"Ho!" said the grandmother, "we are respectable people, I assure you, and though we don't keep our own shop we might have done, as many another. My husband has been all his life in Paternoster Row, and is there still, though old and not the man he was. As for me, I was a dresser at the Grecian Theatre till I got rheumatism in my fingers and couldn't go on. Most respectable we were always."

"And—and your son? You said she was your granddaughter."

"I never had but one child, and she was a gell. Julia's her child, and my gell's dead, with her wedding-ring on her finger. As for

Julia's father, I never asked, and I never knew, and so much the better."

Mrs. Atherston received these explanations with a sinking heart. She had, however, one more question.

"What does your granddaughter do for her living?"

"She is engaged, m'm, at the Grecian Theayter, like her grandmother and her mother before her," said the ex-dresser, with a quick look out of her cunning eyes. "She has been on the boards pretty well since she began to walk. Not to speak and act, because the dear girl has got a weak chest and a low voice, but to stand in the front with a pretty dress on, and be a crowd, or a procession, or a chorus of village girls, and she the prettiest of the lot. Oh! you'll be proud of her, m'm, when you see her on the boards; you will, indeed. It was at the theayter that your son saw her, and fell in love with her from the front as many young gentlemen do, not knowing that it's the make-up or they'd fall in love with the dresser. Then he——"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Atherston, "you have told me quite enough. My son will tell me the rest."

"You are most welcome, m'm," the old woman replied, rising. "And if you'd like to come to the theayter to-morrow evening, I will pass you in either to the back or to the front, whichever you please. P'raps you'd like to see your Julia best from the front. It 'ud make your heart warm to her the quicker, as one may say."

"I never go to theatres."

"Well, it's never too late to begin. And now, m'm, since we've begun friendly, we will continue friendly, and many is the visit I will pay you. P'raps some evening I will bring my old man and his pipe, and we will take a glass of something hot together. Lord! He's capital company."

"There is never anything to drink in this house, and tobacco is not allowed." Then the old woman came away with many protestations of friendship. On her way home she nodded her head, shook it, mumbled her lips, winked her eyes, and grinned, insomuch that if there had been any antiquarian person in the street, he would have instantly seized her for a witch, and had her tossed into the City Road Basin to see if she would sink or swim. But there was none, and so she reached home safely, and sat down and reflected at her ease, and with the greatest satisfaction that she had done a beautiful morning's work and mischief enough to ruin two lives.

"She thinks she is going to leave her old grandmother and marry, and me to go into the House, does she? Does she?" This question she asked a great many times, being in that mood—it has as yet received no name—in which the patient having committed some act of atrocious folly or wickedness, feels joyful at heart, and rubs his hands, yet with a certain fearful looking forward, and declares that he is glad he did it, and he would do it again, and he wishes he had done it before, and now everybody shall see.

This day seemed to Julia the happiest she had ever known. After nineteen years of endurance, four months of joy. Well, a great deal of sorrow is forgotten when a little joy comes. Nothing we forget sooner than pain; nothing we remember longer than happiness. Yet, when it has gone altogether, and can never return, there is no greater misery than to remember the joys that are past. This has, I believe, been said before, and even quoted. It is not altogether true. One may remember the joy of having been young without absolute misery, one can remember the dear old days of love and song, dancing, lovers' quarrels, the madness of hope, belief, enthusiasm and passion, without much more than a tender regret: but to lose such joy as Julia's, to have it snatched suddenly, violently, horribly, out of her hand, that, if you please, leaves all the days which are to follow, be they many or few, dark and full of despair.

(To be continued.)

THE CAMPAGNA.

A WIDE green world, that rests, as children rest,
In the broad flooding of the unshadowed day
And when the long rays redden from the west.

As on the evenness of some lulled bay
The winged and sudden night drops down and broods,
Or the white moon-tracks slowly shift their ray.

And when grey dawn floats o'er the level roods
It has but changed, not broken, their repose;
Not theirs the morning whispers of the woods;

Not theirs, when all the broken east is rose,
Where the new sun has burst into his sky,
The answering beacons of the mountain glows.

A calm of loveliness is where they lie,
A speech of silence, and the hush that stills,
And the deep impulse of monotony.

On to the olive slopes and crag-bound hills,
On to the sea-like margins of blue air,
Their world spreads forth beyond the world it fills,

Lifting the sight past beauty that is there
To a far dream, unshapen, that seems more,
To a far hope or memory, who knows where?

So, while we rest upon a tide-lapped shore,
The immeasureable reaches of the main
Bear thought past thought to some dim home before,

To some new world dim longings seek in vain,
The land that seems deep space's hidden bourne,
The goal of thy wide wastes, thou glorious plain.

Clothe thee in beauty ruin has not worn
Nor all the change and sadness of decline,
Clothe thee in brightness; nature cannot mourn.

Thou hast forgot the cities that were thine,
The palaces of rest amid their groves,
The farmstead, and the village, and the shrine.

What grief to thee if, where the stray herd roves
Trampling the lavish grass, stood homes of men,
And wheat-fields in the flats the curlew loves?

What grief to thee? Long summers clothe the fen
And scatter blossom on the fallow mead;
Fair in thy past thou art more fair than then.

Yet musing eyes, that hold thee, voidly heed
The waving corn long-rusted sickles felled,
The walls long crumbled that outlived their need,

Heed all thou holdest not, but once hast held,
The rustic wealth, the monumental piles,
The pomps, the miseries, of dead days of eld.

Oh, ancient plain amid thy thousand smiles,
A sister sky respondent from below,
Greenness beneath the blueness miles and miles,

Thy soil has whilom sucked the red blood's flow,
War-cries and groans have mingled in thy heaven,
Then stillness and the rest of foe by foe.

Rapines have torn thee, shrieking crowds been driven,
Forth from the flaming roofs, along thy ways,
Forth from the city razed, the fastness riven.

Thy homes have known pale doubt, and wolfish frays,
The secret poison, and the despot's crime,
And tongues that trembled in the murderer's praise.

In thy far glories of an ancient prime,
How hast thou been betrod by flagging feet
Of hopeless captives from an alien clime!

Oh gaze of loathing eyes that strain to meet
The first grey glimpse of awful Rome descried!
Oh hearts that beat, then almost ceased to beat!

Ah well! But there went joyous stir beside;
On to their Rome they passed and Rome's acclaim,
The victor legions in their soldier pride.

And even then through tombs. Yet not the same.
Lo! torn and empty walls, rent marbles near;
Lo! builded heaps that bear no more a name.

This was the dead's immortal street: from here
Stretched the twin lines of envied sepulchres
And told them to the world, great, reverenced, dear.

Rome's proudest street: leagues from her barriers
Measured by heroes' names; and, journeying home,
Each coming step passed some renown of hers.

But long since did the shapeless tombs become
The desolate monument of one dead thing,
And that dead thing the greatness once called Rome.

And Rome laughs in the sunshine of the spring
And crowns her hills with new-made homes a-row
And wears her ruins for adornment ring.

Thou knowest it not, slumbering around her so,
Enfolding her with thy soft poisonous breath—
Thou yet to-day her beauty and her woe,

For lo! thy living fairness covers death:
Like the bright clinging robe of magic tales
Blasting the limbs that it encompasseth,

Like sweet enchanted singing in the vales
To bind the lingerer into lethic sleep,
A trance of music till the sick sense fails,

So thou, bright treachery. Patient centuries keep
The story of the uneventful dead,
Thy harvest thou hast given death to reap.

Oh, thou hast forfeit for thy glories fled—
Laxed hands, wanned lips, the fever's stealthy haste,
Scared women's desolate tears too early shed.

Rome's deadliest enemy beside her placed!
Oh, thou fair silence, long avenged too much,
Thou art avenged on man that leaves thee waste.

Ay, leaves thee waste; and yet, to leave thee such
Seems as to give our lives one perfect gift,
Largeness and calm, free from man's busy touch.

Forth, forth, o'er thy green infinite let me drift,
Fill me with resting, thou still left so fair,
Thou that the roofs must hide, the plough-share rift.

Some morrow thou shalt be the trader's care,
Shalt be, thou too, toil's mapped and meted ground,
Here grow trim crops, here see the loom-mills stare.

Thy silence shall be haste and eager sound;
Where in thy paths the wanderer's foot is strange
Brisk tramcars shall go plying on their round;

Thy wilds shall be a set and peopled range—
Highways, and dykes, and fields behind the wall.
Well, since the change is good, God speed the change.

And surely eyes that can perceive the all
Shall see a beauty in thy human good
More than to watch the light and shadow fall.

And lo! thy sunny hills, the hills that stood
Guarding the shepherd deserts ere Rome grew,
That so will guard thee shaped to modern mood;

And lo! thy boundless heaven's deep limpid blue,
Thy big untrembling stars: thou couldst not seem,
Ever, so staled but these should make thee new.

Ah well! That morrow shall be fair, I deem,
That is to waken thee: God speed the change:
But yet—Oh fill my dreaming, perfect dream.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

HE was answered with a ready nod and "yea, yea," as the old man opened the billet and cast his eyes over it; then scanning Ambrose from head to foot, said with some amazement, "But you are of gentle blood, young sir."

"I am," said Ambrose; "but gentle blood needs at times to work for bread, and Tibble let me hope that I might find both livelihood for the body and for the soul with you, sir."

"Is it so?" asked the printer, his face lighting up. "Art thou willing to labour and toil, and give up hope of fee and honour, if so thou mayst win the truth?"

Ambrose folded his hands with a gesture of earnestness, and Lucas Hansen said, "Bless thee, my son! Methinks I can aid thee in thy quest, so thou canst lay aside," and here his voice grew sharper and more peremptory, "all thy gentleman's airs and follies, and serve—ay, serve and obey."

"I trust so," returned Ambrose; "my brother is even now becoming prentice to Master Giles Headley, and we hope to live as honest men by the work of our hands and brains."

"I forgot that you English herren are not so puffed up with pride and scorn like our Dutch nobles," returned the printer. "Canst live sparingly, and lie hard, and see that thou keepst the house clean, not like these English swine?"

"I hope so," said Ambrose, smiling; "but I have an uncle and aunt, and they would have me lie every night at their house beside the Temple gardens."

"What is thine uncle?"

"He hath a post in the meiné of my Lord Archbishop of York," said Ambrose, blushing and hesitating a little. "He cometh to and fro to his wife, who dwells with her old father, doing fine lavender's work for the lawyer folk therein."

It was somewhat galling that this should be the most respectable occupation that could be put forward, but Lucas Hansen was evidently reassured by it. He next asked whether Ambrose could read Latin, putting a book into his hand as he did so; Ambrose read and construed readily, explaining that he had been trained at Beaulieu.

"That is well!" said the printer; "and hast thou any Greek?"

"Only the alphabeta," said Ambrose, "I made that out from a book at Beaulieu, but Father Simon knew no more, and there was nought to study from."

"Even so," replied Hansen, "but little as thou knowst, 'tis as much as I can hope for from any who will aid me in my craft. 'Tis I that, as thou hast seen, furnish for the use of the children at the dean's school of St. Paul's. The best and foremost scholars of them are grounded in their Greek, that being the tongue wherein the Holy Gospels were first writ. Hitherto I have had to get me books for their use from Holland, whither they are brought from Basle, but I have had sent me from Hamburg a fount of type of the Greek character, whereby I hope to print at home, the accidence, and mayhap the *Dialogues* of Plato, and it might even be the sacred Gospel itself, which the great Doctor, Master Erasmus, is even now collating from the best authorities in the universities."

Ambrose's eyes kindled with unmistakable delight. "You have the accidence!" he exclaimed. "Then could I study the tongue even while working for you! Sir, I would do my best! It is the very opportunity I seek."

"Fair and softly," said the printer with something of a smile. "Thou art new to cheapening and bargaining, my fair lad. Thou hast spoken not one word of the wage."

"I recked not of that," said Ambrose. "'Tis true, I may not burthen mine uncle and aunt, but verily, sir, I would live on the humblest fare that will keep body and soul together so that I may have such an opportunity."

"How knowst thou what the opportunity may be?" returned Lucas, drily. "Thou art but a babe! Some one should have a care of thee! If I set thee to stand here all day and cry what d'ye lack? or to carry bales of books twixt this and Warwick Inner Yard thou wouldst have no ground to complain."

"Nay, sir," returned Ambrose, "I wot that Tibble Steelman would never send me to one who would not truly give me what I need."

"Tibble Steelman is verily one of the few who are both called and chosen," replied Lucas, "and I think thou art the same so far as green youth may be judged, since thou art one who will follow the Word into the desert, and never ask for the loaves and fishes. Nevertheless, I will take none advantage of thy youth and zeal, but thou shalt first behold what thou shalt have to do for me, and then if it still likes thee, I will see thy kindred. Hast no father?"

Ambrose explained, and at that moment Master Hansen's boy made his appearance, returning from an errand; the stall was left in his charge, while the master took Ambrose with him into the precincts of what had once been the splendid and hospitable mansion of the great king-maker, Warwick, but was now broken up into endless little tenements with their courts and streets, though the baronial ornaments, and the arrangement still showed what the place had been.

Entering beneath a wide archway, still bearing the sign of the Bear and Ragged Staff, Lucas led the way into what must have been one of the courts of offices, for it was surrounded with buildings and sheds of different heights and sizes, and had on one side a deep trough of stone, fed by a series of water taps, intended for the use of the stables. The doors of one of these buildings was unlocked by Master Hansen, and Ambrose found himself in what had once perhaps been part of a stable, but had been partitioned off from the rest. There were two stalls, one serving the Dutchman for his living room, the other for his workshop. In one corner stood a white earthenware stove—so new a spectacle to the young forester that he supposed it to be the printing press. A table, shining with rubbing, a wooden chair, a couple of stools, a few vessels, mirrors for brightness, some chests and corner cupboards, a bed shutting up like a box, and likewise highly polished, completed the furniture, all arranged with the marvellous orderliness and neatness of the nation. A curtain shut off the opening to the other stall, where stood a machine with a huge screw, turned by leverage. Boxes of type and piles of paper surrounded it, and Ambrose stood and looked at it with a sort of awe-struck wonder and respect as the great fount of wisdom. Hansen showed him what his work would be, in setting up type, and by and by correcting after the first proof. The machine could only print four pages at a time, and for this operation the whole strength of the establishment was required. Moreover, Master Hansen bound, as well as printed his books. Ambrose was by no means daunted. As long as he might read as well as print, and while he had Sundays at St. Paul's to look to, he asked no more—except indeed that his gentle blood stirred at the notion of acting salesman in the book-stall, and Master Hansen assured him with a smile that Will Wherry, the other boy, would do that better than either of them, and that he would be entirely employed here.

The methodical master insisted however on making terms with the boy's relations; and with some misgivings on Ambrose's part, the two—since business hours were almost over—walked together to the Temple and to the little house, where Perronel was ironing under her window.

Ambrose need not have doubted. The Dutch blood on either side was stirred; and the good housewife commanded the little printer's respect as he looked round on a kitchen as tidy as if it were in his own country. And the bargain was struck: that Ambrose Birkenholt should serve Master Hansen for his meals and two pence a week, while he was to sleep at the little house of Mistress Randall, who would keep his clothes and linen in order.

And thus it was that both Ambrose and Stephen Birkenholt had found their vocations for the present, and both were fervent in them. Master Headley pshawed a little when he heard that Ambrose had engaged himself to a printer and a foreigner; and when he was told it was to a friend of Tibble's, only shook his head, saying that Tib's only fault was dabbling in matters of divinity, as if a plain man could not be saved without them! However, he respected the lad for having known his own mind and not hung about in idleness, and he had no opinion of clerks, whether monks or priests. Indeed, the low esteem in which the clergy as a class

were held in London was one of the very evil signs of the times. Ambrose was invited to dine and sup at the Dragon court every Sunday and holiday, and he was glad to accept, since the hospitality was so free, and he thus was able to see his brother and Tibble; besides that, it prevented him from burthening Mistress Randall, whom he really liked, though he could not see her husband, either in his motley or his plain garments, without a shudder of repulsion.

Ambrose found that setting up type had not much more to do with the study of new books than Stephen's turning the grindstone had with fighting in the lists; and the mistakes he made in spelling from right to left, and in confounding the letters, made him despair, and prepare for any amount of just indignation from his master; but he found on the contrary that Master Hansen had never had a pupil who made so few blunders on the first trial, and augured well of him from such a beginning. Paper was too costly, and pressure too difficult, for many proofs to be struck off, but Hansen could read and correct his type as it stood, and assured Ambrose that practice would soon give him the same power; and the correction was thus completed, when Will Wherry, a big, stout fellow, came in to dinner—the stall being left during that time, as nobody came for books during the dinner-hour, and Hansen, having an understanding with his next neighbour, by which they took turns to keep guard against thieves.

The master and the two lads dined together on the contents of a cauldron, where peas and pork had been simmering together on the stove all the morning. Their strength was then united to work the press and strike off a sheet, which the master scanned, finding only one error in it. It was a portion of Lilly's *Grammar*, and Ambrose regarded it with mingled pride and delight, though he longed to go further into those deeper revelations for the sake of which he had come here.

Master Hansen then left the youths to strike off a couple of hundred sheets, after which they were to wash the types and re-arrange the letters in the compartments in order, whilst he returned to the stall. The customers requiring his personal attention were generally late ones. When all this was accomplished, and the pot put on again in preparation for supper, the lads might use the short time that remained as they would, and Hansen himself showed Ambrose a shelf of books concealed by a blue curtain, whence he might read.

Will Wherry showed unconcealed amazement that this should be the taste of his companion. He himself hated the whole business, and would never have taken to it, but that he had too many brothers for all to take to the water on the Thames, and their mother was too poor to apprentice them, and needed the small weekly pay the Dutchman gave him. He seemed a good-natured, dull fellow, whom no doubt Hansen had hired for the sake of the strong arms, developed by generations of oarsmen upon the river. What he specially disliked was that his master was a foreigner. The whole court swarmed with foreigners, he said, with the utmost disgust, as if they were noxious insects. They made provisions dear, and undersold honest men, and he wondered the Lord Mayor did not see to it and drive them out. He did not *so* much object to the Dutch, but the Spaniards—no words could express his horror of them.

By and by, Ambrose going out to fetch some water from the conduit, found standing by it a figure entirely new to him. It was a young girl of some twelve or fourteen years old, in the round white cap worn by all of her age and sex, but from beneath it hung down two thick plaits of the darkest hair he had ever seen, and though the dress was of the ordinary dark serge with a coloured apron, it was put on with an air that made it look like some strange and beautiful costume on the slender, lithe little form. The vermillion apron was further trimmed with a narrow border of white, edged again with deep blue, and it chimed in with the bright coral earrings and necklace. As Ambrose came forward the creature tried to throw a crimson handkerchief over her head, and ran into the shelter of another door, but not before Ambrose had seen a pair of large dark eyes so like those of a terrified fawn that they seemed to carry him back to the Forest. Going back amazed he asked his companion who the girl he had seen could have been.

Will stared. "I trow you mean the old blackamoor sword-cutler's wench. He is one of those pestilent strangers. An 'Ebrew Jew who worships Mahound and is too bad for the Spanish folk themselves."

This rather startled Ambrose, though he knew enough to see that the accusations could not both be true, but he forgot it in the delight, when Will pronounced the work done, of drawing back the curtain and feasting his eyes upon the black backs of the books and the black-letter brochures that lay by them. There were scarcely thirty, yet he gloated on them as on an inexhaustible store, while Will, whistling wonder at his taste, opined that since some one was there

to look after the stove, and the iron pot on it, he might go out and have a turn at ball with Hob and Martin.

Ambrose was glad to be left to go over his coming feast. There was Latin, English, and, alas! baffling Dutch. High or Low it was all the same to him. What excited his curiosity most was the Thesis of Dr. Martinus Luther, of Wittenburg—in Latin of course, and that he could easily read—but almost equally exciting was a Greek and Latin vocabulary, or again, a very thin book in which he recognised the New Testament in the Vulgate. He had heard chapters of it read from the graceful stone pulpit overhanging the refectory at Beaulieu, and, of course, the Gospels and Epistles at mass, but they had been read with little expression and no attention; and that Sunday's discourse had filled him with eagerness to look farther; but the mere reading the titles of the books was pleasure enough for the day, and his master was at home before he had fixed his mind on anything. Perhaps this was as well, for Lucas advised him what to begin with, and how to divide his studies so as to gain a knowledge of the Greek, his great ambition, and also to read the Scripture. The master was almost as much delighted as the scholar, and it was not till the curfew was beginning to sound that Ambrose could tear himself away. It was still daylight, and the door of the next dwelling was open. There, sitting on the ground cross-legged, in an attitude such as Ambrose had never seen, was a magnificent old man, with a huge long white beard, wearing, indeed, the usual dress of a Londoner of the lower class, but the gown flowed round him in a grand and patriarchal manner, corresponding with his noble, somewhat aquiline features, and behind him, Ambrose thought he caught a glimpse of the shy fawn he had seen in the morning.

CHAPTER XI.

AY DI ME GRENADA.

"In sooth, it was a thing to weep
If then as now the level plain
Beneath was spreading like the deep,
The broad unruffled main.
If like a watch tower of the sun
Above, the Alpuxarras rose,
Streaked, when the dying day was done,
With evening's roseate snows."

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

WHEN Mary Tudor, released by death from her first dreary marriage, contracted for her brother's pleasure, had appeased his wrath at her second marriage made to please herself, Henry VIII. was only too glad to mark his assent by all manner of festivities; and English chroniclers, instead of recording battles and politics, had only to write of pageantries and tournaments during that merry May of the year 1515—a May, be it remembered, which, thanks to the old style, was at least ten days nearer to Midsummer than our present month.

How the two queens and all their court had gone a-maying on Shooter's Hill, ladies and horses poetically disguised and labelled with sweet summer titles, was only a nine days' wonder when the Birkenholts had come to London, but the approaching tournament at Westminster on the Whitsun holiday was the great excitement to the whole population, for, with all its faults, the court of bluff King Hal was thoroughly genial, and every one, gentle and simple, might participate in his pleasures.

Seats were reserved at the lists for the city dignitaries and their families, and though old Mistress Headley professed that she ought to have done with such vanities, she could not forbear from going to see that her son was not too much encumbered with the care of little Dennet, and that the child herself ran into no mischief. Master Headley himself grumbled and sighed, but he put himself into his scarlet gown, holding that his presence was a befitting attention to the king, glad to gratify his little daughter, and not without a desire to see how his workmanship—good English ware—held out against "mail and plate of Milan steel," the fine armour brought home from France by the new Duke of Suffolk. Giles donned his best in the expectation of sitting in the places of honour as one of the family, and was greatly disgusted when Kit Smallbones observed, "What's all that bravery for? The tilting match quotha? Ha! ha! my young springald, if thou see it at all, thou must be content to gaze as thou canst from the armourers' tent, if Tibble there chooses to be cumbered with a useless lubber like thee."

"I always sat with my mother when there were matches at Clarendon," muttered Giles, who had learnt at least that it was of no use to complain of Smallbones' plain speaking.

"If folks cocker malapert lads at Sarum we know better here," was the answer.

"I shall ask the master, my kinsman," returned the youth.

But he got little by his move. Master Headley told him, not unkindly, for he had some pity for the spoilt lad, that not the

Lord Mayor himself would take his own son with him while yet an apprentice. Tibble Steelman would indeed go to one of the attendants' tents at the further end of the lists, where repairs to armour and weapons might be needed, and would take an assistant or two, but who they might be must depend on his own choice, and if Giles had any desire to go, he had better don his working dress.

In fact, Tibble meant to take Edmund Burgess, and one workman for use, and one of the new apprentices for pleasure, letting them change in the middle of the day. The swagger of Giles actually forfeited for him the first turn, which—though he was no favourite with the men—would have been granted to his elder years and his relationship to the master; but on his overbearing demand to enter the boat which was to carry down a little anvil and charcoal furnace, with a few tools, rivets, nails, and horse-shoes, Tibble coolly returned that he needed no such gay birds; but if Giles chose to be ready in his leathern coat when Stephen Birkenholt came home at midday, mayhap he might change with him.

Stephen went joyously in the plainest of attire, though Tibble in fur cap, grimy jerkin, and leathern apron was no elegant steersman; and Edmund, who was at the age of youthful foppery, shrugged his shoulders a little, and disguised the garments of the smithy with his best flat cap and newest mantle.

They kept in the wake of the handsome barge which Master Headley shared with his friend and brother alderman, Master Hope the draper, whose young wife, in a beautiful black velvet hood and shining blue satin kirtle, was evidently petting Dennet to her heart's content, though the little damsel never lost an opportunity of nodding to her friends in the plainer barge in the rear.

The Tudor tilting matches cost no lives, and seldom broke bones. They were chiefly opportunities for the display of brilliant enamelled and gilt armour, at the very acme of cumbrous magnificence; and of equally gorgeous embroidery spread out over the vast expanse provided by elephantine Flemish horses. Even if the weapons had not been purposely blunted, and if the champions had really desired to slay one another, they would have found the task very difficult, as in effect they did in the actual game of war. But the spectacle was a splendid one, and all the apparatus was ready in the armourers' tent, marked by St. George and the Dragon. Tibble ensconced himself in the innermost corner with a "tractate," borrowed from his friend Lucas, and sent the apprentices to gaze their fill at the rapidly filling circles of seats. They saw King Harry, resplendent in gilded armour—"from their own anvil, true English steel," said Edmund, proudly—hand to her seat his sister the bride, one of the most beautiful women then in existence, with a lovely and delicate bloom on her fair face and exquisite Plantagenet features. No more royally handsome creatures could the world have offered than that brother and sister, and the English world appreciated them and made the lists ring with applause at the fair lady who had disdained foreign princes to wed her true love, an honest Englishman.

He—the cloth of frieze—in blue Milanese armour, made to look as classical as possible, and with clasps and medals engraven from antique gems—handed in Queen Katharine, whose dark but glowing Spanish complexion made a striking contrast to the dazzling fairness of her young sister-in-law. Near them sat a stout burly figure in episcopal purple, and at his feet there was a form which nearly took away all Stephen's pleasure for the time. For it was in motley, and he could hear the bells jingle, while the hot blood rose in his cheeks in the dread lest Burgess should detect the connection, or recognise in the jester the grave personage who had come to negotiate with Mr. Headley for his indentures, or worse still, that the fool should see and claim him.

However, Quipsome Hal seemed to be exchanging drolleries with the young dowager of France, who, sooth to say, giggled in a very unqueenly manner at jokes which made the grave Spanish-born queen draw up her stately head, and converse with a lady on her other hand—an equally stately lady, somewhat older, with the straight Plantagenet features, and by her side a handsome boy, who, though only eight or nine years old, was tonsured, and had a little scholar's gown. "That," said Edmund, "is my Lady Countess of Salisbury, of whom Giles Headley prates so much."

A tournament which was merely a game between gorgeously equipped princes and nobles afforded little scope for adventure worthy of record, though it gave great diversion to the spectators. Stephen gazed like one fascinated at the gay panoply of horse and man, with the huge plumes on the heads of both, as they rushed against one another, and he shared with Edmund the triumph when the lance from their armoury held good, the vexation if it were shivered. All would have been perfect but for the

sight of his uncle, evidently playing off his drolleries in a manner that gave him a sense of personal degradation.

To escape from the sight almost consoled him when, in the pause after the first courses had been run, Tibble told him and Burgess to return, and send Headley and another workman with a fresh bundle of lances for the afternoon's tilting. Stephen further hoped to find his brother at the Dragon court, as it was one of those holidays that set every one free, and separation began to make the brothers value their meetings.

But Ambrose was not at the Dragon court, and when Stephen went in quest of him to the Temple, Perronel had not seen him since the early morning, but she said he seemed so much bitten with the little old man's scholarship that she had small doubt that he would be found poring over a book in Warwick Inner Yard.

Thither therefore did Stephen repair. The place was nearly deserted, for the inhabitants were mostly either artisans; or that far too numerous race who lived on the doles of convents, on the alms of church-goers, and the largesses scattered among the people on public occasions, and these were for the most part pursuing their vocation both of gazing and looking out for gain among the spectators outside the lists. The door that Stephen had been shown as that of Ambrose's master was however partly open, and close beside it sat in the sun a figure that amazed him. On a small mat or rug, with a black and yellow handkerchief over her head, and little scarlet legs crossed under a blue dress, all lighted up by the gay May sun, there slept the little dark, glowing maiden with her head bent as it leant against the wall, her rosy lips half open, her long black plaits on her shoulders.

Stepping up to the half-open door, whence he heard a voice reading, his astonishment was increased. At the table were his brother and his master, Ambrose with a black book in hand, Lucas Hansen with some papers, and on the ground was seated a venerable, white-bearded old man, something between Stephen's notions of an apostle and of a magician, though the latter idea predominated at sight of a long parchment scroll covered with characters such as belonged to no alphabet that he had ever dreamt of. What were they doing to his brother? He was absolutely in an enchanter's den. Was it a pixy at the door, guarding it? "Ambrose!" he cried aloud.

Everybody started. Ambrose sprang to his feet, exclaiming "Stephen!" The pixy gave a little scream and jumped up, flying to the old man, who quietly rolled up his scroll.

Lucas rose up, as Ambrose spoke.

"Thy brother?" said he.

"Yea — come in search of me," said Ambrose.

"Thou hadst best go forth with him," said Lucas.

"It is not well that youth should study over long," said the old man. "Thou hast aided us well, but do thou now unbend the bow. Peace be with thee, my son."

Ambrose complied, but scarcely willingly, and the instant they had made a few steps from the door, Stephen exclaimed in dismay, "Who—what was it? Have they bewitched thee, Ambrose?"

Ambrose laughed merrily. "Not so. It is holy lore that those good men are reading."

"Nay now, Ambrose. Stand still—if thou canst, poor fellow," he muttered, and then made the sign of the cross three times over his brother, who stood smiling, and said, "Art satisfied, Stevie? Or wilt have me rehearse my *Credo?*" Which he did, Stephen listening critically, and drawing a long breath as he recognised each word, pronounced without a shudder at the critical points. "Thou art safe so far," said Stephen. "But sure he is a wizard. I even beheld his familiar spirit—in a fair shape doubtless—like a pixy! Be not deceived, brother. Sorcery reads backwards—and I saw him so read from that scroll of his. Laughest thou! Nay! What shall I do to free thee? Enter here!"

Stephen dragged his brother, still laughing, into the porch of the nearest church, and deluged him with holy water with such good will, that Ambrose, putting up his hands to shield his eyes, exclaimed, "Come now, have done with this folly, Stephen—though it makes me laugh to think of thy scared looks, and poor little Aldouza being taken for a familiar spirit." And Ambrose laughed as he had not laughed for weeks.

"But what is it, then?"

"The old man is of thy calling, or something like it, Stephen, being that he maketh and tempereth sword-blades after the prime Damascene or Toledo fashion, and the familiar spirit is his little daughter."

Stephen did not however look mollified. "Sword-blades! None have a right to make them save our craft. This is one of the rascaille Spaniards who have poured into the city under favour of the queen to spoil and ruin the lawful trade. Though could you but have seen, Ambrose, how our tough

English ashwood in King Harry's hand—from our own armoury too—made all go down before it, you would never uphold strangers and their false wares that *can* only get the better by sorcery."

"How thou dost harp upon sorcery!" exclaimed Ambrose. "I must tell thee the good old man's story as 'twas told to me, and then wilt thou own that he is as good a Christian as ourselves—ay, or better—and hath little cause to love the Spaniards."

"Come on, then," said Stephen. "Methought if we went towards Westminster we might yet get where we could see the lists. Such a rare show, Ambrose, to see the king in English armour, ay, and Master Headley's, every inch of it, glittering in the sun, so that one could scarce brook the dazzling, on his horse like a rock shattering all that came against him! I warrant you the lances cracked and shivered like faggots under old Purkis's bill-hook. And that you should liefer pore over crabbed monkish stuff with yonder old men! My life on it, there must be some spell!"

"No more than of old, when I was ever for book, and thou for bow," said Ambrose; "but I'll make thee rueful for old Michael yet. Hast heard tell of the Moors in Spain?"

"Moors—blackamoors who worship Mahound and Termagant. I saw a blackamoor last week behind his master, a merchant of Genoa, in Paul's Walk. He looked like the devils in the Miracle Play at Christ Church, with blubber lips and wool for hair. I marvelled that he did not writhe and flee when he came within the minster, but Ned Burgess said he was a christened man."

"Moors be not all black, neither be they all worshippers of Mahound," replied Ambrose.

However, as Ambrose's information, though a few degrees more correct and intelligent than his brother's, was not complete, it will be better not to give the history of Lucas's strange visitors in his words.

They belonged to the race of Saracen Arabs who had brought the arts of life to such perfection in Southern Spain, but who had received the general appellation of Moors, from those Africans who were continually reinforcing them, and, bringing a certain Puritan strictness of Mohammedanism with them, had done much towards destroying the highest cultivation among them before the Spanish kingdoms became united, and finally triumphed over them. During the long interval of two centuries, while Castille was occupied by internal wars, and Aragon by Italian conquests, there had been little aggression on the Moorish borderland, and a good deal of friendly intercourse both in the way of traffic and of courtesy; nor had the bitter persecution and distrust of new converts then set in, which followed the entire conquest of Granada. Thus, when Ronda was one of the first Moorish cities to surrender, a great merchant of the unrivalled sword-blades whose secret had been brought from Damascus, had, with all his family, been accepted gladly when he declared himself ready to submit and receive baptism. Miguel Abenali was one of the sons, and though his conversion had at first been mere compliance with his father's will and the family interests, he had become sufficiently convinced of Christian truth not to take part with his own people in the final struggle. Still, however, the inbred abhorrence of idolatry had influenced his manner of worship, and when, after half a life time, Granada had fallen, and the Inquisition had begun to take cognisance of new Christians from among the Moors as well as the Jews, there were not lacking spies to report the absence of all sacred images or symbols from the house of the wealthy merchant, and that neither he nor any of his family had been seen kneeling before the shrine of Nuestra Señora. The sons of Abenali did indeed feel strongly the power of the national reaction, and revolted from the religion which they saw cruelly enforced on their conquered countrymen. The Moor had been viewed as a gallant enemy, the Morisco was only a being to be distrusted and persecuted; and the efforts of the good Bishop of Granada, who had caused the Psalms, Gospels, and large portions of the Breviary to be translated into Arabic, were frustrated by the zeal of those who imagined that heresy lurked in the vernacular, and perhaps that objections to popular practices might be strengthened.

By order of Cardinal Ximenes, these Arabic versions were taken away and burnt; but Miguel Abenali had secured his own copy, and it was what he there learnt that withheld him from flying to his countrymen and resuming their faith when he found that the Christianity he had professed for forty years was no longer a protection to him. Having known the true Christ in the Gospel, he could not turn back to Mohammed, even though Christians persecuted in the Name they so little understood.

The crisis came in 1507, when Ximenes, apparently impelled by the dread that simulated conformity should corrupt the Church,

quickened the persecution of the doubtful "Nuevos Cristianos," and the Abenali family, who had made themselves loved and repected, received warning that they had been denounced, and that their only hope lay in flight.

The two sons, high-spirited young men, on whom religion had far less hold than national feeling, fled to the Alpuxarra Mountains, and, renouncing the faith of the persecutors, joined their countrymen in their gallant and desperate warfare. Their mother, who had long been dead, had never been more than an outward Christian, but the second wife of Abenali shared his belief and devotion with the intelligence and force of character sometimes found among the Moorish ladies of Spain. She and her little ones fled with him in disguise to Cadiz, with the precious Arabic Scriptures rolled round their waists, and took shelter with an English merchant, who had had dealings in sword-blades with Señor Miguel, and had been entertained by him in his beautiful Saracenic house at Ronda with Eastern hospitality. This he requited by giving them the opportunity of sailing for England in a vessel laden with Xeres sack; but the misery of the voyage across the Bay of Biscay in a ship fit for nothing but wine, was excessive, and creatures reared in the lovely climate and refined luxury of the land of the palm and orange, exhausted too already by the toils of the mountain journey, were incapable of enduring it, and Abenali's brave wife and one of her children were left beneath the waves of the Atlantic. With the one little girl left to him, he arrived in London, and the recommendation of his Cadiz friend obtained for him work from a dealer in foreign weapons, who was not unwilling to procure them nearer home. Happily for him, Moorish masters, however rich, were always required to be proficients in their own trade; and thus Miguel, or Michael as he was known in England, was able to maintain himself and his child by the fabrication of blades that no one could distinguish from those of Damascus. Their perfection was a work of infinite skill, labour, and industry, but they were so costly, that their price, and an occasional job of inlaying gold in other metal, sufficed to maintain the old man and his little daughter. The armourers themselves were sometimes forced to have recourse to him, though unwillingly, for he was looked on with distrust and dislike as an interloper of foreign birth, belonging to no guild. A Biscayan or Castillian of the oldest Christian blood incurred exactly the same obloquy from the mass of London craftsmen and apprentices, and Lucas himself had small measure of favour, though Dutchmen were less alien to the English mind than Spaniards, and his trade did not lead to so much rivalry and competition.

As much of this as Ambrose knew or understood he told to Stephen, who listened in a good deal of bewilderment, understanding very little, but with a strong instinct that his brother's love of learning was leading him into dangerous company. And what were they doing on this fine May holiday, when every one ought to be out enjoying themselves?

"Well, if thou wilt know," said Ambrose, pushed hard, "there is one Master William Tindal, who hath been doing part of the blessed Evangel into English, and for better certainty of its correctness, Master Michael was comparing it with his Arabic version, while I overlooked the Latin."

"O Ambrose, thou wilt surely run into trouble. Know you not how nurse Joan used to tell us of the burning of the Lollard books?"

"Nay, now, Stevie, this is no heresy. 'Tis such work as the great scholar, Master Erasmus, is busied on—ay, and he is loved and honoured by both the archbishops and the king's grace! Ask Tibble Steelman what he thinks thereof."

"Tibble Steelman would think nought of a beggarly stranger calling himself a sword cutler, and practising the craft without prenticeship or license," said Stephen, swelling with indignation. "Come on Ambrose, and sweep the cobwebs from thy brain. If we cannot get into our own tent again, we can mingle with the outskirts, and learn how the day is going, and how our lances and breastplates have stood where the knaves' at the Eagle have gone like reeds and egg-shells—just as I threw George Bates, the prentice at the Eagle yesterday in a wrestling match at the butts with the trick old Diggory taught me."

CHAPTER XII.

A KING IN A QUAGMIRE.

For my pastance
Hunt, sing, and dance,
My heart is set
All godly sport
To my comfort.
Who shall me let?

THE KING'S BALADE, *attributed to Henry VIII.*

LIFE was a rough, hearty thing in the early sixteenth century, strangely divided

between thought and folly, hardship and splendour, misery and merriment, toil and sport.

The youths in the armourer's household had experienced little of this as yet in their country life, but in London they could not but soon begin to taste both sides of the matter. Master Headley himself was a good deal taken up with city affairs, and left the details of his business to Tibble Steelman and Kit Smallbones, though he might always appear on the scene, and he had a wonderful knowledge of what was going on.

The breaking-in and training of the two new country lads was entirely left to them and to Edmund Burgess. Giles soon found that complaints were of no avail, and only made matters harder for him, and that Tibble Steelman and Kit Smallbones had no notion of favouring their master's cousin.

Poor fellow, he was very miserable in those first weeks. The actual toil, to which he was an absolute novice, though nominally three years an apprentice, made his hands raw, and his joints full of aches, while his groans met with nothing but laughter; and he recognised with great displeasure, that more was laid on him than on Stephen Birkenholt. This was partly in consideration of Stephen's youth, partly of his ready zeal and cheerfulness. His hands might be sore too, but he was rather proud of it than otherwise, and his hero worship of Kit Smallbones made him run on errands, tug at the bellows staff, or fetch whatever was called for with a bright alacrity that won the foremen's hearts, and it was noted that he who was really a gentleman, had none of the airs that Giles Headley showed.

Giles began by some amount of bullying, by way of slaking his wrath at the preference shown for one whom he continued to style a beggarly brat picked up on the heath; but Stephen was good-humoured, and accustomed to give and take, and they both found their level, as well in the Dragon court as among the world outside, where the London prentices were a strong and redoubtable body, with rude, not to say cruel, rites of initiation among themselves, plenty of rivalries and enmities between house and house, guild and guild, but a united, not to say ferocious, *esprit de corps* against every one else. Fisticuffs and wrestlings were the amenities that passed between them, though always with a love of fair play so long as no cowardice, or what was looked on as such was shown, for there was no mercy for the weak or weakly. Such had better betake themselves at once to the cloister, or life was made intolerable by constant jeers, blows, baitings and huntings, often, it must be owned, absolutely brutal.

Stephen and Giles had however passed through this ordeal. The letter to John Birkenholt had been despatched by a trusty clerk riding with the Judges of Assize, whom Mistress Perronel knew might be safely trusted, and who actually brought back a letter which might have emanated from the most affectionate of brothers, giving his authority for the binding Stephen apprentice to the worshipful Master Giles Headley, and sending the remainder of the boy's portion.

Stephen was thereupon regularly bound apprentice to Master Headley. It was a solemn affair, which took place in the Armourers' Hall in Coleman Street, before sundry witnesses. Harry Randall, in his soberest garb and demeanour, acted as guardian to his nephew, and presented him, clad in the regulation prentice garb—"flat round cap, close cut hair, narrow falling bands, coarse side coat, close hose, cloth stockings," coat with the badge of the Armourers' Company, and Master Headley's own dragon's tail on the sleeve, to which was added a blue cloak marked in like manner. The instructions to apprentices were rehearsed, beginning, "Ye shall constantly and devoutly on your knees every day serve God, morning and evening"—pledging him to "avoid evil company, to make speedy return when sent on his master's business, to be fair, gentle and lowly in speech and carriage with all men," and the like.

(*To be continued.*)

MRS. HARTLEY, WITH HER CHILD AS A YOUTHFUL BACCHANAL.

Engraved by O. Lacour, *from the picture by* Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., *in the possession of* Earl Northbrook.

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MEETING IN WINTER.

WINTER in the world it is,
Round about the unhoped kiss
Whose dream I long have sorrowed o'er;
Round about the longing sore,
That the touch of thee shall turn
Into joy too deep to burn.

Round thine eyes and round thy mouth
Passeth no murmur of the south,
When my lips a little while
Leave thy quivering tender smile,
As we twain, hand holding hand,
Once again together stand.

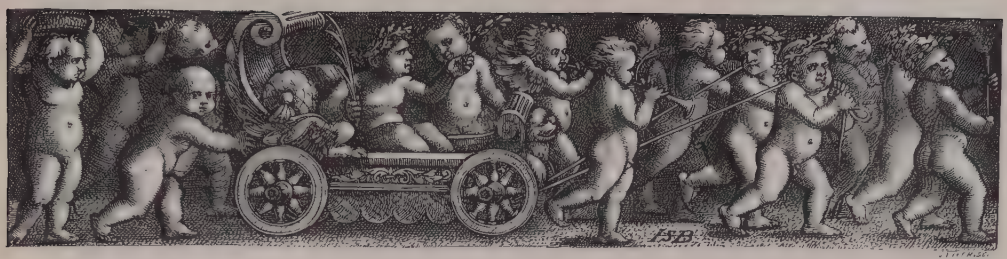
Sweet is that, as all is sweet;
For the white drift shalt thou meet
Kind and cold-cheeked and mine own,
Wrapped about with deep-furred gown
In the broad-wheeled chariot:
Then the north shall spare us not;
The wide-reaching waste of snow
Wilder, lonelier yet shall grow
As the reddened sun falls down.

But the warders of the town,
When they flash the torches out
O'er the snow amid their doubt,
And their eyes at last behold
Thy red-litten hair of gold;
Shall they open, or in fear
Cry, "Alas! What cometh here?
Whence hath come this Heavenly One
To tell of all the world undone?"

They shall open, and we shall see
The long street litten scantily
By the long stream of light before
The guest-hall's half-open door;
And our horses' bells shall cease
As we reach the place of peace;
Thou shalt tremble, as at last
The worn threshold is o'er-past,
And the fire-light blindeth thee:
Trembling shalt thou cling to me
As the sleepy merchants stare
At thy cold hands slim and fair,
Thy soft eyes and happy lips
Worth all lading of their ships.

O my love, how sweet and sweet
That first kissing of thy feet,
When the fire is sunk alow
And the hall made empty now
Groweth solemn, dim and vast!
O my love, the night shall last
Longer than men tell thereof
Laden with our lonely love!

WILLIAM MORRIS.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THERE is for many reasons something peculiarly touching in the confession of faith with which Sir Joshua Reynolds closes his last discourse to the students of the Royal Academy. The occasion is the annual distribution of prizes in December of the year 1790, and he is speaking of the great genius whom he so little resembled and so much admired. "It will not," he says, "I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course—one more suited to my abilities and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this academy, and from this place, might be the name of MICHAEL ANGELO."

These eloquent sentences were, indeed, the last public utterance of their author. Within fourteen months of the time of their delivery Reynolds died peacefully at his house in Leicester Square, congratulating himself, as Burke tells us, on "a happy conclusion of a happy life." And even at this date his career as a painter was already at an end. He had entirely lost the sight of one of his eyes, and could no longer work at his easel. In the January of the same year, writing to Sheridan, who had asked to be allowed to purchase the beautiful picture of *St. Cecilia* which now hangs at Burlington House, Reynolds had himself announced the termination of his life's labours. "It is with great regret," he says, "that I part with the best picture I ever painted, for tho' I have every year hoped to paint better and better, and may truly say *Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*, it has not been always the case. However, there is now an end of the pursuit: the race is over whether it is won or lost."

In one sense Reynolds must have well known that the race had been won. As he observed to Malone, he had painted "two generations of the beauties of England," and painted them in such a way that we think of them now chiefly in connection with his name. In portraiture, which was indeed the only branch of art that had any real vitality during the time in which he lived, he was without a rival either in England or on the Continent, and yet in thinking of his great fame and in acknowledging the admirable beauty of his pictures, it is impossible not to be reminded of these words of his in which he has set down for us, not indeed an image of what he was, but a record of what he had wished to be. In common with every artist of fine temper, Reynolds's vision of beauty far transcended the limits of his own accomplishment; the inherent capabilities of his genius are fully measured in the works that he actually produced, and there is no evidence in them that he could under any conditions have found better occupation for the resources that were at his command: and yet there is a certain pathos in the thought that while he was busy in registering the individual features

of the men and women of his own generation, he was at the same time dreaming of the great imaginative art of Florence. When we have learned to love the work of a great man, we are curious to know what it was that he himself most deeply loved and reverenced, and in this sense Sir Joshua's passionate eulogy of Michael Angelo is deeply interesting to us. Nor was the special tendency of his ambition wholly without influence upon his own practice. I do not now speak of the deliberate attempts at ideal composition for which he occasionally deserted his work in portraiture. These experiments, indeed, in so far as they may be judged by the higher standard to which they affect to conform, are rather to be counted among the failures of his art. They serve for the most part only to mark the essential limitations of his genius, not to express its resources, and they prove to us that in the course which he had marked out for himself his instinct was just and true. It is in his practice as a portrait painter that the happy influence of his finely cultivated taste most conspicuously displays itself. There is in all his work a certain modesty of temper as of a mind ever deeply conscious of a style greater than his own. If he is more constantly fascinating as a painter than even the greatest of his contemporaries, it is because he had in him more of the spirit of the student. "I know no man," said Johnson, "who passed through life with more observation than Reynolds," and the remark applies as much to the things of art as to the facts of life itself. With Reynolds the assurance of the master never bordered on impertinence. He was searching always and to the end, and even those melancholy experiments with pigments and colours which have served to hasten the ruin of many of his pictures, are but the outward sign of a higher intellectual curiosity which is of the very essence of his genius. To the close of his long career his painting preserved the interesting characteristics that in the work of other men belong only to the season of youth and progress: he is little of a mannerist, because he has none of the settled confidence of style which begets mannerism: with each new subject he is moved to new effort and experiment; and though the measure of his success is not always the same, even his failures are not the failures of audacity or self-assurance.

It was not then without profit that Reynolds reverenced and studied the great masters of an earlier time. Though he possessed none of the gifts which allowed him to enter into their ideal world, he caught something of their spirit, and his constant respect for their greater achievements served always to ennoble his own practice. Nor did this contact with the art of the past weaken or impede the exercise of his own individuality. There is a prevalent notion that great originality does not demand the support of learning, and it is doubtless true that the spectacle of brilliant genius emerging from a background of ignorance, has a vulgar glamour and attractiveness. But the only kind of originality, worth the name, is that which eagerly appropriates all that can be learned, and still preserves its own identity. The sort of genius that cannot endure the test of study borders closely upon charlatanism, and upon this truth Reynolds himself was constantly insisting. "He appears not to have had the least conception," he says, still speaking of Michael Angelo, "that his art was to be acquired by any other means than great labour; and yet he, of all men that ever lived, might make the greatest pretensions to the efficacy of native genius and inspiration." And in the belief which he here expresses, we may find the secret of Reynolds's own success. That he, too, possesses his own share of native inspiration is shown clearly enough in the course of his practice as a painter. When we think of the art which he most loved, how modest by comparison seems the scope of his own achievement! If he had suffered himself to be led by his ambition, he would indeed have been the mere product of learning and pedantry, and his art would have gone the way of so many other experiments in the grand style, which found their grave in the eighteenth century. For a real revival of the imaginative art which had flowered in Italy the time was not ripe, nor were the men ready, and it was, therefore, with the native prudence of true genius that Reynolds, though he cherished, even to the last, the thought of Florence and its traditions, accepted for himself a humbler function, and was content to labour in another field. And so it happens that in his own portrait, painted for the Royal Academy, although he has introduced the bust of Michael Angelo to record his devotion to that master, the picture in itself reminds us, not of the art of Italy, but rather of the principles and style of the school of Rembrandt.

From the qualities of temperament that make themselves apparent in his work, we may partly understand how it was that Reynolds was so much beloved as a man. Even without the recorded opinion of his contemporaries, we should be prepared upon

"CROSSING THE BROOK."

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (*Engraved from the reversed mezzotint.*)

the evidence of his paintings alone to meet in their author a mind at once simple and sympathetic, gentle and sincere. There must have been something of the heart of a child in one who could so win upon children as to wrest from them the secret of their unconscious grace and beauty; something also of the tenderness of a woman, in a painter who could induce the mothers of children to confide to him those unconstrained and exquisite images of maternal fondness that are the peculiar property of his art. We must go back to the time when this one human relationship was deeply and constantly studied under the influence of religious impulse and tradition, to find a match for the sentiment that

THE HON. MISS FRANCES HARRIS, WITH A DOG.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

inspires these designs of Reynolds—for in this respect no one of his contemporaries was in any sort his equal. To the portraiture of Gainsborough we may perhaps turn with greater confidence for an exact reflex of the social life of his time. His women have often, it may be allowed, a superior distinction and style. They own the external charm that belongs to the manners, the costume, and the character of their epoch, whereas in the art of Reynolds we are constantly tempted to forget differences of rank and station in the enjoyment of a deeper and broader humanity. No portrait painter before his time had taken so wide a range; he painted all classes, and all with equal sympathy, and this same quiet liberality of appreciation which animates his art entered in equal measure into his life, endearing him to men of varying intellectual gifts and of widely divergent character and occupation. The well-known sentence of Johnson's, that he was "the most invulnerable man he knew; whom, if he should quarrel with him he should find the most difficulty how to abuse," implies in itself only a negative judgment, and might aptly fit a nature that was capable of inspiring no real affection. But Johnson found warmer terms in which to describe his friend. In the summer of 1764, when Reynolds had been ill, he addressed him in words that he would not have used to a man he did not love, though the form in which he expresses himself may seem to us now somewhat ponderously polite. "Having had no particular account of your disorder," he writes, "I know not in what state it has left you. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you, or my own interest by preserving you, in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose about the only man whom I call a friend." On another occasion, referring to his own melancholy, he lets fall an observation that throws a pleasant light upon the character of the painter. "Some men," he says, "and very thinking men too, have not these vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round." Even the occasional differences between the two friends have a touch of kindliness; and once when Johnson's rudeness had called forth Reynolds's dignity, the former grew suddenly humble, and with as near an approach to a blush as Boswell could bring himself to record, said, "Nay, don't be angry, I did not mean to offend you." The last vision we get of this happy friendship is Johnson's dying request that Reynolds would forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him, as he wished to leave the money to a poor family.

The faithful Boswell lived to witness and to describe the last illness of Sir Joshua, himself. The man who in his years of health and labour had been "the same all the year round" was not always proof against melancholy. "He broods," writes Boswell, "over the dismal apprehension of becoming quite blind. He has been kept so low as to diet that he is quite relaxed and desponding," and then he adds, "He who used to be looked upon as perhaps the most happy man in the world is now as I tell you." Within a few hours of his death, which took place shortly after this letter was written, Edmund Burke thus describes the character of his old friend—"His talents of every kind powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow.—'*Hail and Farewell.*'" And in this same memorandum Burke aptly illustrates the source of that superior power in the portraiture of Reynolds to which reference has already been made. "He communicated to that description of the art in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. . . . In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere."

It is curious to reflect that a man who lived to win the esteem and respect of the greatest of his contemporaries was at one time destined to fill a very humble sphere in life. Yet so it was. In the year 1740 Joshua, as his father expresses it, was "drawing near to seventeen" and it was therefore urgently necessary that he should make choice of a career. The elder Reynolds was himself a clergyman and the head-master of the grammar-school at Plympton, but he seems also to have dabbled a little in medicine, and to this cause is doubtless to be ascribed the idea which he had of apprenticing his son to an apothecary. Joshua had already made some

MARGARET GEORGIANA, COUNTESS SPENCER, AND GEORGIANA SPENCER, HER DAUGHTER, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

boyish experiments in design, which had attracted the favourable notice of a local artist. His own inclinations were therefore, we may assume, pretty clearly established, yet he told his father at the time that "he would rather be an apothecary than an *ordinary* painter, but if he could be bound to an eminent master he should choose the latter." The "eminent master" made his appearance in the person of Thomas Hudson, a native of Devonshire, who since the retirement of his master, Jonathan Richardson, occupied the foremost place among the portrait painters of his time. Hudson has received less than justice at the hands of the biographers of Reynolds. He was an artist

of considerable power, possessed of a solid simplicity of taste, and working with a sound tradition of executive style. When the younger painter left his studio, he could have little to unlearn, for Hudson's manner had in it nothing of artifice or pretence, and in the earlier portraits of Reynolds's which reveal the influence of his master's teaching, there may be found a certain quality of directness and sincerity that give them a peculiar charm and attraction. In this class may be particularly noticed among the works exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, the youthful portrait of Lady Elizabeth Montagu, the half-length of the Countess of Essex, and the graceful composition of Lady Cathcart and her child. But the last-named picture also serves to remind us that at this time the talent of the painter was being moulded by other and larger influences. The form of the design is in some sense a reminiscence of the manner of Andrea del Sarto, and we are recalled to the fact that at the date of its execution Reynolds had but lately returned from a two years' sojourn in Italy. Although there is no sign as yet of that richness of colouring which he afterwards acquired, the spirit of the great masters is already at work in the young man's mind. He is beginning to paint portraits with a sense that the world possessed the record of an art that owned a higher function than portraiture, and this conviction was destined to exert a lasting control over the exercise of his own genius.

It speaks strongly for the good sense that lay at the root of Reynolds's character that, with the fruit of his Italian studies fresh in his recollection, he did not then attempt to do what he afterwards regretted he had not done. Standing at this time on the threshold of his artistic career, he might, to use his own words, have sought "to follow in the footsteps of Michael Angelo," and if he had so chosen the world would have lost a great portrait painter, and gained nothing in exchange. A glance at the so-called imaginative art of his contemporaries can leave us in no doubt on this head; for the invention of the eighteenth century, so far as it expressed itself in art, was barren and logical, destitute in almost equal measure of the vivid charm of natural beauty, and of the impress of its author's individuality. In such a season of vague generalisation wherein a cold and abstract formalism was made to do duty for the passionate impulse of genuine imagination, the practice of portraiture afforded the only safe anchorage to an artist of veracity and power; and Reynolds's undisputed supremacy over all other painters of his generation was due, not merely to a right understanding of his own capabilities, but also to a keen perception of the genius of his age. He lived to witness among his own countrymen the shipwreck of Barry's high ambition, who nearly thirty years afterwards returned from Italy determined to rival the correctness of the antique, and the excellence of the Renaissance. Nor was the failure which Barry's career served to illustrate merely local. If Reynolds had looked abroad he could not have discovered anything to shake his resolution or to encourage the pursuit of higher aims. He stands out as one of the few English artists who enjoy a European reputation, but it may be doubted whether it is always sufficiently realised either in England or abroad, that in his painting we have absolutely the most complete and masterly achievement of the age in which he lived. In France there was certainly no one fit to rank as his rival. Watteau, the genius of an earlier generation, had died two years before Reynolds was born, and Prud'hon's activity as an artist scarcely commenced before the close of the century. There was nothing surely in the art of Boucher, with its enfeebled transcript of the weaker side of Rubens and its simpering indelicacy that was meant to do duty for refinement, nothing again in the prettiness of Greuze, in which the innocence of youth is supposed to express itself by a precocious mimicry of the ways of passion, that deserves to be set beside such a picture of all the varied aspects of the social life of his time as presents itself to us in the collected work of Reynolds. These men —and their names are the most eminent among his contemporaries in France,—possessed an undoubted mastery over the technical resources of their art, and it is very noteworthy in the case of Greuze, that when he is seen at his best, as he may be seen in the Museum at Montpellier, it is as a painter of simple portraits that he most readily commands our respect. But his naturalism, such as it was, did not avail to found a tradition or to avert the pedantic and paralysing revival of classicism that came with the advent of David and the Empire. There was, in short, no artistic individuality on the Continent that could be said to compete with Reynolds in his generation, and if he failed to give to his painting the wider scope that he desired for it, his failure was no more than that of others who had not the splendid excuse which his actual accomplishment in the realm of portraiture has

"FELINA."
By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

left in vindication of his fame. It may, indeed, be allowed, that the fancy and grace of Boucher is better than the colossal dulness of Barry, just as the academic gravity of David surpasses the bourgeois invention of Benjamin West. But in the presence of a painter like Reynolds, we feel that we are on higher and surer ground than any of these men could hold, and at a season when all art that professed to be led by imagination was either vacuous or trivial, we are forced to the conclusion, that in limiting his energies to the profession of portraiture, Reynolds judged wisely, both for his own sake and for ours.

It is impossible to survey such a series of portraits as that which has been brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery, without becoming keenly interested in the personality not merely of the artist, but of his sitters. Painting makes delightful biography, it takes up each individual life at the happiest moments, touching lightly upon human imperfections and revealing to us, with a force that

literature cannot match, the vivid image of men and women as they appear to one another. In the presence of this company of wits and scholars, of famous statesmen and still more famous beauties, of mothers with their children, and of children grown to be mothers, it seems almost as though, by some process of magic, the society of the last century had been suddenly reconstituted in its original form. Behind the frames from which these living faces smile and gaze at one another lurks a whole library of history and scandal, with its record of ambition and happiness, and disappointment, but in the ideal world to which the artist has conveyed them, there resides some power of enchantment that keeps malice dumb and stills the gossiping tongues. It is only the sweeter side of life that his painting consents to keep for us; and as we watch its onward movement clearly mirrored in the different phases of his art, we are half cheated into the belief that there never could have been a society so pure and gracious as that amidst which he lived. There is in all this something of the sweetness and gentleness of his own temper. The grave simplicity of Reynolds's character finds its reflex in his art, and he was led as by the force of instinct to choose the fairer and finer aspects of the life of his time. "I hope, my dear," said Blake, in his old age, to a young lady who was sitting beside him, "that God will make the world as beautiful to you as it has always been to me," and there is something in the sentiment that Reynolds might have echoed, for, he too, according to his own ideal, had been constantly on the alert to discover and record the beauty that surrounded him. And in this he often went far beyond the conventional limits of mere portraiture, attracted not merely by individual faces, but by the simple and happy relationships that underlie the fabric of even the most complex social life. If it were only for his love of children, and his power of interpreting the fascination of childish beauty, he would still amply deserve the fame that he has won. In a certain sense Reynolds may be said to rank as the inventor of this particular department of portraiture. Others indeed, and amongst them men more highly gifted than he, had painted the likenesses of children, but not with his peculiar appreciation of their charm. In the scheme of his art they occupy a little world of their own, where the finely marked individuality of childish character is made the subject of separate and subtle analysis. Mr. F. G. Stephens has devoted a very interesting essay to the consideration of Sir Joshua's child portraits, and it is surprising to find from the exhaustive list that he has made of the different subjects, how large a share of Sir Joshua's artistic energy was expended upon the painting of children. Throughout the whole of his long career, these little people exercised a constant fascination over his genius, and although his success with them is not always the same, he was continually discovering some new form in which to acknowledge the sovereignty of their empire. One of the very last pictures upon which he was engaged at the time when failing eyesight put a sudden end to his labours, was the delightful composition of little Miss Frances Harris with a dog; and we know by his own confession that he considered the picture of *The Strawberry Girl* one of the few really original works he could claim to have produced. Sometimes indeed, as in the *Felina*, and again in the *Muscipula*, he was betrayed by the research of a certain kind of elfish expression into an exaggeration of sentiment that is not wholly agreeable. But when he was better inspired, as in the picture of little Miss Cholmondeley carrying her dog across the brook, the result is absolutely simple and unaffected. The little maiden is here wholly intent upon her task, and unconscious of the presence of the painter; nothing could be more delicately rendered than the expression of the drooping eyelids and half-open mouth, as she puts forth all her strength to support the weight that strains upon her slender arms; nothing again more quietly humorous in its effect than the contrast between the child's evident anxiety and the smug contentment imaged upon the face of the pampered favourite, who takes as his right the luxury which he enjoys. Reynolds must have been keenly appreciative of the tacit alliance existing between young children and dumb animals. It was doubtless in some degree for the benefit of his youthful sitters that he kept these studio pets upon the premises, and it is extraordinary to note the varied ingenuity with which he brings them into the scheme of his composition. The same dog will occur again and again in his pictures, but always with some new motive and suggestion, and when the biography of one of these creatures is complete, another takes its place, and is installed as the painter's resident assistant. They were as invaluable to Reynolds as his "drapery men," in their own way, and when we think how happily by their aid he was enabled to enliven the decorous dulness of the portrait painter's

labours, it seems wonderful that his successors in the art have not more often enlisted the services of such admirable helpers. Some of these dogs of Reynolds's must have formed, during the term of their service, quite a distinguished circle of acquaintances. The first of the race that we meet with in his paintings is the Italian greyhound in the picture of Lady Cathcart and her child, possibly a companion of the painter's foreign travels, but not as it would seem destined long to survive the hardships of an English climate, for we do not recall an instance of his re-appearance as a sitter. He was quickly supplanted by an impudent little Scotch terrier, who very appropriately makes his *début* with Mrs. Abington in the year 1764, and is a constant attendant for some time to come. His features may be recognised in the portrait of Miss Lister of the same year, and again in the group of Lady Spencer and her daughter of the year 1769, and in the half-length of Miss Vansittart painted in 1773. The larger and more dignified animal who figures in the portrait of Miss Harris was evidently the favourite of later life. He may be identified with the dog accompanying the shepherd boy in the design for one of the windows at New College, and he also plays a prominent part in the composition of Master Philip Yorke, who stands gazing at a robin that has perched upon his arm.

But Reynolds had another secret of giving interest and vivacity to the portraits of children—he painted them with their mothers. It seems indeed a common expedient enough, and it is strange how rarely we encounter these family groups among the portraits of the present day. Strange, because the society of our own time does not account itself less domesticated than that of the eighteenth century, and because, if the fact were only known and recognised, the association surely adds much to the beauty of the result. Certainly the women of Reynolds's painting never look so charming as when they are with their children. Compare for instance, in the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the full-length portrait of Elizabeth Gunning posed in the conscious character of a reigning beauty, with the beautiful and fascinating picture of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, with her little son beside her; or with the group that is here reproduced of Georgiana Spencer and her daughter. The series of portraits that have been brought together from Chatsworth and Althorp, of which this is one of the most delightful examples, form by themselves quite a complete family history, and we are reminded in looking at them of Reynolds's boast that he had painted two generations of English beauties. The little girl in our engraving, who stands on the table held in her mother's arms, had little consciousness then that she would one day be known as the "famous" Duchess of Devonshire, and the painter himself, perhaps, did not suspect that seventeen years later he would meet her again with her own child upon her knee, and make out of the picture that presented itself to him a composition destined, it may be, to be as famous as the duchess herself. It is very interesting to mark the gradual transition of Reynolds's style between the one portrait and the other. Much had been added in the interval, a richer and more brilliant system of colouring, greater ease in composition, and a quicker power to seize and register those spontaneous and momentary truths of gesture and expression which are of the very essence of the highest artistic achievement. In all these attributes of his art, Reynolds was constantly advancing even to the very close of his career, but in some of his later portraits, though not especially in this, we miss something of that directness and simplicity in perception, and something also of the clearness and sharpness of definition which gives the charm of perfect sincerity to his work of the time when he first painted the duchess as a child. The tendency towards a certain vagueness of individualisation which proved absolutely fatal to the ideal and inventive painting of the eighteenth century, a tendency showing itself not merely in the chosen type of character, but in the execution of every detail and accessory of the design, was not always or wholly excluded even from the safer realm of portraiture, and although Reynolds's so-called poetical compositions fail chiefly because they are in essence only portraits in masquerade, yet by a process of apparent contradiction the one element of weakness in his work in portraiture arises from the occasional temptation to generalise upon concrete facts, and thus to leave the personal identity of his subject imperfectly expressed.

It so happens that the series of portraits from Althorp, comprises some of the finest specimens of Reynolds's work at the most interesting periods of his career. Later in date than the picture just mentioned, but still belonging to a time when his resources as a colourist had not yet been fully developed, comes the full-length of the young Lord Althorp, painted in 1776. He it was who formed the famous library at Althorp, and became the first president of the Roxburghe Club. A few years later he was to marry

the beautiful Lavinia Bingham, whose well-known portrait, with the face half shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat, belonging to the year 1782, marks a further advance in the painter's command of his resources. Then follows the head of the same lady painted shortly after her marriage, and then two years later she appears in the picture to which reference has already been made, with another young Lord Althorp at her knee. Here the painter is in the plenitude of his

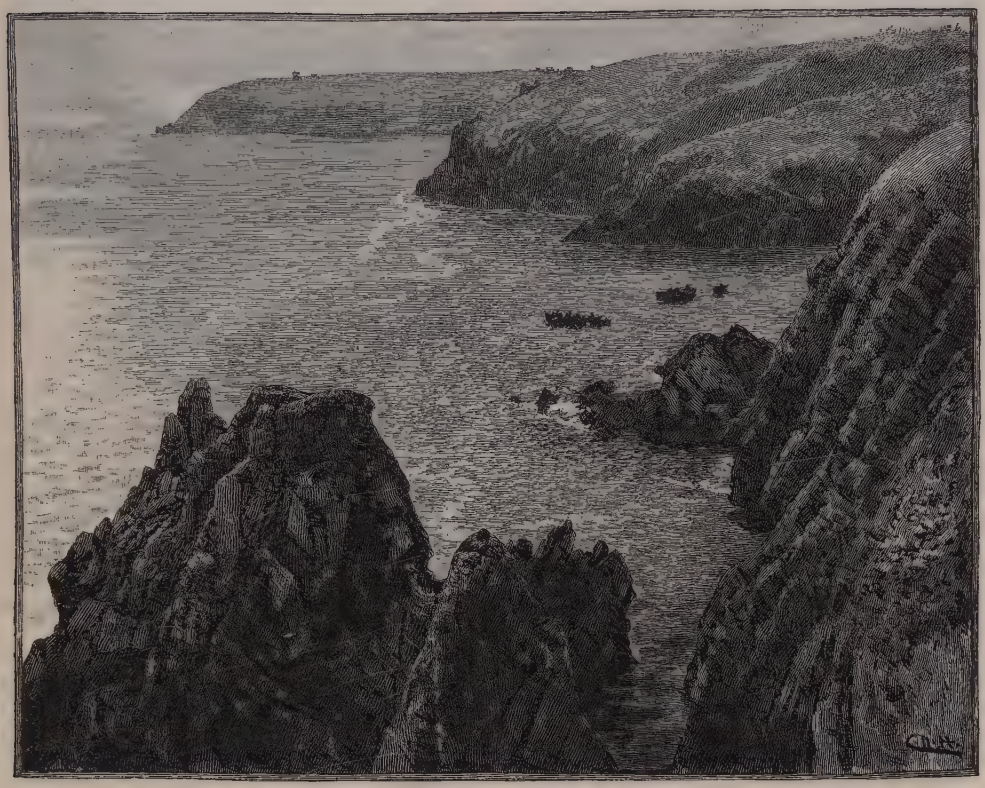
GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AND HER CHILD, GEORGIANA DOROTHY, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.
By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

powers, and it may be doubted whether, so far as colour is concerned, his work was at any other period so rich and splendid. It was the year of the *Tragic Muse*, which despite the counter-attraction of much else that we have learned to know and admire, still stands out as in some sense the capital achievement of his life. The colouring of the work of this period is Reynolds's sufficient vindication for all those luckless experiments and failures in the use of his material upon which perhaps too much stress has been laid. For in whatever way the result has been accomplished, it is unquestionably true that he here approaches nearer to the mellow splendour of the Venetian painters than any other artist of his time, either in England or abroad. Gainsborough, indeed, was a gifted colourist, but even on this ground he cannot claim the variety or solidity of Reynolds's palette. Certain effects he produced in colour, may, perhaps, be cited as showing a stronger originality, but with Reynolds at his best we forget whether the result is new or old, derived or invented, in the satisfied enjoyment of its beauty. And if Gainsborough was not the equal of Sir Joshua as a colourist, he was certainly far below him in that fineness of perception and grave tenderness of sentiment by which portraiture at its happiest moments claims the support of imagination. In the picture of Mrs. Sheridan, rightly esteemed by Reynolds himself to be one of the greatest of his works, we may see how much of poetry and

beauty may enter into the faithful rendering of an individual face and form; we may find too in the contemporary record of her character enough to account for the degree in which the painter was here inspired by his subject. "Her exquisite and delicate loveliness," write the authors of Sir Joshua's life, "all the more fascinating for the tender sadness which seemed, as a contemporary describes it, to project over her the shadow of an early death; her sweet voice and the pathetic expression of her singing; the timid and touching grace of her air and deportment had won universal admiration for Eliza Ann Linley." Sir Joshua first met her shortly after the romantic marriage with Sheridan, at the musical parties given by his friend Mr. Coote, and he commenced the picture just before the dramatist won his fame by the production of *The Rivals*. She had a way, as we are told, of "gathering little children about her, and singing them childish songs with such a playfulness of manner, and such a sweetness of look and voice as was quite enchanting," and it may have been that Sir Joshua had seen her so employed, and that in painting his *St. Cecilia* he was merely reproducing a lovely reality. If it were so it would take nothing from the praise that is due to its author; for to recreate a reality so delicate and refined, and to endow the mimic features with the charm that belonged to them in actual life implies in the mind of the painter qualities akin to those he seeks to represent. When portraiture reaches to such a level as this it is hard to beat, and in the presence of a work so subtly reflective of all that is loveliest in nature, we are made to feel that only the highest order of imaginative art can claim to share its throne.

Even those who were most cruelly hostile to the course which Reynolds had adopted in his art, came at last to a conviction of his greatness. At one time the ill-fated Barry had been foremost in attack, and if we can forget his own failure, and remember only the high ambition with which he had set out upon his career, we may partly understand how it was that he so bitterly resented Reynolds's success. And yet Barry lived to recant, and when the great portrait painter was gone, he grew eloquent in his praises. Alluding to the closing sentences of Sir Joshua's last discourse, which have already been quoted, he declared that "nothing would be more unjust than to take this passage too literally: it is the natural language of a mind full of generous heat, making but little account of what it had attained to, and rapidly in progress to something further." Perhaps Barry was right; and yet we cannot but reflect that the feeling of reverence for the great masters of ideal design, which Reynolds cherished throughout his life, must have given a bitter sting to the earlier invective of the hot-headed Irishman. Reynolds cannot but have been reminded that in spite of the eminence to which he had risen, his own ideal had not been perfectly realised. Great as he was, he had meant to be something greater, something different; and though he might find in Barry's failure the best vindication of the more modest scope of his own practice, he did not, as we have seen from his own confession, part from the dreams of his youth without a pang of regret. In another view of the matter, this antagonism between these two men may be said to represent a conflict that is almost as old as art itself, and is likely to continue as long as art endures. Barry was indeed, in his own practice, but a poor champion of the enlarged views of art which he professed, while Reynolds was an accomplished master; but the ideas of which they may be taken to have been two exponents are radically and permanently divided. Between those who are content with the beauty that nature offers, and those who only use the forms and colours of reality to shape a vision of their own, there can never be an absolute agreement, for although both may seek and find the truth, yet truth like art is many-sided and refuses to yield itself absolutely to any sect or creed. To quote the words of Reynolds himself, whose survey of the varied aims and possibilities of painting stretched far beyond the limits of his own accomplishment: "The art which we profess has beauty for its object: this it is our business to discover and express; but the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual: it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it: it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting."

J. Comyns Carr.



THE CORNISH COAST: FROM YNYS HEAD TO BEAST POINT.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH CORNWALL.

DAY THE THIRD.

"AND a beautiful day it is, ladies, though it won't do for Kynance."

Only 8 a.m., yet there stood the faithful Charles, hat in hand, having heard that his ladies were at breakfast, and being evidently anxious that they should not lose an hour of him and his carriage, which were both due at Falmouth to-night. For this day was Saturday, and we were sending him home for Sunday.

"As I found out last night, the tide won't suit for Kynance till Wednesday or Thursday, and you'll be too tired to walk much to-day. I've been thinking it all over. Suppose I were to drive you to Kennack Sands, back by the serpentine works to Cadgwith, and home to dinner? Then after dinner I'll give the horse a rest for two hours, and take you to Mullion; we can order tea at Mary Mundy's, and go on to the cove as far as I can get with the carriage. I'll leave it at the farm and be in time to help you over the rocks to see the caves, run ahead and meet you again with the carriage, and drive you back to Mary Mundy's. You can have tea and be home in the moonlight before nine o'clock."

"And you?" we asked, a good deal bewildered by this carefully-outlined plan and all the strange names of places and people, yet

not a little touched by the kindly way in which we were "taken in and done for" by our faithful squire of dames.

"Me, ma'am? Oh, after an hour or two's rest the horse can start again—say at midnight, and be home by daylight. Or we could go to bed and be up early at four, and still get to Falmouth by eight, in time for the church-work. Don't you trouble about us, we'll manage. He" (the other and four-footed half of the "we") "is a capital animal, and he'd get much harder work than this if he was at home."

So we decided to put ourselves entirely in the hands of Charles, who seemed to have our interest so much at heart, and yet evinced a tenderness over his horse that is not too common among hired drivers. We promised to be ready in half an hour, so as to waste nothing of this lovely day, in which we had determined to enjoy ouselves.

Who could help it? It was delightful to wake up early and refreshed, and come down to this sunshiny, cheerful breakfast-table, where, though nothing was grand, all was thoroughly comfortable.

"I'm sure you're very kind, ladies, to be so pleased with everything," apologised our bright-looking handmaiden; "and since you really wish to keep this room"—a very homely parlour which we had chosen in preference to a larger one, because it looked on the sea—"I only wish things was better for you; still, if you can make shift—"

Well, if travellers cannot "make shift" with perfectly clean tidy rooms, well-cooked, plain food, and more than civil, actually kindly, attendance, they ought to be ashamed of themselves! So we declared we would settle down in the evidently despised little parlour.

It was not an æsthetic apartment, certainly. The wall-paper and carpet would have driven Morris and Co. nearly frantic; the furniture —mere chairs and a table—belonged "to the year one"—but (better than many modern chairs and tables) you could sit down upon the first and dine upon the second, in safety. There was no sofa, so we gladly accepted an offered easy-chair, and felt that all really useful things were now ours.

But the ornamental? There was a paper "arrangement" in the grate, and certain vases on the chimney-piece which literally made our hair stand on end! After a private consultation as to how far we might venture, without wounding the feelings of our landlady, we mildly suggested that "perhaps we could do without these ornaments." All we wanted in their stead were a few jars, salt-jars or jam-pots, in which to arrange our wild flowers, of which yesterday the girls had gathered a quantity.

The exchange was accepted, though with some surprise. But when, half-an-hour afterwards, the parlour appeared quite transformed, decorated in every available corner with brilliant autumn flowers—principally yellow—intermixed with the lovely Cornish heath; when, on some excuse or other, the hideous "ornament for your fire-stoves" was abolished, and the grate filled with a mass of green fern and grey sea-holly—I know no combination more exquisite both as to colour and form—then we felt that we could survive, at least for a week, even if shut up within this humble room, innocent of the smallest attraction as regarded art, music, or literature.

But without doors? There Nature beat Art decidedly.

What a world it was! Literally swimming in sunshine, from the sparkling sea in the distance, to the beds of marigolds close by —huge marigolds, double and single, mingled with carnations that filled the air with rich autumnal scent, all the more delicious because we feel it is autumnal, and therefore cannot last. It was a very simple garden, merely a square grass plot with a walk and a border round it, and its only flowers were these marigolds, carnations, with quantities of mignonette, and bounded all round with a hedge of tamarisk; yet I think we shall always remember it as if it were the Garden of Armida—without a Tancred to spoil it!

For—under the rose—one of the pleasures of our tour was that it was so exclusively feminine. We could feed as we liked, dress as we liked, talk to whom we liked, without any restrictions from the universal masculine sense of dignity and decorum in travelling. We felt ourselves unconventional, incognito, able to do exactly as we chose, provided we did nothing wrong.

So off we drove through Lizard Town into the "wide, wide world" and I repeat, what a world it was! Full filled with sunlight, and with an atmosphere so fresh and bracing, yet so dry and mild, and balmy, that every breath was a pleasure to draw. We had felt nothing like it since we stood on the top of the highest peak in the Island of Capri, looking down on the blue Mediterannean. But this sea was equally blue, the sky equally clear, yet it was home —dear old England, so often misprized. Yet, I believe, when one does get really fine English weather, there is nothing like it in the whole world.

The region we traversed was not picturesque — neither mountains, nor glens, nor rivers, nor woods; all was level and bare, for the road lay mostly inland, until we came out upon Kennack Sands.

They might have been the very "yellow sands" where Shakespeare's elves were bidden to "take hands" and "foot it featly here and there." You might almost have searched for the sea-maids' footsteps along the smooth surface where the long Atlantic waves crept harmlessly in, making a glittering curve, and falling with a gentle "thud"—the only sound in the solitary bay, until all at once we caught voices and laughter, and from among some rock, emerged a party of girls.

They had evidently come in a cart, which took up its station beside our carriage, laden with bundles which looked uncommonly like bathing gowns; and were now looking out for a convenient dressing-room—one of those rock-parlours, roofed with serpentine and floored with silver sand—which are the sole "bathing establishments" here.

All along the Cornish coast the bathing is delightful—when you can get it; but sometimes for miles and miles the cliffs rise in a huge impregnable wall, without a single break. Then perhaps there comes a sudden cleft in the rock, a green descent, possibly with a rivulet trickling through it, and leading to a sheltered cove or a sea-cave, accessible only at low water, but one of the most delicious little nooks that could be imagined. Kynance, we were told, with its "kitchen" and "drawing-room" was the most perfect specimen of the kind; but Kennack was sufficiently lovely. With all sorts of fun, shouting, and laughter, the girls disappeared to their evidently familiar haunts, to reappear as merry mermaids playing about in a crystalline sea.

A most tantalising sight to my two, who vowed never again to attempt a day's excursion without taking bathing dresses, towels, and the inevitable fish-line, to be tied round the waist,—with a mother holding the other end. For we had been warned against these long and strong Atlantic waves, the recoil of which takes you off your feet even in calm weather. As bathing must generally be done at low water, to ensure a sandy floor and a comfortable cave, it is easy enough to be swept out of one's depth; and the cleverest swimmer, if tossed about among these innumerable rocks circled round by eddies of boiling white water, would have small chance of returning with whole bones, or of returning at all.

Indeed, along this Cornish coast, life and death seem very near together. Every pleasure carries with it a certain amount of risk; the utmost caution is required both on land and sea, and I cannot advise either rash or nervous people to go travelling in Cornwall.

Bathing being impracticable, we consoled ourselves with ascending the sandy hillock, which bounded one side of the bay, and sat looking from it towards the coast-line eastwards.

What a strange peace there is in a solitary shore, an empty sea, for the one or two white dots of silent ships seemed rather to add to than diminish its loneliness—lonelier in sunshine, I think, than even in storm. The latter gives a sense of human life, of struggle and of pain; while the former is all repose, the bright but solemn repose of infinity or eternity.

But these thoughts were for older heads; the only idea of the young heads—uncommonly steady they must have been!—was of scrambling into the most inaccessible places, and getting as near to the sea as possible without actually tumbling into it. After a while the land attracted them in turn, and they came back with their hands full of flowers, some known, some unknown. Great bunches of honeysuckle, curious sand-plants, and cliff-plants; also water-plants, which fringed a little rivulet that ran into the bay, while, growing everywhere abundantly, was the lovely grey-green cringo, or sea-holly.

All these treasures, "to make the parlour pretty," required much ingenuity to carry home safely, the sun withered them so fast. But there was the pleasure of collecting.

We could willingly have stayed here all day—how natural is that wish of poor young Shelley, that in every pretty place he saw he might remain "for ever!"—but the forenoon was passing, and we had much to see.

"Poltesco, everybody goes to Poltesco," observed the patient Charles.

So of course we went there too. At Poltesco are the principal serpentine works—the one commerce of the district. Not very great, since the "manufactory," as they called it, consisted of only two or three rooms, fitted up with machinery of the simplest kind. One little steam-engine was the working heart of all—its monotonous hum mingling oddly with the murmur of a trout-stream which ran through the pretty little valley, crossed by a wooden bridge, where a solitary angler stood fishing in imperturbable content.

All the population of the place consisted of half-a-dozen workmen; one of whom came

POLTESCO.

From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

forward and explained to us the mode of work, afterwards taking us to the show-room, which contained everything possible to be made of serpentine, from mantelpieces and tombstones, down to brooches and studs. Very delicate and beautiful was the workmanship; the forms of some of the things—vases and candlesticks especially—were quite Pompeian. In truth, throughout Cornwall, we often came upon shapes, Roman or Greek, proving how even yet relics of its early masters or colonisers linger in this western corner of England.

In its inhabitants too. When, as we passed, more than one busy workman lifted up his head for a moment, we noticed faces almost classic in type, quite different from the bovine, agricultural Hodge of the midland counties. In manner different likewise. There was neither stupidity nor servility, but a

sort of dignified independence. No pressing to buy, no looking out for gratuities, only a kindly politeness, which did not fail even when we departed, taking only a few little ornaments. We should have liked to carry off a cart-load—especially two enormous vases and a chimney-piece—but travellers have limits to luggage, and purse as well.

Pretty Poltesco! we left it with regret, but we were in the hands of the ever-watchful Charles, anxious that we should see as much as possible.

"The driving-road goes far inland, but there's a splendid cliff-walk from Poltesco to Cadgwith direct. The young ladies might do it with a guide—here he is, a man I know, quite reliable. They'll walk it easily in half-an-hour. But you, ma'am, I think you'd better come with me."

No fighting against fate. So I put my "chickens" in safe charge, meekly re-entered the carriage, and drove, humbly and alone, across a flat, dull country, diversified here and there by a few cottages, politely called a village—the two villages of Ruan Minor and Ruan Major. I afterwards found that they were not without antiquarian interest, that I might have gone to examine a curious old church, well, and oratory, supposed to have been inhabited by St. Rumon. But we had left the guide-book at home, with the so-longed-for bathing gowns, and Charles was not of archæological mind, so I heard nothing and investigated nothing.

Except, indeed, numerous huge hand-bills, posted on barn doors and gates, informing the inhabitants that an Exhibition of Fine Arts, admittance one shilling, was on view close by. Charles was most anxious I should stop and visit it, saying it was "very fine." But as within the last twelvemonth I had seen the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, and most of the galleries and museums in Italy, the Fine Art Exhibition of Ruan Minor was not overwhelmingly attractive. However, not to wound the good Cornishman, who was evidently proud of it, I explained that, on the whole, I preferred nature to art.

And how grand nature was in this fishing village of Cadgwith, to which, after a long round, we came at last!

Nestled snugly in a bend of the coast which shelters it from north and east, leaving it open to southern sunshine, while another curve of land protects it from the dense fogs which are so common at the Lizard, Cadgwith is, summer and winter, one of the pleasantest nooks imaginable. The climate, Charles told me, is so mild that invalids often settle down in the one inn—a mere village inn externally, but very comfortable. And, as I afterwards heard at Lizard Town, the parson and his wife—"didn't I know them?" and I felt myself rather looked down upon because I did not know them—are the kindest of people, who take pleasure in looking after the invalids, rich or poor. "Yes," Charles considered Cadgwith was a nice place to winter in, "only just a trifle dull."

Probably so, to judge by the interest which, even in this tourist-season, our carriage excited, as we wound down one side and up another of the ravine in which the village is built, with a small fishing-station at the bottom, rather painfully odoriferous. The fisher-wives came to their doors, the old fishermen stood, hands in pockets, the roly-poly healthy fisher-children stopped playing, to turn round and stare. In these parts everybody stares at everybody, and generally everybody speaks to everybody—a civil "good-day" at any rate, sometimes more.

"This is a heavy pull for you," said a sympathetic old woman, who had watched me leave the carriage and begin mounting the cliff towards the Devil's Frying-pan—the principal thing to be seen at Cadgwith. She followed me, and triumphantly passed me, though she had to carry a bag of potatoes on her back. I wondered if her feeling was pity or envy towards another old person who had to carry nothing but her own self. Which, alas! was quite enough!

She and I sat down together on the hill-side and had a chat, while I waited for the two little black dots which I could see moving round the opposite headland. She gave me all kinds of information, in the simple way peculiar to country folk, whose innocent horizon comprises the whole world, which may be, is less pleasant and wholesome than the little world of Cadgwith. Then we parted for ever and aye.

The Devil's Frying-pan is a wonderful sight. Imagine a natural amphitheatre two acres in extent, inclosed by a semi-circular slope about two hundred feet high, covered with grass and flowers and low bushes. Outside, the wide, open sea, which pours in to the shingly beach at the bottom through an arch of serpentine, the colouring of which, and of the other rocks surrounding it, is most exquisite, varying from red to green, with sometimes a tint of grey. Were Cadgwith a little nearer civilisation, what a show place it would become!

But happily civilisation leaves it alone. The tiny farm-house on the hill-side near the Frying-pan looked, within and without, much

CADGWITH COVE.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

as it must have looked for the last hundred years ; and the ragged, unkempt, tongue-tied little girl, from whom we succeeded in getting a drink of milk in a tumbler which she took five minutes to search for, had certainly never been to a Board School. She investigated the penny which we deposited as if it were a great natural curiosity rarely attainable, and she gazed after us as we climbed the stile leading to the Frying-pan as if wondering what on earth could tempt respectable people, who had nothing to do, into such a very uncomfortable place.

Uncomfortable, certainly, as we sat with our feet stuck in the long grass to prevent slipping down the slope—a misadventure which would have been, to say the least, awkward. Those boiling waves, roaring each after each through the arch below ; and those jagged rocks, round which innumerable sea-birds were flying—one could quite imagine that were any luckless vessel to find itself in or near the Frying-pan, it would never get out again.

To meditative minds there is something very startling in the perpetual contrast

THE DEVIL'S FRYING PAN, NEAR CADGWITH.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

between the summer tourist-life, so cheerful and careless, and the winter life of the people here, which must be so full of privations; for one half the year there is nothing to do, no market for serpentine, and almost no fishing possible: they have to live throughout the dark days upon the hay made while the sun shines.

"No, no," said one of the Lizard folk, whom I asked if there was much drunkenness thereabouts, for I had seen absolutely none; "no, us don't drink; us can't afford it. Winter's a bad time for we—sometimes for four months a man doesn't earn a halfpenny. He has to save in summer, or he'd starve the rest of the year."

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER—A CORNISH STUDY.

From a Drawing by C. Napier Hemy.

Which apparently is not altogether bad for him. I have seldom seen, in any part of England or Scotland, such an honest, independent, respectable race as the working people on this coast, and indeed throughout Cornwall.

We left with regret the pretty village, resolving to come back again in a day or two; it was barely three miles from the Lizard, though the difference in climate was said to be so great. And then we drove back across the bleak down and through the keen "hungry" sea-air, which made dinner a matter of welcome importance. And without dwelling too much on the delights of the flesh—very mild delights after all—I will say that the vegetables grown in the garden, and the grapes in the simple green-house beside it, were a credit to Cornwall, especially as being so near the sea-coast.

We had just time to dine, repose a little, and communicate our address to our affectionate friends at home—so as to link ourselves for a few brief days with the outside world—when appeared the punctual Charles.

"Don't be afraid, ladies, he's had a good rest,"—this was the important animal about whose well-being we were naturally anxious. Charles patted his shoulder, and a little person, much given to deep equine affections, tenderly stroked his nose. He seemed sensible of the attention and of what was expected from him, and started off, as lively as if he had been idle for a week, across the Lizard Down and Pradenack Down to Mullion.

"I hope Mary will be at home," said Charles, turning round as usual to converse; "she'll be quite sure to make you comfortable. Of course you've heard of Mary Mundy."

Fortunately we had. There was in one of our guide-books a most glowing description of the Old Inn, and also an extract from a poem, apostrophising the charms of Mary Mundy. When we said we knew the enthusiastic Scotch Professor who had written it, we felt that we rose a step in the estimation of Charles.

"And Mary will be so pleased to see anybody who knows the gentleman"—in Cornwall the noted Greek Professor was merely "the gentleman." "She's got his poem in her visitors' book and his portrait in her album. I do hope Mary will be at home."

But fate was against us. When we reached Mullion and drove up to the door of the Old Inn, there darted out to meet us, not Mary, but an individual concerning whom Fame has been unjustly silent.

"It's only Mary's brother," said Charles, with an accent of deep disappointment.

But as the honest man, who had apparently gone through life as "Mary's brother," stood patting our horse and talking to our driver, with both of whom he seemed on terms of equal intimacy, his welcome to ourselves was such a mixture of cordiality and despair that we could scarcely keep from laughing.

"Mary's gone to Helstone, ladies; her would have been delighted, but her's gone marketing to Helstone. I hope her'll be back soon, for I doesn't know what to do without she. The house is full, and there's a party of eleven come to tea, and actually wanting it sent down to them at the Cove. They won't get it, though. And you shall get your tea, ladies, even if they have to go without."

We expressed our gratitude, and left Charles to arrange all for us, which he did in the most practical way.

"And you think Mary may be back at six?"

"Her said her would, and I hope her will," answered the brother despondently. "Her's very seldom out; us can't get on at all without she."

This, and several more long and voluble speeches given in broad Cornish, with the true Cornish confusion of pronouns, and with an air of piteous perplexity—nay, abject helplessness, the usual helplessness of man without woman—proved too much for our risible nerves. We maintained a decorous gravity till we had driven away, and then fell into shouts of laughter—the innocent laughter of happy-minded people over the smallest joke or the mildest species of fun.

"Never mind, ladies, you'll get your tea all right. If Mary said she'd be back at six, back she'll be. And you'll find a capital tea waiting for you; there isn't a more comfortable inn in all Cornwall."

Which, we afterwards found, was saying a great deal.

Mullion Cove is a good mile from Mullion village, and as we jolted over the rough road I was quite remorseful over both carriage and horse.

"Not at all, ma'am, he's used to it. Often and often he comes here with pic-nic parties, all the way from Falmouth. I'll put him in at the farm, and be down with you at the Cove directly. You'll find the rocks pretty bad walking, but there's a cave which you ought to see. We'll try it."

There was no resisting the way the kindly young Cornishman thus identified himself

with our interests, and gave himself all sorts of extra trouble on our account. And when after a steep and not too savoury descent—the cove being used as a fish cellar—we found ourselves on the beach, shut in by those grand rocks of serpentine, with Mullion Island lying ahead about a quarter of a mile off, we felt we had not come here for nothing.

The great feature of Mullion Cove is its sea-caves, of which there are two, one on the beach, the other round the point, and only accessible at low water. Now, we saw the tide was rising fast.

"They'll have to wade; I told them they would have to wade!" cried an anxious voice behind me; and "I was ware," as ancient chroniclers say, of the presence of another "old hen," whom we had noticed conducting her brood of chickens, or ducklings—they seemed more like the latter now—to bathe on Kennack Sands.

"Yes, they have been away more than half an hour, all my children except this one"—a small boy who looked as if he wished he had gone too. "They would go, though I warned them they would have to wade. And there they are, just going into the cave. One, two, three, four, five, six," counting the black specks that were seen moving on, or rather in, the water. "Oh dear, they've *all* gone in! I wish they were safe out again."

Nevertheless, in the midst of her distress, the benevolent lady stopped to give me a helping hand into the near cave, a long, dark passage, with light at either end. My girls had already safely threaded it, and come triumphantly out at the other side. But what with the darkness and the uncertain footing over what felt like beds of damp seaweed, with occasional stones, through which one had to grope every inch of one's way, my heart rather misgave me, until I was cheered by the apparition of the faithful Charles.

"Don't go back, ma'am, you'll be so sorry afterwards. I'll strike a light and help you. Slow and steady, you'll come to no harm. And it's beautiful when you get out at the other end."

So it was. The most exquisite little nook; where you could have imagined a mermaid came daily to comb her hair; one can easily believe in mermaids or anything else in Cornwall. What a charming dressing-room she would have, shut in on three sides by those great walls of serpentine, and in front the glittering sea, rolling in upon a floor of the loveliest silver sand.

But the only mermaid there was an artist's wife, standing beside her husband's easel, at which he was painting away so earnestly that he scarcely noticed us. Very picturesque he looked, and she too, in her rough serge dress, with her pretty bare feet and ankles, the shoes and stockings lying in a corner as if they had not been worn for hours. Why should they be? they were quite unnecessary on those soft sands, and their owner stood and talked with me as composedly as if it were the height of the fashion to go barefoot. And far more than anything concerning herself, she seemed interested in my evident interest in the picture, which promised to be a remarkably good one, and which, if I see it on the R. A. walls next year, will furnish my only clue to the identity of the couple, or theirs to mine.

But the tide was fast advancing; they began to take down the easel, and I remembered that the narrow winding cave was our only way out from this rock-inclosed fairy paradise to the prosaic beach.

"Look, they are wading ashore up to the knees! And we shall have to wade too if we don't make haste back."

So cried the perplexed mother of the six too-adventurous ducklings. But mine, more considerate, answered me from the rocks where they were scrambling, and helped me back through the cave into safe quarters, where we stood watching the waders with mingled excitement and—envy?

Alas! I can still recall the delicious sensation of paddling across the smooth sea-sand, and of walking up the bed of a Highland burn. But "Oh! the change 'twixt Now and Then," I sat calmly on a stone, dry-shod; as was best. Still, is it not a benign law of nature that the things we are no longer able to do, we almost cease to wish to do? Perhaps even the last cessation of all things will come naturally at the end, as naturally as we turn round and go to sleep at night?

But it was not quite night yet. I am proud to think how high and steep was the cliff we re-ascended, all three of us, and from which we stood and looked at sky and sea. Such a sea and such a sky: amber clear, so that one could trace the whole line of coast—Mount's Bay, with St. Michael's Mount dotted in the midst of it, and even the Land's End, beyond which the sun, round and red, was just touching the top of the waves. We should have liked to watch him drop below them—that splendid sea-sunset of which one never tires, but we had some distance to walk, and we began to rejoice in the prospect of Mary Mundy's tea.

STEAM SEINE BOATS GOING OUT.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

"I'll go on ahead and have the carriage ready," said the ever thoughtful Charles. "You can't miss your way, ladies. Just follow the hedges "—that tempting ærial promenade, to which we were now getting accustomed, becoming veritable Blondins in petticoats—"then cross the cornfield; and take to the hedges again. You'll be at the farm-yard directly."

Not quite—for we lingered, tempted by the abundance of corn-flowers, of which we gathered, not handfuls but armfuls. When we reached it, what a picture of an English farm-yard it was! With a regular old-fashioned English milk-maid—such as Izaak Walton would have loved to describe—sitting amidst her shining pails, her cows standing round her, meekly waiting their turn. Sleek, calm creatures they were, Juno-eyed and soft-skinned—of that peculiar shade of grey which I have seen only in Cornwall. And, being rather a connoisseur in cows, I have often amused myself to notice how the kine of each country have their own predominant colour, which seems to harmonise with its special landscape. The curious yellow tint of Highland cattle, the red, white, or brown of those of the midland counties, and the delicate

grey of Cornish cows, alike suit the scene around them, and belong to it as completely as the dainty little Swiss herds do to their Alpine pastures, or the large, mild, cream-coloured oxen to the Campagna at Rome.

But we had to tear ourselves away from this Arcadia, for in the midst of the farm-yard appeared the carriage and Charles. So we jolted back—it seemed as if Cornish carriages and horses could go anywhere and over everything—to the Old Inn and Mary Mundy.

all hungry, and will find your tea to your liking. It's the best we can do; we're very homely folk here, but we try to make people comfortable," and so on and so on, a regular stream of chatty conversation, given in the strongest Cornish, with the kindliest of Cornish hearts, as she ushered us into a neat little parlour at the back of the inn.

There lay spread, not one of your dainty afternoon teas, with two or three wafery slices of bread and butter, but a regular substantial meal. Cheerful candles—of course in

HAULING IN THE BOATS—EVENING.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

She *had* come home, and everything was right. As we soon found, everything and everybody was accustomed to be "put to rights" by Miss Mary Mundy.

She stood at the door to greet us—a bright, brown-faced little woman, with the reddest of cheeks and the blackest of eyes; I have no hesitation in painting her portrait here, as she is, so to speak, public property, known and respected far and wide.

"Delighted to see you, ladies; delighted to see any friends of the Professor's; and I hope you enjoyed the Cove, and that you're

serpentine candlesticks—were already lit, and showed us the bright teapot full of that welcome drink to weary travellers, hot, strong and harmless; the gigantic home-baked loaf, which it seemed sacrilegious to have turned into toast; the rich, yellow butter—I am sure those lovely cows had something to do with it, and also with the cream, so thick that the spoon could almost have stood upright in it. Besides, there was a quantity of that delicious clotted cream, which here accompanies every meal, and of which I had vainly tried to get the receipt, but was

answered with polite scorn, "Oh, ma'am, it would be of no use to *you:* Cornish cream can only be made from Cornish cows!"

Whether this remarkable fact in natural history be true or not, let me record the perfection of Mary Mundy's cream, which, together with her jam and her marmalade, was a refection worthy of the gods.

She pressed us again and again to "have some more," and her charge for our magnificent meal was as small as her gratitude was great for the slight addition we made to it.

"No, I'll not say no, ma'am, it'll come in handy; us has got a young niece to bring up —my brother and me—please'm. Yes, I'm glad you came, and I hope you'll come again, please'm. And if you see the Professor, you'll tell him he's not forgotten, please'm.'

This garniture of "please'm" at the end of every sentence reminded us of the Venetian "probbedirla," *per ubbedirla,* with which our gondolier Giovanni used to amuse us, often dragging it in in the oddest way. "Yes, the Signora will get a beautiful day, probbedirla," or "My wife has just lost her baby, probbedirla." Mary Mundy's "please'm" often came in with equal incongruity, and her voluble tongue ran on nineteen to the dozen; but her talk was so shrewd and her looks so pleasant—once, no doubt, actually pretty, and still comely enough for a middle-aged woman—that we departed, fully agreeing with her admiring Professor that

> "The brightest thing on Cornish land
> Is the face of Miss Mary Mundy."

Recrossing Pradenack down in the dim light of a newly-risen moon, everything looked so solitary and ghostly that we started to see moving from behind a furze-bush, a mysterious figure, which crossed the road slowly, and stood waiting for us. Was it man or ghost, or—

Only a donkey! A ridiculous grey donkey. It might have been Tregeagle himself—Tregeagle, the grim man-demon of Cornish tradition, once a dishonest steward, who sold his soul to the devil, and is doomed to keep on emptying Dozmare Pool, near St. Neots (the same mere wherein Excalibur was thrown), with a limpet-shell; and to spend his nights in other secluded places balancing interminable accounts, which are always just sixpence wrong.

Poor Tregeagle! I fear some of us, weak in arithmetic, had a secret sympathy for him! But we never met him—nor anything worse than that spectral donkey, looming large and placid against the level horizon.

Soon, "the stars came out by twos and threes,"—promising a fine night and finer morning, during which, while we were comfortably asleep, our good horse and man would be driving across this lonely region to Falmouth, in time to take the good people to church on Sunday morning.

"And we'll do it, too—don't you be anxious about us, ladies," insisted Charles. "I'll feed him well, and groom him well. I likes to take care of a good horse, and you'll see, he'll take no harm. I'll be back when you want me, at the week's end, or perhaps before then, with some party or other—we're always coming to the Lizard—and I'll just look in and see how you're getting on, and how you liked Kynance. But take care of the tide."

We thanked our kindly charioteer, bade him and his horse good-bye, wished him a pleasant journey through the moonlight, which was every minute growing more beautiful, then went indoors to supper—no! supper would have been an insult to Mary Mundy's tea—to bed.

(To be continued.)

FRIEZE OF CARVED WOODWORK IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

ENTRANCE TO THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.
From a Drawing by C. O. MURRAY.

IN the year 1868 there was published by the Camden Society, through the liberality of its then president, Sir William Tite, a very interesting contribution to our knowledge of a barrister's life in the Temple in the last year of Queen Elizabeth. The book in question is the *Diary of John Manningham, of the Middle Temple, and of Bradbourne, Kent*, 1602-1603. The manuscript from which it was printed, in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, had been long known to historical scholars, and notably to students of Shakespeare, in consequence of an entry in the diary which first served to fix approximately the date of one of Shakespeare's plays. Fifty years ago Mr. Payne Collier had quoted this entry in his *Annals of the Stage;* but it was reserved for another Shakespearian scholar, the late Mr. Joseph Hunter, to discover from clues supplied by the diary itself, the name and history of its writer. To the ordinary reader, the only evident facts about the author are that he was connected with the Middle Temple, and had a large circle of relations—spoken of generally as "cosens"—in the county of Kent.

By following up scattered hints and references occurring in the diary, touching the writer's family, Mr. Hunter, and after him the late Mr. John Bruce, in editing the volume for the Camden Society, discovered that the keeper of this diary was a young man, a student of four years' standing in the Middle Temple, of the name of John Manningham, who had been adopted by a distant relation of the same name, a Mr. Richard Manningham, of Bradbourne, near Maidstone. Mr. John Manningham, during the fifteen months over which this fragment of diary extends, was keeping his terms and performing other such duties as were then required from a student of the Inn. He was called to the Bar in 1605, became afterwards, on the death of his relative, a landed proprietor in Kent, and after 1613 disappears altogether from our view.

John Manningham lived in the Temple during his student life. In those days two tenants were assigned to each chamber, and the name of Manningham's chamber-fellow, Mr. Edward Curle, afterwards his brother-in-law, occurs frequently in the diary. There is nothing to show why this particular portion of the young man's journal should have been preserved for us. It is of the nature of a commonplace book rather than a diary; for besides the usual brief entries which we expect to find in a journal, recording under their respective dates the events in the writer's life—such as "Dined at Mr. Gellibrand's, a physician at Maidstone," "I came from my cosen's to London," and so forth, the book contains records of a very miscellaneous order. The latest piece of gossip in the political world or the legal; anecdotes, epigrams, *bons mots* that the writer had picked up at the students' table; quotations that had struck him in his reading; his own passing comments or reflections on human affairs; a receipt for a new spring ale, or note of a new and surprising anodyne called *laudanum;* and lastly—very important for the space they occupy—abstracts of the

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL FROM FOUNTAIN COURT.
From a Drawing by C. O. MURRAY.

weekly sermons of which John Manningham was evidently a most attentive hearer — these make up the contents of this interesting miscellany.

Putting together the scattered allusions to the writer's daily occupations found in the diary, and supplementing them with the information supplied by Dugdale and such authorities, we may form a good notion of the life of a law-student in the Temple three centuries ago. Young Manningham had been admitted a student of the Middle Temple in 1598, with formalities that have not wholly changed with the lapse of time. When the proper fees had been paid (we quote Dugdale's account of the Inn in his *Origines Juridiciales*) "the Under-Treasurer enters into a book the party's name, whose son he is and the day of his admittance. Then the party, and two others formerly admitted of the House, enter into bond with him as his sureties, to observe the orders and discharge the duties of the House; after which the Under-Treasurer makes him a *Recipiatur*, which being delivered to the chief Butler, he is thereupon admitted into commons, the Chief Butler having 2*s.* 6*d.* for his fee, and the Senior Washpot 6*d.*, from him that is a new comer at his entrance." The young man was then made acquainted with the laws and usages of the house, and the fines attendant on a breach of them. "His habit is a student's gown, and in the term-time a round cap, which he wears both in the Hall and in the Church. Boots and spurs, swords and cloaks are in these places forbidden; as also extraordinary long hair; and for any offence against these orders he is fined."

These two buildings, the Temple Church and the Middle Temple Hall form the chief links—of outward and visible kind—between the Temple of Manningham's day and that of our own. Such other buildings as then existed have long crumbled away—much of the Temple as we know it was not yet built. But the Temple Church was even then a relic of the past. The Round Church had stood for four centuries, and the completed building for more than three. The Middle Temple Hall, on the other hand, was then "in its newest gloss." Dugdale does not overrate the attractions of this noble building. "The fairest structure belonging to this House is the Hall, it being very large and stately." It had been begun in 1562, but not finished till ten years later, when it was opened by Queen Elizabeth—"Mr. Edmund Plowden being constituted treasurer for that work." Three years later the beautiful oak screen was set up, "towards which every master of the Bench was assessed at 20*s.*—every master of the Utter Bar, officer, and common attorney at 10*s.*; each person else of the society at 6*s.* 8*d.*" The cost of the new hall had imposed altogether a considerable burden on the society, and the pensions, or annual payments to the Inn by all its members had been increased for a term of years, in order to pay off the debt.

Once admitted a student of the Inn, Mr. Manningham would require a lodging. "Next to his admittance into the House, he is admitted into a chamber, when he can purchase the same of any other of the society, or of the House, when any falls void by death." But the young student was not allowed a room to himself. "Touching which chambers," adds Dugdale, "it is to be noted that all but the Benchers go two to a chamber: a Bencher only hath the privilege of a chamber to himself." As we have seen, it fell to Mr. Manningham to have for chamber-fellow, a Mr. Edward Curle. In what part of the then existing buildings the two friends had their single room, we do not gather: perhaps in those brick buildings, north of the Hall, afterwards to be called Brick Court. Mr. Curle was Mr. Manningham's senior by some years, and was called to the Bar in the May of 1602.

There is nothing to show that John Manningham ever meant to practice at the Bar, but there is abundant evidence that he entered keenly into the interests of the profession, criticised its members, and enjoyed the constant flow of anecdote which the profession of the law, above all others, seems to produce. Thus he tells how "this day Serjeant Harris was retayned for the plaintiff, and he argued for the defendant: soe negligent that he knows not for whom he speakes;" and he relates an instance of the good-nature of Fleetwood, the Recorder, who, "sitting in judgment where a prisoner was to have his clergy and could not read, he saved him with this jeast, 'What! will not that obstinate knave read, indeed? Goe, take him away and whip him!'" Fleetwood's eccentricities did not always take the shape of stretching points in the prisoner's favour, if the next anecdote of him is to be taken literally:—"He imprisoned one for saying he had supped as well as the Lord Mayor, when he had nothing but bread and cheese." It would have amused Charles Lamb to hear that he had been thus anticipated in exposing the fallacy that *enough is as good as a feast.* Manningham was endowed with a fine sense of humour. This is one of the facts that is evident from his journal. Whenever he heard a good story, down it went in his book, generally followed by the friend's name from whom he had heard it. Sometimes he notes his friends' own facetious sayings—not always, perhaps, as a tribute to their superlative excellence. One Mr. B. Reid had remarked of those who attended church for the sake of the music, that they "goe thither more for *fa* than *soule.*" This does not give us a high opinion of Mr. Reid's quality as a wit; but in those days a conceit was a conceit, and the more far-fetched it was, the more it was thought of. A certain *esprit de corps,* moreover, as among members of the same honourable society, perhaps determined what should find a place in the young man's album. Thus he records the following practical jest, which certainly errs on the side of over-elaboration:—"One Mr. Ouseley, of the Middle Temple, a young gallant, but of a short cutt, overtaking a tall, stately, stalking cavalier in the streete, made no more adoe but slipt into an ironmonger's shop, threw off his cloake and rapier, fitted himself with bells, and presently came out skipping, whistling, and dancing the morris about that long swaggerer, who, staringly demanding what he meant, 'I cry you mercy,' said the gent, 'I tooke you for a maypole.'" The jest attributed to Hester Johnson, Swift's Stella, was surely shorter and neater, who, on hearing of a very tall young gentleman that he was intended for the Church, replied that from his appearance she should have thought he was intended for the steeple.

Even the few entries in the diary that bear upon the minor inconveniences of a student's life in chambers, seem to be due to

something connected with them that touched the young man's sense of humour. Thus, when his laundress had been impertinent, the woman's *repartee* when found fault with accounts for the mention of the circumstance, under date of Nov. 10, 1602 :—

"'I was brought up as my friends were able : When manners were in the hall, I was in the stable.'"

quoth my laundress, when I told her of her saucy boldness." And the single entry on the subject of the food supplied to the students' table, to the effect that the Benchers had given orders that no bread should be eaten "but of two days old" seems to have been made simply in order to chronicle with it a somewhat coarse joke of Mr. Edward Curle's on the subject. But side by side with such trivialities are found jottings that show Manningham to have had both refined taste and wide reading. There is a fine Shakespearian flavour about this solitary line, here entered without any reference to its source :—

"Bounty is wronged, interpreted as duty."

He is interested, too, in the latest anecdote of Spenser, Overbury, Marston, or Raleigh ; and altogether, if he does not burn much midnight oil over his law-books, he is far removed in tastes and pursuits from Master Robert Shallow when following the same noble profession in the neighbouring Inn of St. Clement.

He was diligent moreover in his attendance at church, as the abstracts of the sermons he heard, clearly prove. Not only (as in private duty bound) to the Temple Church, but to all the pulpits round about—Paul's Cross, St. Clement Danes, and Westminster Abbey—Mr. Manningham resorted in turn, and generally records the outline or the salient points of the discourse he heard. The great Hooker had passed away. He had resigned the Mastership of the Temple in 1591—"tired" he said, "with the noise and contentions of this place"—and had died at his country living of Bishop's Bourne, in 1600. John Manningham had never heard him in the Temple pulpit, but was at least acquainted with his great work, for he observes of Dr. Covel's defence of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, then just published, that it "may be sayd to be all heaven, but yett Mr. Hooker's sentences and discourses intermixed are the stars and constellations, the special ornaments of it." Hooker's immediate successors as Master of the Temple were not men of great mark, and their names do not occur in the diary as among the preachers heard. Montague, Bishop successively of Bath and Wells, and of Winchester ; "one Moore of Balliol Colledge, in Oxford ;" and Buckridge, afterwards Bishop of Ely, appear as occupants of the Temple pulpit ; and sometimes Manningham contents himself with such a general mention as the following :—

MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE.
From a Drawing by C. O. MURRAY.

"A good plaine fellow preacht at night in the Temple Churche : his text lxxxvi. Psal., v. 11—'Teache me Thy wayes, O Lord, and I will walk in Thy truth.'"

The abstracts of the sermons given are interesting as specimens of the style of preaching then in favour. The tide of euphuism that was still flowing had not left the pulpit unaffected. All the leading characteristics of the style appear in profusion, notably the perpetual use of simile. Mr. Downes, at St. Clement's, in an abstract of his sermon, which occupies only twenty lines of print,

compares thankfulness to the reflex of the sunbeam from a bright body; honour to a spider's web, and to a "craggy steepe rock;" the world to a host, the rich man to Laban; ambitious men to children catching butterflies, a worldling to a Roman citizen; and a covetous man to a thief proud of his halter. The preacher at Paul's Cross "spake of the Archbishop of Canterbury as the sun amongst the ministers, and compared the old Deane of St. Paul's to the moone; Dr. Overall, the new Deane, to the new moone; the ministers to stars." The pulpit method included a perpetual effort after novelty and ingenuity. It was not so much the doctrine that apparently attracted Mr. Manningham as the anecdotes, and the scraps of Latin, and the conceits. And yet it is not difficult to discover with which of the two contending parties in the Church John Manningham was most in accord. If he had resided in the Temple ten years earlier, it would have been with Hooker, not with Travers, that his sympathies would have gone. The allusions to Puritanism are among the most significant in the diary. They include every aspect of that movement that would naturally strike a young man of Manningham's tastes and habits. The diary opens with this reflection, "The Puritan is a curious corrector of things indifferent." Later on we find him using the language of good-natured pity, "a good honest poore silly Puritan." On another occasion he ridicules, in the genuine spirit of Hudibras, the Puritan schoolmaster who will not let his pupil call the alphabet in his horn-book *Christ-Cross A*, but obliges him to begin *Black-spot A*, and is so afraid of the dreadful word *mass* in any combination, that he asks a friend to come and eat a "Nativity Pie" with him. And by and by, as in a rising scale of disapprobation, after an anecdote illustrative of the "hypocrisy" of these "professors," the diary's last entry on the subject is a grim remark, quoted from a friend of Mr. Curle's, that a Puritan is one who loves God with all his soul, and hates his neighbour with all his heart.

Now and again there occur in the diary entries to this effect:—

"Dec. 16, 1602. I brought in a moot with John Bramston."

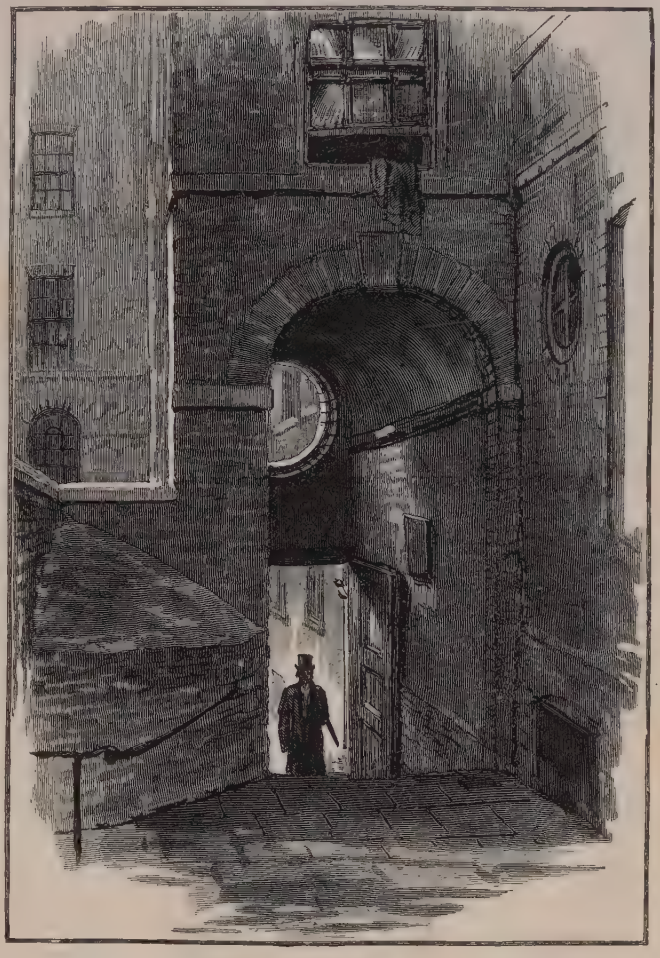
Bramston, by the way, was afterwards Lord Chief Justice; and again:—

"April 7, 1603. Mr. Timothy Wagstaffe and myself brought in a moot, whereat Mr. Stevens, the next Reader, and Mr. Curle sat."

These entries testify to the legal education provided by the Inn for its students. This education was directed by two leading barristers of the society, appointed annually, and denominated Readers. The two Readers for the ensuing year were chosen at the opening of the session, on the Friday before the Feast of All Saints. The instruction given consisted of readings or lectures, and moots. The reading was something in form between a law-lecture and a legal debating club. The moot was a discussion of a "moot" point, in which the two Readers, the Benchers, and all ranks down to the youngest student, took part. Barristers of the Inn, after being called, but before they were licensed to plead in court, had to perform (Dugdale tells us) two several "assignments of moots—which exercises are done in the Hall, in Term-time only, every Tuesday and Thursday night, immediately after supper. The case is framed with apt and proper pleadings unto it, by the two utter-barristers who are to perform the assignment. These pleadings are recited by the two gentlemen under the Bar, one of which speaks for the plaintiff, the other for the defendant: which done, and the case briefly put, out of these pleadings and argued by the utter-barristers, three of the Benchers as judges argue the same case, whereof one of the new elected Readers is always one." This explains John Manningham's entry. He and Mr. Bramston were, on the first occasion, the two gentlemen below the Bar who recited the pleadings on their respective sides—on the other occasion, he and Mr. Wagstaffe. On another day he records that he performed an exercise of the nature of "keeping an act," and argued on the limits of the doctrine, *Summum jus summa injuria*, against one Mr. W. Watts. Exercises like these formed the solid part of a student's preparation for his calling three centuries ago. What with readings and moots, the discipline seems to have been sufficiently thorough. The days of getting called to the Bar through a course of dinners had not yet arrived. But though dining was not yet a safe and certain road to the profession, it played a not unimportant part in the routine of an Inn of Court. If on ordinary days the "diet" of the Bar mess was moderate enough, on feast days it was very much the reverse, and of good living there was no stint. The Readers, besides conducting the legal education of the Inn, had charge also of its hospitalities, and, as it would seem, to a great extent at their own cost. After describing the readings and moots and other duties of the Reader,

Dugdale goes on to say, "This course [of lectures] he observes three dayes in a week, until the end of the Reading—the other intermediate days being spent in feasting and entertainment of strangers, who are commonly great lords and other eminent persons. His expenses during this time of Reading are very great; insomuch as some have spent above £600 in two days less than a fortnight, which now is the usual time of Reading." We learn, without surprise, that this tax upon the resources of the Reader had grown before Dugdale's time so serious that capable men were sometimes obliged from lack of private means to decline the honour of the appointment.

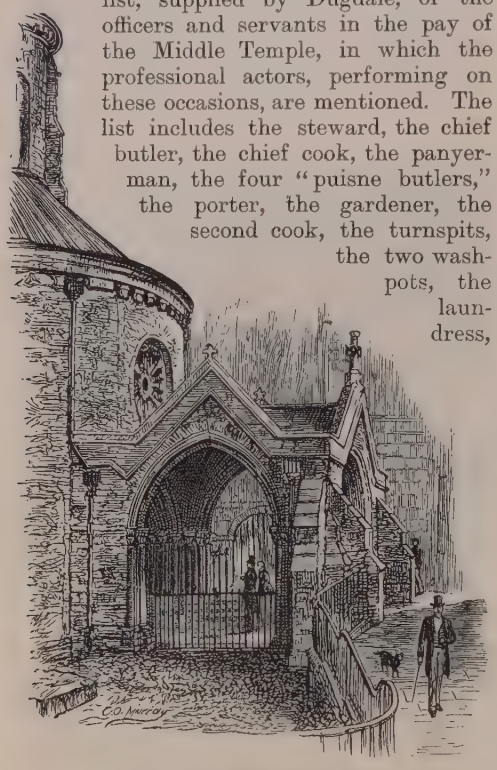
But besides the three days of feasting alternating with the readings, there were two special festivals during the Reader's year of office, at which solemn revels were performed for the entertainment of the judges and serjeants belonging to the society. These took place on All Saints' Day, and on the feast of the Purification, February 2nd. Much ceremony (and it is in this sense that the word *solemn* is to be taken) was observed on these occasions. A few days before, two "ancient Barristers" had carried the invitation to the judges and serjeants, and on their taking their places in hall on the Grand day, two other barristers waited on them with "basins and ewers of sweet water for the washing of their hands, and two other like ancient barristers with towels." The Readers, bearing white staves, ushered in the dinner, preceded by minstrels. The dinner itself was carried in by young gentlemen under the Bar—the students. After dinner, the distinguished guests, again escorted by the Readers, withdrew to the Temple Gardens, or other retirement, while the hall was cleansed and prepared for the festivities that were to ensue. On their return, still with great solemnity, the gentlemen of the Inn trod a measure, then one of the Readers called upon one of the "gentlemen of the Bar to give the Judges a song," the rest of the company joining in chorus; and after a procession, in which bowls of Ipocras were offered to the judges by the students—the hall was gradually vacated, the readers ushering their distinguished guests down the hall to the court gate, where they took their leave of them.



GATEWAY INTO SERJEANT'S INN.
From a Drawing by C. O. MURRAY.

This was the portion of the revel at which the members of the Inn personally assisted. But after dinner, before the dance and song began, the performance of a stage-play seems to have taken place. In the corresponding account of the revels at the Inner Temple, which in their general arrangements were identical with those of the sister Inn, Dugdale writes "First the solemn Revels (*after*

Dinner and the Play ended) are begun by the whole House." At the Middle Temple we are equally well assured that the play was not forgotten. There is a curious list, supplied by Dugdale, of the officers and servants in the pay of the Middle Temple, in which the professional actors, performing on these occasions, are mentioned. The list includes the steward, the chief butler, the chief cook, the panyerman, the four "puisne butlers," the porter, the gardener, the second cook, the turnspits, the two washpots, the laundress,



THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.
From a Drawing by C. O. MURRAY.

and the porter: "the musick, their yearly entertainment, besides their diurnal pay for service:" and the catalogue is completed by the following entry:—

"The stage-players on the two Grand Days—for each play 10*l.*"

"But of late," adds Dugdale, writing some sixty years after the date of Manningham's diary, "these are doubled, and receive forty pounds a play." Perhaps he meant £40 for the two occasions.

On the Grand day, then, of Feb. 2nd, 1602, the Feast of the Purification, a play was represented after the usual custom, by professional actors. Mr. John Manningham had borne his share of the duties required from young gentlemen under the Bar. He had helped to carry the bread and meat to the high table; he had danced in the measure, and joined in the chorus, and offered the spiced wine to the judges. But he had also enjoyed the treat of a theatrical performance by real professionals, and this is what he saw:—

"*Feb.* 2, 1602. At our Feast we had a play called *Twelve Night or What you Will:* much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menœchmi* in Plautus, but most like and neare to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady-widdowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaille, &c., and then when he came to practice, making him believe they tooke him to be mad."

The interest of this record to the Shakespearian student is for many reasons great. In the first place it is the only piece of evidence extant that serves to fix the date of one of the finest of Shakespeare's comedies. *Twelfth Night* was not published during its author's life, and appears for the first time in the Folio of 1623. No other reference to the play before that time exists. Before the discovery of Manningham's diary, Shakespearian critics had differed as to the probable date of the comedy, most of them (on the strength of supposed allusions in the play itself) placing it a good deal later than 1601-2. It is easy to be wise after the event, but I think that the soundest criticism of the present day would have dated it somewhere in the interval between 1600 and 1605. The versification separates it from the earlier of Shakespeare's comedies, and there is no sign in the play of that dominance of the graver mind, that oppression under the riddles of the world and life, that colours so markedly the later comedies of the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale*. As it is, we now know it to have been in existence, and probably just written, in the winter of 1601-2. It had most likely been produced for the first time on Twelfth-night, a few weeks only before its performance at the Middle Temple, and to have owed its title to that circumstance.

John Manningham's comment on the incidents of the play is not without interest as bearing on the question of its name. We know that a few years after Shakespeare's death that title was occasionally changed. The comedy was acted in 1623 under the name of *Malvolio*. In Charles the First's copy of the Second Folio, he had put his pen through the original heading of the play, and had written over it *Malvolio*, as if he had himself seen it performed under that name. The change of title was doubtless due to the fact that experience had shown

the adventures of Olivia's steward to be the most popular feature of the play, and the actors, with their quick apprehension of what draws a public, had made the politic change. No doubt Malvolio is the most prominent male character in the piece. We see that Manningham, after mentioning the imbroglio that makes the backbone of the story, fixes at once on the character of the steward as the most conspicuous feature of the comedy. And yet a true critical instinct, apparent (I think) in all the quotations and comments occurring in the diary, makes him refer to the Malvolio portion of the story as incidental—merely "a good practice in it," and not of the essence of the plot. This consideration seems to throw light on Shakespeare's principle—if he had one—or on his simple instinct, in naming his comedies. In his historical plays and tragedies, he takes the title in almost all cases from the leading character. To call *Hamlet* by any other name than that it bears—or *Macbeth*, or *Lear*—we see would be all but impossible. Each of these characters is not merely the most prominent in the play, but is in fact the very centre of the dramatic interest. But in the case of a comedy such as *Much Ado*, although Benedick and Beatrice are certainly the most interesting personages, they are not the centre of the drama's system. The fortunes of Hero are the mainspring of the plot, entirely as they may be eclipsed in interest by the brilliant love-passages of her cousin and Benedick. Again, although *Rosalynd* is the name of Lodge's romance from which *As You Like It* is taken, it is certain that no one character in that play would serve as a name round which to gather the very various incidents and interests contained in it. In the *Winter's Tale*, founded on Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, Florizel and Perdita would not adequately give their names to the play. If any character had to be chosen for the purpose, it must be Hermione, from whose sad fortunes the whole exquisite fable takes its source. On the other hand, in the *Merchant of Venice* Antonio is the one character that could be chosen to bridge over the difficult gulf between the story of the pound of flesh, and that of the caskets. In the comedies of Shakespeare, it may be roughly put, the various characters group round a central complication; in the tragedies, the subordinate interests gather about a person. Moreover, Shakespeare's common habit, in his comedies, of welding together two plots—often of equal importance, and neither subordinate—prevented his naming his play from either one or the other. Hence, perhaps, the occurrence of such vague titles as *Twelfth Night*, or *As You Like It*, or a *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

As Manningham's diary served to fix definitely the date of *Twelfth Night*, so it also was the first to supply us with the play's literary genealogy. "Much like *The Comedy of Errors* or *Menæchmi* in Plautus." The *Menæchmi*, on which Shakespeare had founded his *Comedy of Errors*, was in fact the starting point of all those plays and romances so common in the Renascence period in which the complications arise out of the exact resemblance of two persons. In the present case the whole story is built up on the likeness of the twin brother and sister, Sebastian and Viola. Acting on the hint supplied by Manningham, Mr. Joseph Hunter began his quest among the Italian comedies of Shakespeare's period, and found more than one bearing the title of *Gl'Inganni* (the tricks), in one of which occurred the incident of a twin brother and sister; but in the course of his researches he came upon another Italian comedy, slightly different—*Gl'Ingannati* (the cheated ones), where the incidents are identical with those of Sebastian and Viola, Orsino and Olivia. The story had become popular, and existed in many shapes in Shakespeare's time, so that it is impossible to say where he first met with it. It is curious that Manningham, who shows how well versed he was in those Italian romances so bitterly bewailed by Roger Ascham as forming the staple of a young Englishman's reading, should not have concerned himself at all with the name of the English poet who had given life and beauty to the fortunes of Viola, and added so rich an underplot of genuine English humour in Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and the clown. And yet at this date Shakespeare's was a famous name. If he had still to prove himself the greatest master of tragedy, he had given to the world the choicest of his comedies—*A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*; and, in all probability, *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*. He was the most popular narrative and lyrical poet of the day (unless Spenser ran him hard). *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* had passed through four editions. Selections from his poems were in all the *Golden Treasuries* of the day; and yet John Manningham had not noticed, or does not think it worth while to record the name of the dramatist to whom he had owed so much enjoyment.

Moreover, as there can be little doubt, Shakespeare was also among the actors on the occasion. The company who played

Twelfth Night was that of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, acting at the Globe Theatre on Bankside. We have an authentic list of

IN KING'S BENCH WALK.
From a Drawing by C. O. MURRAY.

the players composing that company. Two of them, John Hemings and Henry Condell, who edited the First Collected Edition of Shakespeare's plays, prefixed to that edition the "names of the Principal actors in all these plays." This list of twenty-six names is headed with Shakespeare's, not perhaps as the most distinguished actor, but in homage to the famous dramatist. Next in order comes the great tragedian, Richard Burbage, the Hamlet, and Lear, and Othello, and Richard III. of the company—whose claims to that position no one seems to have disputed. But we know something of Shakespeare's line as an actor, and he was giving a "taste of his quality" in several plays of his own and others just before and just after this performance at the Middle Temple. He had acted in *Every Man in his Humour* in 1598; had played old Adam in *As You Like It*, probably in 1600; and was soon to play the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. He was in the full tide of his career as actor in the winter of 1601-2. As author of the play he was surely not excluded from the cast when it was acted (as seems probable) before the queen a few weeks earlier, and on this important occasion of a Reader's feast at the Temple.

What did he play? The characters which we know to have been assigned to him in other dramas suggest that broad comedy and the *rôle* of *jeune premier* were alike out of his line. Characters of an age past middle life—characters of dignity and with a certain pathetic interest—seem to have suited him best. We cannot think of him as cast for Sebastian. At eight and thirty he would have hardly suited for the "double" of the young and beautiful Viola. Toby, Andrew, and the clown, are all out of the question. Was it Malvolio that he took—supposing Burbage to have declined it? Perhaps Burbage created the character. The best tragedians in modern times have not scorned the part. John Kemble, we know, occasionally took it; and in our own time we have seen it admirably played by Mr. Phelps. Tragedians have discovered what Lamb acutely points out, that Malvolio "is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident." The character is in fact on the border land between the serious and the humorous, and supplies the sombre element that is needed to set off the comic interest.

It would indeed be curious if, failing Malvolio, the character of Orsino was sustained by its author; curious if it had fallen to him to utter the lines, long ago pointed out as so appropriate to his own matrimonial fortunes:—

"Too old, by Heaven! let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

INTERIOR OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.
From a Drawing by C. O. MURRAY.

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn
Than women's are.
Viola. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

Had the great poet's own affection "held the bent," in that gay and wicked city of London? Was he reminded, with no touch of an unquiet conscience, of Ann Shakespeare (*née* Hathaway), patiently bearing her widowed lot, a matron now of five and forty, in far-off Stratford? Or had ten years of the prosaic realities of an actor's life rubbed off some of the gilt of sentiment, and as he lounged at the side-scenes was he considering rather about those hundred and seven acres of arable land in the parish of Old Stratford that he was to buy of William and John Combe in the May following?

Of author, actors, and acting, John Manningham tells us not a word. What an opportunity—for *us*, at least—was then lost! What would we not have given for any criticism by a gentleman of taste and intelligence of a play of Shakespeare's performed by the Lord Chamberlain's servants! Did John Manningham smile on occasion of these solemn festivities, when Sir Andrew exclaimed, "I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world! I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether!" Did he recognise something of his own pleasant man-of-the-world's contempt for Puritanism in the character of Malvolio, and the practical joking to which that decorous personage was subjected? "Sometimes he's a kind of Puritan," says the mischievous Maria. "O, if I thought that," retorts Sir Andrew, "I'd beat him like a dog." "What, for being a Puritan," remonstrates Sir Toby, a little

taken aback by this unexpected display of religious zeal—"thy exquisite reason, dear knight?" "I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough," replies Sir Andrew; and probably some of the antipathy to the party felt by Manningham and his friends was not more easy to justify than the prejudice of the foolish knight. The conjuring of the evil spirit out of poor Malvolio by that heartless impostor, the Puritan curate, Sir Topas, we are sure must have delighted the young gallants of the Temple, and have brought the play to an end amid boundless merriment.

And so the curtain falls, alike on Shakespeare's play, and on our glimpse of the festivities at an Inn of Court nearly three hundred years ago—

"Our revels now are ended: these our actors
Are melted into air—into thin air."

The judges have paced down the hall, and taken water at the Temple stairs, or coach in the Strand: the lights are out, and Mr. Manningham and his chamber-fellow Mr. Curle are on their way to their single room, humming to one another in the vein of sentiment that follows hard upon revelling,

"O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?"

or the clown's jig at parting:—

"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey! ho! the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing it was but a toy—
And the rain it raineth every day."

The John Manningham of this fragment of diary is a very real person indeed. The very miscellaneousness of its contents shows us many sides of him, and enables us to know him as he was. Whether he is telling stories of Sir Thomas More, on his way down to Westminster; or complaining in good set terms that the last preacher at the Temple Church would not take the trouble to make himself heard; or quoting a friend's improper remark respecting the ancients of the honourable society (the barristers of oldest standing, that is to say) that "if you put a case in the first books of the law to them, you may presume they have forgotten it; if in the new bookes, you may doubt whether they have read it"—in each and all we feel we are in contact with a once living piece of humanity, and through no other relic of that famous Elizabethan age are we brought nearer, it seems to me, to Shakespeare and his fellow-actors. There are echoes or premonitions of the Shakespearian manner scattered throughout the diary, moreover, that fall very pleasantly on the ear. He tells, for example, the following anecdote of Marston the dramatist:—

"John Marston the last Christmas he danced with Alderman More's daughter, a Spaniard born. Fell into a strange commendacion of her witt and beauty. When he had done, shee thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he was a poet. 'Tis true,' said he, 'for poets fayne and lye, and soe dyd I when I commended your beauty, for you are exceeding foule.'"

Is it merely coincidence, that we here recall a passage of arms between Touchstone and Audrey? "The truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said as lovers, they do feign." It is likely enough that the extravagance of young lovers' sonnets, made to their mistress's eyebrow, was a stock-jest in many shapes in that era of exuberant flattery. There is a more solemn and beautiful echo of a Shakesperian thought in a citation made by Manningham from some divine or moralist unknown:—"Wee come first unwitting, weeping and crying into a world of woe, and shall we not weep and cry when we knowe it?" It was not till three or four years later that poor mad Lear repeated the thought in those marvellous lines:—

"Thou must be patient: we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We waul and cry—I will preach to thee, mark me!
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools."

And, finally, of the Middle Temple Hall—the bricks, as Jack Cade would have said, —"are alive at this day to testify it." The exterior, Mr. Halliwell Phillipps tells us, "has undergone numerous changes since the time of Shakespeare, the old louvre having long been removed, the principal entrance or porch rebuilt, and the whole exposed to a series of repairs and alterations. The main features of the interior, however, bear practically the same appearance they originally presented. It is true that some of the minor accessories are of modern date, but the beautiful oaken screen and the elegant wood-carved roof suffice to convey to us an exact idea of the room in which the humours of Malvolio delighted an Elizabethan audience." Long may it stand unchanged, though the buildings that surround it are rapidly being transformed under the hand of the restorer.

ALFRED AINGER.

JULIA.

IT was a day in early October; the sweetest autumn day that ever blessed this realm of England; the lovers went together to Hornsey, and wandered in the fields lying north of the unlucky palace on Muswell Hill. They are very quiet fields; few people walk in them even on Sunday afternoons; the sun was bright and the woods were covered with patches of red and gold, the blackberries were ripe on the hedges—Julia had never tasted a blackberry before—and the long trailing branches already had their leaves painted the most glorious crimson. Presently they sat down together and talked, their hearts open, and hand in hand, and ready to confess each to the other.

First, it was Julia, though it should have been her lover, because it is the man's business to lead off in such matters. She began, with the tears in her eyes, to wonder that so short a time should have made so great a difference to her, and asked herself if it was possible to have lived so long and learned so little. But it was all due to her lover . . . . . "And oh! Jem, Mr. Bradberry will double my wages if I will stay with him; and I can give up the theatre, and your mother shall have no cause to be ashamed of me. You know, dear, though you fell in love with me on the stage, I don't care for it. It seems as if I know it all and how it is done; the place is full of tricks, and they are stale: and besides . . . oh! . . . I shall be glad to give it up."

"If you are glad, Julia," he replied, "I am glad too. I have not spoken to my mother about it, but I will this evening. I will go home earlier, on purpose, and as soon as she approves, dear, we will get married. Where shall we live?"

"If it could be somewhere near fields;" she said, "yet there is the business to look after. Jem, don't let us live in Hoxton or Clerkenwell. Don't you feel choked when we go home again after such air as this?"

Thus they built their simple castles in the air and would do this and that and would prosper greatly, have no unhappiness, never quarrel, never fall into any misfortune, never get old, never have any trouble, but live together for ever afterwards. Then this silly pair kissed each other fondly and presently got up and walked along beside the straggling hedges. Here they found lovely branches of the crimson-leaved bramble with fallen leaves of beech and sprays of briony and clustering nuts and late wild flowers, and so returned home in the evening laden.

They separated early, at half-past eight o'clock, Jem preparing to speak to his mother. When they kissed at the corner of Brunswick Place, the air should have been charged with thunder, ominous flashes of lightning, and heavy drops of rain. But there were no omens at all of coming disaster, nor any presentiments. Julia knew not what omens and presentiments might mean; the London girl is the least superstitious of womankind. Yet even in London a woman should have her warnings.

They parted on this last evening of their happiness with no more than the usual protestations of affection. Jem kissed her as

she stood on the door step with the lover's words of passion and endearment, and she returned his kiss, murmuring as usual, 'Oh! Jem, you *are* kind to me!'

V.

When the old woman left her, Mrs. Atherston continued to sit in her back parlour, heedless of the afternoon prayer-meeting and service of song, to which she had intended to go. Her heart was as cold as a stone, her lips were set, her eyes fixed, her cheeks pale. The door of her shop stood open, but she regarded it not; the children peeped in, and seeing nobody, cried "Whoop!" and ran away; but she heard nothing. Her son was going to marry a girl of a theatre. Why, a mother in Israel, if her son had fallen in love with a young Midianitish person, would have been less grieved and outraged than was this poor mother at hearing that her son was entangled with a theatrical woman. If there was one point on which she was more sure and certain than another, it was that the theatre was the House of the Devil. And then her son had deceived her; not one word had he said about the woman. For many months she had been unhappy about him. Sometimes he came home late at night; on Sundays he would not stay with her, but after dinner went off by himself; he had broken away from her control: he had long since refused to follow her any longer in the strict, religious life of the chapel members, with their tea-parties, prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, lectures and expositions; and now she was to learn, she bitterly said to herself, that he had been following in the paths of open sin. That was how she put it, never doubting but that Julia was a Dalilah, who had enticed and overcome her boy. He was going to marry her; she was a girl who had an unknown father, and a grandmother, also an old servant of the theatre, who spoke in affectionate praise of drink. This was what his love of freedom had come to; he was a lost boy; her prayers were vain; he was rushing blindfold to the abyss.

Presently she began mechanically to turn over the leaves of her Bible. It seemed as if her eyes fell only upon the cursing Psalms, the denunciations of the Prophets, and the fate of scoffers—that is, of course, those who go to the theatre; the sudden ruin of the wicked—especially of theatre people; she associated everything in her mind with the mad and profligate career which she believed her son was leading. When it grew dark she lit her gas, and went on with her reading and her thoughts.

At nine o'clock or so Jem came home. He hung up his hat and swung into the room with his customary masterfulness. To-night he was quite happy: he was going to tell his mother everything, and he was home early so that they could have a good talk. He had neglected his mother a little perhaps, that would be all made up to her now, by Julia. She was going to leave the theatre: nothing at all need be said about her connection with it: Julia was a bookbinder's accountant—a most respectable employment.

"Well, mother," he said, airily. "I am early to-night because I have something very serious to say. I ought to have told you before; but never mind that. Mother, I am going to make you happy." He laid his elbows on the table and looked his mother in the face with eyes so confiding and a smile so frank that her heart yearned within her. But the thought of the girl from the theatre and the old woman who wanted drink, hardened her heart.

"Go on, James," she said, severely.

"Now, mother," he continued, "it's the Sabbath night, I know, and your head is full of the sermon and all. But you and me haven't hit it quite off lately, have we? As for me, I never could see the harm of a country walk on a Sunday afternoon when you're locked up all the week."

"Go on, James." She tried her best to be hard and unforgiving. Thanks to the sweet influence of her sect, she succeeded. "Go on, James. You have got something to tell me."

"Very well, mother, I am going to make you happy, because I am going to give you a daughter-in-law. Not a common flighty sort of a girl, you know, but a steady, quiet girl, who, I dare say, will go to chapel regular when you have got her in hand."

A steady, quiet girl! This was a part of the great deception. A quiet girl! The widow pictured to herself a young person with roving eyes, loud laugh, and hair cut short, so as to lie, an inch and a half long, over the forehead. This was her idea of the daughter-in-law whom her son proposed to present to her.

"Go on," she added, icily.

"I made her acquaintance, mother, four months ago. I ought to have told you about her then, but I didn't know how far it would go, nor if she would be the right kind of girl. Mother"—at the moment he for-

got about the theatre—"if you had to pick and choose out of all London, you couldn't find a girl you'd like so much. You couldn't really. You'll try to like her, won't you, mother? You won't be vexing about whether she's a Baptist, or a Primitive Methodist, or whether she's saved or not, and had conviction of sin and that, will you now?"

"Go on," said his mother.

"Well, that is about all I've got to say about her. Next Sunday, mother, she shall come to— to—" he could not help the hesitation, because, how would Julia like it?—"she shall come to chapel with us."

"Is that all?"

"That's all about her," replied the lad, cheerfully. "But I say, mother, there's trouble again at the stall. To-morrow is the day, you know, and I'm behind again—I'm three pounds behind. I know it's the fifth time and I declare I'm as careful as I can be; I believe somebody steals the books. Three pounds is a lot of money, isn't it? But you've got more than that belonging to me—a good many hundreds more. And I must have the money to-morrow before twelve o'clock—I MUST."

"Softly—softly, James. Must is not the word." The money belonged to the young man who was already of age, but his mother had it and kept it, because to part with it was parting with power, and he did not know that he could legally take it, whenever he pleased. Power? why, it might mean the salvation of his soul! "Softly, James. Before you get that money we must have a little further explanation. How has that three pounds been lost? In Sabbath-breaking and bad company?"

"No: nor yet in country walks on Sunday in good company. It's only that the accounts have got a little wrong. Now, mother, don't let us begin about Sabbath-breaking, please. I always do get my accounts muddled. You know I do."

"In what company did you take these walks?"

"In Julia's." His cheek grew red and his eyes flashed. There was danger ahead.

"Julia is her name, is it? She is, you said——"

"She keeps his accounts for a bookbinder in the City Road."

"James," said his mother calmly, "you are a liar!"

The boy sprang to his feet, and banged his fist upon the table.

"I am not a liar. She keeps the accounts at Bradberry's the bookbinder's."

"You are a liar, James. She is a painted Creature, and she acts at the Grecian Theatre. I know all. You are a liar, James, whose lot is in the Pit with devils to dwell. She is a painted acting hussy. You are a liar." She spoke without external wrath, but judicially.

"She keeps the books all day and she goes on the boards all the evening. Poor Julia!"

His mother was silent.

"After all," cried the boy, "I am not obliged to consult you about my wife. If you like her, very well: if you don't I can't help it. There isn't in the world a better girl than Julia."

"You will give her up," said his mother.

"I will not give her up. Nothing shall make me give her up."

"You want this money to-morrow morning. You shall not have it, unless you give her up."

"I will not give her up." His cheek paled and he trembled from head to foot. "Mother, do you know what you are saying? The House never lets anybody off. They make an example of every one who is short, on principle. Do you know what you are saying?"

"Give her up," she said. "Give up your actress."

"Let me have the money," he cried. "It is mine. My father left it to me."

"Not to be wasted on play-acting. Give her up."

"I will never give her up."

"Then you shall have no money."

He stared at his mother, his very lips white. *Could* she know what her words meant?

He told her in plain unmistakable terms.

"Give her up," she repeated. "You shall not have the money unless you give her up."

"Is this your last word?" he asked.

"Give her up," she said.

He slowly rose and took his hat.

"Mother," he said, "you will remember, afterwards, that no one but yourself done it. I haven't stolen the money. It's only got behind. Anybody can get behind. I've been so happy that I didn't count it up regular. No one but yourself done it. All the rest of your life you'll remember that. As for me, if you refuse me the money I swear you shall never see me again, whatever happens. And as for your religion, if people who do such things to their sons are taken to Heaven, I pray they will never take me. Say it once more; so that I may never again bear to think of you. Say it again, so that I can face the worst and remember that you, and none but you, done it."

"Give her up," she said, looking him in the face with hard and determined eyes. "Blasphemer, give her up."

He hesitated: he put on his hat—he took it off—he looked about the room. It was the room in which he had been brought up; the little living room behind the shop in which he had played at his mother's knee. He was leaving it for the last time; he was going forth to certain and life-long disgrace.

"Mother!" he cried once more, throwing out his arms.

"Give up the painted woman," she repeated fiercely.

He put on his hat and left her.

All that night he walked up and down the street under Julia's room. She was asleep behind the window, that he knew. If she had been awake she might have put her head out of the window, and talked with her lover. But she was asleep—she was tired—she had been for a long walk, and her head was full of briars and blackberries, and woods with golden leaves; she was sound asleep and dreaming happily. She didn't wake even at the fall of the step she knew so well. At five o'clock he felt faint and went to an early coffee-house for some breakfast. Then he wandered aimlessly about until it was time to open his stall at the railway station; and there he stood, anxious, haggard, heavy-eyed, waiting the hour of doom.

And in the parlour behind the shop sat his mother. She said to herself from time to time, with dry lips, "I have wrestled to save his soul," but she could not rise from her chair, and she sat there all the night expecting the boy to come home and make submission. He had always been a dutiful boy hitherto. Besides, he must have the money. He would come back. He could not do without the money. But the daylight broke through the dingy blinds of the room behind the shop, and the sun rose upon the grimy back yard, and the boy did not come back.

VI.

On Monday afternoon Julia sat at the high desk in the little dingy counting-house over her books. From the workshop came the usual sounds of business, the regular thud of the steam-engine, the hammering and stamping, with the smell of sour paste, to which she was accustomed. Her thoughts were so pleasant that she stopped in her work from time to time to lose herself in a dream of happiness. Why, only four months ago, she did not know what was even meant by happiness, or if there were such a thing allotted to mankind, any more than an omnibus horse understands the freedom of his wild brothers. And now she had been happy for a whole summer, though her work was quite as hard, and the grandfather quite as trying, and the theatre quite as noisy and hot. A whole summer of happiness!

Truly, considering the thing from the last century point of view, when happiness was considered as strictly limited to the landed gentry, and only usurped, so to speak, by the better class of merchants, she ought to have been satisfied, seeing that her "betters" often get little more than four solid months of perfect happiness in their whole lives. Yet she was not satisfied. Happiness is a thing which never satisfies. Unreasonable people have even laid claim to nothing short of a right—a right, if you please—to seventy years' solid happiness; and grumble when they get instead no more than fifty years or so of misery and disappointment. What ought Julia to have looked for in her humble position and considering her birth? To-day, however, she was quite happy, with a feeling of physical strength which came of all their Sunday walks, the fresh air, and the birth of sweet thoughts; a feeling of strength which was new and delightful. She gently crooned, as she added up the figures, a tune which had neither beginning nor end—and indeed, she was not fond of music, because she always had to stand just in front of the orchestra, and if you are within a couple of feet of the big drum, the bassoon, or the French horn, every night, you are apt to get a disturbed idea of tune, and to form incomplete theories on the subject of music. Presently Mr. Bradberry came in from his daily round among his customers. He too was in great good temper because he had just done a good stroke in forty-shilling work.

"Julia," he said, "the sooner you give up your grandmother and the theatre and get married to that young fellow the better, mind that. I saw the old woman yesterday walking down Goswell Road, near his mother's shop, and I hope she hasn't been contriving mischief. Don't you think I'm going to give you more money for her."

Julia smiled and went on adding up.

"As for your spark, my girl, he's a good-looking sort of a chap, and you'll make a pretty couple. I've had my eye on him a good while, and I've given him my mind more than once. A smart young fellow but

a little careless. Keep him with a tight rein when you're married. But a good lad. And he's fond of you, Julia, and that goes a long way. What does he think of the old woman?"

"He has never seen her. I've told him all about her. But I don't want him to be giving her money for drink."

"Did you tell him about Saturday night?"

"Oh, yes! I told him all. I haven't hid anything from Jem, and don't mean to."

"Well, I suppose that's the best way to begin. I was never married myself, and never wanted, finding it quite enough to manage the girls up stairs without a wife as well. No secrets from each other. Seems a sound way of beginning, doesn't it? especially when there's none to hide. Have you seen his mother yet?"

"No," said Julia. "Jem was to speak to her last night."

"I know her," Mr. Bradberry continued. "When I heard where she lived and who she was I went to see her. She keeps a little shop for stationery, books, and papers, and such, and is patronised by her connection, which is Baptist. She's one of those who torture their lives with thinking of their souls. Give her a wide berth, Julia, and don't let her make mischief between you. Such as her are best in their chapels, where they can sit upright and pity the poor souls outside."

Just then the door opened and a woman in a widow's cap and crapes came in. Her white face betokened the most violent agitation.

"It's the very woman!" cried Mr. Bradberry. "It's the boy's mother!"

Julia got down quickly from her desk and placed herself beside the old bookbinder as if for protection. For the woman—Jem's mother—glared at her with a rage that was for a while speechless. The sight of the woman's eyes terrified the girl. What was the matter with her?

"Is this the Creature?" she cried at last, pointing with a trembling finger, and asking the question of Mr. Bradberry.

"If you mean Julia, and your son's sweetheart, it is," he replied. "As for creature—if you come to that——"

"Oh!" She paused for a few moments and then—then—the torrent of her wrath overflowed, and with the eloquence of a maddened woman she poured forth such reproaches, charges, and accusations with such a string of names, every one of the worst and vilest, as such a woman so outraged, so prejudiced, in such madness of shame and rage as then possessed her, could command.

Julia caught the old man's hand but made no reply.

"Steady, Julia, steady. Let the woman have her say. Steady, my girl, don't answer back. Easy to call names. Best hold our tongues. It's Jem's mother, my dear. Pity poor Jem. 'Tisn't his fault. Don't give her a handle. As for you, ma'am, the sooner you've done the better, because this is a respectable office, and such things as you've said mustn't be said to any girl in this place. If the girl wasn't Julia, and her young man your son, you would have been run out neck and crop long ago. Don't cry, Julia."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Atherston, panting, with her hand to her heart. "Oh! that I should live to see my son disgraced for ever for the sake of a painted——"

"Draw it mild, ma'am. Where's the disgrace? As for this girl, she's as good as gold, and your son isn't worthy to have such a wife. Where's the disgrace? Come now, give over calling names. Where's the disgrace?"

"Good?" she cried. "Good? When she play-acts in short petticoats at the Grecian Theatre? Good? When it's through her that my son is in prison—and his good name—Oh! thank God his father is dead—his good name——"

"Prison?" cried Julia. "Jem in prison? What has he done?"

"Stolen the money to pay for your wicked and sinful extravagances. Oh! . . . . ." (Again the names which conveyed her meaning without the least room for doubt.)

"Jem never stole any money!" cried Julia.

"Stolen the money—for you. Gone to prison—for you. Disgraced for life—for you. Oh! I kept him all I could from the evil woman. I warned him. 'Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell.' It was for your sake—oh! for you—and for your sake he refused to make submission and have the money to set him right."

"How much was it?" asked Mr. Bradberry.

"Three pounds he was short. I offered it to him if he would submit and give up the wicked woman."

"You offered it him? Miserable woman!" The old man banged the table with his fist. "You have sent your son to gaol for the sake of your cursed obstinacy and your ignorance. Go—you shall stay here no longer!"

A man must not lift his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness, but Mr. Bradberry literally hurled himself upon Mrs. Atherston, and pushed her, still crying reproaches upon poor Julia, into the street.

She stood there upon the kerbstone for ten minutes longer, waiting for Julia to come out. Then she turned and walked quickly home.

Yes; the books had been inspected and the stock examined, and Jem was three pounds short.

The rule of the House was like the rule of the London bankers: every man who is short in his accounts is prosecuted for embezzlement. The rule is perfectly well understood. Those who take service in the House know that no exception is ever made, no pardon ever extended. To use for their own purposes the moneys belonging to the House is embezzlement. Four times before, on the approach of the auditor, Jem had found himself a pound or two short. Four times his mother made it up for him in good time. Now he was three pounds short and his mother refused to give him the money.

He was smitten with the blindness which sometimes falls upon men before their ruin; had he gone to Mr. Bradberry he could have borrowed the money from him. Julia herself had saved a good deal more since she began to refuse her grandmother. But he could only think of the undeserved reproaches of his mother and her refusal to help him. And so he did nothing, and was taken by the auditor to the central office. Perhaps —I do not know—but perhaps, in spite of the rule, he might still have saved himself by sending for Mr. Bradberry, but he said nothing; he offered no excuses; he made no attempt to defend himself; he suffered it to be understood that he had wilfully and deliberately stolen the money in a lump, instead of being careless day after day about the pence until the loss swelled up to so frightful an amount.

Then he was taken by a policeman to Clerkenwell and charged. He said nothing, and was remanded till next day.

"Cheer up, Julia," said Mr. Bradberry. "It is but a little sum. Three pounds! Why, I will lend it to him, You wait here while I take it to the head office. I'll bring the boy back with me."

Alas! he little understood the procedure of a criminal court. The boy was a prisoner. At the head office they refused to take the money. The case, they said, was a bad one, he was young and had been promoted and trusted; his mother had been to them about it; the woman was greatly to be pitied, but in justice to their own people, they must prosecute. Besides, it appeared from the mother's statement, that her son had fallen into bad company. For the sake of their *employés* they would not show leniency to one who kept bad company.

"It's a lie," cried Mr. Bradberry, in a rage. "The boy's mother is a mad woman. She knows nothing about it. He has never been in bad company."

Then they told him that they could not have violent people there, and they shoved him out. So he returned sorrowful and ashamed and hanging his head.

"Julia," he said, trying to keep up her heart, "have courage. I'll go and give evidence myself to-morrow."

VII.

Julia went to the Police Court with Mr. Bradberry and took a seat in the last bench of the public gallery. The old man spoke without ceasing all the way on the certainty of the boy's acquittal. What was it—three pounds? The wrong addition of a column. Julia herself sometimes added up wrong; as for replacing the money, he was ready to do it himself; why, there was not a more honest lad in all London; let Julia cheer up, all would be well. He spoke so fast and so confidently, indeed, that a more experienced person than Julia might have perceived his anxiety. Outside the court the pavement was crowded with little groups of people, friends of the prisoners; the individuals vary from day to day, but the groups always seem the same; most of them are women; a good many carry babies in their arms, some of them have their heads tied up. They are all passionately arguing the case from their own point of view. From time to time one detaches herself from the rest and rushes, not without a wild, tragic gesture, into the Court, where she will give eager and impassioned evidence, or will sit in the gallery and grind her teeth because she is not allowed to curse the Court.

The gallery is only a little square box with four benches, capable of holding about thirty people; those who sat there were like those who stood outside, but Julia took no notice of them. People who live in Hoxton do not pay much attention to the external appearance of other people, even though their heads be tied up in blood-stained handkerchiefs, or their eyes blackened, or their faces stamped with every kind of ungovernable passion. It was not to see these people she had come, but to see the Court and to see her lover in his trouble. Jem steal money? Jem a thief? Never!

In front of the gallery was a narrow passage, in which stood a very big policeman; and next to that was the prisoners' dock, for all the world like a family pew: then came an open space with a table and seats for clerks and solicitors; and lastly, surrounded by red curtains, the magistrate's desk and seat. When this terrible man, who has power given to him to lock up people, take away their good name, and bring shame and disgrace upon a whole family, took his seat, they began to bring in the cases. First, the drunken and disorderly cases, men and women whose faces Julia seemed to know—it is an odd thing about London that if you walk about it long enough you seem to know all the faces there are. Some of them were old and grey-headed; Julia thought of her grandfather: some were women, old, young, and middle-aged; but she had seen many such women before; one was a young gentleman who said his name was William Smith and that he was a medical student; he was fined, and a friend who happened to be in Court paid the fine for him, and they went off together, the medical student looking ashamed of himself, and envious perhaps of the happy lot of those upon whom strong drink comes with smiles and friendly speech, because such do never wander into a dock, but are lovingly propped against the wall by policemen or led gently home. It is a misfortune for a gentleman to get quarrelsome in his cups.

When these cases had been all disposed of, there came the more serious charges. First, a man was brought up for stealing a pair of boots. He was a most miserable creature, who looked as if he had once been respectable and once been handsome. He was remanded in order that something more might be found out about him. And then there was a fellow with a bullet-head and no forehead to speak of, who had knocked down an old man and robbed him of twopence. He too was remanded, in order that his history might be inquired into, and a black history it very probably proved to be.

Then came—alas! alas!—the case of James Atherston.

The girl at the back of the Court caught her breath and trembled when her lover stepped into the shameful dock. His cheek was flushed and angry, his teeth were set; he grasped the bar before him with both hands, and stood upright, gazing straight before him; but he saw nothing, because his soul was filled with a burning rage; it was his own mother who had brought him here—it was his mother who had slandered his girl—his own mother.

The case was briefly stated, and Jem was asked to plead. He shook his head and murmured something which the Court took to mean "Not Guilty." Then a solicitor rising, said that he was instructed by the House which employed the prisoner to state that they were compelled to prosecute every case of embezzlement. Another solicitor said that he was instructed to defend the prisoner, and that he should not deny the alleged deficit, but he should show that the character of the prisoner had been excellent until he had fallen into bad company, and fallen into the hands of a designing woman, and he should therefore wish the magistrate to deal leniently with the prisoner.

At the words "designing woman" Julia clasped her hands tight, but made no sign.

Then the principal witness deposed to the deficit in the cash, but stated that the books had been correctly kept, without any attempt at falsifying the accounts, nor did the prisoner try to conceal the deficit; on being asked by the witness if he could not make it up, he said that his mother had refused to give him the money.

The magistrate here remarked that he supposed his mother had not the money to give.

"No," said the witness, "his mother is a very respectable woman with a shop and some money of her own. But she refused to help him."

"That," said the magistrate, "is very extraordinary."

"She came to the House when it was too late," said the witness, "and offered the money, and said that she would have given it to him before, but he refused to give up his bad ways and company."

Then the policeman who took the lad into custody gave his evidence. And then the solicitor who was defending the prisoner called his mother, and Mrs. Atherston herself stepped into the witness-box.

She was pale, her lips were set firm, and her eyes were hard. But she would not look at her son, who, for his part, fixed his eyes upon her with a kind of stupor. What had he done that his own mother should have brought this evil upon him?

She said that her son was twenty-one years of age, and had always been a good son to her and steady in his habits, though not yet convinced of sin; that it was not until the spring of that year that he began to come home late at night, and to spend his Sabbaths in riot with profligate companions, that she

had only just discovered that he had formed an acquaintance with a wicked woman—here Mr. Bradberry groaned, but Julia seemed not to hear—who was a dancer or acting person at the Grecian Theatre, "one of those," she added, "who is on the way going down to the Chambers of Death." It was to find the money for these debaucheries that he spent all his own wages and the money of his employers.

The magistrate asked her if she had refused to give him the money?

She said she had offered him the money on the simple condition of giving up this girl—that he was infatuated with her and refused.

"You knew," said the magistrate, "that if he could not make up his accounts, he would be brought here."

"I knew that," she said. "The shame and disgrace will be upon my head all the rest of my life; but I would rather a thousand times that he were in a gaol than throwing away his soul in the company of wicked women. In prison he will have, I suppose, his Bible to read, and he cannot break the Sabbath. Perhaps he will forget the woman."

Mr. Bradberry, grinding his teeth, looked sharply at Julia. She was listening with bowed head and clasped hands, but she made no sign. No more bad words could hurt her now.

"I have no other witnesses, sir," said the solicitor.

Then Mr. Bradberry rose and asked permission to say a word in evidence. He went into the witness-box and was sworn. Then he began to say that he knew both the young man and the girl to whom he was engaged; that he had employed the girl for some years——

Here the magistrate interrupted him, saying that he wished to give the prisoner the benefit of previous good character, and that the young woman had better not be brought into the case any more. In fact he spoke out of the kindness of his heart, and because a simple vague impression of bad company and a shadowy Dalilah is better for a prisoner than an exact description of orgies and profligacy. If it is only known in general terms that the Idle Apprentice has fallen into bad ways he is not regarded with anything like the contempt which is his lot when Hogarth draws those ways with unsparing pencil. Therefore the magistrate bade Mr. Bradberry stand aside, and asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. Jem shook his head; he had nothing; if he had said anything it would have been in railing and bitterness against his mother; it was she who had brought this evil upon him; his own mother had done it. And so his tongue clave unto the roof of his mouth, and he said nothing, but shook his head.

Then the magistrate said that it was a very painful case: here was evidently a young man carefully and religiously brought up, who had fallen into temptation—the world was full of such temptations—he wished all such young men in London could learn a lesson from this case, of the misery which follows upon bad company and the society of ballet girls and the like. And then he sentenced the prisoner to four months' imprisonment, and the case was over, and Jem taken from the dock and led out of sight. The next case was called on; the solicitor for the defence began to whisper with the solicitor for the prosecution, and they laughed together; and Julia thought it strange that they should laugh; and she saw Mrs. Atherston with set lips walk quickly out of the Court.

"Come, Julia," said Mr. Bradberry, "we have done no good: let us go home."

They went back together to the bookbinding shop. It was two o'clock. Mr. Bradberry sent out for some dinner, but Julia refused to take any, and sat down saying nothing. Then she took off her hat and jacket, climbed upon her high stool, and opened her books, and sat over them till six o'clock.

Mr. Bradberry presently went away and left her alone.

At five o'clock he returned.

"Julia," he said, "it was your grandmother went round to Jem's mother, and told her you were engaged at the theatre. Did it on purpose to make mischief, because she was afraid you'd marry, and she'd have to go into the House."

Julia turned her sad eyes heavily upon him, but said nothing.

In the evening she went to the theatre as usual and played her part. That is to say she was beautifully dressed in a pink and white frock, shorter than is at present worn in society, with an apron stuck all over with bunches of pink ribbons, had pink ribbons at her shoulders, and a pretty little straw hat with pink ribbons: she was one of a bevy of village maidens, and while the heroine was dragged away by the villain, she turned her eyes upon the pit, and smiled upon whole rows of young fellows, whose hearts beat faster only to think how happy would be the shepherd who could call so sweet a creature his own.

When she could get away it was already

past eleven. The dancing platform was deserted and the orchestra was empty: but dancing was going on in the great hall where the band was playing.

She stopped and looked at the scene. Then there fell upon her, suddenly, and for the first time in her life, a full sense of what the magistrate meant, and Jem's mother meant, and the solicitor meant, and everybody understood. Why, in this vulgar Ranelagh, this workgirls' Vauxhall, there were in plenty—what Jem's mother had called her. Everybody thought the same of her except Mr. Bradberry. It was she, and no other, who had dragged the poor boy to prison. Everybody said so.

She ought to have understood the thing fully before: but she did not: nor, indeed, could she ever understand why they so regarded her. If you see every night of your life—from nine to nineteen—the same scene, you think nothing of it: you attach no meaning to it. Now, however, the theatre and her grandmother—half her life—suddenly became impossible: she could never stand upon the stage again, or enter again the gates of the Royal Grecian.

She saw, standing in the doorway, with others, a girl she knew as one of Mr. Bradberry's folders, one of the thousands of London girls who live by themselves, and enjoy perfect freedom.

"Emily," she said, "I'm not going home any more. Take me with you for to-night."

"Why, Julia," the other cried, "surely *you* are not——"

"I'm never going to my grandmother's any more. Let me go home with you to-night."

VIII.

Julia did not go any more to the theatre, nor did she go home to her grandmother. She got a bedroom for herself, and she continued to keep the books for Mr. Bradberry and to collect the moneys due to him. This took her all the day. In the evening she sat by herself in her room thinking. She had never got into the habit of reading, and she had no friends, and she wanted no amusement, so she sat thinking and remembering. Sometimes, however, she remained in the office with the old man, who smoked his pipe and discoursed on the iniquity of people being allowed to be poor. Julia listened, but said nothing; yet it was some sort of company for her. She had become quite silent, and in fact, had gone back to her old style, and was again a passive, silent girl, who took the work that was assigned to her and did it faithfully. She never grumbled, or complained, or seemed to think that she had a claim to anything or rights of her own, or reason for expecting any good fortune. The elasticity was gone out of her feet; the colour had left her cheek; her shoulders were round again; her chest was flat; she looked upon the ground as she walked; the little fineries with which she decked herself to walk with Jem all vanished, and were no more seen.

Yet she could not quite go back to the old monotony. The Sunday spent in the former way would have been intolerable. Therefore, on that day, when it was fine, she went out by herself and wandered alone among the fields and country lanes which Jem had shown her; the fields were now wet and swampy, the hedges were bare, the ditches where she had picked the wild flowers were full of dead, brown leaves; she walked along the wet paths over the swampy grass, living over again the happy days she had spent here with her lover: or she sat crouched upon the steps of a stile in the lonely place, whither no one came but herself, remembering the sunshine and happiness of the summer, while the morning turned into afternoon, and the short winter's day closed in. Then she would remember that Jem was in prison and that she was the bad company who brought him there, and would go slowly home and sit in her solitary room. A sad and unhealthy life! Always, with the recollection of the past joy, the reproach that all the mischief was her own doing. Her lover was sitting in a prison cell, dressed in prison garb. Poor Jem! Poor Jem! He had fallen into bad company. She was the bad company; she was the wicked woman whom the magistrate held up as a warning; it was she who had led him astray from the paths of virtue. They said this because she was a theatre girl. Otherwise no one would have said it. And she had been in the theatre since she could walk, and never knew that she was wicked. It was strange.

I once read a story of a little girl who had to make her first confession. In her desire to clear her soul of all its sins, she learned from a book (kindly provided by the Church for the purpose) all possible sins, together with those that were impossible for her. Then she knelt before her priest and awakened him from the drowsy half attention with which I am told these functionaries

receive children's confessions, by a confession of the most startling kind. It began with the commoner forms of sin, such as murder, robbery, sacrilege, and so forth, going steadily up the scale to gormandising and guzzling. Never was priest so astonished.

If Julia had met a priest and that priest had ordered her to kneel down and confess, she would have said: "I am a painted hussy; I am an abandoned woman; I have led a young man into sin; to his ruin and undoing; I am bad company; my feet lead to the chambers of death; my wickedness should be a warning and an example to all young men." And, to questions of more detail, she would have added that the work of ruin had been accomplished by nothing worse than walking in the fields with him, where others walked, and taking tea in tea-gardens, where others took tea. I wish Julia had met that priest.

When the Sunday was wet, and she could not go into the country, Julia went timidly, because she did not feel as if she had any business there, to the churches and chapels. The music and singing pleased her, the service was some kind of show, the nature of which she only imperfectly understood. Once or twice she went to Salvation Army meetings, where the clanging of the cymbals, the blowing of the trumpets, and the shouting of the speakers brought back reminiscences of the melodrama; when all the people sang together, and she saw the infection of religious fervour spreading from bench to bench, and men and women clutching each other, and weeping aloud and calling out "Glory," her heart too, was moved and she shed tears which seemed to be those of conviction. But when they exhorted her to step forth and sit on the stool of repentance and to cast her sins before the Cross, she hardened again, because she was ignorant of having committed any sin, though she certainly had the misfortune to have been a girl of the theatre.

Early in December, perhaps brought on by her lonely walks in the winter fields, her cough came back to her and tore her to pieces: in January it became worse, giving her no rest night or day, so that she grew thinner in the cheek and her shoulders grew rounder and her chest more hollow.

Then Mr. Bradberry took her out of her lodging, and gave her a bedroom, I believe it was his own, over his office, and would not let her go out at all except in the daytime, and then only when there was no cold wind. His manner was soft and kind now to the girl; he tried to find things that would tempt her to eat; he got a doctor for her and made her take medicines, and he set himself, with all the art he knew, to lift the despair and gloom off the poor girl's soul, setting forth, first, that Jem would soon be out again and must be received with welcome and a smile, because he had done nothing wrong at all, unless carelessness was wrong; and that, as for herself, she had nothing to reproach herself with, because of all the innocent girls in the world, she was the most innocent, and so forth. But his words had no other effect than to make her cry, and when he spoke of her lover coming out of prison, she shuddered, because he would doubtless have forgotten her, as his mother hoped; or he would have learned to think of her as bad company, and so be ashamed ever to speak to her again. You see, after a girl has had so many hard words said to her, a few kind ones easily make her cry.

I think it was on the afternoon of the last Sunday in February—Jem was to come out on the first Monday in March—that Mr. Bradberry met, walking in the City Road together, Julia's grandfather and grandmother. They were out for the day, by permission of the Master; in fact, they now wore the beautiful and tasteful uniform of the St. Luke's workhouse. Nobody could look more venerable, more virtuous, or more hardly used by Fortune than this pair. It seemed to passers-by as if they must have spent their all in good works and acts of charity, which accounted for their condition of truly honourable poverty, so creamy white was the old man's hair, so serene the old woman's countenance.

Mr. Bradberry stopped in front of them and snorted.

"As for Julia, now——" he began.

"Oh! the wicked and ungrateful hussy!" said the grandmother. "Oh! to go away and leave her old grand——"

"As for Julia," he repeated, interrupting, "I believe she's dying. I thought I'd tell you, not that I am going to let you see her or trouble her last days, poor thing. She's got no money for you; but I tell you what I'll do. Yes; you used to get drunk once a week at least out of her money. Well, Julia shall give you one more chance. There! Go along with you and drink it up. It's the last you'll have." He handed them two or three shillings which the old woman snatched, and then the pair walked on in silence, and Mr. Bradberry stood with his hands in his pockets looking after them. "Poor girl!" he murmured, "she never had a fair chance. Oh! *Nobody* ought to be poor."

At eight o'clock one Monday morning Jem

was liberated. Coming out of prison, I am given to understand, is even worse than going in, for such offenders as this young man. When he passed through the accursed gates and stood in the street, a free man again, his cheek reddened with the shame which he had hardly felt in the cell, and his heart fell low as lead, and his eyes swam so that he saw nothing. Then some one touched him on the arm, and he recovered and turned his head.

It was his mother. Jem groaned and shrank back with a look of horror.

"You?" he cried, shaking her off with a gesture which she will never forget. "You, who put me in there and disgraced me for life? You come to see my shame?"

"I am here," she replied, "to know how it goes with your soul. Have you repented?"

"Repented!"

"The man Bradberry came to me last night," she went on coldly. "He tells me that the woman—your former companion—has been struck down by Heaven in her iniquities—her cup being full—and is now dying. He accused me of causing her death—but that is nothing. Save once when I told her plain truth about herself, I have not meddled with her. Go to her therefore, and, if possible, repent together."

He listened no longer, but rushed away. I think that he will never see his mother any more.

He thought nothing of Julia's wasted face and weakness and vanished beauty. As soon as she lifted her great eyes wistfully when he opened the door, the old love came back to him—but it had never left him—with a yearning tenderness, and a bitterness of self-reproach he had never felt in the prison. He threw himself on his knees before her, and caught her hands. "Oh! Julia, Julia!" he cried, "forgive me. It is I who have brought this suffering upon you. I did not know, indeed I didn't. I thought my accounts were square—I did indeed—and my mother would not give me my own money. Oh! Julia." He burst into such tears and weeping as went to her very heart.

"No, Jem," she said, weeping with him, "you mustn't cry. It was my fault. Everybody says it was my fault. The magistrate said so. Forgive me and go away. You mustn't keep bad company any more. But I didn't know. I didn't mean to be bad company for you. I loved you too much to harm you, Jem. Don't think I meant it. Oh! Jem, you *were* kind to me!"

He swore, kissing her and weeping again, that he would never leave her any more. Her cough should go away. She should get strong again. But she shook her head.

"No, Jem," she said. "I am going to die. The Doctor says I shall die very soon. He told Mr. Bradberry so. And oh, Jem! there's never been an hour but I've been with you in your prison. Even at night I seemed to sit with you and hear your poor heart beat. Poor Jem! Don't take on. Oh! don't take on, Jem, about me. There's many and many better than me in the world—not theatre girls, you know—girls your mother will like. Don't mind me. Mr. Bradberry says it doesn't hurt to die. And perhaps, he says—he doesn't know, but perhaps—there'll be flowers and hedges like Muswell Hill."

"Yes," said Jem. "Yes; there's bound to be, Julia. There's bound to be."

"Stay with me, Jem. Oh! I am so glad to get you back again! Stay with me, Jem, won't you? Stay with me. You won't go away, will you? Oh! Jem, you *are* kind to me!"

Walter Besant.

THE KID AND THE WOLF—THE FABLE.

Drawn by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

A Kid standing on a housetop and seeing a Wolf going by railed and jeered at him. "It is not you, you stupid fellow, who are railing at me," said the Wolf, "but the place you stand on."

THE KID AND THE WOLF—APPLICATION.

Drawn by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

A country Justice of the Peace bullying an unoffending witness who is personally obnoxious to him.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

MUTUAL promises were interchanged between him and his master, Stephen on his knees; the indentures were signed, for Quipsome Hal could with much ado produce an autograph signature, though his penmanship went no further, and the occasion was celebrated by a great dinner of the whole craft at the Armourers' Hall, to which the principal craftsmen who had been apprentices, such as Tibble Steelman and Kit Smallbones, were invited, sitting at a lower table, while the masters had the higher one on the dais, and a third was reserved for the apprentices after they should have waited on their masters—in fact it was an imitation of the orders of chivalry, knights, squires and pages, and the gradation of rank was as strictly observed as by the nobility. Giles, considering the feast to be entirely in his honour, though the transfer of his indentures had been made at Salisbury, endeavoured to come out in some of his bravery, but was admonished that such presumption might be punished, the first time, at his master's discretion, the second time, by a whipping at the hall of his Company, and the third time by six months being added to the term of his apprenticeship.

Master Randall was entertained in the place of honour, where he comported himself with great gravity, though he could not resist alarming Stephen with an occasional wink or gesture as the boy approached in the course of the duties of waiting at the upper board—a splendid sight with cups and flagons of gold and silver, with venison and capons and all that a City banquet could command before the invention of the turtle.

There was drinking of toasts, and among the foremost was that of Wolsey, who had freshly received his nomination of cardinal, and whose hat was on its way from Rome—and here the jester could not help betraying his knowledge of the domestic policy of the household, and telling the company how it had become known that the scarlet hat was actually on the way, but in a "varlet's budget,—a mere Italian common knave, no better than myself," quoth Quipsome Hal, whereat his nephew trembled standing behind his chair, forgetting that the decorous solid man in the sad-coloured gown and well crimped ruff, neatest of Perronel's performances, was no such base comparison for any varlet. Hal went on to describe, however, how my Lord of York had instantly sent to stay the messenger on his landing at Dover, and equip him with all manner of costly silks by way of apparel, and with attendants, such as might do justice to his freight, "that so," he said, "men may not rate it but as a scarlet cock's comb, since all men be but fools, and the sole question is, who among them hath wit enough to live by his folly." Therewith he gave a wink that so disconcerted Stephen as nearly to cause an upset of the bowl of perfumed water that he was bringing for the washing of hands.

Master Headley however suspected nothing, and invited the grave Master Randall to attend the domestic festival on the presentation of poor Spring's effigy at the shrine of St. Julian. This was to take place early in the morning of the 14th of September, Holy Cross Day, the last holiday in the year that

had any of the glory of summer about it, and on which the apprentices claimed a prescriptive right to go out nutting in St. John's Wood, and to carry home their spoil to the lasses of their acquaintance.

Tibble Steelman had completed the figure in bronze, with a silver collar and chain, not quite without protest that the sum had better have been bestowed in alms. But from his master's point of view this would have been giving to a pack of lying beggars and thieves what was due to the holy saint; no one save Tibble, who could do and say what he chose, could have ventured on a word of remonstrance on such a subject; and as the full tide of iconoclasm, consequent on the discovery of the original wording of the Second Commandment, had not yet set in, Tibble had no more conscientious scruple against making the figure, than in moulding a little straight-tailed lion for Lord Harry Percy's helmet.

So the party in early morning heard their mass, and then, repairing to St. Julian's pillar, while the rising sun came peeping through the low eastern window of the vaulted Church of St. Faith, Master Headley on his knees gave thanks for his preservation, and then put forward his little daughter, holding on her joined hands the figure of poor Spring, couchant and beautifully modelled in bronze, with all Tibble's best skill.

Hal Randall and Ambrose had both come up from the little home where Perronel presided, for the hour was too early for the jester's absence to be remarked in the luxurious household of the Cardinal elect, and he even came to break his fast afterwards at the Dragon court, and held such interesting discourse with old Dame Headley on the farthingales and coifs of Queen Katharine and her ladies, that she pronounced him a man wondrous wise and understanding, and declared Stephen happy in the possession of such a kinsman.

"And whither away now, youngsters?" he said, as he rose from table.

"To St. John's Wood! The good greenwood, uncle," said Ambrose.

"Thou too, Ambrose?" said Stephen joyfully. "For once away from thine ink and thy books!"

"Ay," said Ambrose, "mine heart warms to the woodlands once more. Uncle, would that thou couldst come."

"Would that I could, boy! We three would show these lads of Cockayne what three foresters know of wood craft! But it may not be. Were I once there, the old blood might stir again and I might bring you into trouble, and ye have not two faces under one hood as I have! So fare ye well, I wish you many a bagful of nuts!"

The four months of city life, albeit the City was little bigger than our moderate sized country towns, and far from being an unbroken mass of houses, had yet made the two young foresters delighted to enjoy a day of thorough country in one another's society. Little Dennet longed to go with them, but the prentice world was far too rude for little maidens to be trusted in it, and her father held out hopes of going one of these days to High Park as he called it, while Edmund and Stephen promised her all their nuts, and as many blackberries as could be held in their flat caps.

"Giles has promised me none," said Dennet, with a pouting lip, "nor Ambrose."

"Why sure little mistress, thou'lt have enough to crack thy teeth on!" said Edmund Burgess.

"They *ought* to bring theirs to me," returned the little heiress of the Dragon court with an air of offended dignity that might have suited the heiress of the kingdom.

Giles, who looked on Dennet as a kind of needful appendage to the Dragon, a piece of property of his own, about whom he need take no trouble, merely laughed and said, "Want must be thy master then." But Ambrose treated her petulance in another fashion. "Look here, pretty mistress," said he, "there dwells by me a poor little maid nigh about thine age, who never goeth further out than to St. Paul's minster, nor plucketh flower, nor hath sweet cake, nor manchet bread, nor sugar-stick, nay, and scarce ever saw English hazel-nut nor blackberry. 'Tis for her that I want to gather them."

"Is she thy master's daughter?" demanded Dennet, who could admit the claims of another princess.

"Nay, my master hath no children, but she dwelleth near him."

"I will send her some, and likewise of mine own comfits and cakes," said Mistress Dennet. "Only thou must bring all to me first."

Ambrose laughed and said, "It's a bargain then, little mistress?"

"I keep my word," returned Dennet marching away, while Ambrose obeyed a summons from good-natured Mistress Headley to have his wallet filled with bread and cheese like those of her own prentices.

Off went the lads under the guidance of Edmund Burgess, meeting parties of their own kind at every turn, soon leaving behind

them the city bounds, as they passed under New Gate, and by and by skirting the fields of the great Carthusian monastery, or Charter House, with the burial-ground given by Sir Walter Manny at the time of the Black Death. Beyond came marshy ground through which they had to pick their way carefully, over stepping-stones—this being no other than what is now the Regent's Park, not yet in any degree drained by the New River, but all quaking ground, overgrown with rough grass and marsh-plants, through which Stephen and Ambrose bounded by the help of stout poles with feet and eyes well used to bogs, and knowing where to look for a safe footing, while many a flat capped London lad floundered about and sank over his yellow ankles or left his shoes behind him, while lapwings shrieked pee-wheet, and almost flapped him with their broad wings, and moorhens dived in the dark pools, and wild ducks rose in long families.

Stephen was able to turn the laugh against his chief adversary and rival, George Bates of the Eagle, who proposed seeking for the lapwings' nest in hopes of a dainty dish of plovers' eggs; being too great a cockney to remember that in September the contents of the eggs were probably flying over the heather, as well able to shift for themselves as their parents.

Above all things the London prentices were pugnacious, but as every one joined in the laugh against George, and he was besides, stuck fast on a quaking tussock of grass, afraid to proceed or advance, he could not have his revenge. And when the slough was passed, and the slight rise leading to the copse of St. John's Wood was attained, behold, it was found to be in possession of the lower sort, the lads, the black guard as they were called. They were of course quite as ready to fight with the prentices as the prentices were with them, and a battle royal took place, all along the front of the hazel bushes—in which Stephen of the Dragon and George of the Eagle fought side by side. Sticks and fists were the weapons, and there were no very severe casualties before the prentices, being the larger number as well as the stouter and better fed, had routed their adversaries, and driven them off towards Harrow.

There was crackling of boughs and filling of bags, and cracking of nuts, and wild cries in pursuit of startled hare or rabbit, and though Ambrose and Stephen indignantly repelled the idea of St. John's Wood being named in the same day with their native forest, it is doubtful whether they had ever enjoyed themselves more; until just as they were about to turn homeward, whether moved by his hostility to Stephen, or by envy at the capfull of juicy blackberries, carefully covered with green leaves, George Bates, rushing up from behind, shouted out "Here's a skulker. Here's one of the black guard. Off to thy fellows, varlet!" at the same time dealing a dexterous blow under the cap, which sent the blackberries up into Ambrose's face. "Ha! ha!" shouted the ill-conditioned fellow. "So much for a knave that serves rascally strangers! Here! hand over that bag of nuts!"

Ambrose was no fighter, but in defence of the bag that was to purchase a treat for little Aldonza, he clenched his fists, and bade George Bates come and take them if he would. The quiet scholarly boy was, however, no match for the young armourer, and made but poor reply to the buffets of his adversary, who had hold of the bag, and was nearly choking him with the string round his neck.

However, Stephen had already missed his brother, and turning round, shouted out that the villain Bates was mauling him, and rushed back, falling on Ambrose's assailant with a sudden well-directed pommelling that made him hastily turn about, with cries of "Two against one!"

"Not at all," said Stephen, "Stand by, Ambrose, I'll give the coward his deserts."

In fact though the boys were nearly of a size, George somewhat the biggest, Stephen's country activity, and perhaps the higher spirit of his gentle blood, generally gave him the advantage, and on this occasion he soon reduced Bates to roar for mercy.

"Thou must purchase it!" said Stephen. "Thy bag of nuts, in return for the berries thou hast wasted!"

Peaceable Ambrose would have remonstrated, but Stephen was implacable. He cut the string, and captured the bag, then with a parting kick bade Bates go after his comrades, for his Eagle was nought but a thieving kite.

Bates made off pretty quickly, but the two brothers tarried a little to see how much damage the blackberries had suffered, and to repair the losses as they descended into the bog by gathering some choice dewberries.

"I marvel these fine fellows 'scaped our company," said Stephen presently.

"Are we in the right track, thinkst thou? Here is a pool I marked not before," said Ambrose anxiously.

"Nay, we can't be far astray while we see St. Paul's spire and the Tower full before

us," said Stephen. "Plainer marks than we had at home."

"That may be. Only where is the safe footing?" said Ambrose. "I wish we had not lost sight of the others!"

"Pish! what good are a pack of City lubbers!" returned Stephen. "Don't we know a quagmire when we see one, better than they do?"

"Hark, they are shouting for us."

"Not they! That's a falconer's call. There's another whistle! See, there's the hawk. She's going down the wind, as I'm alive," and Stephen began to bound wildly along, making all the sounds and calls by which falcons were recalled, and holding up as a lure a lapwing which he had knocked down. Ambrose, by no means so confident in bog trotting as his brother, stood still to await him hearing the calls and shouts of the falconer coming nearer, and presently seeing a figure, flying by the help of a pole over the pools and dykes that here made some attempt at draining the waste. Suddenly, in mid career over one of these broad ditches, there was a collapse, and a lusty shout for help as the form disappeared. Ambrose instantly perceived what had happened, the leaping pole had broken to the downfall of its owner. Forgetting all his doubts as to bogholes and morasses, he grasped his own pole, and sprang from tussock to tussock, till he had reached the bank of the ditch or water course in which the unfortunate sportsman was floundering. He was a large, powerful man, but this was of no avail, for the slough afforded no foothold. The further side was a steep bank built up of sods, the nearer sloped down gradually, and though it was not apparently very deep, the efforts of the victim to struggle out had done nothing but churn up a mass of black muddy water in which he sank deeper every moment, and it was already nearly to his shoulders when with a cry of joy, half choked however by the mud, he cried, "Ha! my good lad! Are there any more of ye?"

"Not nigh, I fear," said Ambrose, beholding with some dismay the breadth of the shoulders which were all that appeared above the turbid water."

"Soh! Lie down, boy, behind that bunch of osier. Hold out thy pole. Let me see thine hands. Thou art but a straw, but, our Lady be my speed! Now hangs England on a pair of wrists!"

There was a great struggle, an absolute effort for life, and but for the osier stump Ambrose would certainly have been dragged into the water, when the man had worked along the pole, and grasping his hands, pulled himself upwards. Happily the sides of the dyke became harder higher up, and did not instantly yield to the pressure of his knees, and by the time Ambrose's hands and shoulders felt nearly wrenched from their sockets, the stem of the osier had been attained, and in another minute, the rescued man, bareheaded, plastered with mud, and streaming with water, sat by him on the bank, panting, gasping and trying to gather breath and clear his throat from the mud he had swallowed.

"Thanks, good lad, well done," he articulated. "Those fellows! where are they?" And feeling in his bosom, he brought out a gold whistle suspended by a chain. "Blow it," he said, taking off the chain, "my mouth is too full of slime."

Ambrose blew a loud shrill call, but it seemed to reach no one but Stephen, whom he presently saw dashing towards them.

"Here is my brother coming, sir," he said, as he gave his endeavours to help the stranger to free himself from the mud that clung to him, and which was in some places thick enough to be scraped off with a knife, He kept up a continual interchange of exclamations at his plight, whistles and shouts for his people, and imprecations on their tardiness, until Stephen was near enough to show that the hawk had been recovered, and then he joyfully called out, "Ha! hast thou got her? Why, flat caps as ye are, ye put all my fellows to shame! How now, thou errant bird, dost know thy master, or take him for a mud wall. Kite that thou art, to have led me such a dance! And what's your name, my brave lads. Ye must have been bred to wood-craft."

Ambrose explained both their parentage, and their present occupation, but was apparently heeded but little. "Wot ye how to get out of this quagmire?" was the question.

"I never was here before, sir," said Stephen, "but yonder lies the Tower, and if we keep along by this dyke, it must lead us out somewhere."

"Well said, boy, I must be moving, or the mud will dry on me, and I shall stand here as though I were turned to stone by the Gorgon's head! So have with thee! Go on first, master hawktamer. What will bear thee will bear me!"

There was an imperative tone about him that surprised the brothers, and Ambrose looking at him from head to foot, felt sure that it was some great man at the least,

whom it had been his hap to rescue. Indeed, he began to have further suspicions when they came to a pool of clearer water, beyond which was firmer ground, and the stranger with an exclamation of joy, borrowed Stephen's cap, and, scooping up the water with it, washed his face and head, disclosing the golden hair and beard, fair complexion, and handsome, square face he had seen more than once before.

He whispered to Stephen "'Tis the king!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Henry, "hast found him out, lads? Well, it may not be the worse for ye. Pity thou shouldst not be in the forest still, my young falconer, but we know our good city of London too well to break thy indentures. And thou——"

He was turning to Ambrose when further shouts were heard. The king hallooed, and bade the boys do so, and in a few moments more they were surrounded by the rest of the hawking party, full of dismay at the king's condition, and deprecating his anger for having lost him.

"Yea," said Henry; "an it had not been for this good lad, ye would never have heard more of the majesty of England! Swallowed in a quagmire had made a new end for a king, and ye would have to brook the little Scot."

The gentlemen who had come up, were profuse in lamentations. A horse was brought up for the king's use, and he prepared to mount, being in haste to get into dry clothes. He turned round, however, to the boys, and said, "I'll not forget you, my lads. Keep that!" he added, as Ambrose on his knee, would have given him back the whistle, "'tis a token that maybe will serve thee, for I shall know it again. And thou, my black-eyed lad—— My purse, Howard!"

He handed the purse to Stephen—a velvet bag richly wrought with gold, and containing ten gold angels, besides smaller money—bidding them divide, like good brothers as he saw they were, and then galloped off with his train.

Twilight was coming on, but following in the direction of the riders, the boys were soon on the Islington road. The New Gate was shut by the time they reached it, and their explanation that they were belated after a nutting expedition would not have served them, had not Stephen produced the sum of twopence which softened the surliness of the guard.

It was already dark, and though curfew had not yet sounded, preparations were making for lighting the watch-fires in the open spaces and throwing chains across the streets, but the little door in the Dragon Court was open, and Ambrose went in with his brother to deliver up his nuts to Dennet and claim her promise of sending a share to Aldonza.

They found their uncle in his sober array sitting by Master Headley, who was rating Edmund and Giles for having lost sight of them, the latter excusing himself by grumbling out that he could not be marking all Stephen's brawls with George Bates.

When the two wanderers appeared, relief took the form of anger, and there were sharp demands why they had loitered. Their story was listened to with many exclamations: Dennet jumped for joy, her grandmother advised that the angels should be consigned to her own safe keeping, and when Master Headley heard of Henry's scruples about the indentures he declared that it was a rare wise king who knew that an honest craft was better than court favour.

"Yet mayhap he might do something for thee, friend Ambrose," added the armourer. "Commend thee to some post in his chapel royal, or put thee into some college, since such is thy turn. How say'st thou, Master Randall, shall he send in this same token, and make his petition?"

"If a foo—— if a plain man may be heard where the wise hath spoken," said Randall, "he had best abstain. Kings love not to be minded of mishaps, and our Hal's humour is not to be reckoned on! Lay up the toy in case of need, but an thou claim over much he may mind thee in a fashion not to thy taste."

"Sure our king is of a more generous mould!" exclaimed Mrs. Headley.

"He is like other men, good mistress, just as you know how to have him, and he is scarce like to be willing to be minded of the taste of mire, or of floundering like a hog in a salt marsh. Ha! ha!" and Quipsome Hal went off into such a laugh as might have betrayed his identity to any one more accustomed to the grimaces of his professional character, but which did only infect the others with the same contagious merriment. "Come thou home now," he said to Ambrose; "my good woman hath been in a mortal fright about thee, and would have me come out to seek after thee. Such are the women folk, Master Headley. Let them have but a lad to look after, and they'll bleat after him like an old ewe that has lost her lamb."

Ambrose only stayed for Dennet to divide the spoil, and though the blackberries had all been lost or crushed, the little maiden kept her promise generously, and filled the bag not only with nuts but with three red-

cheeked apples, and a handful of comfits, for the poor little maid who never tasted fruit or sweets.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LONDON HOLIDAY.

"Up then spoke the apprentices tall
Living in London, one and all."
Old Ballad.

ANOTHER of the many holidays of the Londoners was enjoyed on the occasion of the installation of Thomas Wolsey as Cardinal of St. Cecilia and Papal Legate.

A whole assembly of prelates and "lusty gallant gentlemen" rode out to Blackheath to meet the Roman envoy, who, robed in full splendour, with St. Peter's keys embroidered on back and breast, and on the housings of his mule, appeared at the head of a gallant train in the Papal liveries, two of whom carried the gilded pillars, the insignia of office, and two more a scarlet and gold-covered box or casket containing the Cardinal's hat. Probably no such reception of the dignity was ever prepared elsewhere, and all was calculated to give magnificent ideas of the office of Cardinal and of the power of the Pope to those who had not been let into the secret that the messenger had been met at Dover; and thus magnificently fitted out to satisfy the requirements of the butcher's son of Ipswich, and of one of the most ostentatious of courts.

Old Gaffer Martin Fulford had muttered in his bed that such pomp had not been the way in the time of the true old royal blood, and that display had come in with the upstart slips of the Red Rose—as he still chose to style the Tudors; and he maundered away about the beauty and affability of Edward IV. till nobody could understand him, and Perronel only threw in her "ay, grandad," or "yea, gaffer," when she thought it was expected of her.

Ambrose had an unfailing appetite for the sermons of Dean Colet, who was to preach on this occasion in Westminster Abbey, and his uncle had given him counsel how to obtain standing ground there, entering before the procession. He was alone, his friends Tibble and Lucas both had that part of the Lollard temper which loathed the pride and wealth of the great politician clergy, and in spite of their admiration for the Dean they could not quite forgive his taking part in the pomp of such a raree show.

But Ambrose's devotion to the Dean, to say nothing of youthful curiosity, outweighed all those scruples, and as he listened, he was carried along by the curious sermon in which the preacher likened the orders of the hierarchy below to that of the nine orders of the Angels, making the rank of Cardinal correspond to that of the Seraphim, aglow with love. Of that holy flame, the scarlet robes were the type to the spiritualised mind of Colet while others saw in them only the relic of the imperial purple of old Rome; and some beheld them as the token that Wolsey was one step nearer the supreme height that he coveted so earnestly. But the great and successful man found himself personally addressed, bidden not to be puffed up with his own greatness, and stringently reminded of the highest Example of humility, shown that he that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself be exalted. The preacher concluded with a strong personal exhortation to do righteousness and justice alike to rich and poor, joined with truth and mercy, setting God always before him.

The sermon ended, Wolsey knelt at the Altar, and Archbishop Wareham, who, like his immediate predecessors, held legatine authority, performed the act of investiture, placing the scarlet hat with its many loops and tassels on his brother primate's head, after which a magnificent *Te Deum* rang through the beautiful church, and the procession of prelates, peers, and ecclesiastics of all ranks in their richest array formed to escort the new Cardinal to banquet at his palace with the King and Queen.

Ambrose, stationed by a column, let the throng rush, tumble, and jostle one another to behold the show, till the Abbey was nearly empty, while he tried to work out the perplexing question whether all this pomp and splendour were truly for the glory of God, or whether it were a delusion for the temptation of men's souls. It was a debate on which his old and his new guides seemed to him at issue, and he was drawn in both directions—now by the beauty, order and deep symbolism of the Catholic ritual, now by the spirituality and earnestness of the men among whom he lived. At one moment the worldly pomp, the mechanical and irreverent worship, and the gross and vicious habits of many of the clergy repelled him; at another the reverence and conservatism of his nature held him fast.

Presently he felt a hand on his shoulder, and started. "Lost in a stud, as we say at home, boy," said the jester, resplendent in a bran new motley suit. "Wilt come in to

the banquet? 'Tis open house, and I can find thee a seat without disclosing the kinship that sits so sore on thy brother. Where is he?"

"I have not seen him this day."

"That did I," returned Randall, "as I rode by on mine ass. He was ruffling it so lustily that I could not but give him a wink, the which my gentleman could by no means stomach! Poor lad! Yet there be times, Ambrose, when I feel in sooth that mine office is the only honourable one, since who besides can speak truth? I love my lord; he is a kind, openhanded master, and there's none I would so willingly serve, whether by jest or earnest, but what is he but that which I oft call him in joke, the greater fool than I, selling peace and ease, truth and hope, this life and the next for yonder scarlet hat, which is after all of no more worth than this jingling head-gear of mine."

"Deafening the spiritual ears far more, it may be," said Ambrose, "since *humiles exaltaverint.*"

It was no small shock that there, in the midst of the nave, the answer was a bound, like a ball, almost as high as the capital of the column by which they stood. "There's exaltation!" said Randall in a low voice, and Ambrose perceived that some strangers were in sight. "Come, seek thy brother out, boy, and bring him to the banquet. I'll speak a word to Peter Porter, and he'll let you in. There'll be plenty of fooling all the afternoon, before my namesake King Hal, who can afford to be an honester man in his fooling than any about him, and whose laugh at a hearty jest is goodly to hear."

Ambrose thanked him and undertook the quest. They parted at the great west door of the Abbey, where, by way of vindicating his own character for buffoonery, Randall exclaimed, "Where be mine ass?" and not seeing the animal, immediately declared, "There he is!" and at the same time sprang upon the back and shoulders of a gaping and astonished clown, who was gazing at the rear of the procession.

The crowd applauded with shouts of coarse laughter, but a man, who seemed to belong to the victim, broke in with an angry oath, and "How now, sir?"

"I cry you mercy," quoth the jester; "'twas mine own ass I sought, and if I have fallen on thine, I will but ride him to York House and then restore him. So ho! good jackass," crossing his ankles on the poor fellow's chest so that he could not be shaken off.

The comrade lifted a cudgel, but there was a general cry of "My Lord Cardinal's jester, lay not a finger on him!"

But Harry Randall was not one to brook immunity on the score of his master's greatness. In another second he was on his feet, had wrested the staff from the hands of his astounded beast of burden, flourished it round his head after the most approved manner of Shirley champions at Lyndhurst fair, and called to his adversary to "come on."

It did not take many rounds before Hal's dexterity had floored his adversary, and the shouts of "Well struck, merry fool!" "Well played, Quipsome Hal!" were rising high when the Abbot of Westminster's yeomen were seen making way through the throng, which fell back in terror on either side as they came to seize on the brawlers in their sacred precincts.

But here again my Lord Cardinal's fool was a privileged person, and no one laid a hand on him, though his blood being up, he would, spite of his gay attire, have enjoyed a fight on equal terms. His quadruped donkey was brought up to him amid general applause, but when he looked round for Ambrose, the boy had disappeared.

The better and finer the nature that displayed itself in Randall, the more painful was the sight of his buffooneries to his nephew, and at the first leap, Ambrose had hurried away in confusion. He sought his brother here, there, everywhere, and at last came to the conclusion that Stephen must have gone home to dinner. He walked quickly across the fields separating Westminster from the City of London, hoping to reach Cheapside before the lads of the Dragon should have gone out again; but just as he was near St. Paul's, coming round Amen Corner, he heard the sounds of a fray. "Have at the country lubbers! Away with the moonrakers! Flat caps, come on!" "Hey! lads of the Eagle! Down with the Dragons! Adders! Snakes—s-s s-s-s!"

There was a kicking, struggling mass of blue backs and yellow legs before him, from out of which came, "Yah! Down with the Eagles! Cowards! Kites! Cockneys!" There were plenty of boys, men, women with children in their arms hallooing on, "Well done, Eagle!" "Go it, Dragon!"

The word Dragon filled the quiet Ambrose with hot impulse to defend his brother. All his gentle, scholarly habits gave way before that cry, and a shout that he took to be Stephen's voice in the midst of the *melée*.

He was fairly carried out of himself, and doubling his fists fell on the back of the

nearest boys, intending to break through to his brother, and he found an unexpected ally. Will Wherry's voice called out, "Have with you, comrade!"—and a pair of hands and arms considerably stouter and more used to fighting than his own, began to pommel right and left with such good will that they soon broke through to the aid of their friends; and not before it was time, for Stephen, Giles, and Edmund, with their backs against the wall, were defending themselves with all their might against tremendous odds; and just as the new allies broke through, a sharp stone struck Giles in the eye, and levelled him with the ground, his head striking against the wall. Whether it were from alarm at his fall, or at the unexpected attack in the rear, or probably from both causes, the assailants dispersed in all directions without waiting to perceive how slender the succouring force really was.

Edmund and Stephen were raising up the unlucky Giles, who lay quite insensible, with blood pouring from his eye. Ambrose tried to wipe it away, and there were anxious doubts whether the eye itself were safe. They were some way from home, and Giles was the biggest and heaviest of them all.

"Would that Kit Smallbones were here!" said Stephen, preparing to take the feet, while Edmund took the shoulders.

"Look here," said Will Wherry, pulling Ambrose's sleeve, "our yard is much nearer, and the old Moor, Master Michael, is safe to know what to do for him. That sort of cattle always are leeches. He wiled the pain from my thumb when 'twas crushed in our printing press. Mayhap if he put some salve to him, he might get home on his own feet."

Edmund listened. "There's reason in that," he said. "Dost know this leech, Ambrose?"

"I know him well. He is a good old man, and wondrous wise. Nay, no black arts; but he saith his folk had great skill in herbs and the like, and though he be no physician by trade, he hath much of their lore."

"Have with thee, then," returned Edmund, "the rather that Giles is no small weight, and the guard might come on us ere we reached the Dragon."

"Or those cowardly rogues of the Eagle might set on us again," added Stephen; and as they went on their way to Warwick Inner Yard he explained that the cause of the encounter had been that Giles had thought fit to prank himself in his father's silver chain, and thus George Bates, always owing the Dragon a grudge, and rendered specially malicious since the encounter on Holy Rood Day, had raised the cry against him, and caused all the flat caps around to make a rush at the gaud as lawful prey.

"'Tis clean against prentice statutes to wear one, is it not?" asked Ambrose.

"Ay," returned Stephen; "but none of us but would stand up for our own comrade against those meddling fellows of the Eagle."

"But," added Edmund, "we must beware the guard, for if they looked into the cause of the fray our master might be called on to give Giles a whipping in the Company's hall, this being a second offence of going abroad in these vanities."

Ambrose went on before to prepare Miguel Abenali, and entreat his good offices, explaining that the youth's master, who was also his kinsman, would be sure to give handsome payment for any good offices to him. He scarcely got out half the words; the grand old Arab waved his hand and said, "When the wounded is laid before the tent of Ben Ali, where is the question of recompense? Peace be with thee, my son! Bring him hither. Aldonza, lay the carpet yonder, and the cushions beneath the window, where I may have light to look to his hurt."

Therewith he murmured a few words in an unknown tongue, which, as Ambrose maintained, were an invocation to the God of Abraham to bless his endeavours to heal the stranger youth, but which happily were spoken before the arrival of the others, who would certainly have believed them an incantation.

The carpet, though worn threadbare, was a beautiful old Moorish rug, once glowing with brilliancy, and still rich in colouring, and the cushion was of thick damask faded to a strange pale green. All in that double stalled partition once belonging to the great earl's war-horses was scrupulously clean, for the Christian Moor had retained some of the peculiar virtues born of Mohammedanism and of high civilisation. The apprentice lads tramped in much as if they had been entering a wizard's cave, though Stephen had taken care to assure Edmund of his application of the test of holy water.

Following the old man's directions, Edmund and Stephen deposited their burthen on the rug. Aldonza brought some warm water, and Abenali washed and examined the wound, Aldonza standing by and handing him whatever he needed, now and then assisting with her slender brown hands in a manner astonishing to the youths, who stood by anxious and helpless, while their companion began to show signs of returning life.

Abenali pronounced that the stone had missed the eyeball, but the cut and bruise

were such as to require constant bathing, and the blow on the head was the more serious matter, for when the patient tried to raise himself he instantly became sick and giddy, so that it would be wise to leave him there. This was much against the will of Edmund Burgess, who shared all the prejudices of the English prentice against the foreigner—perhaps a wizard and rival in trade; but there was no help for it, and he could only insist that Stephen should mount guard over the bed until he had reported to his master, and returned with his orders. Therewith he departed, with such elaborate thanks and courtesies to the host, as betrayed a little alarm in the tall apprentice who feared not quarter staff, nor wrestler, and had even dauntlessly confronted the masters of his guild!

Stephen, sooth to say, was not very much at ease; everything around had such a strange un-English aspect, and he imploringly muttered, "Bide with me, Am!" to which his brother willingly assented, being quite as comfortable in Master Michael's abode as by his aunt's own hearth.

Giles meanwhile lay quiet, and then as his senses became less confused, and he could open one eye, he looked dreamily about him, and presently began to demand where he was, and what had befallen him, grasping at the hand of Ambrose as if to hold fast by something familiar; but he still seemed too much dazed to enter into the explanation, and presently murmured something about thirst. Aldonza came softly up with a cup of something cool. He looked very hard at her, and when Ambrose would have taken it from her hand to give it to him, he said, "Nay! *She!*"

And *she*, with a sweet smile in her soft, dark, shady eyes, and on her full lips, held the cup to his lips far more daintily and dexterously than either of his boy companions could have done; then when he moaned and said his head and eye pained him, the white-bearded elder came and bathed his brow with the soft sponge. It seemed all to pass before him like a dream, and it was not much otherwise with his unhurt companions, especially Stephen, who followed with wonder the movements made by the slippered feet of father and daughter upon the mats which covered the stone flooring of the old stable. The mats were only of English rushes and flags, and had been woven by Abenali and the child; but loose rushes strewing the floor were accounted a luxury in the Forest, and even at the Dragon court the upper end of the hall alone had any covering. Then the water was heated, and all such other operations carried on over a curious round vessel placed over charcoal; the window and the door had dark heavy curtains; and a matted partition cut off the further stall, no doubt to serve as Aldonza's chamber. Stephen looked about for something to assure him that the place belonged to no wizard enchanter, and was glad to detect a large white cross on the wall, with a holy-water stoup beneath it, but of images there were none.

It seemed to him a long time before Master Headley's ruddy face, full of anxiety, appeared at the door.

Blows were of course no uncommon matter; perhaps so long as no permanent injury was inflicted, the master-armourer had no objection to anything that might knock the folly out of his troublesome young inmate; but Edmund had made him uneasy for the youth's eye, and still more so about the quarters he was in, and he had brought a mattress and a couple of men to carry the patient home, as well as Steelman, his prime minister, to advise him.

He had left all these outside, however, and advanced civilly and condescendingly thanking the sword-cutler, in perfect ignorance that the man who stood before him had been born to a home that was an absolute palace compared with the Dragon Court. The two men were a curious contrast. There stood the Englishman with his sturdy form inclining with age to corpulence, his broad honest face telling of many a civic banquet, and his short stubbly brown grizzled beard, his whole air giving a sense of worshipful authority and weight; and opposite to him the sparely made, dark, thin, aquiline-faced, white-bearded Moor, a far smaller man in stature, yet with a patriarchal dignity, refinement, and grace in port and countenance, belonging as it were to another sphere.

Speaking English perfectly, though with a foreign accent, Abenali informed Master Headley that his young kinsman would by Heaven's blessing soon recover without injury to the eye though perhaps a scar might remain.

Mr. Headley thanked him heartily for his care, and said that he had brought men to carry the youth home, if he could not walk; but when he went up to the couch with a hearty "How now, Giles? So thou hast had hard measure to knock the foolery out of thee, my poor lad. But come, we'll have thee home, and my mother will see to thee."

"I cannot walk," said Giles, heavily, hardly raising his eyes, and when he was told that two of the men waited to bear him home, he only entreated to be let alone.

Somewhat sharply, Mr. Headley ordered him to sit up and make ready, and he tried to do so, but he sank back with a return of sickness and dizziness.

Abenali thereupon entreated that he might be left to his care for that night, and stepping out into the court so as to be unheard by the patient, explained that the brain had had a shock, and that perfect quiet for some hours to come was the only way to avert a serious illness, possibly dangerous. Master Headley did not like the alternative at all, and was a good deal perplexed. He beckoned to Tibble Steelman, who had all this time been talking to Lucas Hansen, and now came up prepared with his testimony that this Michael was a good man and true, a godly one to boot, who had been wealthy in his own land and was a rare artificer in his own craft.

"Though he hath no license to practise it here," threw in Master Headley, *sotto voce;* but he accepted the assurance that Michael was a good Christian, and, with his daughter, regularly went to mass, and since better might not be, he reluctantly consented to leave Giles under his treatment, on Lucas reiterating the assurance that he need have no fears of magic or foul play of any sort. He then took the purse that hung at his girdle, and declared that Master Michael (the title of courtesy was wrung from him by the stately appearance of the old man) must be at no charges for his cousin.

But Abenali with a grace that removed all air of offence from his manner, returned thanks for the intention, but declared that it never was the custom of the sons of Ali to receive reward for the hospitality they exercised to the stranger within their gates. And so it was that Master Headley, a good deal puzzled, had to leave his apprentice under the roof of the old sword-cutler for the night at least.

"'Tis passing strange," said he, as he walked back; "I know not what my mother will say, but I wish all may be right. I feel —I feel as if I had left the lad Giles with Abraham under the oak tree, as we saw him in the miracle play!"

This description did not satisfy Mrs. Headley, indeed she feared that her son was likewise bewitched; and when, the next morning, Stephen, who had been sent to inquire for the patient, reported him better but still unable to be moved, since he could not lift his head without sickness, she became very anxious. Giles was transformed in her estimate from a cross-grained slip to poor Robin Headley's boy, the only son of a widow, and nothing would content her but to make her son conduct her to Warwick Inner Yard to inspect matters, and carry thither a precious relic warranted proof against all sorcery.

It was with great trepidation that the good old dame ventured, but the result was that she was fairly subdued by Abenali's patriarchal dignity. She had never seen any manners to equal his, not *even* when King Edward the Fourth had come to her father's house at the Barbican, chucked her under the chin, and called her a dainty duck!

It was Aldonza, however, who specially touched her feelings. Such a sweet little wench, with the air of being bred in a kingly or knightly court to be living there close to the very dregs of the city, was a scandal and a danger—speaking so prettily too, and knowing how to treat her elders. She would be a good example for Dennet, who, sooth to say, was getting too old for spoilt-child sauciness to be always pleasing, while as to Giles, he could not be in better quarters. Mrs. Headley, well used to the dressing of the burns and bruises incurred in the weapon smiths' business, could not but confess that his eye had been dealt with as skilfully as she could have done it herself.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BADGER.

"I am a gentleman of a company."
SHAKESPEARE.

GILES HEADLEY'S accident must have amounted to concussion of the brain, for though he was able to return to the Dragon in a couple of days, and the cut over his eye was healing fast, he was weak and shaken, and did not for several weeks recover his usual health. The noise and heat of the smithy were distressing to him, and there was no choice but to let him lie on settles, sun himself on the steps, and attempt no work.

It had tamed him a good deal. Smallbones said the letting out of malapert blood was wholesome, and others thought him still under a spell; but he seemed to have parted with much of his arrogance, either because he had not spirits for self-assertion, or because something of the grand eastern courtesy of Abenali had impressed him. For intercourse with the Morisco had by no means ceased. Giles went, as long the injury required it, to have the hurt dressed, and loitered

in the Inner Yard a long time every day, often securing some small dainty for Aldonza—an apple, a honey cake, a bit of March pane, a dried plum, or a comfit. One day he took her a couple of oranges. To his surprise, as he entered, Abenali looked up with a strange light in his eyes, and exclaimed, "My son! thy scent is to my nostrils as the court of my father's house!" Then, as he beheld the orange, he clasped his hands, took it in them, and held it to his breast, pouring out a chant in an unknown tongue, while the tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Father, father!" Aldonza cried, terrified, while Giles marvelled whether the orange worked on him like a spell. But he perceived their amazement, and spoke again in English, "I thank thee, my son! Thou hast borne me back for a moment to the fountain in my father's house, where ye grow, ye trees of the unfading leaf, the spotless blossom, and golden fruit! Ah! Ronda! Ronda! Land of the sunshine, the deep blue sky, and snow-topped hills! Land where are the graves of my father and mother, how pines and sickens the heart of the exile for thee! O happy they who died beneath the sword or flame, for they knew not the lonely home-longing of the exile. Ah! ye golden fruit! One fragrant breath of thee is as a waft of the joys of my youth! Are ye foretastes of the fruits of Paradise, the true home to which I may yet come, though I may never, never see the towers and hills of Ronda more."

Giles knew not what to make of this outburst. He kept it to himself as too strange to be told. The heads of the family were willing that he should carry these trifles to the young child of the man who would accept no reward for his hospitality. Indeed Master Headley spent much consideration on how to recompense the care bestowed on his kinsman.

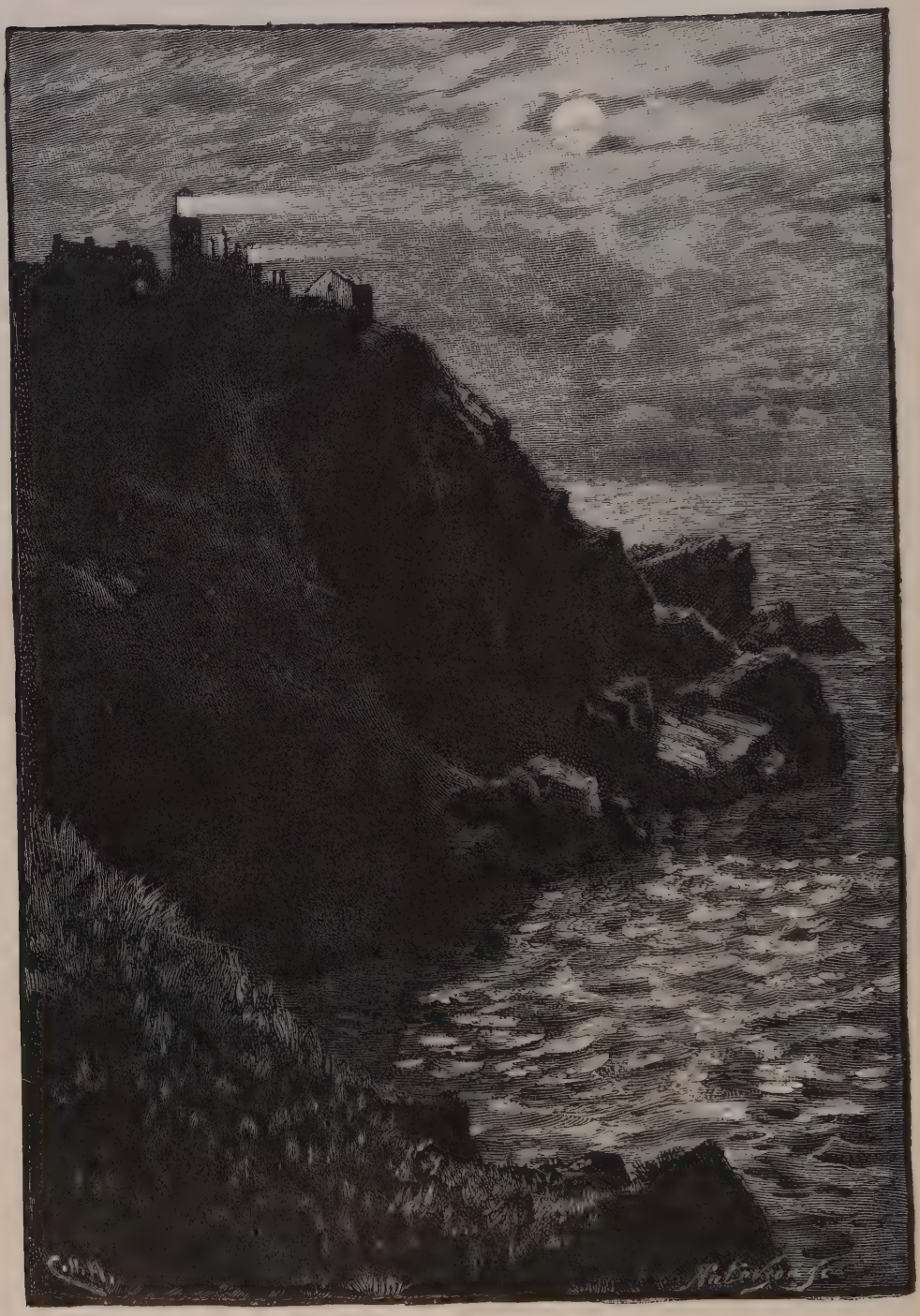
Giles suggested that Master Michael had just finished the most beautiful sword blade he had ever seen, and had not yet got a purchaser for it; it was far superior to the sword Tibble had just completed for my Lord of Surrey. Thereat the whole court broke into an outcry; that any workman should be supposed to turn out any kind of work surpassing Steelman's was rank heresy, and Master Headley bluntly told Giles that he knew not what he was talking of! He might perhaps purchase the blade by way of courtesy and return of kindness, but—good English workmanship for him!

However, Giles might ask the price of the blade, and bring it to him to look at. When Giles returned to the court he found, in front of the building where finished suits were kept for display, a tall, thin, wiry, elderly man, deeply bronzed, and with a scar on his brow. Master Headley and Tibble were both in attendance, Tib measuring the stranger, and Stephen, who was standing at a respectful distance, gave Giles the information that this was the famous Captain of Free lances, Sir John Fulford, who had fought in all the wars in Italy, and was going to fight in them again, but wanted a suit of "our harness."

The information was hardly needed, for Sir John, in a voice loud enough to lead his men to the battle-field, and with all manner of strong asseverations in all sorts of languages, was explaining the dints and blows that had befallen the mail he had had from Master Headley eighteen years ago, when he was but a squire; how his helmet had endured tough blows, and saved his head at Novara, but had been crushed like an egg shell by a stone from the walls at Barletta, which had nearly been his own destruction: and how that which he at present wore (beautifully chased and in a classical form) was taken from a dead Italian Count on the field of Ravenna, but always sat amiss on him; and how he had broken his good sword upon one of the rascally Swiss only a couple of months ago at Marignano. Having likewise disabled his right arm, and being well off through the payment of some ransoms, he had come home partly to look after his family, and partly to provide himself with a full suit of English harness, his present suit being a patchwork of relics of numerous battle-fields. Only one thing he desired, a true Spanish sword, not only Toledo or Bilboa in name, but nature. He had seen execution done by the weapons of the soldiers of the great captain, and been witness to the endurance of their metal, which made him demand whether Master Headley could provide him with the like.

Giles took the moment for stepping forward and putting Abenali's work into the master's hand. The Condottiere was in raptures. He pronounced it as perfect a weapon as Gonzalo de Cordova himself could possess; showed off its temper and his own dexterity by piercing and slicing an old cuirass, and invited the bystanders to let him put it to further proof by letting him slice through an apple placed on the open palm of the hand.

(To be continued.)



THE LIZARD LIGHTS BY NIGHT.

Engraved by R. Paterson, *from a Drawing by* C. Napier Hemy.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

APRIL, 1884.

CHANGES AT CHARING CROSS.

CHARING CROSS.

Looking from that "coign of vantage," the portico of the National Gallery, upon what Peel called "the finest site in Europe," it is impossible not to think of the vicissitudes it has undergone—nay, is even now undergoing, since scaffoldings still shoot up untiringly towards the Strand side and the Thames. With the exception of St. Martin's Church, which is comparatively modern, the only antiquity now left to link the present with the past is the statue of Charles I., riding "unhasting, unresting," to his whilom Palace of Westminster, and dating from a day when Trafalgar Square was but an irregular range of houses surrounding a royal mews. Only a few years ago stood in its vicinity an older relic still. If the stones that formed the fine Jacobean frontage of Northumberland House could have spoken, they would have pleaded that they knew of a remoter time when, in place of the royal martyr proclaiming from his pedestal, in Waller's turn-coat line, that

"Rebellion though successful is but vain,"

had risen the time-honoured Cross which marked the last halting place of Queen Eleanor's body in its progress to the Abbey. The old Cross again had more ancient memories than Northumberland House. It could recall a falconry—not unhaunted of a certain rhyming Clerk of Works, called Geoffrey Chaucer—which was long anterior to the royal mews; and it remembered how—

"Ere yet in scorn of Peter's pence,
And number'd bead and shrift,
Bluff Harry broke into the spence
And turn'd the cowls adrift,—"

the hospital of St. Mary Rounceval had preceded the great palace of the Percies.

In any retrospect of Charing Cross, Queen Eleanor's monument forms a convenient starting point, and from Ralph Agas's well-known map of 1590 or thereabouts we get a fair idea of its environment in the reign of Elizabeth. At this time there were, comparatively, few buildings in its neighbourhood. On the river side, indeed, houses straggled from the Strand towards Whitehall; but St. Martin's was really "in the fields," Spring Gardens was as open as "St. Jemes Parke," and where to-day stand Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, laundresses laid their clothes to dry. Along Hedge Lane, which began at the present Union Club and followed the line of Dorset Place and Whitcomb Street, you might, if so minded, carry your Corinna through green pastures to eat tarts at Hampstead or Highgate, passing, it may be, *en route*, Master Ben Jonson from Hartshorne Lane (now Northumberland Street), unconscious for the moment of any other "humour" in life than the unlimited consumption of blackberries. By the windmill at St. Giles's you might find him flying his kite, or (and why not, since the child is father to the man?)

displaying his "Roman infirmity" of boasting to his ragged playmates of the parish school.

But to the sober antiquary the pleasures of imagination are forbidden; and the Cross itself has yet to be described. Unfortunately there are no really trustworthy representations of it, and even its designer's name is uncertain. It was long ascribed to Pietro Cavallini, to whom tradition also attributes the monument of Henry III. in Westminster Abbey. What is undoubted, however, is that it was one of several similar crosses erected by the executors of Eleanor of Castile; that it was begun by one Richard de Crundale, *cementarius*, and after his death continued by another of the family; and that its material came from Caen in Normandy, and Corfe in Dorsetshire. From Agas's map it seems to have been octagonal in shape, with tiers of niches; and it was decorated with paintings and gilt metal figures modelled by Alexander Le Imaginator. It stood from 1296 until, by vote of May the 3rd, 1643, the Long Parliament, in the same iconoclastic spirit which prompted the removal of the "Golden Cross" sign as "superstitious and idolatrous," decreed its demolition. "The parliament," says a contemporary Royalist ballad, still to be found in Percy's *Reliques*,

> "The parliament to vote it down
> Conceived it very fitting,
> For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
> In the house as they were sitting.
> They were told, God wot, it had a plot,[1]
> Which made them so hard-hearted,
> To give command it should not stand
> But be taken down and carted."

Other verses bewail its disappearance as a familiar landmark:—

> "Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
> They wander about the towne,
> Nor can find their way to Westminster,
> Now Charing-Cross is downe."

As a matter of fact it was not actually "taken down and carted" till the summer of 1647. Part of its stones, says Charles's biographer, Lilly, went to pave Whitehall, and others were fashioned into knife-hafts, "which, being well polished, looked like marble." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Its site remained unoccupied for nearly thirty years. But here, in the interval, the regicides met their fate. Harrison, Cromwell's chaplain Peters, Jones, Carew, and others, all suffered "at the railed space where Charing Cross stood." Pepys, between an account of the wantonness of Mrs. Palmer and the episode of "a very pretty lady" who called out at the playhouse "to see Desdemona smothered," has the following entry of Harrison's death, which he witnessed:—

"13th [October, 1660]. I went to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shewn to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross."

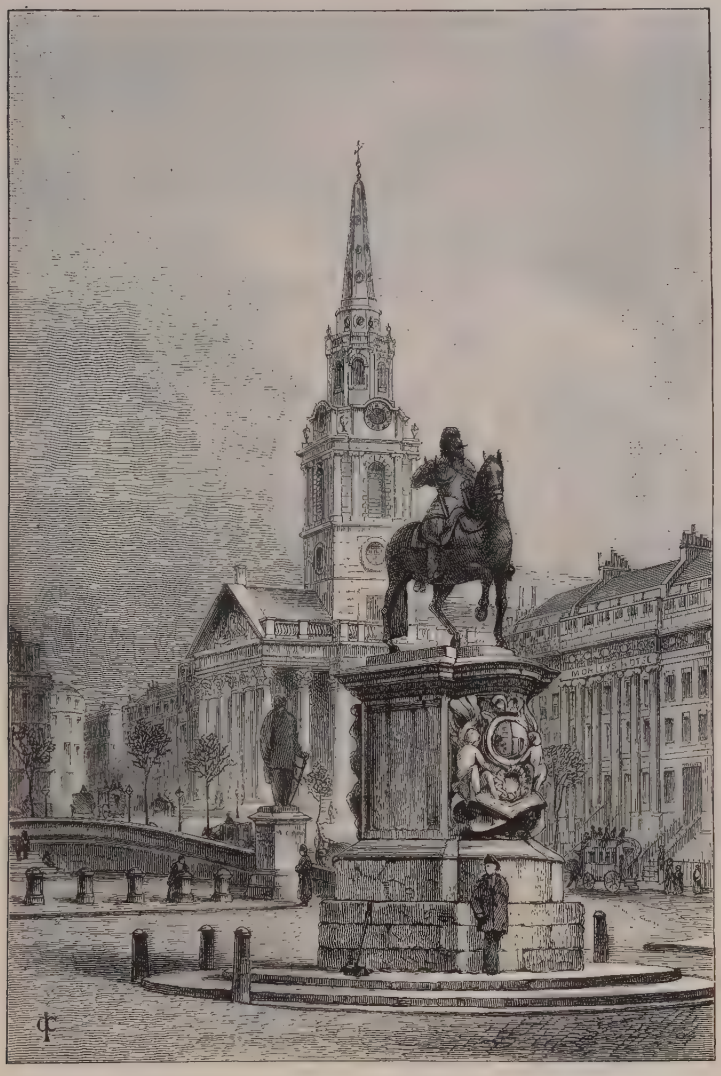
Grave John Evelyn has also his record:

"17 [October, 1660]. Scot, Scroope, Cook, and Jones suffered for reward of their iniquities at Charing Crosse, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural Prince, and in the presence of the King his sonn, whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution; but met their quarters mangl'd and cutt and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdles. Oh, the miraculous providence of God!"

For further particulars of these dismal butcheries the reader is referred to the State Trials. In the years to come, less gruesome sights succeeded. From the overseers' books of St. Martin's, Mr. Peter Cunningham discovered entries of sums paid in 1666 and 1667 by "Punchinello, y^e^ Italian popet-player for his Booth at Charing Cross," and in 1668 there are similar records for the "playhouse" of a "Mounsr. Devone." Then, in 1674, the present "noble equestrian figure," as Walpole styles it, was erected, not too promptly, by Charles II.

Its story is singular—almost as singular as that of the statue of the Merry Monarch himself, which loyal Sir Robert Viner, "Alderman, Knight, and Baronet," put up in the old Stocks Market. It appears to have been executed about 1633, by Hubert Le Sœur, a pupil of John of Bologna, for the Lord High Treasurer Weston, who intended it to embellish his garden at Roehampton. By the terms of the commission it was to be of brass, a foot larger than life, and the sculptor "was to take advice of his

[1] This was Waller's plot of June, 1643, to disarm the London militia, etc., for which Tompkins and Chaloner were executed.



CHARING CROSS, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.
From a Drawing by J. O'CONNOR.

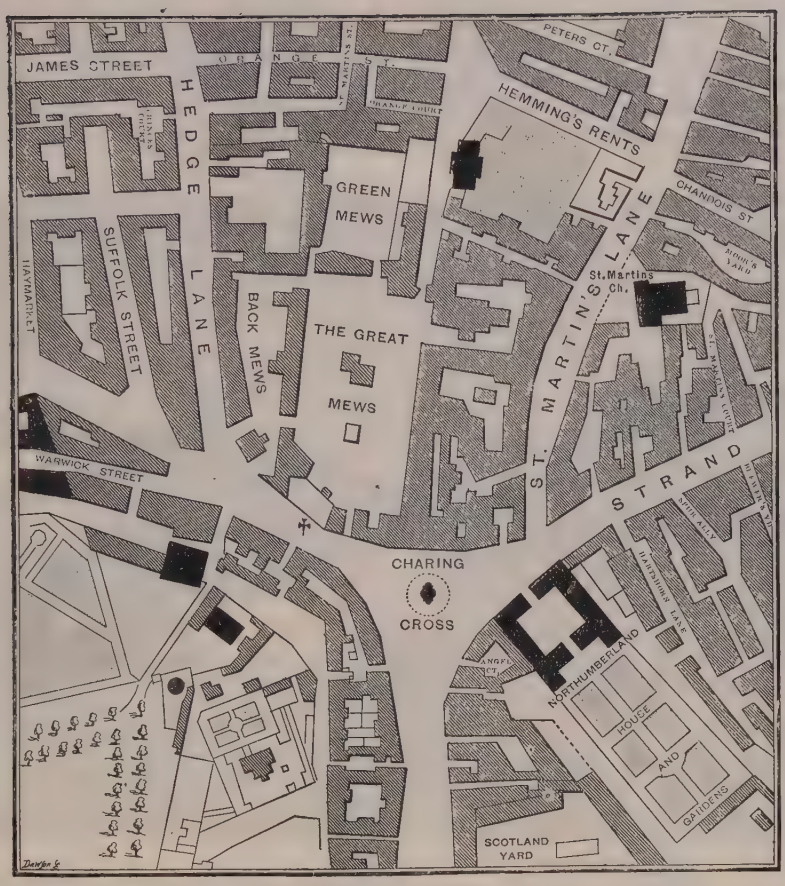
Maj. (Charles I.) riders of greate horses, as well for the shape of the horse and action as for the graceful shape and action of his Maj. figure on the same." Before the beginning of the Civil War, according to Walpole, the statue, cast but not erected, was sold by the Parliament to John Rivett, brazier, living at the Dial near Holborn Conduit, who was strictly enjoined to break it up. Rivett whose "faith was large in time," carefully buried it instead, and ingenuously exhibited some broken brass in earnest of its destruction. Report further says that, making capital out of both parties, he turned these mythic fragments into knife and fork handles, which the Royalists bought eagerly as relics, and the Puritans as tokens of the downfall of a despot. In any case there is evidence to show that the statue was still in Rivett's possession in 1660, and it is assumed that it passed from him or his family to the second Charles. Strype says that he presented it to the king, which is not unlikely. The pedestal, finely carved with cupids, palms, armour, and so forth, is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Somewhere near it was the pillory where, every 10th of August, for several successive years, stood the infamous Titus

CHARING CROSS IN 1590.
From Agas's map.

Oates. Curll, too (upon that principle which makes Jack Sheppard one of the "eminent" persons buried in St. Martin's), was once its "distinguished" occupant, for one of his scandalous publications; and later Parsons of the Cock Lane Ghost suffered here those amenities so neatly described by Robert Lloyd in his *Epistle to Churchill*:—

> "Thus, should a wooden collar deck
> Some woefull squire's embarrass'd neck,
> When high above the crowd he stands
> With equidistant sprawling hands,
> And, without hat, politely bare,
> Pops out his head to take the air,
> The mob his kind acceptance begs,
> Of dirt, and stones, and addle eggs."

To the right of King Charles's statue, upon a site now traversed diagonally by Northumberland Avenue, stood, until 1875, the last of the great riverside mansions, Northumberland House. Its façade extended from the statue towards Northumberland Street, and its gardens went back to Scotland Yard, into which it had a gate. Northampton House, as it was first called, was built about 1605 for Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, by Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas—Christmas, it is supposed, being responsible for the florid gateway or "frontispiece." From the Earl of Northampton it passed to the Suffolks, and changed its name to Suffolk House, a name which it retained until 1670, when becoming the property of the Percies it was again re-christened. Londoners, except upon such special occasions as Exhibition years and the like, saw little of the place beyond the façade. Its original plan was a quadrangle, uncompleted at first on the garden-side. Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, added a new river-front, and a stone flight of stairs, which Mr. Evelyn regarded as clumsy and "without any neat invention." In the interior its



CHARING CROSS IN 1690.

From an original plan in the British Museum.

chief glory was a double state-staircase with marble steps. There was also a state-gallery of magnificent proportions, a drawing-room decorated by Angelica Kauffman, and a tapestry-chamber by Zuccarelli. The pictures which, with the wonderful stiff-tailed leaden lion so long familiar to passers by, are now transferred to Sion House at Isleworth, included Titian's famous Cornaro family (Evelyn's *Venetian Senators*) and a number of minor masterpieces. One of the show-curiosities was a Sèvres vase nine feet high, presented to the second Duke of Northumberland by Charles X. of France.

It would be easy, in a more leisurely paper, to accumulate anecdote around this ancient dwelling-place. From this "house with stairs" by Charing Cross set out that merry marriage procession of Boyle and Howard, which Suckling has immortalised in the *Ballad on a Wedding*; and hence, too, Mr. Horace Walpole, with a hackney-coach full of persons of quality fresh from the opera, started to interview the Cock Lane Ghost. Here again, in the fire of 1780, great part of the library of the duke's chaplain and relative, Dr. Percy, was destroyed in his apartments, where, doubtless, he often received Reynolds and Johnson. Goldsmith, also, among others, made one very characteristic visit to the same spot, though not on this occasion as the guest of the Bishop of Dromore. Let him tell the story in his own words, *apud* Washington Irving:—

"I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland House, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with the duke. They showed me into an ante-chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the duke, I delivered all the fine things

I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me, when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the duke came into the apartment, and I was so con-

CHARING CROSS, LOOKING UP COCKSPUR STREET.
From an undated water-colour drawing in the British Museum.

founded on the occasion that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

Fronting Northumberland House, a little to the left, and at some distance from the site of the present hotel of the same name, stood, until the advent of railroads brought about its downfall as a posting-house, that older Golden Cross,[1] whose idolatrous sign scandalised the Puritan House of Commons. But the sign must have been soon restored, for it is distinguishable in Canaletti's view of 1753, though the carriage at the door probably hides the long water-trough which, sixty years since, old Londoners still remembered as giving the place something of the air of a country-inn. From the Golden Cross, houses extended northwards to St. Martin's Church—Duncannon Street being as yet to come. Trafalgar Square and the space now occupied by the National Gallery was covered, as far back as Hemings' Row, by buildings surrounding the King's or royal mews. In the days before Agas's map this had been a falconry, dating from Richard II. or earlier, but in 1534, when Henry the Eighth's stables at Lomsbery (Bloomsbury) were fired and burned, the royal stables were transferred to the buildings at Charing Cross, which, nevertheless, retained their old name of mews (*i.e.* a *mewing*-place) which they first had, "of the King's falcons there kept." Here, in the Caroline days, the famous stallion "Rowley" "champed golden grain" like the horses in the *Iliad*, and gave his nickname to a king. Here M. St. Antoine taught the noble art of horsemanship. In 1732 William Kent rebuilt the façade. At this date it still consisted of the "Great Mews," the "Green Mews," and the "Back Mews," as shown in our plan of 1690. It continued to be used for stabling until 1824, when the royal stud, gilt coach, and other paraphernalia were transferred to Pimlico. In 1830, after

[1] In that half-authentic, half-romantic book, the *Wine and Walnuts* of Ephraim Hardcastle (Pyne the Artist), he makes Hogarth catch a cold while sketching from the inn window the pageant of the proclamation of George III. at Charing Cross.

serving as a temporary shelter to Mr. Cross's menagerie, then ousted from Exeter Change, and to the homeless "Public Records" of Great Britain, it was pulled down. Not many traditions haunt its past which need a mention here. Its north-eastern side, if we may trust Gay's *Trivia*, was a chosen resort of thieves and gamblers. "Careful observers" (he says) "studious of the town,"

"Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the thimble's cheats;"

and it may be observed that the ill-famed rookery, known in Ben Jonson's day as the "Bermudas Straits," and later, by an allusive euphemism, as the "C'ribbee Islands," was close to St. Martin's Church, where it survived until 1829. At the mews-gate stood a convivial house of call, celebrated in song by "bright broken Maginn;" and hard by, from 1750 to 1790, "honest Tom Payne" kept the little old book-shop, "in the shape of an L," which was so well known to book-lovers in the last century.

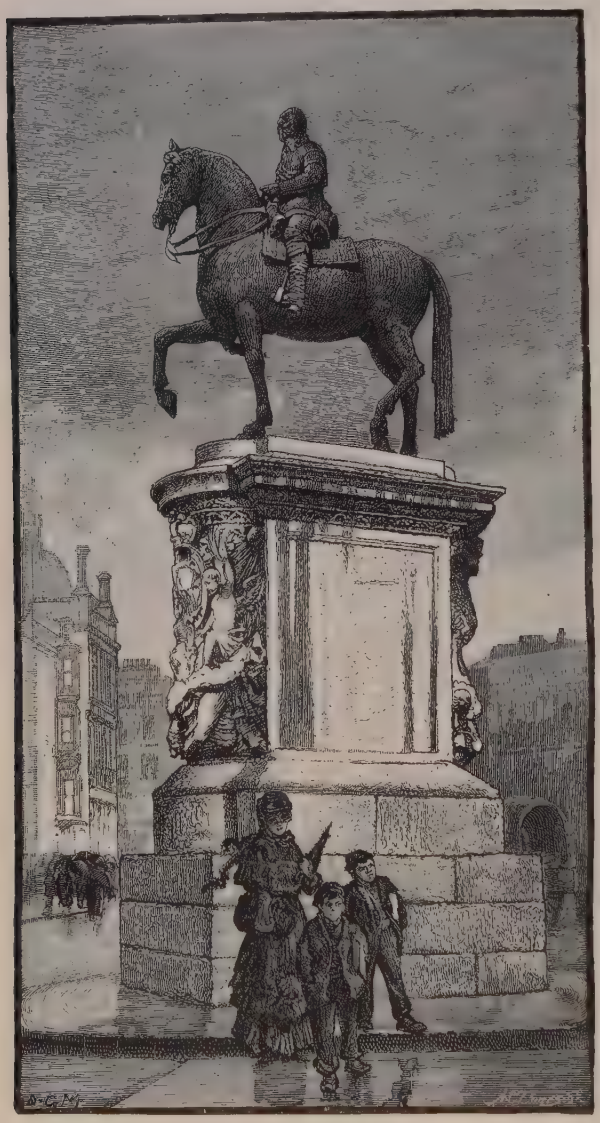
Union Club. Then, about 1830, the ground was cleared for Trafalgar Square, and the C'ribbee Islands and the rookeries were "blotted from the things that be." In 1832, the present National Gallery was begun. Nelson's Column followed in 1843, and then, many years after, was finally completed by the additions of Landseer's lions. Since the National Gallery first became the laughing-stock of cockneys, it has been more than once enlarged; and even at the present moment further additions at the back, of considerable importance to the picture-seer, are said to be in contemplation. But it is needless to dwell at any length upon the present aspect of the place. It is too modern for the uses of the antiquary; and it may be doubted if time can ever make it venerable. In justice to its unfortunate architect, Wilkins, it must, nevertheless, be added that his work was done under most unfavourable restrictions. He was vexatiously hampered as to space, and Carlton House having been

CHARING CROSS, LOOKING UP THE STRAND.
From a print engraved in 1753 *by* T. Bowles *after* Canaletti.

Towards 1829-30 the neighbourhood of Charing Cross began to assume something of its present aspect. Already, four years earlier, the College of Physicians, leaving its home in Warwick Lane, had taken up its abode in a handsome building at the bottom of Dorset Place, close by the newly-erected demolished, it was an express condition that he should avail himself of its fine Corinthian portico.

The only other building near Charing Cross which deserves notice is St. Martin's Church. This, however, will better be reserved for treatment on some future occa-

sion in conjunction with St. Martin's Lane. But Spring Garden, or Gardens, part of which must soon disappear under the projected Government offices, requires and deserves a final paragraph. It lies to the south-west of the



STATUE OF CHARLES I. AT CHARING CROSS.
By HUBERT LE SŒUR.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

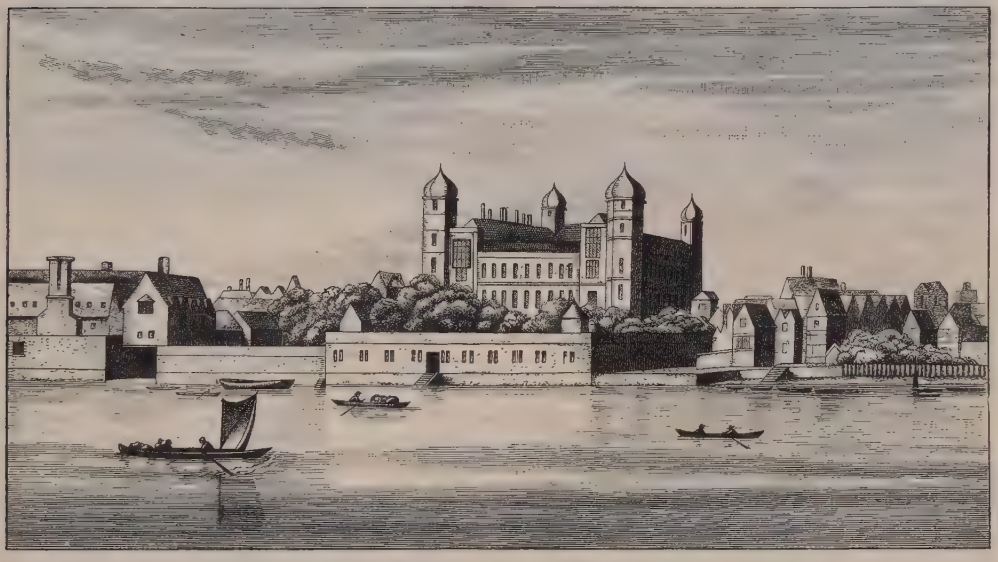
Cross, and according to old definitions had a frontage extending from the end of the Haymarket to Wallingford House (the present Admiralty). In the days of James I. and Charles I. it was a pleasure ground attached to Whitehall, taking its name from one of those *jets d'eau*, the delight of seventeenth century topiarians, which suddenly sprinkled the visitor who unwittingly pressed it with his foot. It contained butts, a bathing pond, and apparently part of the St. James's Park menagerie, since the State papers contain an order under date of the 31st January, 1626, for payment to Philip Earl of Montgomery of £72 5*s.* 10*d.* for "keeping the Spring-Gardens and the beasts and fowls there." One of the favourite amusements of the place was bowling, and it was while Charles was watching the players with his favourite Steenie, who lived at this date in Wallingford House, that an oft related incident took place:—"The Duke put on his hat; one Wilson, a Scotchman, first kissing the Duke's hand, snatched it off saying, 'Off with your hat before the King!' Buckingham, not apt to restrain his feelings, kicked the Scotchman; but the King interfering, said, 'Let him alone, George, he is either mad or a fool.' 'No, sir,' replied the Scotchman, 'I am a sober man; and if your majesty would give me leave I will tell you that of this man which many know, and none dare speak.'"

Whether his majesty permitted the proffered revelation, so significant of the popular estimate of Buckingham, history has not recorded. But the garden at this time (1628) must have been private, for it was not until two years later that Charles threw it open by proclamation, appointing one Simon Osbaldeston "keeper of the King's garden called the Spring Garden and of the Bowling-green there." Four years after, it had grown so "scandalous and insufferable" a resort that he closed it again. It must, however, have been reopened, for in June, 1649, Mr. Evelyn tells us that he "treated divers Ladies of my relations in Spring Gardens;" and though Cromwell shut it up once more, it could not have been for long, as ten years after Evelyn's date it was still offering its thickets to lovers, and its neats' tongues and bad Rhenish to wandering epicures.

With the Restoration ends its history as a pleasure-ground. To the disgust of the

dwellers at Charing Cross, houses began to arise upon it; and its *habitués* migrated to that newer "Spring Garden" at Vauxhall, to which Sir Roger de Coverley was rowed by the one-legged waterman who had fought at La Hogue. By 1772, when Lord Berkeley was permitted to build over the so-called "Wilderness," its last traces had disappeared. But "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," and Lord Berkeley's house in its turn has now made way for the office of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

As a locality Spring Gardens—the Spring Gardens of brick and mortar—has been unusually favoured with distinguished inhabitants. Here Cromwell is said to have had a house; and it was "at one Thomson's," next door to the Bull Head Tavern, in the thoroughfare leading to the park, that his Latin secretary, John Milton, wrote his *Joannis Philippi Angli Responsio*, etc. Colley Cibber's home, for several years, was hard by; so also was the lodging occupied by the author of the *Seasons*, when he first came to London to negotiate his poem of *Winter*. In Buckingham Court lived and died sprightly Mrs. Centlivre, whose husband (her third) was yeoman of the mouth to Anne and George I. Locket's ordinary—the "Lackets" of my Lord Foppington and the "stap-my-vitals" fine gentlemen of Vanbrugh's day—stood on the site of Drummond's Bank. Two doors from it towards Buckingham Court was the famous "Rummer" Tavern, kept by Matthew Prior's uncle, Samuel Pryor, where Lord Dorset first discovered the clever young student of Horace, whom he turned into a statesman and ambassador. The "Rummer" appears in Hogarth's *Night*, (*Four Times of the Day*, 1738) which gives a good view of the statue with the houses behind. Hogarth's "Rummer," however, is on the left, whereas the tavern (according to Cunningham) was, after 1710, on the right or Northumberland House side. Probably in the plate, as in the one of Covent Garden in the same series, the view was reversed in the process of engraving.



SUFFOLK HOUSE (NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE) FROM THE RIVER, TEMP. CHARLES I.
After a drawing by HOLLAR.

Hogarth's name recalls another memory. It was in an auctioneer's room in Spring Gardens that the Society of Artists of Great Britain held their famous exhibition of 1761, for the catalogue of which Wale and Hogarth made designs. Hogarth was also a prominent exhibitor, sending, among other oil paintings, *The Lady's Last Stake* (Mr. Huth's), the *Election Entertainment* (Soane Museum), and the ill-fated *Sigismonda*, the last of which is now gaining, in the National Gallery, some of the reputation which was denied to it in the painter's lifetime.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

KYNANCE COVE, CORNWALL.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH CORNWALL.

DAY THE FOURTH.

SUNDAY, September 4th—and we had started on September 1st; was it possible we had only been travelling four days?

It felt like fourteen at least. We had seen so much, taken in so many new interests—nay, made several new friends. Already we began to plan another meeting with John Curgenven, who we found was a relation of our landlady, or of our bright-faced serving maiden, Esther. Everybody seemed somehow connected with everybody at the Lizard, and everybody took a friendly interest in everybody. The arrival of new lodgers in the "genteel" parlour which we had not appreciated was important information, and also that Charles had started about four in the morning, quite cheery, as well as his horse.

And what a morning it was!—a typical Sunday morning, a day of rest, a day to rejoice in. Strolling round the garden at eight o'clock, while the dew still lay thick on the grass, and glittered like diamonds on the autumnal spider-webs, even the flowers seemed to know it was Sunday, the mignonette bed to smell sweeter, the marigolds—yes! æsthetic fashion is right in its love for marigolds—burnt in a perfect blaze of golden colour and aromatic scent. The air was so mild that we could imagine summer was still with us: and the great wide circle of sea gleamed in the sunshine as if there never had been, never could be, such a thing as cloud or storm.

Having ascertained that there was no service nearer than Grade, some miles off, until the afternoon, we "went to church" on the cliffs, in Pistol Meadow, beside the green mounds where the two hundred drowned sailors sleep in peace.

And what a peaceful place it was! Absolutely solitary: not a living creature, not even a sheep came near me the whole morning:—and in the silence I could hear almost every word said by my young folks, searching for sea-treasures among the rocks and little pools far below. Westwards towards Kynance, and eastwards towards Landewednack—the church we were to go to in the afternoon—the cliff path was sometimes smooth and green, the short grass full of those curious dainty flowers, some of which were new to our eager eyes; at other times the road was so precipitous that we did not wonder at those

carefully white-washed stones every few yards, which are the sole guide to the coast-guard men of dark nights. Even in day-light, if the wind were high, or the footing slippery with rain, the cliff-walk from the Lizard to Kynance would be no joke to uninitiated feet.

Now, all was so still that the wind never once fluttered the letter I was writing, and so warm that we were glad to escape the white glare of the wall of the Lizard Lights and sit in a cool hollow, watching sky and ocean, with now and then a sea-bird floating lazily between, a dark speck on the perpetual blue.

"If it will only keep like this all week!" And, as we sat, we planned out each day, so as to miss nothing, and lose nothing—either of time or strength: doing enough, but never too much—as is so often the fatal mistake of of tourists. And then, following the grand law of travelling, to have one's "meals reg'lar" —we went indoors and dined. Afterwards in honour of the day

> "that comes between
> The Saturday and Monday,"

we dressed ourselves "in all our best,"—very humble best it was!—to join the good people going to church at Landewednack.

This, which in ancient Cornish means "the white-roofed church of St. Wednack"—hagiologists must decide who that individual was—is the name of the parish to which the comparatively modern Lizard Town belongs. The church is in a very picturesque corner, close to the sea, though both it and the rectory are protected by a sudden dip in the ground, so that you see neither till you are close upon them. A fine Norman doorway, a curious hagioscope, and other points, interesting to archæologists—also the neatest and prettiest of churchyards—make note-worthy this, the most southerly church in England. A fine old building, not spoiled though "restored." The modern open pews, and a modern memorial pulpit of serpentine, jarred less than might have been expected with the carefully-preserved remains of the past.

In Landewednack Church is said to have been preached the last sermon in Cornish. This was in 1678. Since, the ancient tongue has completely died out, and the people of King Arthur's country have become wholly English.

Still, they are not the English of the midland and northern districts, but of a very different type and race. I have heard it said that a sea-board population, accustomed to wrestle with the dangers of the coast, to move about from place to place, see foreign countries, and carry on its business in the deep waters, is always more capable, more intelligent, as a whole, than an inland people, whether agricultural or manufacturing. It may be so: but certainly the aborigines of Lizard Town, who could easily be distinguished from the visitors—of whom there was yet a tolerable sprinkling—made a very interesting congregation; orderly, respectable, reverent, simple in dress and manner, yet many of them, both the men and women, exceedingly picturesque. That is, the old men and the old women: the younger ones aped modern fashion even here, in this out-of-the-way corner, and consequently did not look half so well as their seniors.

I must name one more member of the congregation—a large black dog, who walked in and settled himself in the pew behind, where he behaved during half the service in an exemplary manner, worthy of the Highland shepherds' dogs, who always come to church with their masters, and conduct themselves with equal decorum.

There is always a certain pathos in going in to worship in a strange church, with a strange congregation, of whom you are as ignorant as they of you. In the intervals of kneeling with them as "miserable sinners," one finds oneself speculating upon them, their possible faults and virtues, joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, watching the unknown faces, and trying to read thereon the records of a common humanity. A silent homily, better perhaps than most sermons.

Not that there was aught to complain of in the sermon, and the singing was especially good. Many a London choir might have taken a lesson from this village church at the far end of Cornwall. When service was over, we lingered in the pretty and carefully tended churchyard, where the evening light fell softly upon many curious grave-stones, of seafaring men, and a few of wrecked sailors—only a few, since it is but within a generation that bodies washed ashore from the deep were allowed to be buried in consecrated ground; most of them, like the two hundred in Pistol Meadow, being interred as near as convenient to where they were found, without any burial rites. Still, in all the churchyards along this coast are graves with a story. A little corner here railed off has an old and sad one. There lie buried the victims of the plague, which in 1645 devastated the village. No one since has ever ventured to disturb their resting-place.

Very green and peaceful it all looked: the beautiful day was dying, beautiful to the last. We stood and watched the congregation

melt slowly away, disappearing down the lane, and then, attracted by the sound of music, re-entered the church. There we sat and listened for another half hour to the practising of an anthem ready for the harvest festival, which had been announced for the following Tuesday; exceedingly well done too, the rector's voice leading it all, with an energy and enthusiasm that at once accounted for the capital condition of the choir.

"If this weather will only last!" was our earnest sigh as we walked home; and anxious not to lose a minute of it, we gave ourselves the briefest rest, and turned out again, I to watch the sunset from the cliffs, while the others descended once more to their beloved sea-pools.

"Such anemones, such sea-weed! and scrambling is so delicious. Besides, sunsets are all alike," added the youthful, practical, and slightly un-poetical mind.

No, they are not alike. Every one has a mysterious charm of its own—just like that in every new human face. I have seen hundreds of sunsets in my time, and those I shall see are narrowing down now, but I think to the end of my life I shall always feel a day incomplete in which I did not see the sun set.

This one was splendid. The usual place where the sun dropped into the sea, just beyond the point of the Land's End, was all in a golden mist. I hastened west, climbing one intervening cliff after the other, anxious not to miss the clear sight of him as he set his glowing feet, or rather his great round disc, on the sea. At last I found a "comfortable" stone, sheltered from the wind, which blew tolerably fresh, and utterly solitary (as I thought), the intense silence being such that one could almost hear the cropping of three placid sheep—evidently well accustomed to sunsets, and thinking them of little consequence.

There I sat until the last spark had gone out, quenched in the Atlantic waters, and from behind the vanished sun sprung a gleam of absolutely green light, "like a firework out of a rocket"—the young people said, such as I have never seen before, though we saw it once afterwards. Nature's fireworks they were; and I could see the two little black figures moving along the rocks below stand still to watch them. I watched too, with that sort of lonely delight—the one shadow upon it being that it is so lonely—with which all one's life one is accustomed to watch beautiful and vanishing things—sunsets above all. Then seeing how fast the colours were fading and the sky darkening, I rose; but just took a step or two farther to look over the edge of my stone into the next dip of the cliff, and there I saw—

Actually, two human beings! Lovers, of course. Nothing else would have sat so long and so silently, for I had been within three yards of them all the time, and had never discovered them, nor they me. Poor young things! they did not discover me even yet. They sat, quite absorbed in one another, hand in hand, looking quietly seaward, their faces bathed in the rosy sunset—which to them was a sunrise, the sort of sun which never rises twice in a life-time.

I left them to it. Evidently they did not see me, in fact, I just peered over the rock's edge and drew back again; any slight sound they probably attributed to the harmless sheep. Well, it was but an equally harmless old woman, who did not laugh at them, as some might have done, but smiled and wished them well, as she left them to their sunset, and turned to face the darkening east, where the sun would rise to-morrow.

The moon was rising there now, and it was a picture to behold. Indeed, all these Cornish days seemed so full of moonrises and sunsets—and sunrises too—that it was really inconvenient. Going to bed seemed almost a sin—as on this night, when, opening our parlour door which looked right on to the garden, we saw the whole world lying in a flood of moonlight peace, the marigolds and carnations leaning cheek to cheek as motionless as the two young lovers on the cliff. Who, alas! must long ago have had their dream broken, for five minutes afterwards I met a most respectable fat couple from Lizard Town taking their Sunday evening stroll, in all their Sunday best, along those very cliffs. But perhaps they had once been lovers too.

What a night it was! fit night to such a perfect day. How the stars shone, without a mist or a cloud; how the Lizard Lights gleamed, even in spite of the moonlight, and how clear showed the black outline of Kynance Cove, from which came through the silence a dull murmur of waves! It was, as we declared, a sin and a shame to go to bed at all! though we had been out the whole day, hoped to be out the whole of to-morrow. Still, human nature could not keep awake for ever. We passed from the poetical to the practical, and decided to lay us down and sleep.

But, in the middle of the night I woke, rose, and looked out of the window.

What a change! Sea and sky were one blackness, literally as "black as ink," and melting into one another so that both were undistinguishable. As for the moon and stars—heaven knows where they had gone to!

for they seemed utterly blotted out. The only light visible was the ghostly gleam of those two great eyes, the Lizard Lights, stretching far out into the intense darkness. I never saw such darkness—unbroken even by the white crest of a wave. And the stillness was like the stillness of death, with a heavy weight in the air which made me involuntarily go to sleep again, though with an awed impression of "something going to happen."

And sure enough in another hour something did happen. I started awake, feeling as if a volley of artillery had been poured in at my window. It was the wildest deluge of rain, beating against the panes, and with it came a wind that howled and shrieked round the house as if all the demons in Cornwall, Tregeagle himself included, were let loose at once.

Now we understood what a Lizard storm could be. I have seen Mediterranean storms, sweeping across the Campagna like armed battalions of avenging angels, pouring out their vials of wrath—rain, hail, thunder, and lightning—unceasingly for two whole days. I have been in Highland storms, so furious that one had to sit down in the middle of the road with one's plaid over one's head, till the worst of their rage was spent. But I never saw or heard anything more awful than this Lizard storm, to which I lay and listened till the day began to dawn.

Then the wind lulled a little, but the rain still fell in torrents, and the sky and sea were as black as ever. The weather had evidently broken for good—that is, for evil. Alas! the harvest, and the harvest festival! And alas—of minor importance, but still some, to us at least—alas for our holiday in Cornwall! Only four days, and—this!

It was with a heavy heart, that feeling there was not the slightest use in getting up, I turned round and took another sleep.

DAY THE FIFTH.

"Hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst," had been the motto of our journey. So when we rose to one of the wettest mornings that ever came out of the sky, there was a certain satisfaction in being prepared for it.

"We must have a fire, that is certain," was our first decision. This entailed the abolition of our beautiful decorations—our sea-holly and ferns; also some anxious looks from our handmaiden. Apparently no fire had been lit in this rather despised room for many months — years perhaps — and the chimney rather resented being used. A few agonised down-puffs greatly interfered with the comfort of the breakfast table, and an insane attempt to open the windows made matters worse.

Which was most preferable—to be stifled or deluged? We were just considering the question, when the chimney took a new and kinder thought, or the wind took a turn—it seemed to blow alternately from every quarter, and then from all quarters at once—the smoke went up straight, the room grew warm and bright, with the cosy peace of the first fire of the season. Existence became once more endurable, nay, pleasant.

"We shall survive, spite of the rain!" And we began to laugh over our lost day which we had meant to begin by bathing in Housel Cove; truly, just to stand outside the door would give an admirable douche bath in three minutes. "But how nice it is to be inside, with a roof over our heads, and no necessity for travelling. Fancy the unfortunate tourists who have fixed on to-day for visiting the Lizard!" (Charles had told us that Monday was a favourite day for excursions.) "Fancy anybody being obliged to go out such weather as this!"

And in our deep pity for our fellow-creatures we forgot to pity ourselves.

Nor was there much pity needed; we had provided against emergencies, with a good store of needlework and knitting, anything that would pack in small compass, also a stock of unquestionably "light" literature—paper-covered, double-columned, sixpenny volumes, inclosing an amount of enjoyment which those only can understand who are true lovers of Walter Scott. We had enough of him to last for a week of wet days. And we had a one-volume Tennyson, all complete, and a "Morte d'Arthur"—Sir Thomas Malory's. On this literary provender we felt that as yet we should not starve.

Also, some little fingers having a trifling turn for art, brought out triumphantly a colour-box, pencils, and pictures. And the wall-paper being one of the very ugliest that ever eye beheld, we sought and obtained permission to adorn it with these, our *chefs-d'œuvre*, pasted at regular intervals. Where we hope they still remain, for the edification of succeeding lodgers.

We read the "Idylls of the King" all through, finishing with "The Passing of Arthur," where the "bold Sir Bedivere" threw Excalibur into the mere—which is supposed to be Dozmare Pool. Here King Arthur's faithful lover was so melted—for

the hundredth time—by the pathos of the story, and by many old associations, that the younger and more practical minds grew scornful, and declared that probably King Arthur had never existed at all—or if he had, was nothing but a rough barbarian, unlike even the hero of Sir Thomas Malory, and far more unlike the noble modern gentleman of Tennyson's verse. Maybe: and yet, seeing that

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all,"

may it not be better to have believed in an impossible ideal man, than to accept contentedly a low ideal, and worship blindly the worldly, the mean, or the base?

This topic furnished matter for so much hot argument, that, besides doing a quantity of needlework, we succeeded in making our one wet day by no means the least amusing of our seventeen days in Cornwall.

Hour after hour we watched the rain—an even down-pour. In the midst of it we heard a rumour that Charles had been seen about the hours, and soon after he appeared at the door, hat in hand, soaked but smiling, to inquire for and sympathise with his ladies. Yes, he *had* brought a party to the Lizard that day!—unfortunate souls (or bodies), for there could not have been a dry thread left on them! We gathered closer round our cosy fire; ate our simple dinner with keen enjoyment, and agreed that after all we had much to be thankful for.

In the afternoon the storm abated a little, and we thought we would seize the chance of doing some shopping, if there was a shop in Lizard Town. So we walked—I ought rather to say waded, for the road was literally swimming—meeting not one living creature, except a family of young ducks, who, I need scarcely say, were enjoying supreme felicity.

"Yes, ladies, this is the sort of weather we have pretty well all winter. Very little frost or snow, but rain and storm, and plenty of it. Also fogs; I've heard there's nothing anywhere like the fogs at the Lizard."

So said the woman at the Post-office, which, except the serpentine shops, seemed to be the one emporium of commerce in the place. There we could get all we wanted, and a good deal that we were very thankful we did not want, of eatables, drinkables, and wearables. Also ornaments, china vases, &c., of a kind that would have driven frantic any person of æsthetic tastes. Among them

THE LIZARD LIGHTS BY DAY.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

an active young Cornishman of about a year old, was meandering aimlessly, or with aims equally destructive to himself and the community. He all but succeeded in bringing down a row of plates upon his devoted head, and then tied himself up, one fat finger after another, in a ball of twine, upon which he began to howl violently.

"He's a regular little trial," said the young mother proudly. "He's only sixteen months, and yet he's up to all sorts of mischief. I don't know what in the world I shall do with he, presently. Naughty boy!" with a delighted scowl.

"Not naughty, only active," suggested another maternal spirit, and pleaded that the young jackanapes should be found something to do that was not mischief, but yet would occupy his energies, and fill his mind. At which, the bright bold face looked up as if he had understood it all—an absolutely fearless face, brimming with fun, and shrewdness too. Who knows? The "regular little trial" may grow into a valuable member of society—fisherman, sailor, coastguardman—daring and doing heroic deeds; perhaps saving many a life on nights such as last night, which had taught us what Cornish coast-life was all winter through.

The storm was now gradually abating; the wind had lulled entirely, the rain had ceased, and by sunset a broad yellow streak all along the west implied that it might possibly be a fine day to-morrow.

But the lane was almost a river still, and the slippery altitudes of the "hedges" were anything but desirable. As the only possible place for a walk I ventured into a field where two or three cows cropped their supper of damp grass round one of those green hillocks seen in every Cornish pasture field—a manure heap planted with cabbages, which grow there with a luxuriance that turns ugliness into positive beauty. Very dreary everything was—the soaking grass, the leaden sky, the angry-looking sea, over which a rainy moon was just beginning to throw a faint glimmer; while shorewards one could just trace the outline of Lizard Point and the wheat-field behind it. Yesterday those fields had looked so sunshiny and fair, but to-night they were all dull and grey, with rows of black dots indicating the soppy, sodden harvest sheaves.

Which reminded me that to-morrow was the harvest festival at Landewednack, when all the world and his wife was invited by shilling tickets to have tea in the rectory garden, and afterwards to assist at the evening thanksgiving service in the church.

"Thanksgiving! What for?" some poor farmer might well exclaim, especially on such a day as this. Some harvest festivals must occasionally seem a bitter mockery. Indeed, I doubt if the next generation will not be wise in taking our "Prayers for Rain," "Prayers for Fair Weather," clean out of the liturgy. Such conceited intermeddling with the government of the world sounds to some ridiculous, to others actually profane. "Snow and hail, mists and vapours, wind and storm, fulfilling His Word." And it must be fulfilled, no matter at what cost to individuals or to nations. The laws of the universe must be carried out, even though the mystery of sorrow, like the still greater mystery of evil, remains for ever unexplained. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

And how right is His right! How marvellously beautiful He can make this His world! until we can hardly imagine anything more beautiful in the world everlasting. Ay, even after such a day as this day, when the world seems hardly worth living in, yet we live on, live to wake up unto such a to-morrow—

But I must wait to speak of it in another page.

DAY THE SIXTH.

And a day absolutely divine! Not a cloud upon the sky, not a ripple upon the water, or it appeared so in the distance. Nearer, no doubt, there would have been that heavy ground-swell which is so long in subsiding, in fact is scarcely ever absent on this coast. The land, like the sea, was all one smile; the pasture fields shone a brilliant green, the cornfields a gleaming yellow—at once a beauty and a thanksgiving.

It was the very perfection of an autumn morning. We would not lose an hour of it, but directly after breakfast started leisurely to find Housel Cove and try our first experiment of bathing in the wide Atlantic.

The Atlantic it certainly was. Not a rood of land lay between us and America. Yet the illimitable ocean "where the great ships go down," rolled in to our feet in baby ripples, disporting itself harmlessly, and tempting my two little mermaids to swim out to the utmost limit that prudence allowed. And how delightful it was to run back barefoot across the soft sand to the beautiful dressing-room of serpentine rock, where one could sit and watch the glittering sea, untroubled by any company save the gulls and

cormorants. What a contrast to other bathing places—genteel Eastbourne and Brighton, or vulgar Margate and Ramsgate, where, nevertheless, the good folks look equally happy. But our happiness! No words could describe it. Shall we stamp ourselves as persons of little mind, easily satisfied, if I confess that we spent the whole morning in Housel Cove without band or promenade, without even a Christy Minstrel or a Punch and Judy, our sole amusement being the vain attempt to catch a tiny fish, the Robinson Crusoe of a small pool in the rock above high-water mark, where by some ill chance he found himself. But he looked extremely contented with his sea hermitage, and evaded so cleverly all our efforts to get hold of him that after a while we left him to his solitude—where possibly he resides still.

How delicious it is for hard-worked people to do nothing, absolutely nothing! Of course only for a little while—a few days, a few hours. The love of work and the necessity for it soon revive. But just for those few harmless hours to let the world and its duties and cares alike slip by, to be absolutely idle, to fold one's hands and look at the sea and the sky, thinking of nothing at all, except perhaps to count and watch for every ninth wave—said to be the biggest always—and wonder how big it will be, and whether it will reach that stone with the little colony of limpets and two red anemones beside them, or stop short at the rock where we sit placidly dangling our feet, waiting, Canute-like, for the vital moment when the will of humanity sinks conquered by the immutable powers of nature. Then, greatest crisis of all, the sea will attack that magnificent castle and moat, which certain grown-up babies have constructed with pride. Well, have we not all built our sand-castles and seen them swept away? happy for us if by no unkinder force than the remorseless wave of Time, which will soon flow over us all.

But how foolish is moralising—making my narrative halt like that horse whom we amused ourselves with half the afternoon. He was tied by the leg, poor beast, the fore leg fastened to the hind one, as seemed to be the ordinary Cornish fashion with all animals, horses, cows, and sheep. It certainly saves a deal of trouble, preventing them from climbing the "hedges" which form the sole boundary of property, but it makes the creatures go limping about in rather a melancholy fashion. However, as it is their normal condition, probably they communicate it to one another, and each generation accepts its lot.

This horse did. He was a handsome animal, who came and peered at the sketch which one of us was doing, after the solemn fashion of quadrupedal connoisseurship, and kept us company all the afternoon. We sat in a row on the top of the "hedge," enjoying the golden afternoon, and scarcely believing it possible that yesterday had been yesterday. Of the wild storm and deluge of rain there was not a single trace; everything looked as lovely as if it had been, and was going to be, summer all the year.

We were so contented, and were making such progress in our sketch and distant view of Kynance over the now dry and smiling cornfield, that we had nigh forgotten the duties of civilisation, until some one brought the news that all the household was apparently dressing itself in its very best, to attend the rectory tea. We determined to do the same, though small were our possibilities of toilette.

"But what does it matter?" argued we. "Nobody knows us, and we know nobody."

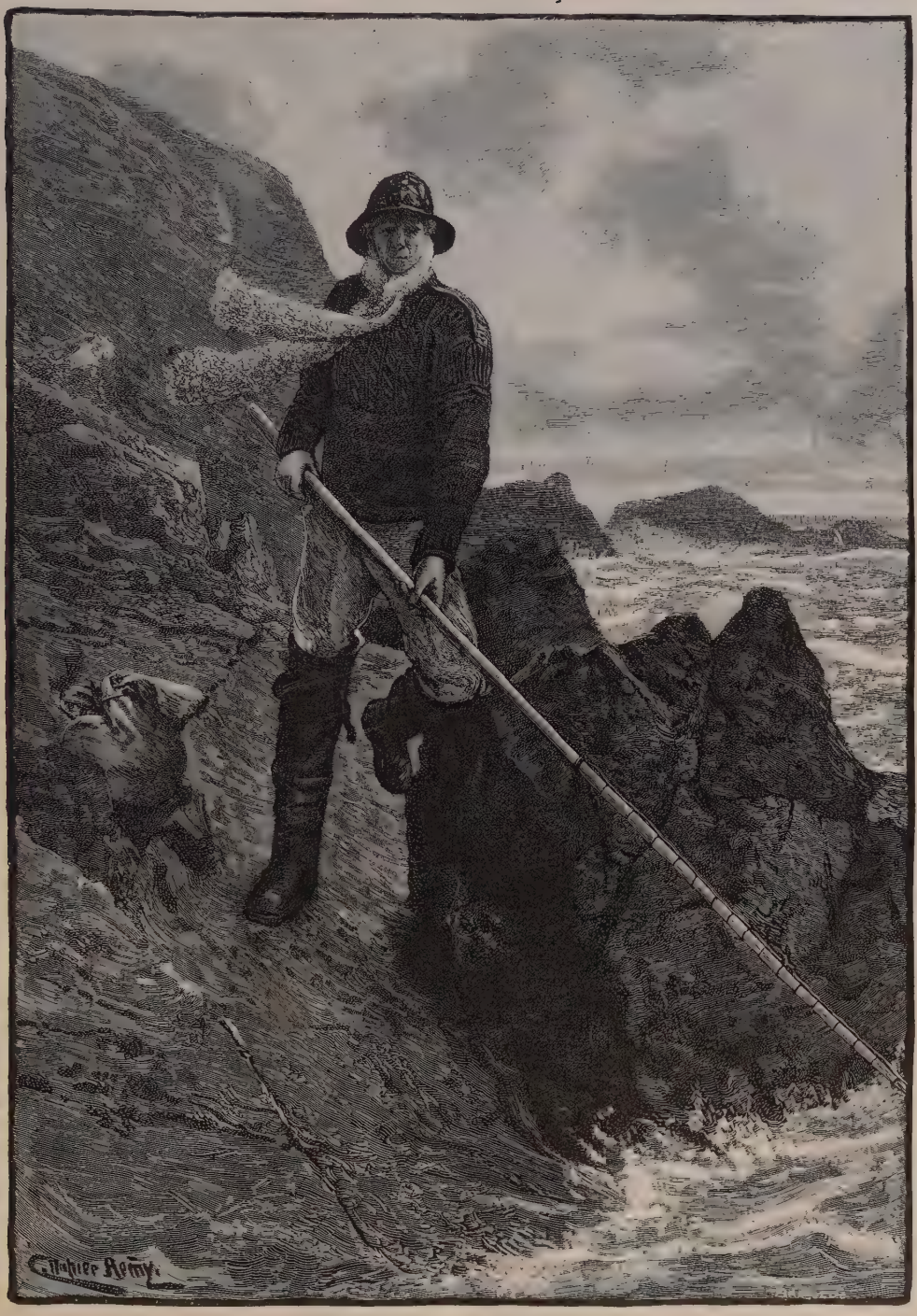
A position rather rare to those who "dwell among their own people," who take a kindly interest in everybody, and believe with a pardonable credulity that everybody takes a kindly interest in them.

But human nature is the same all the world over. And here we saw it in its pleasantest phase; rich and poor meeting together, not for charity, but courtesy—a courtesy that was given with a kindliness and accepted with a quiet independence which seemed characteristic of these Cornish folk.

Among the little crowd, gentle and simple, we, of course, did not know a single soul. Nevertheless, delivering up our tickets to the gardener at the gate, we entered, and wandered at ease through the pretty garden, gorgeous with asters, marigolds, carnations, and all sorts of rich-coloured and rich-scented autumn flowers; where the hydrangeas grew in enormous bushes, and the fuchsias had stems as thick and solid as trees.

In front of the open hall door was a gravel sweep where were ranged two long tea-tables filled with the humbler but respectable class of parishoners, chiefly elderly people, and some very old. The Lizard is a place noted for longevity, as is proved by the register books, where several deaths at over a hundred may be found recorded, and one—he was the rector of Landewednack in 1683—is said to have died at the age of 120 years.

The present rector is no such Methuselah. He moved actively to and fro among his people, and so did his wife, whom we should



JOHN CURGENVEN FISHING.

From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

MULLION COVE, CORNWALL.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

have recognised by her omnipresent kindliness, even if she had not come and welcomed us strangers—easily singled out as strangers, where all the rest were friends.

Besides the poor and the aged, there was a goodly number of guests who were neither the one nor the other, playing energetically at lawn-tennis behind the house, on a "lawn" composed of sea-sand. All seemed determined to amuse themselves and everybody else, and all did their very best—including the band.

Alas, that band! I would fain pass it over in silence (would it had returned the compliment!) but truth is truth, and may benefit rather than harm. The calm composure with which those half-dozen wind-instruments sat in a row, playing determinedly flat, bass coming in with a tremendous boom here and there, entirely at his own volition, without regard to time or tune, was the most awful thing I ever heard in music! Agony, pure and simple, was the only sensation it produced. When they struck up, we just ran away till the tune was ended—what tune, familiar or unfamiliar, it was impossible to say. Between us three, all blessed, or cursed, with musical ears, there existed such difference of opinion on this head, that decision became vain. And when at last, as the hour of service approached, little groups began strolling towards the church, the musicians began a final "God save the Queen," barely recognisable, a feeling of thankfulness was the only sensation left us.

Now, let me not be supposed hard upon these village Orpheuses. They did their best, and for a working man to study music in any form is a good and desirable thing. But whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The great bane of provincial life is that people have so few opportunities of finding out when they do *not* do things well, and so little ambition to learn to do them better. If these few severe remarks should spur on that anonymous band to try and emulate the Philharmonic or the Crystal Palace orchestra, it will be all the better for the little community at the Lizard.

The music in the church was beautiful. A crowded congregation—not a seat vacant—listened to the excellent chanting, hymns, and a harvest anthem, most accurately and correctly sung. The organist too—it was a pleasure to watch that young man's face and see with what interest and enthusiasm he entered into it all. Besides the rector, there were several other clergymen, one of whom,

an old man, read the prayers with an intonation and expression which I have rarely heard equalled, and another preached what would have been called anywhere a thoroughly good sermon. All the statelier guests at the Rectory tea—probably county families, (one stout lady had the dignity of a duchess at least)—"assisted" at this evening service, and behind them was a throng of humbler folk, among whom we recognised our sole friend here, John Curgenven. We had passed him at the church door, and he had lifted his hat with the air of a *preux chevalier* of the olden time; "more like King Arthur than ever"—we observed to one another.

He, and we, and the aristocratic groups, with a few more of the congregation, lingered for several minutes after service was over, admiring the beautiful flowers and fruit. I think I never saw any decorations so rich or so tasteful. And then, as the organ played us out with an exceedingly brilliant voluntary, the vision of light and colour melted away, and we came out upon the quiet churchyard, lying in the cold, still moonlight.

But what a moonlight! Clear as day, the round silver orb sailing through a cloudless sky of that deep dark which we know is blue, only moonlight shows no colours. Oh, Lady Moon, Lady Moon, what a dangerous night for some of those groups to go walking home in! We saw them in twos and threes, various young people whom we had got to know by sight, and criticise, and take an interest in, wandering slowly on through Lizard Town, and then diverging into quieter paths.

As we gladly did too. For there, in an open space near the two hotels which coexist close together—I hope amicably, and divide the tourist custom of the place—in front of a row of open windows, which showed the remains of a *table d'hôte*, and playing lively tunes to a group of delighted listeners, including some children, who had struck up a merry dance—stood that terrible wind band!

It was too much! All our sympathy with our fellow-creatures, our pleasure in watching them enjoy themselves, our interest in studying human nature in the abstract, nay, even the picturesqueness of the charming moonlight scene, could not tempt us to stay. We paused a minute, then put our fingers in our ears and fled. Gradually those fearful sounds melted away into distance, and left us to the silence of moonshine, and the sight, now grown familiar, but never less beautiful, of the far-gleaming Lizard Lights.

DAY THE SEVENTH.

John Curgenven had said last night, with his air of tender patronising, half regal, half paternal, which we declared always reminded us of King Arthur—"Ladies, whenever you settle to go to Kynance, I'll take you."

And sure enough there he stood, at eight in the morning, quite a picture, his cap in one hand, a couple of fishes dangling from the other—he had brought them as a present, and absolutely refused to be paid—smiling upon us at our breakfast, as benignly as did the sun. He came to say that he was at our service till 10 A.M.; when he had an engagement.

Our countenances fell. We did not like venturing in strange and dangerous ground, or rather sea, without our protector. But this was our last chance, and such a lovely day.

"You won't come to any harm, ladies," said the consoling John. "I'll take you by a short cut across the down, much better than the cliff. You can't possibly miss your way: it'll lead you straight to Kynance, and then you go down a steep path to the Cove. You'll have plenty of time before the tide comes in to see everything."

"And to bathe?"

"Oh yes, miss, there's the Drawing-room, the Dining-room, and the Kitchen—all capital caves close together; I wouldn't advise you to swim out far, though. And keep a sharp look out for the tide, it runs in pretty fast."

"And the scrambling?"

"Oh you can easy get on Asparagus Island, miss, it's quite safe. Only don't try the Devil's Throat—or Hell's Mouth, as some folk call it."

Neither name was inviting; but studying our guide-books, we thought we could manage even without our friend. So, long ere the dew was dried on the sunshiny down, we all started off together, Curgenven slackening his quick active steps—very light and most enviably active for a man of his years—to accommodate us, and conversing courteously with us by the way.

"Ower the muir amang the heather" have I tramped many a mile in bonnie Scotland, but this Cornish moor and Cornish heather were quite different. As different as the Cornishman with his bright, frank face, and his mixture of British honesty and Gallic courtesy, from the Scotch peasant—equally worthy, but sometimes just a trifle "dour."

John had plenty to say for himself, and said it well, with a quiet independence that

there was no mistaking; never forgetting meanwhile to stop and offer a helping hand over every bit of rough road, puddle, or bog. He gave us a vivid picture of winter life at the Lizard: when the little community has to hybernate, like the squirrels and field-mice, upon its summer savings.

"Sometimes we don't earn a halfpenny for weeks and months, and then if we've got nothing to fall back upon it's a bad job, you see, ma'am."

I asked him if much money went for drink, they seemed to me a remarkably sober set at the Lizard.

"Yes, I think we are; we're obliged to be; we can't spend money at the public-house, for we've got none to spend. I'm no teetotaller myself," added John boldly. "I don't dislike a glass of beer now and then, if I can afford it, and when I can't afford it I can do without it, and if I do take it I always know when to stop."

Ay, that is the crucial test—the knowing when to stop. It is this which makes all the difference between a good man and a villain, a wise man and a fool. A quality which, guided by conscience and common sense, is the best possession of any human being. And looking at the honest fisherman, one felt pretty sure he had his share of it.

"Now I must leave you, ladies," said he, a great deal sooner than we wished, for we liked talking to him much. "My time's nearly up, and I mustn't keep my gentleman waiting; he goes out in my boat every day, and has been a good friend to me. The road's straight before you, ladies; and there's another party just ahead of you. Follow the track, and you'll soon be at Kynance. It's a lovely day for the Cove, and I hope you'll enjoy yourselves."

John bared his grey head, with a salutation worthy of some old knight of the Round Table, and then strode back, in double-quick time, as active and upright as any young fellow of twenty-five, across the level down.

Beautiful Kynance! When, afterwards one dull winter day, I stood in a London Art Gallery, opposite the *Cornish Lions*, how well I recalled this day! How truly Brett's picture gives the long roll of the wave upon the silver sands, the richly-tinted rocks and caves, the brightness and freshness of everything. And those merry girls beside me, who had the faculty of enjoying all they had, and all they did, without regretting what they had not or what they might not do—with heroic resignation they promised not to attempt to swim in the tempting smooth water beyond the long rollers. Though knocked down again and again, they always emerged from the waves with shouts of laughter. Mere dots they looked to my anxious eyes—a couple of corks tossed hither and thither on the foaming billows—and very thankful I was to get them safe back into the "drawing-room," the loveliest of lovely caves.

There was no time to lose; by noon our parlour floor—what a fairy floor it was! of the softest, most delicious sand—would be all covered with waves. And before then there was a deal to be seen and done, the Bellows, the Gull Rock, Asparagus Island—even if we left out the dangerous points with the ugly names that Curgenven had warned us against.

What is there in humanity, certainly in youthful humanity, that if it can attain its end in two ways, one quiet and decorous, the other difficult and dangerous, is quite certain to choose the latter?

"We must manage to get you to the Bellows, it is such a curious sight," said my girls as they returned from it. "Don't be frightened—come along!"

By dint of pulling, pushing, and the help of stick and arm, I came: stood watching the spout of water which, in certain conditions of the tide, forces itself through a tiny fissure in the rock with a great roar, and joined in the childish delight of waiting, minute by minute, for the biggest spout, the loudest roar.

But Asparagus Island (where was no asparagus at all) I totally declined. Not being a goat or a chamois, I contented myself with sitting where I could gain the best view of the almost invisible path by which my adventurous young "kids" disappeared. Happily they had both steady heads and cool nerves; they were neither rash nor unconscientious. I knew they would come back as soon as they could. So I waited patiently, contemplating a fellow-victim who seemed worse off than myself; a benign looking clergyman, who kept walking up and down the soppy sands, and shouting at intervals to two young people, a man and a woman, who appeared to be crawling like flies along the face of the rock towards another rock, with a yawning cave and a wide fissure between.

"Don't attempt it!" the clergyman cried at the top of his voice. "That's the Devil's Throat. She'll never manage it. Come down. Do make her come down."

"Your young people seem rather venturesome," said I sympathetically.

"Not *my* young people," was the dignified answer. "My girls are up there, on Asparagus Rock, which is easy enough climbing. They promised not to go farther, and they never disobey their mother and me. But those two! I declare he is taking her to the most dangerous part, that on the folly of a young man who could thus risk life and limbs—not only his own, but those of his wife to be; and on the weakness of a girl who could allow herself to be tempted, even by a lover, into such selfish foolhardiness.

"They must manage their own affairs,"

THE STEEPLE ROCK, KYNANCE COVE.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

rock where you have to jump—a good jump it is, and if you miss your footing you are done for, you go right into the boiling waves below. Well, it's no business of mine, she is his own property, he is engaged to her, but"—

I fear I made some very severe remarks said the old gentleman sententiously, perhaps not being so much given to preaching (out of the pulpit) as I was. "My daughters are wiser. Here come two of them."

And very sensible girls they looked, clad in a practical, convenient fashion, just fitted for scrambling. By them I sent a message

to my own girls, explaining the best descent from Asparagus Island, and repeating the warning against attempting Hell's Mouth.

"Yes, you are quite right," said my elderly friend, as we sat down together on the least uncomfortable stone we could find, and watched the juniors disappear over the rocks. "I like to see girls active and brave; I never hinder them in any reasonable enjoyment, even though there may be risk in it—one must run some risk—and a woman may have to save life as well as a man. But foolhardy bravado I not only dislike—I *despise* it."

In which sentiments I so entirely agreed that we fraternised there and then; began talking on all sorts of subjects—some of them the very serious and earnest subjects that one occasionally drops into, by mere chance, with mere strangers. I recall that half-hour on Kynance Sands as one of the pleasant memories of our tour.

To this day I have not the remotest idea who my companion was, except that as soon as he spoke I recognised the reader whose voice had so struck me in last night's thanksgiving service; reminding me of Frederick Denison Maurice, whom this generation is almost beginning to forget, but whom we elders never can forget.

The tide was creeping on now—nay, striding, wave after wave, through "parlour" and "drawing-room," making ingress and egress alike impossible. In fact, a newly arrived party of tourists, who had stood unwisely long contemplating the Bellows, were seen to gaze in despair from their rock, which had suddenly become an island. No chance for them except to wade—and in a few minutes more they would probably have to swim ashore. What became of them we did not stay to see, for an anxious, prudent little voice, always thoughtful for "mother," insisted on our precipitate flight before the advancing tide. Kynance, lovely as it is, has its inconveniences.

Departing, we met a whole string of tourist-looking people, whom we benevolently warned that they were too late, at which they did not seem in the least disappointed. Probably they were one of the numerous pic-nic parties who come here from Falmouth or Helstone, to spend a jovial day of eating and drinking, and enjoy the delights of the flesh rather than the spirit.

At any rate the romance and solitude of the place were gone. The quaint old woman at the serpentine shop—a mild little wooden erection under the cliff—was being chaffed and bargained with by three youths with cigars, which defiled the whole air around, and made us take refuge up the hill. But even there a white umbrella had sprung up like a gigantic mushroom, and under it sat an energetic lady artist, who, entering at once into conversation, with a cheerful avidity that implied her not having talked for a week, informed us of all she was painting, and all she had meant to paint, where she lodged, and how much she paid for her lodging—evidently expecting the same confidences from us in return.

But we were getting hungry, and between us and dinner was a long two-miles walk over the steep downs, that were glowing, nay, burning, under the September sun. So we turned homeward, glad of more than one rest by the way, and a long pause beside a pretty little stream; where we were able to offer the immemorial cup of cold water to several thirsty souls besides ourselves. Some of us, by this time were getting to feel not so young as we had fancied ourselves in the early morning, and to wish regretfully for Charles and his carriage.

However, we got home at last—to find that sad accompaniment of many a holiday—tidings of sickness and death. Nothing very near us—nothing that need hurry us home—but enough to sadden us, and make our evening walk, which we bravely carried out, a far less bright one than that of the forenoon.

The girls had found a way, chiefly on the tops of "hedges," to the grand rock called Lizard Point. Thither we went, and watched the sunset—a very fine one; then came back through the village, and made various purchases of serpentine from John Curgenven's wife—a great deal younger than himself, but not near so handsome or so original.

But a cloud had come over us; it did not, and must not stay—still, there it was for the time. When the last thing at night I went out into the glorious moonlight—bright as day—and thought of the soul who had just passed out of a long and troubled life into the clearness of life eternal, it seemed as if all was right still. Small cares and worries dwindled down or melted away—as the petty uglinesses around me melted in the radiance of this glorious harvest moon, which seemed to wrap one round in a silent peace, like the "garment of praise," which David speaks about—in exchange for "the spirit of heaviness."

(To be continued.)

HOUSES IN THE GRANDE PLACE, BRUGES.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

"In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it
watches o'er the town."

"OF course you have been up the belfry?" So every one said whom we met during the first day or two we spent in Bruges. And, partly from the spirit of contradiction which lies deep in most hearts, and disinclines one to see a sight because it is "the right thing"—partly from a loyal adherence to certain views of our own on the art of sight-seeing, we answered that the convenient moment for such an ascent had not arrived, and we took good care not to hasten its advent.

Frankly, I confess to a strong objection to "seeing sights" in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Sight-seeing generally means a rush through every public building in a given place, in the shortest possible space of time. And what can be more wearisome—may I not add more unprofitable—than hurrying to twenty different galleries, churches, and points of view in the course of a single day; because, forsooth, one is in a city for twenty-four hours, and dare not confess to the first empty-headed traveller one meets that one has left any of the sights unseen.

"Ah," I hear some one say, "if we are only abroad for a limited time, is it not better to see as much as possible in that time? We may never be able to come again; and then to have missed seeing so much would be a life-long regret."

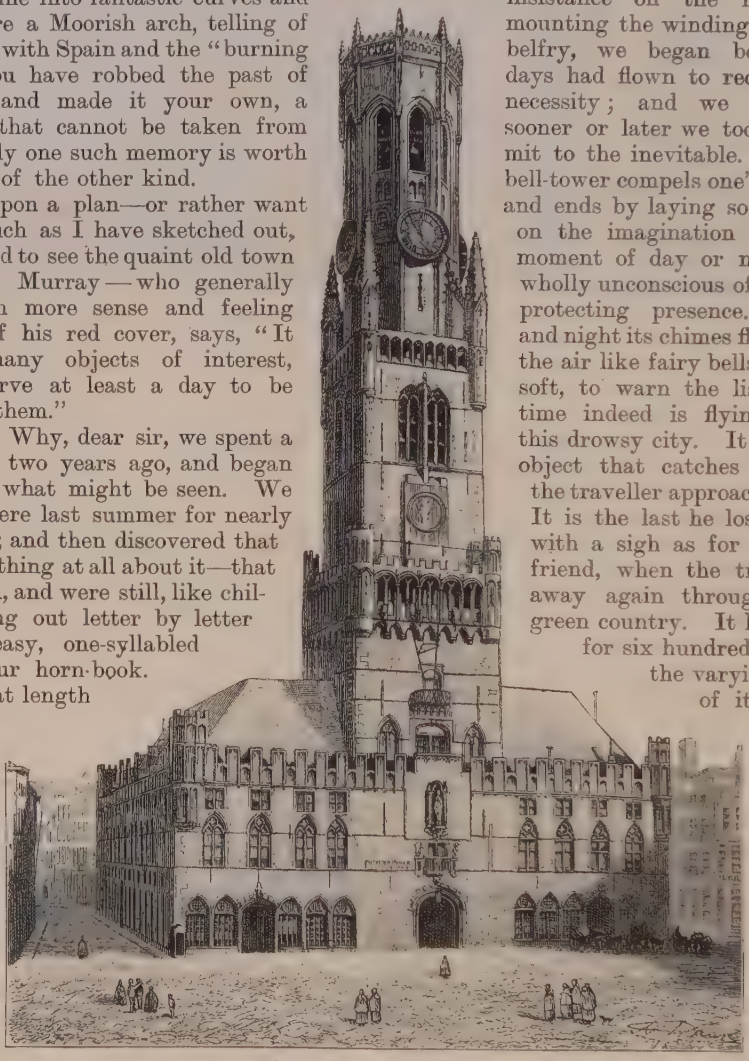
By all means, if you call that frantic rush from place to place "seeing."

But in all humility I would ask you to consider honestly—apart from any dread of public opinion—which gives you most pleasure when you sit at home, your journeyings over; and, while the logs snap and crackle on the hearth, and the winter snow drifts past your windows, you travel over again in fancy the scenes you have left far away. Is it the city where you flew from picture-gallery to cathedral, from museum to the top of some lofty tower, panting up countless steps for a five minutes' glimpse of a famous view? Or is it the recollection of some tranquil spot, where, sitting under the shade of northern lime or southern orange, you have watched the varying life about you—you have looked on mountain, or sea, or noble building—you have listened to the story each has to tell to ears that will hear—you have made the actors in those scenes pass once more across the stage—you have called up the mighty dead, their deeds, their aims, the results that each great man's life has worked on the after-fortunes of his country—you have met the soul of the dead

painter speaking to you—the eternal you—out of his living canvas—you have noted the patient builders toiling on generation after generation, each one incorporating in his work the feeling of the age he lived in; here some ornament, showing how the Italian renaissance had laid its hand upon him, compelling him to bend his pure northern Gothic outline into fantastic curves and scrolls, there a Moorish arch, telling of intercourse with Spain and the "burning south"—you have robbed the past of its secret, and made it your own, a possession that cannot be taken from you? Surely one such memory is worth a thousand of the other kind.

It was upon a plan—or rather want of plan—such as I have sketched out, that we tried to see the quaint old town of Bruges. Murray—who generally speaks with more sense and feeling from out of his red cover, says, "It has still many objects of interest, which deserve at least a day to be devoted to them."

A day! Why, dear sir, we spent a week there two years ago, and began to find out what might be seen. We returned there last summer for nearly a fortnight; and then discovered that we knew nothing at all about it—that we had been, and were still, like children spelling out letter by letter the first easy, one-syllabled words in our horn-book. And when at length we tore ourselves reluctantly away, it was plain to us that, if we meant really to know something of Bruges, we ought to take one of the many empty houses with *pignons espagnols*, and carved panels over the doors, and lines of brick mouldings running up the front, like some vigorous climbing plant petrified into the walls, and, settling ourselves therein, beside a still canal, hope at the end of six months to have learnt a few fragments of the wonderful stories that stone and brick, church and tower, street and canal, have to tell of the "days departed."



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

There is, however, one sight in Bruges, which, as we soon found, took up a considerable amount of room in our thoughts. Although at first we had been a little provoked by our friends' urgent insistance on the necessity of mounting the winding stair of the belfry, we began before many days had flown to recognise that necessity; and we knew that sooner or later we too must submit to the inevitable. The great bell-tower compels one's attention; and ends by laying so firm a hold on the imagination that at no moment of day or night is one wholly unconscious of its solemn, protecting presence. By day and night its chimes float through the air like fairy bells, weird and soft, to warn the listener that time indeed is flying even in this drowsy city. It is the first object that catches his eye as the traveller approaches Bruges. It is the last he loses sight of, with a sigh as for a well-tried friend, when the train steams away again through the flat green country. It has watched for six hundred years over the varying fortunes of its city, and has gained that precious quality which, as Mr. Ruskin says, is the greatest glory of a building: "Its glory is in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity."

Les Halles, the great quadrilateral building from which the belfry rises, was begun,

it is supposed, some time during the twelfth century. But its origin is lost in the mist of those troublous days. It is not until the thirteenth century that we know much of the cloth hall and its bell-tower; and then it is only to hear of its destruction by fire in 1280.

In 1284, the brick building which now exists was begun under the direction successively of Walter Godric, Paul Calkers, Pierre de Weida, Mathieu and Jean de Courtrai. The great hall for the sale of cloth (now used as a meat market) was opened before 1290, and the tower was nearly completed in 1291 under the direction of Brother Symon of Geneva, for mention is made in the accounts of that year of the cost for transport of the great bell, for the erection of a statue of the Virgin, and for the iron door of the treasure chamber. Again in 1294 they show a payment made for roofing-tiles. But many additions and changes were made in the structure during the two following centuries as the architecture of the building records, the lower row of windows in Les Halles, for instance, being supposed to belong to the fifteenth century, while the lower arcade round the tower is a beautiful specimen of thirteenth century work. The belfry too was doomed to many vicissitudes. In 1493 it was struck by lightning, which destroyed all the wood-work and melted the bells. The burghers of Bruges, however, no whit discouraged, restored their tower to even more than its original proportions. For they crowned the edifice with a wooden *flèche* supported by four *clochetons*, raising it altogether to a height of 352 feet. But the belfry seemed fated. In 1741 it was once more struck by lightning, and the *flèche* and *clochetons* disappeared in the flames, bringing it down to the modest height of 290 feet.

QUAI DU ROSAIRE, BRUGES.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

The imposing tower crushes the building at its foot into apparent insignificance. Yet if one can withdraw one's attention from the belfry, Les Halles are in themselves well worthy of a close examination, with their frontage of some 300 feet, their rows of graceful, pointed windows, the thoroughly Flemish battlements along the façade ending in flat-topped turrets, and the statue of Our Lady over the deep-arched doorway. But even while we study the architecture of the old building, and admire its rich colour—that indescribable warm purple-brown of ancient brick—the belfry again exerts its magic fascination. One's eye wanders back to the huge square tower, and all else is forgotten. Above the string courses and rows of hanging corbels runs an arcade of cunningly interlaced arches, with a round turret at each corner. Above it, the massive tower—still square—is slightly contracted in size, and on its bare walls brick mouldings indicate window traceries. Then come pairs of lofty pointed windows on each of its four sides. Above them again an open arcade of small single arches. And at this point the transition from the square to the octagonal is very skilfully made by a similar arrangement to that at Salisbury Cathedral. Each angle of the square tower melts into a round turret, from which springs a graceful crocketed pinnacle. The tower, now octagonal and again diminished in size, is welded to the four lofty pinnacles by light flying buttresses;

and by this means the eye is carried upwards, hardly aware of the change that has been effected in the structure. Over the four great discs of the clock-face the tower runs up into eight deeply moulded, slightly pointed windows of exquisite proportions, through which one catches glimpses of the carillon bells hanging on their red beams; and against the sky it finishes in a delicate open parapet with a small pinnacle at each of its eight angles.

No words of mine, however, can give any idea of the rich brown of the old belfry against the pale blue sky; or the pathetic charm of its wild bells' music, shattering down through the silent night, as one stands by some dark still canal, and a rift in the clouds shows the tall tower faithfully guarding its slumbering city. As I said, we soon knew that our fate was to climb at Bruges

> "all the height
> The belfry had of ancient stone."

Still we were in no hurry, wishing, like children, to keep it as a *bonne-bouche* to be tasted last of all. So we approached it by slow degrees. We wandered about it. We watched it in varying light and shade, in storm and sunshine, in daylight, and at late evening when wind-driven clouds chased each other across the moon's face, and the tower faded into the murky night only to reappear all the more grand and mysterious for its momentary eclipse. At last, when we had beleaguered the belfry for many days, we judged that the favourable moment had arrived, and with a certain amount of excitement prepared to scale its 402 steps.

The guard of blue and red soldiers in the solemn entrance under a dusky archway let us pass unchallenged into the quadrangle with its rows of tall windows, its vast empty rooms, and its dawdling dilapidated officials chattering in uncouth Flemish with the passing market-woman, who trotted out of the old Cloth Hall, a basket of meat on her arm. Up a flight of stone steps in one corner, an old woman, a barking dog, and a savoury smell of onion-stew met us. The old dame gave us two tickets; unlocked a heavy door into a dusty, empty vestibule; and then, to our dismay, proceeded to lock us in, saying as she closed the door upon us and returned to her dinner, "*Allez toujours, vous trouverez le veilleur.*" Go! but where? This was more than we had bargained for. Locked doors, dim dusty rooms, winding stairs, are eerie things even in broad daylight. To be abandoned by our guide at the very outset —to explore this unknown land of mediæval romance and mystery, and face unknown perils all alone—this was really a harder task than we were at all prepared for. But when we found ourselves mounting a narrow spiral stone staircase we began to wish that we had stayed quietly in the sunny square below, and evolved the ascent of the Belfry of Bruges "from our internal consciousness," as the German did the camel. For, after a few steps the light deserted us, and we stumbled on in almost absolute darkness, up the narrow foot-worn stairs, clinging to a rope—all smooth and slippery from long use —that hung upon the central shaft round which we wound. More than once we were tempted to own ourselves beaten, to retrace our steps, and beseech the old woman to let us out into light and air once more. But shame at such an ignominious defeat got the better of our cowardice. We struggled on, and grew more abjectly frightened every minute. It was not merely the darkness and the steepness that alarmed us. It was the terror of the unknown that seized upon us. Above all, should we know when we came near the bells; or would they burst on us all unawares with a deafening clang?

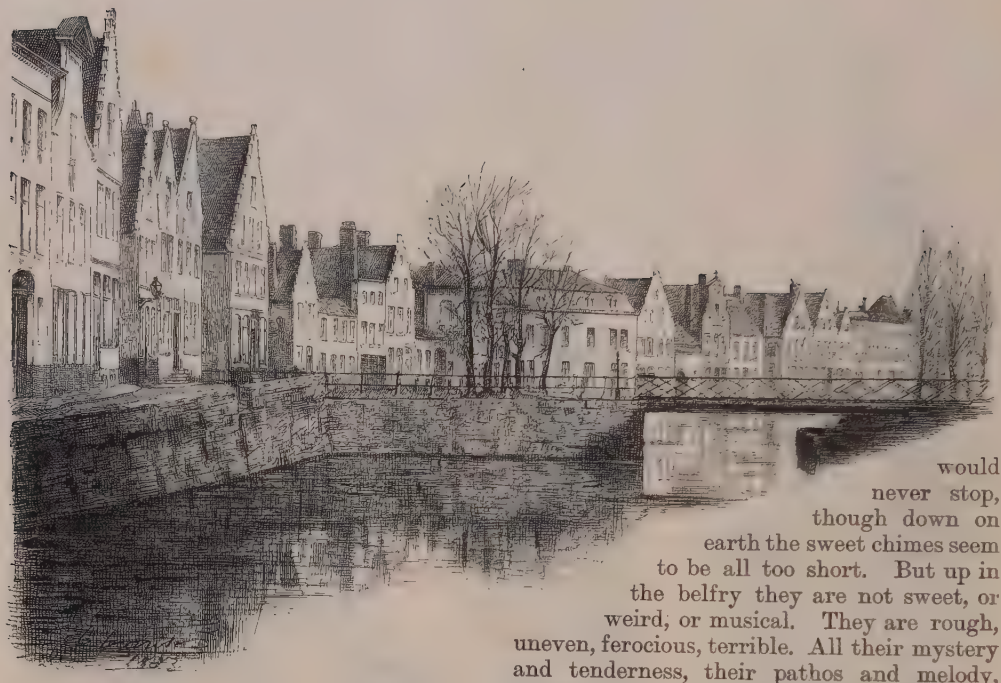
Ghastly chambers revealed themselves to us from time to time through openings in the walls—great gulfs of gloom, spanned by huge beams. Door after door we passed, black low-browed doors. Where did they lead? And little slits of windows that only let in dim, dusty light. And once we caught a glimpse of the bronze sides of a gigantic bell. But we dared not stay to look at bells or beams or anything else. Our unreasoning fears drove us upwards, faster and faster; until just when the darkness seemed unbearable, and the winding stair grew narrower and narrower, and our hearts were beating, partly from the climb, and partly from the fright, like the clappers of the bells themselves—just then our prison grew lighter. Then too we heard footsteps coming down to meet us. It was the *veilleur* at last. How devoutly thankful we were to greet him, although in himself he was not a very reassuring vision; for he looked as if the one hour which had passed of his twenty-four hours' watch had already proved too much for his nerves. Still, he was a live human being in that ghastly place, and as such we welcomed him as a deliverer.

He drew us into a room all crammed with strange machinery—cranks and pulleys and levers—and two huge cylinders like Titanic musical-boxes filling up the centre. In abominable French he told us the hour would

RUE FLAMANDE, BRUGES.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

strike in two minutes—would we sit down—and we gladly enough sank panting on a bench after our agitating climb up the 402 steps. We were in the very heart of our unknown country now. All unaided we had reached our goal. Would it repay us? Was the game worth the candle?

A warning whirr of wheels and chains told us something was about to happen. We caught hold of each other, expecting to be deafened by the dread sound, and waited with bated breath. The great barrels revolved slowly; the strings and levers rattled up and down. Then, faint and sweet and far off,



VIEW ON THE CANAL, BRUGES.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

we heard the first notes of the Trio of Félix, all subdued, softened, etherealised, like music floating through evening mist from the further shore of a still lake. Was this all? What a pair of cowards we had been! Why down on the Grande Place it was ten times louder.

But the pale guardian of these upper realms beckoned us on with an oily hand; and we began to climb up another staircase and reached a red leather-covered door. It was fast.

"*Arrêtez, attendez,*" yelled the *veilleur*, and pushed past us, nearly sending us rolling down the stairs in his efforts to get the door unlocked.

It flew open. A horrid crash and din, a roar, a turmoil as of all the pursuing fiends let loose, burst upon us and well nigh knocked us backwards. The air was alive with a tumult of sound. We were all among the bells. There hung the huge bourdon—the monster who plays bass and strikes the hour; and the others of every size up above us, row upon row, clashing and clanging as if they would fain break loose and hurl themselves down on us, rash intruders. This was quite as bad as anything we had expected. One's brain felt surcharged with the intolerable sound. On, on it went. I thought it would never stop, though down on earth the sweet chimes seem to be all too short. But up in the belfry they are not sweet, or weird, or musical. They are rough, uneven, ferocious, terrible. All their mystery and tenderness, their pathos and melody, vanishes on a closer acquaintance; like a good many things in this life, that are full a little way off of mystic wonder, and glory, and glamour; and work, when we come to stand in their midst, with discordant crash and clanking of iron and chain, pulley and lever, and much smell of oil to keep the machinery going at all.

At length the last note of the carillon sounded. The great hammer fell with resounding clang upon the big bell's lip. The hour had struck. The air vibrated with sound waves. The bells gave off a faint musical hum. Then all was still, with the stillness that comes after a raging storm.

The machinery that sets this lofty world of sound in motion is as curious as the place itself. First there is the *tambour-carillon*—the barrels studded with little spikes which pull wires connected with hammers, which in their turn strike the forty bells of the carillon and the great bourdon or bass bell.

"Melchior," the great bell we had seen as we came up the gruesome stairway, who weighs 19,000 lbs., and takes relays of four men to ring him, is only heard on great occasions of rejoicing or as a tocsin to warn the inhabitants of fire within the city or an enemy without.

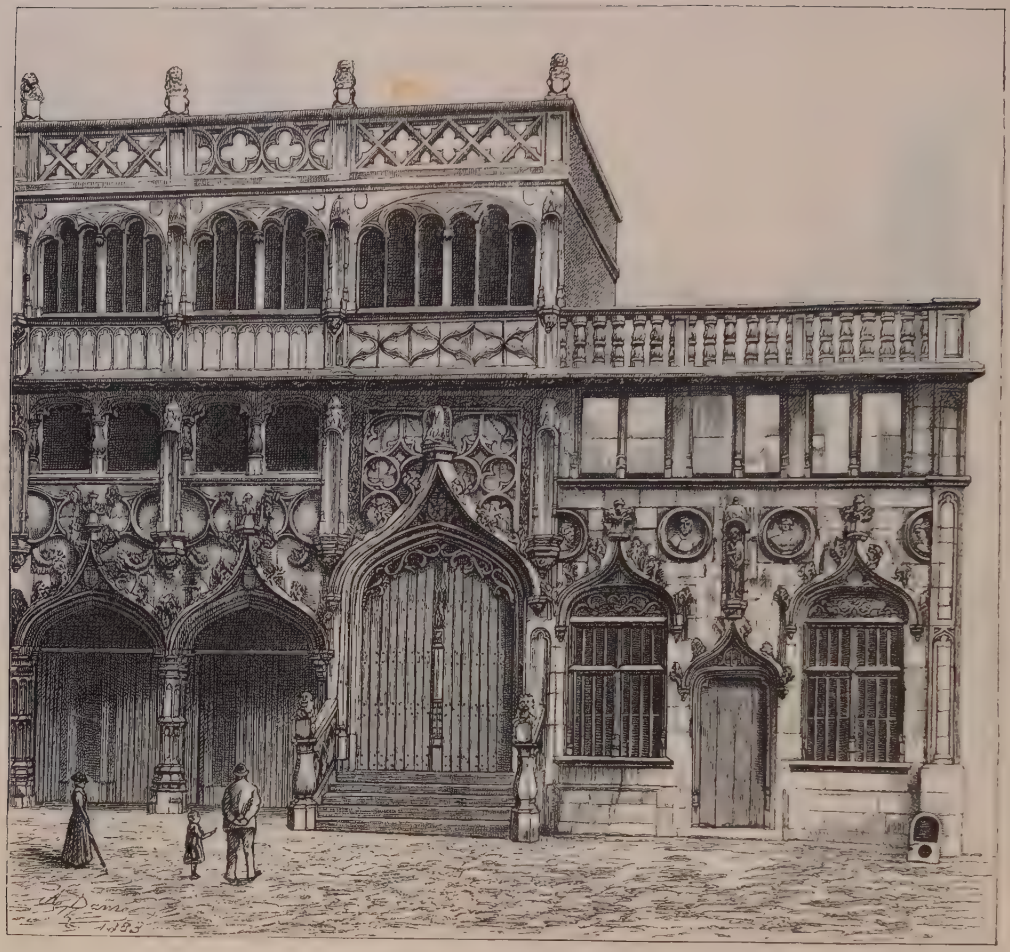
The carillon tunes are altered every two years; and a serious business it must be to change the little brass pegs in the cylinders, for the cutting of each hole costs 63 centimes, and as there are 30,500 holes, the renewing

QUAI DES MARBRIERS, BRUGES.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

of the chimes represents a considerable amount of expense and trouble. While we were in Bruges a trio by Félix was played at the hour; at the quarter-past, Weber's *Last Valse;* at the half-hour an air from *Don Pasquale;* and at the quarter to the hour a bit of the *Pré aux Clercs.* Then at each seven and a half minutes there is a chiming jangle of a few notes, so that for very few moments by day or night is the old town without the sound of its bells floating down from the brown belfry tower. Besides the *tambour,* the carillon is played from the *clavecin,* a rough key-board and pedals, on which the *carilloneur* plays three times a week as on some rude piano or organ. A hundred years ago the *carilloneur* was one of the most important personages in each Belgian city. As in the case of the Van den Gheyns of Louvain, the office was hereditary, being passed down from father to son—they and they only knowing the secret of those *morceaux fugés* which are now the admiration and despair of modern musicians. How it was ever possible to play such intricate music with such a rough and heavy instrument as the *clavecin,* is a source of wonder to all who listen to the crude attempts at melody produced by the modern *carilloneur.*

The musician's rare visits and a stray tourist are the sole variety in the wretched *veilleur's* long watch of twenty-four hours. Sometimes, it is true, his mate who takes the alternate day and night spends a few hours with him: but he is usually all alone in that windy belfry, winding up the great clock every two hours, and the carillon two or three times a day, and after every quarter striking two sharp strokes on one of the smaller bells to show that he is awake. On windy nights his existence must be simply hideous, with storm howling about the shuddering tower. But the *veilleur's* greatest danger is from lightning. Once we climbed up to the belfry after a sudden and terrific thunderstorm, and I shall never forget the look of positive horror on the two watchmen's faces as they described their experience. "*Ah, mesdames, mais l'orage était terrible, terrible!*" they said; and told us how out of the inky darkness that enveloped them the lightning played about the bells, with crashing explosions of thunder, and every moment they expected that the belfry would be struck and destroyed for a fourth time.

It was a relief to turn from the tumult of the bells to the tranquil view out of the



CHAPELLE DU SAINT SANG, BRUGES.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

great open windows. North, south, east, and west we saw blue sky and flying clouds through their vast frames. Venerable jackdaws and white-winged pigeons floated in mid-air round the huge clock-face, which we could see by craning out over the window-sill. And underneath, far, far below, the red-roofed town lay mapped out into streets and squares—with lines of jagged gables—masses of trees shading sunny gardens—canals winding in and out, a network of silver among the red and yellow houses — steeples and towers and solemn convent walls—windmills and ramparts and ancient gates—and a broad encircling belt of shining water shutting the city in from the flat, smiling, wooded plain:

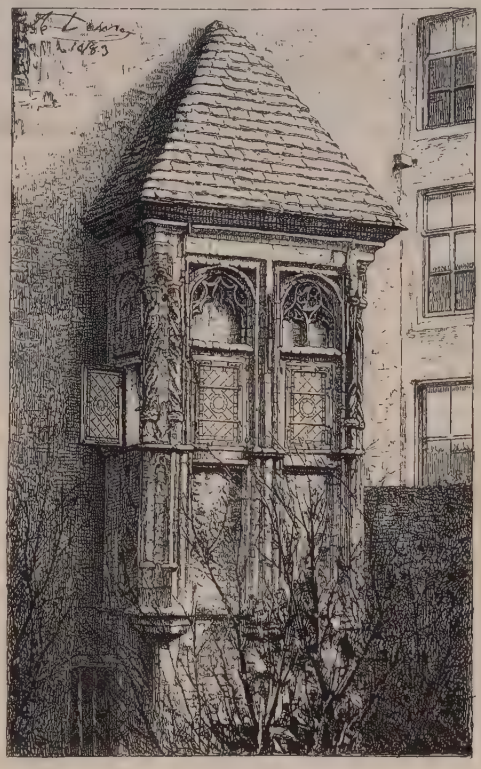
"Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours grey;
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay."

Away and away we gazed, across the grey-green land to Ostend and its oyster beds, to Blankenberg and its gay bathers. We could see the line of vast yellow sand dunes that protect all the coast of Belgium—the ancient land of the Morini and Batavi—against the North Sea. We could see that cruel sea, a bar of blue steel against the horizon, waging perpetual warfare against the sturdy people who dwell on its shores; and who are now as undaunted by its rage as their forefathers were by the hordes of pirates, sea rovers, and vikings in their long ships, that it bore down on its bosom to ravage and lay waste the land of Belgica. We could see Sluis up the great canal that ran from our feet straight as an arrow between thick lines of trees,

past Damme the dead port of Bruges and its lonely ruined church rising out of the flat fen—Sluis, the once famous harbour, where every nation of mediæval Europe sent its merchant ships "with deep-laden argosies." And beyond it we knew we were looking into the country of dykes and dairies, of pipes and tulips, of heavy-featured Mynheers and fat, placid Vrows; for a misty vaporous glimmer away to the east marked the line of the Scheldt, and the land it flowed through was the brave, prosperous little kingdom of Holland. The trees that tufted the wide pastures and corn-lands around us were descendants of the giants that grew in the Badahuenna Wood covering the vanished Lake Flevo, and in the vast Hercynian Forest which took nine days to traverse. And down in the south we fancied we could see the glitter of the golden dragon, once the crowning glory of this very tower, that the men of Ghent wrested from the Brugeois and carried off to their own belfry.

How often the peaceful meadows and woodlands that were now sleeping in the low autumnal sun, had been trampled by the fierce bands of the Arteveldes and the Counts of Flanders, by the armies of Maximilian, of the great Emperor Charles, of his terrible son Philip II. The little white villages which studded the landscape—each with its church steeple, its deep-roofed barns, its herds of tranquil cattle feeding in rich pastures—had resounded to the tramp of armed men; while flames from house and barn and church lit up the country round; and the shrieks of the terrified inhabitants told a tale of fierce revenge, or swift retribution, for some equally fierce outbreak, or some effort to shake off the iron yoke of Count of Flanders or King of Spain.

At the very foot of our lofty tower lay the Grande Place, the square where Knights of the Golden Fleece had tilted for rubies and diamonds which royal hands bestowed upon the victors. The square where Margaret of York, sister of Edward III., and newly made bride of Charles the Bold, had watched from her superb platform all hung with scarlet cloth and velvet, the famous tournament of the *Arbre d'Or*, the Golden Pine Tree, guarded by dwarfs and giants; while knights came out under their silken banners of white and yellow, and jousted for the splendid horse all trapped out in silk and gold that Antoine de Bourgogne offered as a prize. The square where, before an altar raised under the shadow of the belfry tower, Maximilian the proud Archduke of Austria was forced to kneel to the yet prouder burghers of Bruges, whose prisoner he was; and, ere they would set him at liberty, to swear upon the holy relics of St. Donatien to respect the liberties and privileges his fair wife Mary of Burgundy had granted to her turbulent subjects. The great square now was all lonely and silent and sunny. A few figures crept like ants across its wide emptiness. A country cart crawled slowly over the rough, uneven stones; and the rattle of its heavy wheels rising faintly through the still air as it jolted down a side street, mingled with a sound of beaten



WINDOW IN THE RUE FLAMANDE.
From a Drawing by A. DANSE.

metal from the workshop where M. Karel Rosignol was fashioning dainty jugs and kettles in finely worked brass.

"Hours had passed away like minutes."

A vast book lay open beneath our feet. Who would not linger a while and read a word or two in its green and brown and builded pages? We seemed so much nearer the sky than the earth that we felt as if some clearer vision into the secrets of the past might now be ours, than when we were

walking on solid ground like every dull Fleming in the grass-grown streets below.

It was not the mere beauty of the view from the lofty belfry that charmed us. One may see a hundred finer from many a mountain side or cathedral tower on the slopes of the Jura, the Alps, or the Appenines. Its attraction was a more subtle one than grandeur or sublimity—than the majesty of purple mountain or blue sea. It was the attraction of perfect repose and harmony.

From the flat damp country, from all those still canals, those slowly flowing rivers, those broad inlets of the sea where salt and fresh water meet, rise transparent vapours,

"Thin, thin threads of mist on dewy fingers twining,"

that mingle with the ether above. For the sky of the Low Countries is of that pale diaphanous blue, fading to silvery white at the horizon, that harmonises so exquisitely with the soft greens and greys and browns of the country, with the tender and subdued key of colour in Flemish and Dutch landscape paintings—with Cuyp's meadows—with Van de Velde's sea shores—with Teniers's villages —with the shadowy trees and mysterious lands of Van Eyck's and Memling's sacred pictures.

But though the Flemish sky is pale by day, it is one that becomes glorious as the world mourns nightly because "Baldur, the beautiful, is dead." Then as the burning ship is launched, and floats away over the misty sea, its brightness stains the white sky with colours mystic—wonderful—with the light that beamed from the sun-god's forehead. The pale blue is suffused with molten gold; and a tender and exquisite radiance spreads over the level land, glows through the sparse foliage of poplar and willow, and transforms the meadows into sheets of golden glory. The gold changes to flame; and crimson bars float across the track of Baldur's ship. The town turns purple-black against the flaming west, and the quiet canals grow dark. Then the radiance fades slowly, as the ship sinks below the western verge. But long after night has fallen on the silent city a weird, unearthly shimmer still lingers on the belfry tower, like a smile on dying lips.

The jackdaws chattered about the great clock. Red-throated swallows skimmed past our faces. We heard

"a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower."

And then we turned away; and stumbling down the dark steps, past Melchior, past the little doors, the dark chambers, the dusty windows, we came out with trembling knees and reeling brains into the sun and light and commonplaceness of the lower world.

Was it worth while, after all? Worth the alarms of the ascent, worth the fatigue and trembling knees, worth breaking through our rigid rule never to climb up any high place because it was "the right thing to do?"

Yes! a thousand times yes!

If we had not robbed the past of any of its secrets, we had at least seen how vast was our own ignorance of that past. Though we were but humble students, horn-book in hand, knocking at the door of the great temple, we had been permitted for a moment to catch a glimpse of the boundless treasure stored within it. We had for a moment looked with eyes full of awe into the mysteries of "the days that are no more." We knew that we had our place in the great scheme of life, that we too were

"Heirs of all the ages, foremost in the ranks of time."

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

SIGN AND BRACKET IN WROUGHT IRON. FROM A HOUSE IN THE MARCHÉ DU VENDREDI, BRUGES.
Drawn by A. DANSE.

A HERALD OF SPRING

SWEET BIRD,
what makes thee glad
Beneath this sky so wan and sad,
And leafless poplars, thin and grey,
Bowed down before the wintry sway.

What tuneful thought of days gone by
Doth make thee sing? Or knowest thou why
Thy soul is lifted up, sweet bird?
Or dost thou hear Spring's voice, unheard
Of Earth that sleeps, nor, dreaming, minds
The herald blast of trumpet winds
That make old Winter's fortress quail,
And force him cast his coat of mail.

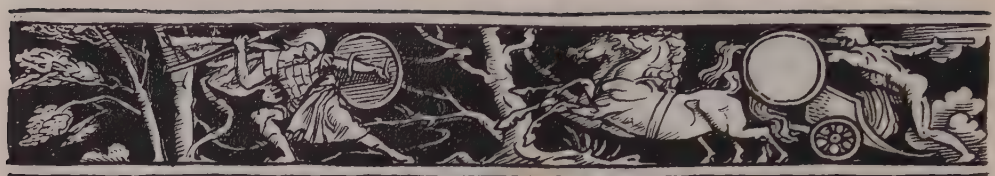
What secret bower thy shape doth keep?
Close hidden by the buds that sleep;
Thy voice-the firstling bloom that blows-
Breaks joyful through the wintry boughs,
That bear thy song of promise, meet
For happy hours when lovers greet,
When every leaf-lorn tree shall bear
Flower, fruit, and song upon the air,
And summer's choir is full, and gay
The soft winds on the sun's feast-day.

Sweet bird, as thou dost sing, my soul
Doth partly catch the speechless whole
Of joyful pain that lifts the wings
Of thy sequestered music – things
Remembered half, and half forgot,
Of sight, or sound, or sense begot,
Confused in love's ambrosial streams,
And hidden in the house of dreams;
As frail sweet scent of flowers that hold
Past time and days in some book's fold,
Which, when the leaves are turned again,
Doth warm, like wine, the wintry brain.

O bird thy heart doth sing in me,
I hear what thou dost hear – I see

Upon a high green land, untrod
Of men, upon the flower-wrought sod
The feet of Spring, and her bright throng
Break from the woods with shout & song;
Soft piping winds with pleasant cheer
Before her go, her path to clear,
Sweet maids come with her, and behind,
Light-footed as the lifting wind:
Some bear her canopy on high,
And warm gleams gild it from the sky;
Some strew with flowers the flower-strewn
ground,
Some bind them garlands, some are bound,
And still, with all the happy rout,
Fleet little loves wind in and out;
Some hide in maiden's fluttering weed,
And ply their pretty arts, nor heed,
While wilful gusts make sport, like them,
With mantle's fold, and garments hem;
Or some, more bold, soft vengeance wreak
On lifting hair, and glowing cheek.

But, scarce the wood hath set them free,
Some forceful sprite in winter's fee.



To snatch Spring's garland would make bold,
Whom shrill the shrinking maids do scold,
Until the sun, their champion bright,
Doth drive aback the wintry knight,
Whose wild assault being overthrown,
Far in the woodland makes he moan,
And gentle Spring with all her train
Doth hold high court on earth again.

PAUL VARGAS: A MYSTERY.

DURING the course of my professional career I have met with many strange things. The strangest, the most incomprehensible of all, I am about to narrate.

Its effect upon me was such, that, without pausing for investigation or inquiry, I turned and fled from the town—even from the country in which I witnessed it. It was only when I was some thousands of miles away that I recovered from my terror sufficiently to think calmly over what had happened. Then I vowed a self-imposed vow that for many many years I would mention the matter to no one. My reasons for secrecy were these:—

In the first place I was, as I am now, a doctor. Now I am fairly well-to-do, and have little anxiety about the future. Then I was struggling hard to make a living. Such being the case, I argued that the telling of an incredible, monstrous tale—the truth of which, however, I should be bound to uphold in spite of everything and everybody—would do little towards enhancing my reputation for common sense, or improving my professional prospects.

In the second place I determined to wait, in the hope that, some time or another, matters might be explained to my satisfaction.

So it is that for twenty years I have kept my own counsel. My first reason for silence no longer exists; whilst, as to the second, I have now given up hoping for an elucidation. The one person who might make things clear I have never seen since.

Although nearly a third of a man's allotted years has passed, there need be no fear of my magnifying or mystifying anything. The circumstances are still fresh in my mind; moreover, in the fear that memory should play me false, I wrote down at the time, all that happened—wrote it with a minuteness and technical detail which would be out of place here.

My story concerns a man whom I saw but thrice in my lifetime; or, I should rather say, saw during three brief periods of my lifetime. We were medical students together. His name—I do not change it—was Paul Vargas.

He was a tall, dark-haired, pale-faced young man: strikingly handsome in his own peculiar style. His nose was aquiline and well-formed: the broad forehead betokened great intellectual power, and the mouth, chin, and strong square jaw all spoke of strength of will and resolution. But had all these features been irregular and unpleasing, the eyes alone would have redeemed the face from plainness. More luminous, eloquent, expressive eyes I have never seen. Their dark beauty was enhanced by a distension of the pupil, seldom met with when the sight is perfect as was Vargas's. They possessed in a remarkable degree the power of reflecting the owner's emotions. Bright as they always were, they sparkled with his mirth, they glittered with his scorn, and when he seemed trying to read the very soul of the man he looked at, their concentrated gaze was such as few could bear with perfect ease.

This is a description of Paul Vargas as I remember him when first we met. I may add that in age he was two years my senior; in intellect a hundred.

Of Vargas's family and antecedents his fellow-students knew nothing. That he was of foreign extraction was clearly shown by his name and general appearance. It was supposed that Jewish blood ran in his veins, but this was pure conjecture; for the young man was as reticent concerning his religious opinions as he was about everything else connected with his private history.

I cannot say he was my friend. Indeed, I believe he had no friends, and I think may add, no enemies. He was too polite and

obliging to make foes; although there was usually a calm air of superiority about all he said and did, which at times rather nettled such an unlicked lot of cubs as most of us were in those days.

Yet, if we were not bosom friends, for some months I saw a great deal of Paul Vargas. He was an indefatigable student, and, as if the prescribed course of study was not enough for him, was engaged during his leisure hours on some original and delicate experiments, conducted simply for his own pleasure. Wanting some one to assist him he was good enough to choose me. Why, I never knew. I flattered myself it was because he thought me cleverer than my fellows; but it may have been that he thought me duller and less likely to anticipate or forestall his discoveries.

Under this arrangement I found myself two or three nights in every week at his rooms. From his lavish expenditure in furniture and scientific apparatus, it was clear that Vargas had means of his own. His surroundings were very different from those with which the ordinary medical student must be contented.

All our fraternity looked upon Paul Vargas as abnormally clever; and when the closer intercourse began between us, I found at first no reason to differ from the general opinion. He seemed to have all the works of medical and surgical authorities at his finger ends. He acquired fresh knowledge without effort. He was an accomplished linguist. Let the book or pamphlet be English, French, or German, he read it with equal ease, and, moreover, had the valuable knack of extracting the gist of the matter, whilst throwing aside any worthless lumber which surrounded it. From my average intellectual station I could but admire and envy his rapid and brilliant flights.

He made my visits to him pleasant ones. Our work over for the evening, it was his custom to keep me for an hour or two smoking and chatting; but our talk was not the confidences between two friends. Indeed, it was little more than scientific gossip, and the occasional airing of certain theories: for Vargas, if silent about himself and his private affairs, at least, expressed his opinions on the world in general openly and freely.

He had resolved to become a specialist. He poured out the vials of his scorn on the ordinary general practitioner—the marvellous being who, with equal confidence, is ready to grapple with fever, gout, consumption, blindness, deafness, broken bones, and all the other ills and accidents which afflict mankind.

"It is absurd!" he said. "As well expect the man who made the lenses for that microscope to make the brass work also—as well ask the author of this treatise to print and bind it! I tell you one organ, one bit of the microscosm called man, demands a life's study before the cleverest dare to say he understands it."

Certainly the organ selected by Vargas for his special study was the most complex and unsatisfactory of all—the brain. Any work, new or obsolete, which treated upon it—anything which seemed to demonstrate the connection between mind and body, he examined with intense eagerness. The writings and speculations of the veriest old charlatans were not beneath his notice. The series of experiments we were conducting were to the same end. I need not describe them, but something of their nature may be guessed at, when I say it was long before the time when certain persons endeavoured to persuade the world that scientists were fiends in human shape, who inflicted unheard-of tortures on the lower orders of animals, solely to gratify a lust for cruelty.

We had been engaged on our researches for some weeks—Vargas's researches I should call them, as by this time my conjectures as to what he aimed at had come to an end. I grew tired of groping in the dark, and was making up my mind to tell him he must enlighten me or seek other assistance. Besides, I began to think that, after all, my first estimate of his ability was not quite correct.

He certainly talked at times in the strangest and most erratic way. Some of his speculations and theories were enough, if true, to upset all the recognised canons of science. So wild, indeed, that at times I wondered if, like many others, his genius was allied to madness.

At this time a wave of superstition crossed the country—one of those periodical waves, which, whether called mesmerism, clairvoyance, electro-biology, spiritualism, or thought-reading, rise, culminate, and fall in precisely the same manner.

Paul Vargas, although ridiculing the new craze, read everything that touched upon it, even down to the penny-a-liner's accounts of mysterious occurrences.

"The truth may be found anywhere," he said; "if there is a diamond in the ground the most ignorant boor may, unwittingly, dig it out."

One night I found him in a strange preoccupied mood. He did his work mechanically, and I could see that his thoughts kept straying away. We finished earlier than

usual, and for a while he sat opposite to me in silence. Then he raised his eyes and asked me a question.

What that question was I have never been able to remember. I have racked my brain again and again, but have never recalled the purport of it. All I know is, it was, from a scientific point of view, so supremely ridiculous that I burst into a peal of laughter.

For a moment Paul Vargas's eyes positively flamed. Feeling that our relations were not friendly enough to excuse the indiscretion on my part, I hastened to apologise. He was himself again directly, and, with his calm superior smile on his lips, assured me I had done nothing which demanded an apology. He then changed the conversation, and during the remainder of my stay talked as rationally and instructively as the most methodical old lecturer in the schools.

He bade me good-night with his usual politeness, and sent me away glad that my ill-timed mirth had not offended him. Yet the next morning I received a note saying he had decided to discontinue that particular series of researches in which I had given him such invaluable assistance.

I was somewhat nettled at this summary dismissal. Vargas asked me to his rooms no more, and he was not the man to call upon uninvited. So, except in the schools and in the streets, I saw nothing more of him.

It was predicted by those who should know best that Paul Vargas would be the scholar of the year. I alone dared to doubt it. In spite of his great talents and capacity for work, I fancied there was that in his nature which would defeat these high hopes. There was something wrong—something eccentric about him. In plain English, I believed, if not mad now, Vargas would end his days in a madhouse.

However, he never went up for his last examination. He had a surprise in store for us. Just before the final trial in which he was to reap such laurels he vanished. He went without a word of warning—went bag and baggage. He left no debts behind him. He defrauded no one. He simply, without giving a reason for his departure, went away and left no trace behind him. Some time afterwards it was reported that he had come into a large fortune. This explanation of his conduct was a plausible one, and was generally accepted as correct.

After the nine days' wonder had died away I, like others, ceased to think about the missing man. The years went by, I passed my examination creditably, and was very proud and hopeful when duly authorised to place M.D. after my name.

I have narrated how I first met Paul Vargas. I had no expectation of again seeing him, nor any great wish to do so. But we met a second time. It was in this wise.

When I took my medical degree I was far from being the staid, sober man I now am. Having a little money of my own I resolved to see something of the world before I settled down. I was not rich enough to be quite idle, so I began by making one or two voyages as doctor to an emigrant ship. I soon grew tired of this occupation, and being in England, but not yet cured of roving, I cast about for something professional to take me abroad. I had not long to wait. Cholera was raging in the East. A fund had been raised to send out a few English doctors: I tendered my services which were accepted.

At Constantinople I was detained several days waiting instructions. One day, whilst idly strolling through the streets, I came face to face with Paul Vargas.

Although he wore the fez and was in appearance more Turkish than English, I knew him at once and accosted him by his name. Surprised as he looked at my salutation, he had evidently no wish to deny his identity. As soon as he recognised me he greeted me cordially, and having learnt what brought me to Constantinople, insisted that I should pay him a visit. I willingly consented to do so. I was most curious to ascertain why he had thrown up the profession so suddenly. The day being still young I started then and there with him for his home.

Naturally, almost my first question was why he left us so mysteriously.

"I had my reasons," he said.

"They must have been powerful ones."

He turned his dark eyes full upon me.

"They were," he said. "I grew sick of the life. After all, what did it mean? Work, work, work, only to find out how little one really knew or ever could know by study. Why, in one half-hour I learned more by pure chance than any one else has yet dreamed of."

I questioned him as to the meaning of his arrogant assertion, but he evaded me with all his old adroitness; then we reached his house, and I forgot all save admiration.

His house was just outside the city. House! it might be called a small palace. Here he lived in true Oriental luxury. Judging from the profusion which surrounded him, and from the lavish scale on which his establish-

ment was conducted, I felt sure that the report of his having inherited a fortune was quite correct. All that money could buy, all that an intellectual Sybarite could desire, seemed to be his. Books, paintings, statuary, costly furniture, rich tapestries, the choicest dishes, and the rarest wines. Only a man in the enjoyment of a princely income could live in such style and splendour.

He led me from room to room, until he opened the door of one more beautifully garnished than any of the others. A girl was sitting at the window. As we entered she sprang forward with a cry of joy, and threw her arms round Vargas.

He returned her passionate embrace; kissed her, whispered some words of love in a strange, musical language, then gently disengaging himself, said—

"Myrrha, welcome an old friend of mine, an Englishman."

She turned towards me. Her beauty absolutely dazzled me. She was tall and majestic; coil upon coil of jet black hair crowned her well-poised queenly head. Her cheek had the clear brown tinge of the south. Her eyes were glorious. Never before had I seen such a splendid creature. The perfection of her form, the look of splendid health and glowing vitality would have been enough to make her an object of the greatest interest to any one of my own profession.

The bright colours of her rich dress well became her. Although in years she was but a girl, the gold and jewels which covered her hands, arms, and neck, seemed quite in keeping with her beauty. As I looked at her I felt that Paul Vargas's earthly paradise ought to be complete.

She came forward with unembarrassed grace, smiled a bright smile, and giving me her hand, bade me welcome in English, correct enough, although tempered by a slight foreign accent.

After a little while Vargas suggested that I should walk round the gardens with him. As we left the room, the look which passed between him and the girl was quite enough to show the complete love they bore one another.

"Your wife, I suppose?" I said, when we were alone. "She is very beautiful."

"My love, my life, my very soul!" he exclaimed passionately. "But not my wife in your sense of the word."

I said no more, feeling the subject was a delicate one to handle. Who Myrrha was, or why she should live, unmarried, with him was none of my business.

I had not been long in his society before I discovered that Paul Vargas was, in some ways, much changed—I may say improved. He seemed altogether a better sort of fellow than the man I had known of old. No less polite, but more natural. His invariably charming manners were enhanced by the addition of something like friendliness. In an hour's time I felt that I had made more progress with him than I had in the whole of our previous intercourse. I attributed this change to the power of love, for, wife or no wife, it was plain that the man loved his beautiful companion with all the force of his strong nature.

Yet it shocked me to discover that all the old ambition was dead. I mourned that such a highly-gifted man could at his age withdraw completely from the battlefield, and seem only to strive to make life as soft and sensuous as it might be possible for wealth to make it. I spoke once or twice to this effect, but the darkness of his brow and the shortness of his answers told me I trod on forbidden ground. For his own sake I hoped that the day would come when he would weary of his voluptuous existence and long for the bracing tonics of hard work and the struggle for success.

I was detained in Constantinople three days longer. Vargas pressed me to take up my abode with him. It was not worth while to do this, as at any moment I might be ordered away. But I spent several hours of each day with him. He was always glad to see me. Perhaps the sweetness of his seclusion was already beginning to pall upon him, and the occasional sight of a common-place work-a-day face was a welcome one.

The route came at last. I bade my friend good-bye, and sighed as I thought how grimly the scenes of death and misery to which I was about to pass would contrast with the Elysium I was quitting. Vargas accompanied me to the steamer by which the first part of the journey was to be made.

"Do you mean to live here all your life?" I asked.

"No, I shall grow weary of it—very soon, I expect."

"And then?"

"Then I shall sell everything and try another land."

"You must be rich to live as you do."

"I was rich. I had sixty thousand pounds—but in the last year or two I have spent two-thirds of my fortune."

"Two-thirds of your capital! What folly!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled that old superior smile. Then a deep gloom settled on his handsome face.

"I have plenty left—plenty to last my time," he said.

"What nonsense you talk! What do you mean by your time?"

He leaned towards me, placed his hand on my arm, and looked at me with an expression in his eyes which thrilled me.

"I mean this," he said, slowly. "I could, if I chose, tell you the exact day—if not the exact hour at which I shall die. You see how I live, so can understand that if I have money to last my time, that time is short."

"My dear fellow!" I exclaimed, "have you any complaint—any secret malady?"

"None—I am hale and sound as you. Nevertheless I shall die as I have said."

His absolute conviction impressed me more than I cared to show. "A man must die of something specific," I said. "If you can predict your illness, can you not take steps to prolong your life?"

"Prolong my life!" he echoed as one in a dream. "Yes, I can prolong my life—but I will not."

I could only conclude that Paul Vargas meditated self-destruction.

"Why should you not care to live?" I urged.

"Care to live?" he cried bitterly. "Man, I revel in life! I have youth, strength, love—fame I could have if I wished for it. Yet it is because I may have fewer temptations to prolong my life that I am squandering my wealth—that I let ambition beckon in vain—that, when the moment draws near, I shall forsake the woman I love."

It was as I guessed years ago, Paul Vargas was mad!

He sank into moody silence, broken only when the moment of my departure came. Then he roused himself, shook hands with me and bade me good speed.

"We shall meet again some day," I said cheerfully.

His dark eyes gleamed with all the old scorn they were wont to express when any one, whose words were not worth listening to, opposed him in argument.

"We shall meet no more," he said, curtly and coldly, turning away and retracing his steps.

He was wrong. We met again!

I worked through the cholera: saw many awful sights: gained much experience and a certain amount of praise. On my way home I inquired for Vargas, and found he had disposed of his house and its entire contents, departing no one knew whither.

Two years went by: I was still unsettled: still holding roving commissions. I blush to say that I had been attacked by the gold fever, and in my haste to grow rich had lost, in mining, nearly all I possessed. I cured myself before the disease grew chronic, but ashamed to return all but penniless to England, I sojourned for a while in one of those mushroom towns of America—towns which spring up almost in a night, wherever there is a chance of making money.

I rather liked the life. It was rough but full of interest. The town held several thousand inhabitants, so there was plenty of work for me and another doctor. If our patients were in luck we were well paid for our services; if, as was usually the case, they were out of luck we received nothing and were not so foolish as to expect more. Still, taking one with another, I found the healing art paid me much better than mining. My studies of human nature were certainly extended at New Durham. I met with all sorts of characters, from the educated gentleman who had come out to win wealth by the sweat of his brow down to the lowest ruffian who lived by plundering his own kind, and my experiences were such that when I did return to England I was competent to write as an authority on the proper treatment of gunshot wounds.

One evening I met the other doctor. We were the best of friends. As our community was at present constituted there was no occasion for professional rivalry. Our hands were always full of work. Indeed, if we manœuvred at all against each other, it was with the view of shunting off a troublesome patient.

"I wish you'd look in at Webber's when you pass," said Dr. Jones. "There's a patient of mine there. He's going to die, but for the life of me I can't tell what ails him."

I promised to call and give my opinion on the case.

Webber's was a mixture of drinking bar, gambling hell, and lodging-house. Its patrons were not of the most select class, and the scuffles and rows that went on there made the house a disgrace even to New Durham. By this time I was too well known to fear insult even in the lowest den of infamy, so I entered boldly and asked to be conducted to Dr. Jones's patient.

A blowsy, sodden-faced, vicious-looking woman led me up stairs and turned the handle of a door.

"He ought to be dead by now," she said. "If the doctor can't cure him, or he don't die in two days, out he bundles."

I walked into the room, taking no notice of the brutal threat. There, on a wretched apology for a bed—with a look of heart-rending despair in his large dark eyes, lay Paul Vargas!

I thought I must be dreaming. The man I had seen little more than two years ago, lapped in absurd luxury—spending money like water to gratify every taste, every desire—now lying in this wretched den, and if Jones's view of the case was correct, dying like a dog! I shuddered with horror and hastened to his side.

He knew me. He was conscious. I could tell that much by the light which leapt into his eyes as I approached.

"Vargas, my poor fellow," I said, "what does this mean?"

As I spoke I remembered how he had predicted his own death. He must have remembered it too, for although he made no reply, and lay still as a log, there was a look in his eyes which might express the satisfaction felt by a successful prophet, when one who has laughed at his forecast is bound, at last, to realise its correctness.

I addressed him again and again. Not a word did he answer; so at last I was compelled to think that his power of speech was gone. Then I went to work to thoroughly inspect him and ascertain the nature of his complaint.

I sounded him, tested every organ, examined every limb; but like my colleague was utterly unable to find the cause of his illness. Of course I laboured under the great disadvantage of being unable to get a word of description of his pains from the patient himself. I satisfied myself that he had absolutely lost the power of moving his limbs. This utter helplessness made me fancy the spine might be broken, but it was not so. Paralysis suggested itself, but the obviously clear state of the mind as shown by those eloquent eyes was sufficient to send this idea to the background. At last I gave up, fairly baffled. I could give no name to his ailment—could fix no seat for it. His bodily weakness was great; but weakness must be caused by something. What was that something? So far as my knowledge went there was no specific disease; yet I was as certain as Dr. Jones that Paul Vargas, if not dying, was about to die.

And underneath us was the din of drunken men and unsexed women. Ribaldry and blasphemy, oaths and shrieks, laughter and shouts, rose and penetrated the frail planks which bounded the small, dirty room in which the sufferer lay. At all cost he must be moved to more comfortable quarters.

I went down stairs and questioned the Webbers as to how he came there. All they knew was that late one night the man entered the house and asked for a bed. He was accommodated with one, and for two days no one troubled about him. Then some one looked him up and found him in his present deplorable state. One of the inmates who had a grain of kindness left fetched Dr. Jones. That was all they knew of the affair.

I managed to secure the assistance of four strong and almost sober men. I paid what reckoning was due at Webber's, then set about removing the poor fellow. He was carried carefully down stairs, laid on an extemporised stretcher, and borne to my house, which, fortunately, was only a few hundred yards away. During the transit he was perfectly conscious, but he spoke no word, nor, by any act of his own, moved hand or foot. I saw him safely installed in my own bed, and having satisfied myself that no immediate evil was likely to result from the removal, went out to look for some one to nurse him.

I was obliged to seek extraneous aid as my household consisted of an old negro who came of a morning to cook my breakfast and tidy up the place. Except for this I was my own servant.

Decent women in a place like New Durham are few and far between, but at last I found one to whom I thought I might venture to entrust my patient, and who, for a handsome consideration, consented to act as sick-nurse. I took her back with me and instructed her to do what seemed to me best for the poor fellow. She was to give him, as often as he would take them, brandy and water and some nourishing spoon meat.

Vargas was now lying with his eyes shut. Except that he undoubtedly breathed he might be dead. I watched him for more than an hour, yet found his state a greater puzzle than ever. So utterly at sea I was that I dared not prescribe for him, fearing I might do more harm than good.

It was growing late. I had a long hard day before me on the morrow. I had to ride many miles, and doubted whether I could get back the same day. Yet, late as it was, I did not retire to rest before I had thoroughly examined the clothes and other personal matters which I had brought from Webber's with the sick man. I hoped to come across the name of some friend to whom I could write and make his state known. Money or articles of value I had

little expectation of finding — such things would soon disappear from the person of any one who lay dying at Webber's!

The only scrap of writing I met with was a letter in a woman's hand. It was short, and although every word showed passionate love, it ended in a manner which told me that a separation had taken place.

"You may leave me," it ran; "you may hide yourself in the farthest corner of the world: yet when the moment you know of comes and you need me, I shall find you. Till then, farewell."

On the flyleaf was pencilled, in Vargas's peculiar handwriting, "If I can find the strength of will to leave her, my beloved, surely I can die in secret and in silence."

There was no envelope, no date; no address; no signature to the letter. All it showed me was that Paul Vargas still clung to his morbid prophecy—that he had made up his mind he was to die, and it may be had been driven into his present state by his strange monomania. The mystery was—why should he leave the woman he loved and come here to die alone and uncared for. It was, of course, just possible that in some way he had learnt that I was in New Durham, and when illness overtook him was making his way to me.

This could only be explained by the man himself, and he was without power of speech.

After giving the nurse strict instructions to call me if her charge's condition showed any change, I went to the bed I had rigged up in my sitting room, and in a minute was fast asleep. After I had slept for about three hours a knocking at my door aroused me. I opened it and found the nurse standing outside. Her bonnet and cloak were on, and by the light of the lamp she carried with a tremulous hand I saw that her face was ghastly pale, but nevertheless, wearing a defiant, injured look.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'm going home," she said, sullenly.

"Going home! Nonsense! Go back to the sick room. Is the man worse?"

"I wouldn't go back for a hundred pounds —I'm going home."

Thinking some sudden whim had seized her I expostulated, commanded, and entreated. She was inflexible. Then I insisted upon knowing the meaning of such extraordinary conduct. For a while she refused to give me any explanation. At last, she said she had been frightened to death. It was the man's eyes, she added, with a shiver. He had opened them and stared at her. The moment I heard this I ran to his room, fearing the worst. I found nothing to excite alarm; Vargas was quiet, apparently sleeping. So I returned to the stupid woman, rated her soundly, and bade her go back and resume her duties.

Not she! Horses would not drag her into that room again—money would not bribe her to re-enter it. The man had looked at her with those fearful eyes of his until she felt that in another moment she must go mad or die. Why did she not move out of the range of his vision? She had done so; but it was all the same, she knew he was still looking at her—he was looking at her even now—she would never get away from that look until she was out of the house.

By this time the foolish creature was trembling like a leaf; and, moreover, had worked herself up to a pitch bordering on hysteria. Even if I could have convinced her of her folly, she would have been useless for nursing purposes, so I told her to get out of the house as soon as she liked; then, sulkily drawing on my clothes, went to spend the rest of the night by Vargas's bed.

His pulse still beat with feeble regularity. He seemed in want of nothing; so I placed a low chair near the bed and sat down. As I sat there my head was just on a level with his pillow. I watched the pale still face for some time, then I fell into a doze. I woke, looked once more at Vargas, then again closed my eyes, and this time really slept, feeling sure that the slightest movement of his head on the pillow would arouse me, I did not struggle against drowsiness.

Presently I began to dream—a dream so incoherent that I can give no clear description of it. Something or some one was trying to overpower me, whether mentally or physically I cannot say. I was resisting to the best of my ability, the final struggle for mastery was just imminent, when, of course, I awoke—awoke to find Paul Vargas's luminous eyes, with strangely dilated pupils, gazing fully into mine. The whole strength of his mind, his very soul, seemed to be thrown into that fixed gaze.

I seemed to shrivel up and grow small beneath it. Those dark, masterful eyes, held me spell-bound; fascinated me; deprived me of volition or power of motion; fettered me; forbade me even to blink an eyelid. With a strong steady stroke they pierced me through and through, and I felt they meant to subjugate my mind even as they had already subjugated my body, and as their gaze grew more and more intense, I knew that in another moment I must be their slave!

With this thought my own thoughts faded. For a while all seemed dim, misty, and inexplicable, but even through the mist I see those two points glowing with dark sustained fire. I can resist no longer, I am conquered, my will has quitted me and is another's!

Then thought came quickly enough. I am ill—dying in a strange place. There is one I love. She is miles and miles away; but not too far to reach me in time. A burning desire to write to her comes over me. I must and will write before it is too late! Yet I curse myself for the wish as in some dim way I know that some fearful thing must happen if she finds me alive.

Then all consciousness leaves me, except that I have the impression I am out of doors and can feel the night air on my brow. Suddenly I come to myself. I am standing, bareheaded, close to the post-office, with a kind of idea in my bewildered brain that I have just posted a letter. I feel battered and shaken, large beads of perspiration are on my forehead. In a dazed way I walk back to my house, the door of which I find left wide open—an act of trustfulness scarcely due to New Durham. I enter, throw myself into a chair, and shudder at what has taken place.

No—not at what has taken place, but at what might have taken place. For I know that Paul Vargas, although speechless and more helpless than an infant, has by the exercise of some strange wierd mental power so influenced me that I have identified myself with him, and done as he would have done. His unspoken commands may have worked no evil, but I shudder as I feel sure that had he ordered me, whilst in that mesmeric state, to murder my best friend, I should have done so.

It was only when annoyance and anger succeeded fear, I found myself able to return to him. I felt much mortified that I, in the full vigour of manhood had been conquered and enslaved by the act of a stronger will than my own. I went back to the sick-room, and found Vargas lying with closed eyes. I laid my hand on his shoulder, bent down to his ear and said—

"When you recover I will have a full explanation of the jugglery you have practised upon me."

I resumed my seat, fearing his strange power no longer. Now that I knew he wielded it I was armed against it. I flattered myself that only by attacking me unawares could he influence me in so mysterious a manner. When next he opened his eyes I did not shun them. I might well have done so—their expression was one of anguish and horror—the expression one might imagine would lurk in the eyes of a conscience-stricken man to whom had just come the knowledge that he had committed some awful crime. Every now and then they turned to me in wild beseeching terror, but they bore no trace of that strange mesmeric power.

Paul Vargas, if he was to die, seemed doomed to die a lingering death. For some ten days longer he lay in that curious state—his symptoms, or rather absence of symptoms, driving Jones and myself to our wits' end. We tried all we could think of without beneficial results. Every day he grew a little weaker—every day his pulse was rather feebler, than on the preceding day. Such stimulant and nutriment as I could force down his throat seemed to do no good. Slowly—very slowly—his life was ebbing away, but so surely that I was fain to come to the sad conclusion that in spite of all our efforts he would slip through our fingers. By this time he had grown frightfully emaciated, and although I am convinced he suffered little or no bodily pain, the look of anguish in his staring dark eyes was positively painful to encounter.

I had obtained the services of another nurse, and was thankful to find that, to her, the dying man was not an object of dread; although, after my own experiences, I could not blame her predecessor.

Hour after hour, day after day, Paul Vargas lay, unable to move or speak; yet I felt sure in full possession of his mental faculties. Several times I noticed, when the door was opened, a look of dread come into his eyes. He breathed freer when he saw that the new-comer was the nurse or myself. This puzzled me, for if, as I suspected, he had willed that I should write a letter and send it to the proper place, his look should have been one of hope and expectancy, instead of its displaying unmistakable signs of fear.

Although Vargas often gave me the impression that he was trying to subject me again to that strange influence, it was only once more that he attained anything like success. One day, grown bold at finding I had as yet avoided a repetition of my thraldom, and, perhaps egged on by curiosity, I met his strange fixed gaze half-way and defied him to conquer me. In a moment or two I found I had miscalculated my powers, and—although I blush to say it—I felt that in another second I must yield to him, and as before, do all he wished. At that critical

moment the nurse entered the room and spoke to me. Her voice and presence broke the spell. Thank God, it was so! Vargas was sending an impulse into my mind—urging me in some way which I knew would be irresistible—to perform, not some harmless task, but to go to my medicine chest and fetch a dose of laudanum heavy enough to send him to sleep for ever. And I say, without hesitation, that had the woman not entered the room at that very moment, I should have been forced to do the man's bidding.

Yet I had no wish to cut his few last days short! If I had given him that poison it would have been suicide, not murder!

Although he had predicted his own death, why was Paul Vargas so anxious to die, that he had endeavoured to make me kill him? Unless their tortures are unbearable, few dying persons seek to precipitate matters; and this one, I am sure, suffered little or no pain. His death was lingering and tedious, but not painful.

After this fresh attempt to coerce me, I was almost afraid to leave him alone with the nurse. I even took the precaution of being present when Dr. Jones, out of professional curiosity, paid him an occasional visit.

The tension on my nerves grew unbearable. I prayed fervently for the man's recovery, or, if recovery was out of the question, for his death. At last the time came when the latter seemed to be drawing very very near—so near that Jones, whose interest in the case was unabated, said, as he left me in the evening—

"He will die to-night or before to-morrow is over. I believe he has only kept himself alive the last few days by sheer force of will and determination not to die."

I assented gloomily, wished my colleague good-night, and went to rest.

Next morning, just after breakfast, I heard a rap at my door. I opened it and found myself face to face with a woman. She was tall, and even the long black cloak she wore did not hide the grace and symmetry of her figure. A thick veil covered her face. Thinking she had come for advice I begged her to enter the house.

I led her to my sitting-room. She raised her veil and looked at me. I knew her in a moment. She was the lovely girl who had shared with Vargas that luxurious eastern paradise—the girl whom he called Myrrha.

She looked pale and weary, but still very beautiful. Her sombre attire could not diminish her charms. My one thought, as I gazed at her was, how any man, of his own free will, could tear himself from such a creature? Yet, for some unknown reason, Paul Vargas had done so.

It was clear that I was entirely forgotten. No start of recognition showed that my face was anything but that of a stranger. I did not wonder at this, I was much changed; bronzed and bearded; was, in fact, as rough looking a customer as many of my own patients.

For a moment she seemed unable to speak. Her eyes looked at mine as though they would anticipate what I had to tell her. Her lips trembled, but no words came from them.

At last she spoke. "There is a gentleman here—dying."

"Yes," I replied. "Mr. Vargas is here."

"Am I in time?—is he still alive?"

"He is very, very ill, but still alive."

A wretch reprieved on the scaffold could not have displayed more delight than did Myrrha when she heard my words. A look of indescribable joy flashed into her face. She clasped her hands in passionate thankfulness and tears of rapture filled her eyes. Poor girl, she had little enough to rejoice at! She was in time—in time for what? To see her lover die. That was all!

"Take me to him at once," she said, moving towards the door.

I suggested a little rest and refreshment first. She declined both, peremptorily.

"Not a moment must be wasted. I have travelled night and day since I received his letter. Quick, take me to him, or it may be too late!"

I asked her to follow me. She threw off her long cloak, and I saw that her dress beneath it was plain black. No ribbon, jewel, or ornament broke its sable lines. With a look of ineffable joy on her face she followed me to Vargas's room.

"Let me go first and prepare him," I said.

"No," she replied, sternly. "Let me pass."

She laid her hand on the door, opened it, and preceded me into the room.

Paul Vargas's eyes were turned—as, indeed, they had for the last few days been mostly turned—towards the door; yet the look which leapt into them was not one of joy and welcome. It was a look of woe—of supreme agony. A convulsive shudder ran across his face, and I expected his next breath would be the last.

Why should the advent of his beautiful visitor so affect him? Had he treated this

woman so evilly, that he dreaded lest she came to his deathbed to heap reproaches on his head. Yet, he himself had summoned her—brought her from afar—by the letter which he had willed me to write.

Injured or not, Myrrha came to console, not reproach. My doubts on this point were at once set at rest. With a cry of passionate grief she threw herself on her knees beside the bed: clasped the poor wasted hand in hers, and covered it with tears and kisses. In a strange tongue—one unknown to me—she spoke words which I knew were words of fervent love. The musical voice, the thrilling accent, the gestures she used, were interpreters sufficient to make me understand that she was rejoicing that death had spared her lover long enough for her to see him once more.

A soft look, a look that echoed her own, came over the sufferer's face—a look of infinite tenderness and deathless love. But it was transient. His eyes grew stern. I fancied they tried to drive her away; then, as she heeded not his commands, they besought and appealed to her. In vain—the strange girl laughed joyfully as a bride who welcomes her bridegroom. She kissed her lover again and again. Then, with a weary sigh, Paul Vargas closed his eyes—never, I thought, to reopen them. I went to his side.

He was not dead; but he bore infallible signs of approaching dissolution. Practically, it was of little moment whether he died now or in an hour's time. Nothing could save him. Still, the wish one always feels to prolong the faintest flicker of life prompted me to speak to Myrrha.

"The excitement will kill him," I whispered.

She sprang to her feet as if stung. She threw me a glance so full of horror that I started. Then, bending over Vargas, she satisfied herself that he still breathed.

"Go," she whispered, fiercely. "Leave me alone with my love. Take that woman with you."

I hesitated. I wanted to see the end. But I could not dispute the sacred claims of love and grief, or help sympathising with the girl in her desire to be alone with the dying man. My duties were ended. I had done all I could; but death in his present mysterious garb had conquered me. The man must die. How could he die better than in the arms of the woman he loved?

I motioned to the nurse to leave the room. I followed her through the door; then turned to take my last look at Paul Vargas.

He was lying apparently unconscious. Myrrha had thrown herself on the bed by his side. His poor pale face was drawn close to her full red lips. Her bosom beat against his. Her arms were wreathed around him, holding him to her. The contrast between life and death—between the rich, strong glowing life of the young girl, and that of the man now ebbed away to its last few sands, was startling. I closed the door reverently. My eyes filled with tears and I sighed for the sorrow which was about to fall on the devoted, passionate creature. How would she bear it! Then I went about my duties, knowing that when I returned home, I should have a patient the less.

I rode some miles into the country, to see a miner who had met with an accident which would most likely prove fatal. Just as I reached his cabin my horse fell suddenly lame. I led him the rest of the way and, having done all I could for the injured man, started to return home. There was nothing for it but to leave my horse to be fetched the next day, and walk back to New Durham.

I strode on as briskly as the nature of the track would allow. As I trudged along I thought of Myrrha and Paul Vargas, and wondered if by any chance I should find him alive on my return. I was so pre-occupied with these thoughts that, not until I was close to him, did I notice a man lying on the side of the track.

At first I thought it was one of the common sights of the neighbourhood; a man dead-drunk, but as I stood over him I found, for a wonder, it was not so. The man's back was towards me; his face was buried in the herbage; but I could hear him sobbing as if his heart was about to burst. As he lay there he threw his arms out with wild gestures of despair—he dug his fingers into the ground and tore at it as one racked by unbearable torture. He was evidently a prey to some fearful bodily or mental distress. Whichever it might be, I could not pass without proffering my assistance.

His agitation was so great that he had no idea of my proximity. I spoke, but my words fell unheeded. Sob after sob burst forth from him.

I stooped and placed my hand on his arm. "My poor fellow," I said, "what is the matter?"

At my touch he sprang to his feet. God of Heaven! shall I ever forget that moment. Before me stood Paul Vargas, well and strong, as when we parted some years ago in Constantinople!

What saved me from fainting I cannot

tell. The man stood there before me—the very man I had left an hour or two ago at his last gasp! He stood there and cast a shadow. He did not fade away or disappear as a vision or hallucination should do. There was life and strength in every limb. His face was pale but it was with the pallor of grief: for, even now the tears were running from his eyes, and he was wringing his hands in agony.

Speak! I could not have fashioned a word. My tongue clave to my palate. My lips were parched and dry. All I could do was to stare at him, with chattering teeth, bristling hair and ice-cold blood.

He came to my side. He grasped my arm. He was still flesh and blood. Even in that supreme moment his strong convulsive clutch told me that. He spoke. His voice was as the voice of a living man—yet as the voice of one from whom all joy of life has departed.

"Go home," he said. "Go home and learn how the strongest may tremble at death—at what a cost he will buy life—how the selfish desire to live can conquer love. You asked me once if I could not prolong life. You are answered. You brought her to me—you yielded then, but not the second time when I would have undone the deed. Go home, before I kill you."

Something in his whole bearing struck me with deadly terror—a natural human terror. I turned and fled for my life, until my limbs refused to bear me farther. Then I sank on the ground and, I believe, lost consciousness.

When I recovered I made the best of my way home, telling myself as I walked along that overwork and want of sleep were acting on me. I had dreamed an absurd horrible dream. Nevertheless I trembled in every limb as I opened the door of the room in which I had left Paul Vargas, dying in the arms of the woman who loved him.

Death had been there during my absence. I knew the meaning of that long shapeless form stretched out on the bed, covered by the white sheet. Yet I trembled more and more. The words I had heard in my supposed dream came to me clear and distinct. It was some time before I could summon courage enough to move the covering from the dead face. I did so at last and I believe shrieked aloud.

Lying there in her black funereal dress, her fair hands crossed on her breast, her waxen face still bearing a smile, lay the girl whom I knew only by the name of Myrrha—dead!

HUGH CONWAY.

BYGONES.

WHEN we went bilb'rry picking
On the hill side, you and I,
In the golden summer weather,
'Mong the honey-scented heather
'Neath the blue, just cloud-fleck'd sky;
How we clamour'd and made merry
When our fingers, purple stained,
Met above the dewy berry,
Fought for it till none remained.
Was there ever such heart laughter
In those happy summer days?
Our spirits loosed to madness,
With wild unthinking gladness,
That can never come hereafter
In life's wind-swept wild'ring ways.

Once again I climb the hill top,
Sink my knees among the fern,
See the yellow tented wheat crop
In the golden sunset burn.
Other boys and girls are roaming
Thro' the bilb'rry bushes by,
Plucking berries with stain'd fingers
Whilst the dying sunlight lingers,
Just as we did—you and I.

Comes their laughter from the distance
Wafted to me, where I stand
Thinking of a past existence
In my boyhood's fairy land.
Gently gliding comes the twilight,
Blinks a star from out the blue—
Ah—how bounded is my insight,
Here am I——but where are you?

H. A. H.

HOW I BECAME A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

BEFORE passing to the subject of this paper I must premise that it has been written under the *force majeure* of an editorial injunction. I would not have it thought that I am other than proud of the profession in which I have spent the best years of my life; but, on the other hand, I am anxious to guard against the imputation of seeking to thrust under public notice personal details in relation to my own career.

I became a war-correspondent because I had previously been a cavalry soldier, and it was a war-correspondent who made me become a cavalry soldier. My earliest bias towards the profession of arms came to me from listening to a lecture on the Crimean war, which William Howard Russell delivered in the Music Hall of Edinburgh in the winter of '57. I had read his war-letters piecemeal, but his lecture forced me to buy his book, and the description of the cavalry work at Balaclava I read in its pages kindled in me a great ardour for the mounted arm. This remained but a theory until follies and extravagance abruptly terminated my university career, when it had a practical outcome in my accepting "the Queen's shilling" from a fine old recruiting-sergeant belonging to the Royal Dragoons. It was not long before I realised that cavalry regiments do not hurl themselves in wild career against hostile ranks with so great frequency as to impart to the pastime any character of monotony. I was disillusioned, yet the glamour did not wholly fade—no, nor is it dead yet, although I have no hope ever again to hear the trumpets sound the "charge," and see the war-horse pawing in the valley. I suppose I had a natural affinity for soldiering; anyhow I took to its drudgery with as much zeal as if I had never learned to conjugate Greek irregular verbs or make bad Latin verses. Five-and-twenty years ago there were few gentlemen in the ranks even of our cavalry regiments, and of the few who were fewer still had their heart in their work. When the little remittance came to me from home, most of it went in standing beer to old troopers, who, as they drank, could talk with spirit and force of the old "active service" days—how "Joey Yorke" still bade his men close in knee to knee and ride straight, after the bullet had smashed his knee; how "Duck Wilson" the sergeant-major had ridden down the Russian colonel, and given him "point one" before he had time to go to ground; how young "Jack Noakes," whom I met the other day a retired major in New Zealand, having had his horse shot under him, serenely killed a Russian cavalry man, and so remounted himself. The oldsters drank my beer, and I suppose laughed at me as they wiped their moustaches on their shirt sleeves; but, although I had no thought save for the present pleasure of listening to their tales, told as they were in the quaint forcible idiom of the barrack room, it was I who was the gainer. I was saturating myself with practical soldierhood, while the grizzled veterans were swilling my beer. Then when the troop-horses were bedded down for the night, and my comrades sallied out "into the town" to keep tryst with maid-servants, or to swell the chorus in some beer house tap-room, there were for me, till the watch-setting trumpet sounded, three happy hours in the regimental library over the pages of Napier, or in tougher wrestle with the war-problems of Jomini.

Then there dawned in me the desire to write something descriptive of the manner of life we soldiers were living. I remember as if it were but yesterday, under what conditions I wrote my first article. It was at a table in the barrack room, amidst din and turmoil. Fellows were singing as they pipe-clayed belts or burnished sword scabbards. I was interrupted by the necessity to clear

the table away to make room for a fight. The first page of my manuscript was smeared with chrome yellow that dropped from the stripes of a pair of overalls hanging overhead. When I returned to England, after the Russo-Turkish war, some partial friends who were so good as to admire some exertions of mine in that campaign, did me the honour to entertain me at a banquet in Willis's Rooms. It was a coincidence passing strange that, as I rose with a heart overfull for eloquence, even were that gift at my command, to strive to stammer a few words in acknowledgment of the magnificent eulogium which George Sala had allowed himself to pronounce, my eye should have fallen on two men sitting by each other, Frederick Greenwood and Justin McCarthy, of whom the former, in his capacity as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, had accepted the first contribution I ever dared send to a periodical, the latter had made a "Starlight Reading" of the first paper I submitted to a daily journal. I have often wondered whether Mr. Greenwood regarded the chrome-yellow drops as a species of voucher for the authenticity of the barrack-room origin of the article he accepted with words of encouragement that I can never cease gratefully to remember.

But ill-health cut short my soldiering days, and I had to lay down the sword for the pen. The pen has kept me and mine ever since, yet indirectly the sword has furnished the greater share of our rations. In the early days I lived a good deal on military sketches contributed to the "Starlight" column of the paper which Mr. McCarthy then conducted. Later I staked my small fortunes on a now long-forgotten journal which tried to prosper under the title of *The London Scotsman*. This paper was my own in every sense. I was the proprietor, and the sole contributor. Week after week it saw the light—my work from the first leader to the compiled "Births, deaths, and marriages" immediately preceding the advertisements, some of which, too, I had gathered in. Sketches, short stories, reviews, reports, each and all, such as they were, came from my pen. I wrote a novel in its pages to fill up space—a military novel, of course; a tale of the Indian Mutiny. I had not participated in the Mutiny campaign, nor had I ever been to India; but that was a matter of detail. Some readers may yet remember a stalwart medalled soldier, wearing too the Victoria Cross, who did duty as a private constable outside Moses and Sons' ready-made clothes shop in Oxford Street. This was "Hollowell of the deadly rifle," one of the nine heroes of "Dhoolie Square." Hollowell is long dead, and Moses no longer exposes his cheap goods in the windows of the commanding corner over against Mudie's. Hollowell had been a soldier of the gallant Ross-shire Buffs, who played so valiant a part in Havelock's advance on Cawnpore and first relief of Lucknow. One day I fell into talk with him, and found him a man with a singular memory for picturesque details, such as give local colour and verisimilitude to descriptions. Every week I leased two hours of Hollowell's time and talk, at a tariff of five shillings the interview; and as regularly incorporated what he told me into the week's instalment of my novel in the *London Scotsman*. I regarded it as in a sense a compliment when long afterwards the present Sir Henry Havelock, as the result of a perusal of the story in book form, expressed to me his firm conviction that I must be a deserter from the Ross-shire Buffs, since no man who had not actually made the campaign in that regiment could have given the story the local colour which he was pleased to ascribe to it.

Anyhow it was the descriptions of battles, in this poor hand-to-mouth story, which has long sunk into deserved oblivion, that earned for me my first commission as a war correspondent. In those days the late Mr. James Grant was the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. I have heard men laugh at Mr. Grant, but it would ill become me to have aught but kindly memories of one who was to me a good friend. He had come from our neighbourhood, where in early life some of my people had been able to show him some favour, and this he remembered on my behalf. I never was on the staff of his journal, but he gave me a good deal of casual work, some of which was scarcely in my way, although I made a struggle to compass it without flagrant failure. The most trying commissions he gave me were to write notices of minor musical affairs, such as concerts. Now of music I know absolutely nothing—nature had given me no ear, and I never was able to whistle a tune in my life. I fancy Mr. Grant knew little more about music than did his "critic," nor probably were his readers very censorious; so I was able to wriggle along somehow, earning my half-guineas until an unfortunate misconception on my part put an end to my work in the musical department of the *Advertiser*. I was sent to a music establishment in Bond Street to write about a gentleman who performed on a new instrument which he called a "pedal-pianoforte." He played not less

with his feet than with his hands, and his physical exertions were at once arduous and grotesque. It seemed to me that it was of his dexterous agility of which he desired to make exhibition, and I wrote of him more in the character of an acrobat than of a musician, without the faintest idea that I was not doing him the fullest justice. My praises of his phenomenal activity were duly printed, and judging by the tone of his remonstrance nature had not bountifully endowed him with the emotion of gratitude. So strenuous were his expressions that they caused an arrestment of my musical commissions.

On that day of July, '70, on which France declared war against Germany, Mr. Grant sent for me, and startled me with the abrupt question whether I should care to go abroad for the *Advertiser* as its war correspondent, having been moved to ask this question, he said, because of the battle pieces he had read in my story in the *London Scotsman*. Far off, as a child might sigh for the moon, this work had been the dream of my life, ever since I had come to realise that I could write matter that men would print, and that other men would read. It had been never more than a dream. I had a diffident half-belief that some work I had put out of hand was not perceptibly worse than work I saw in the dignity of large type in important journals. But I was so absolutely out of the running. In the journalistic swim of the day I had neither part nor lot. Of editors and managers of the daily papers I knew not even the names. And lo! the thing had come to me, unasked; the moon had dropped into my arms! I never realised that there were two sides to the question—that the *Advertiser* was scarcely a journal whose correspondence was likely to attract the notice of a wide circle of general readers; that my own little paper must suffer during my absence; that I might be flinging away a substance, such as it was, for a vague shadow; and that because of the hostages I had given to fortune it behoved me not to be rash. No, I grasped Grant's hand in a rapture of gratitude; I stipulated for no remuneration save that he should pay a modest specified subsidy for the maintenance of those I was leaving behind; I took £10 for outfit, and £20 in my pocket as campaigning expenditure; bought a knapsack and a note-book, and started by the mail train (second class) the same night. A friend had taken charge for me of the *London Scotsman*.

Luck, in a way, was on the side of the enthusiastic novice. Mr. Grant seemed to have little more conversance with the theatre of war than that it would be somewhere in continental Europe, and he left it to me to make choice whether I would see what was to be seen with the Germans or with the French. Since leaving the army, I had made some study of the military organisations of the great European powers; I had read Colonel Stoffel's warning letters; and I felt the conviction that even if the French were in condition to essay their old accustomed *rôle* of the first offensive, German method, system, and copiousness of available resource would ultimately bring victory to the Teutonic banners. How purposeful were the German military people, how smoothly and efficiently worked Moltke's vast machine, was demonstrated so powerfully in Henry Hozier's *Seven Weeks War*, that I wondered even then, as I have wondered in a growing ratio ever since, how so many clear-headed Britons should have been so implicit believers in the French supremacy. I, for my part, needed no moment for consideration before I decided to choose the German side of the great cockpit, and with little less deliberation I selected the point for which to make, with intent to see the earliest fighting. I left behind me when I quitted England the address of "Poste Restante, Saarbrück." In regard to the all-important question of "legitimation," the German term for permission to accompany armies in the field, I was in utter and happy ignorance. My assumption was that I could get along somehow; and so, while the great ones of the profession in whose ranks I was the humblest of raw recruits were haunting the Berlin bureaux in quest of their credentials, I was already looking at the fighting. I was very lucky. I saw everything up to Gravelotte in virtue of an informal scrap of permission General von Goeben had given me as I passed through Coblentz on my way to the front. It was not until the day after Gravelotte, when the German hearts were mellowed by victory, that I got the "Great Head-quarter Pass" signed by Podbielski, the quarter-master-general of King Wilhelm's staff, which was so potent a voucher wherever exhibited. Nor for this puissant document had I to beg and intrigue, and use influence. I had no influence to use. I simply called, the evening after Gravelotte, at the Bureau in Gorze of the general staff. There I found a friendly sergeant, to whom I explained what I desired to have, and with whom I left the credentials I carried from my newspaper, and the scrap von Goeben had given me. I was bidden to return in an hour. I did so, and the friendly sergeant handed

me the Podbielski legitimation, with the stamp and seal on it of the Royal Headquarter, and the injunction to all and sundry to regard me as a fully accredited correspondent. The sergeant did my business for me ; in connection with this affair I saw nobody save that genial spectacled non-commissioned officer.

We—I had found a staunch comrade in poor young Jacob de Liefde, who was representing the *Glasgow Herald*—had a strangely adventurous time of it between the frontier and the vicinity of Paris. Save for the occasional hire of a vehicle, we covered the ground on foot, knapsacks on backs. We were independent of quarters, for we bivouacked with the lightest hearts, and we carried our rations and did our cooking gipsy-fashion, under the lee of a sheltering hedge. We could scarcely be called war correspondents ; rather we were journalistic tramps writing letters to our newspapers, which we posted in any field-post waggon we chanced on, with a vague hope that somehow or other they would reach their destination some day. We had no money for couriers back to the base with our despatches, no resources that would justify resort to telegraphic communication, no affiliation to any head-quarter through which our letters could be expedited. In the fullest sense of the term we were "unattached." It was an adventurous, racy, picturesque life ; but it was not war correspondence in the more modern sense of that term. Later, it came with me to be a grievance—a matter of chagrin—that I should see anything notable, the account of which English newspaper readers should not have before them within three days at latest. The feeling grew up in me, so centred did I become in my work, that I would rather not see such an occurrence at all than see it and not be able to justify my existence in relation to it by getting the description of it home *ventre à terre*. But this unquiet sense of responsibility had not got its grip on me, while as yet I promenaded Lorraine for the *Morning Advertiser*, with knapsack on back and a very small handful of napoleons in my pocket. It was not my affair that I had neither horses nor couriers. I have often thought since, had all the appliances been then at my command, such as in later campaigns I originated, elaborated, and strained many a time to their utmost tension, how I might have made the world ring in those early, eager, everish days of the first act of the Franco-German tragedy ! For we two reckless adventurous pedestrians seemed somehow to drift into the very heart of everything that was most sensational of those sensational days. I believe we were the last in the Saarbrück Exercir Platz on the day of the "baptism of fire," before the red-trousered skirmishers swarmed on to its level expanse. We were in Saarbrück during the three days of the French occupation. Sometimes, in the advance, we were outside the German ground altogether, and drifting about in villages where no Uhlan had yet been. We drove through Chalons after the Germans had cleared out of it for the turning movement towards Sedan, and were gravely warned by the burghers against taking a road on which we were likely to meet the troopers from which they had been happily, although only temporarily, delivered. We were inside Sedan before its surrender was consummated. We saw Napoleon meet Bismarck on the Donchery Road, and witnessed the subsequent interview between the two. We were with von Tumpling's advance patrols all the way from Rheims to before Paris, and my first meeting with the diplomatist who is now Sir Edward Malet occurred almost within the fire-zone of the cannon of Fort Nogent, when the French escort who brought him out from the beautiful capital over which beleaguerment impended, handed him over to a stolid corporal of Silesian Uhlans, whose file was patrolling the road between Torcy and Claye. But, alas, it might have been in another world that all this good fortune of opportuneness had befallen me, for all that it made for any prestige to me in the character of a war correspondent. There had been one chance, indeed, to emerge from the rut of obscurity, but of that chance loyalty and honour forbade me to take avail. After Sedan I met Sutherland Edwards, who was acting for the *Times* as William Russell's colleague. I had told Edwards something of the singular luck in being in the heart of the throes of momentous events, which had come to us in the adventurous haphazard life we were leading ; and he had spoken of our conversation to Russell, who, always full of single-hearted zeal for the interests of the great journal whose pages his genius has so often irradiated, made me the offer to recruit me into the cohort of which he was the captain. It was with a pang the poignancy of which wrung me sorely, that I was forced gratefully to tell him that not even for such promotion could I desert the colours under which I had taken service, futile in the way of making a name for myself as I had come to realise that service to be.

It was on the same day we had met Malet at the fireposts that there somehow came to

me a letter which Mr. Grant had written to me. The casual field-post waggons had not carried my correspondence either with speed or certainty. Probably he had expected greater things than the means he had accorded to his representative had enabled that representative to accomplish. I had written with a copiousness and alacrity such as I have never since excelled, but letters had miscarried, and others had tarried cruelly long by the way. Anyhow, his letter was a recall, the specific reason assigned being that since the Prussian troops had now advanced on Paris, and a siege of that capital being imminent, his correspondent inside Paris would now suffice to keep him informed of the progress of events. The German environment, as might have been foreseen, did not long delay to cut off from him the channel of supply on which the worthy editor professed to rely. It was a curious irony of fortune that when I penetrated into Paris immediately after the capitulation, one of the first Englishmen I found there, eating horseflesh and scanty bread that was half sand, was the correspondent whose existence formed the pretext for my supercession, eager to gather from me some scraps of intelligence concerning that outer world from which he had been so long cut off. Mortified by the tone of Mr. Grant's letter, my heart sank. The moon that had fallen into my arms I had found mere dust and ashes. My essay in the profession after which my soul had longed was an ignoble failure. The iron of disappointment and shame ate into my soul as I ruefully owned that I had tried to soar too high; and that my proper sphere was petty paper staining for the *London Scotsman* and such-like kindred grovelling.

I would not linger in the arena of my discomfiture. I happened to make the acquaintance of a German King's Messenger, who the same night was leaving Meaux with despatches for the German embassy in London. He was to travel with all speed, and he kindly accepted me as his companion. The journey was through Rheims, Sedan, Bouillon, and so to the railway at Libramont. On the third day from that afternoon when in the dim heat-haze I saw afar off the glitter of the gilded dome of the Luxembourg, I stood forlorn and disconsolate in Fleet Street. Barely six weeks had elapsed since I had trodden that pavement buoyant with high hope, in a quiet delirium of joy that I had at length got my career; and now that pavement was again under the feet of a man overwhelmed with shame, crushed by the sombre consciousness of having proved unequal to the career which fortune, conscious of his inaptitude had mocked him with, humiliated now in the inverse ratio of his former confidence in his own powers. One drop was yet wanting to the bitter cup. It seemed my duty to offer Mr. Grant a final letter on the military situation I had so recently turned my back on. That letter he coldly and curtly declined. I was thought so unworthily of that a letter from my pen was summarily declined, notwithstanding that it would have been gratuitous, and would have contained details of the most utmost moment, for which, as a matter of fact, the world was anxiously waiting!

I think this cut me deeper than any previous stroke of malign fate. But as I walked and smoked there befell me a recoil from utter prostration. My war correspondent delusion was dead; but was that collapse to reduce me to drivelling idiocy? Had I not left still, then, some faculty of perception? Did I not stand here, in those somewhat dilapidated boots, the sole man in all this vast expectant London outside the German embassy, to whom belonged the knowledge of the dispositions of the German troops engaged in weaving round Paris that environment of blood and iron? I was a failure, but all the same, before I went back into the mill-horse round of drudgery, was not this knowledge marketable? Then why not try to find the market for it, and go back to the grind with at least a few guineas in the pocket?

I took my resolution. I went into a shop, bought a blank visiting card, wrote on it my name with the legend underneath—"Left German front before Paris three days ago, possessed of exclusive information as to dispositions for beleaguerment." Then I put out my pipe, tramped down Tudor Street, struck across for Printing House Square, entered the *Times* office, and asked to see the editor. The door-keeper smiled—it was not yet noon; and informed me that the editor was not to be seen. In reply to my question whether there was any one acting for him whom I could see, he offered to take my card and bring back a reply. He was gone a few minutes, and the reply he brought back was to the effect that if I cared to write anything on the subject indicated in the memorandum on my card the proper course was to forward the article in the ordinary way, when the editor would have an opportunity of judging of its eligibility.

I left the *Times* office divided between two opinions. Was that journal omniscient, and so in a position to be indifferent to any infor-

mation offered it, no matter how valuable on the face of things that information was; or was its wooden, stolid, grandiose manner so rigid in the phlegmatic routine of it that a relaxation was a matter of simple physical impossibility? I could not solve this problem; but this I was ruefully firm upon, that the off-chance of having a paper accepted on the given condition was not worth the trouble of writing it. Perhaps I was wrong in coming to this conclusion, but my soreness made shipwreck of my temper. I shook the dust of the *Times* office from off my feet, and wandered out again into Fleet Street. One more opportunity I resolved to give Fortune, if she had a mind not wholly to flout me. There were three other daily papers—the *Daily News*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Standard*. I would not importune each of these in succession, but to one of the three I should make an application for the acceptance of this information of mine; if that application were unsuccessful, I should resign myself and go and put together the births, deaths, and marriages for the wearyful *London Scotsman*.

But which of the three papers was I to try? They were all strange alike to me, except that once the *Daily News* had paid me ninepence for a paragraph nine lines long—a fact which scarcely constituted a claim to introduce myself to its further notice. As I stood in front of the tobacconist's shop at the corner of Fleet Street which Ludgate Circus has swept away, I fell on the device of deciding by the toss of a copper to which of the three penny papers I should address myself. The *Daily News* won the toss, if this be the right phrase to use. To Bouverie Street I accordingly hied myself. It occurred to me on the way that I had heard the name of Robinson, somehow, in connection with the management of that paper. It was a vague impression, thus little was I conversant with daily journalism; but it grew on me so that when I reached the office I asked for "Mr. Robinson." Had I been told there was no such person, I think I should have gone away.

A memo, with my name, and the same legend as I had sent in to the *Times*, went up to Mr. Robinson, and presently I followed the memo. I said my say very succinctly, and probably a trifle cavalierly, for I had not great store of temper left. A quiet-mannered man with a high forehead looked steadily at me through his spectacles as I spoke, and then said, "Yes, that sounds very interesting and valuable. Will you oblige me by writing three columns on the subject, and will you consider five guineas a column adequate remuneration? If so, please let the copy be sent in as rapidly as possible." They were kind and considerate words, that at once restored me to my sense of manhood, and yet went some way towards unmanning me, so strained by humiliations was my nervous system. I expressed my content, and it was arranged that a boy should be sent round hourly for copy to the chambers which I occupied in the adjacent Tudor Street.

In those days I had the gift, of which mental and physical strain have deprived me, of writing like a whirlwind, and I always found that the faster I wrote the better I wrote. As I painted, the picture breadthened on the canvas. I caught the details with alert ardour; I had that glow and sense of power that come to a man with the consciousness that he is doing good work. In three hours' time, or thereabouts—it had not seemed ten minutes to me—I had written my allotted three columns, but the canvas allowed me would not hold half my picture. I did not like to spoil it by cramping it up. But then, again, I was chary of exceeding the bounds assigned to me, lest it should seem I was greedy after more than the stipulated guineas. I determined I would go round and see this considerate Mr. Robinson, tell him how the case stood, and offer, rather than spoil my picture, to finish it in a fourth gratuitous column if he would have the charity to spare me the space.

Mr. Robinson had gone. Was, then, the editor there? The editor was absent holiday-making, but I could see the acting editor. The acting editor was reading a proof. I thought him a trifle gruff for the moment, but long since I have grown to know how little of gruffness there is in the sweet and genial nature of Edward Pigott. I explained my dilemma to him—briefly, because he gave me the idea of being impatient.

"Is this your stuff?" he trenchantly asked, laying his finger on the slip of proof before him.

I glanced at it and said it was my stuff.

"Well then," said he, "we'll take as much of this kind of stuff as you care to write!" And this remark terminated the interview. Laconic as was his utterance, it went straight to my heart; I did not care that he should be a syllable more diffuse. I went to my chambers, and reeled off three more columns with a lighter heart than I had known since before Mr. Grant's letter came to me at Meaux. This done, I returned to the office to read the proofs.

Pigott was there, and not so busy as he had been in the afternoon. He expressed a wish for further contributions, and that these might be talked over at leisure, he gave me an invitation to breakfast with him next morning. I walked on air up to South Bank, for I had read my six columns, and not only did I think them good work, but I realised that they meant thirty guineas—far and away the best day's work I had ever done.

It was arranged between Pigott and me that my next contribution should concern itself with the narrative of what I knew about that lurid episode of the battle of Sedan that occurred in the village of Bazeilles. Other topics had been adumbrated, and I rejoiced to think that I had found a crutch to supplement the somewhat feeble and precarious staff of the *London Scotsman*. I looked in at the office to bespeak the same arrangement in regard to sending round for copy as had been in force the previous day. I was shown up to Mr. Robinson.

"You've come for your cheque, I suppose," said he, as it seemed to me a little shortly.

"No," I explained. "I have arranged with the acting-editor to furnish some further contributions, and by his directions I have called to ask you to have a boy call round for copy in the same way as yesterday."

"I think not," said Robinson, with what struck me as an intentionally aggravating drawl. "I don't think we will trouble you to write those contributions you speak of. I will explain the matter to Mr. Pigott."

I don't quite know what I did say; I know I lost my temper vehemently, and I believe I used strong language. I think I said something about having believed in editorial omnipotence, and my inability to understand this business of one man blowing hot and another blowing cold. Anyhow, I was not going to stand being made a fool of in this off-hand easy style; and I'd take good care I didn't darken the doors of the *Daily News* any more. And with that, the *perfervidum ingenium* of my northern nationality being all ablaze, I removed myself abruptly from the presence, and swore my way down stairs into the street.

"Here, come back!" Robinson had shouted after me. "I want to speak to you!"

I fear that if he had acted on the strict letter of the brief retort I threw over my shoulder, he would have had no occasion to give any subsequent orders to his coal merchant.

I was striding up Bouverie Street, fiercely fuming behind my beard, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and simultaneously I heard a voice—"Don't be a fool! I was going to say that I want you to start for Metz to-night!"

I turned and stared at Robinson—for it was he who had spoken—in the blankest amazement. Then he had meant no insult, after all, but something indeed of quite a contrary tenor. And here was the real chance come at last, then, with all the prestige of a great paper—whose war correspondence was already the talk of the town—at the back of the offer; all the scope for making a name, if indeed the power to do anything in this direction did abide within me. It was a wonderful chance; but again, what a risk! With my recent experiences should I dare to take that risk? The struggle of conflicting emotions made me dizzy.

I will not weary the reader with the recital of the arguments that seemed to forbid me to accept Mr. Robinson's offer. It is possible that had I declined it I might have been a happier man to-day, for I have been a widower now for some eleven years. I might have been a haler man than I am to-day at forty-five, my nerve gone, and my physical energy but a memory. Yet the recompense! To have lived ten lives in as many short years; to have held once and again in the hollow of the hand the exclusive power to thrill the nations; to have looked into the very heart of the turning-points of empires and of dynasties! What joy equal to the thrilling sense of personal force, as obstacle after obstacle fell behind conquered, as one galloped from the battlefield, fraught with tidings which peoples awaited hungeringly or tremblingly! If the *gaudia certaminis* have an enthralling fascination for the soldier, scarcely less does the war correspondent share in the fierce rapture of the fray: and there may be for him joys and triumphs such as cannot light up the career of a soldier.

I requested Robinson to give me the day to decide, and to make arrangements should the decision accord with his wishes. At 7 P.M. I kept tryst at the rendezvous he had named, equipped for the journey. He gave me his good wishes and a roll of notes. I left England by the mail steamer the same evening, and in two more days had my share of the straw in a Prussian "field watch" on the east side of Metz. It was then that in reality my career as a war correspondent began.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

ILES' friendship could not carry him so far as to make the venture; Kit Smallbones observed that he had a wife and children and could not afford to risk his good right hand on a wandering soldier's bravado, Edmund was heard saying, "Nay, nay, Steve, don't be such a fool," but Stephen was declaring he would not have the fellow say that English lads hung back from what rogues of France and Italy would dare.

"No danger for him who winceth not," said the knight.

Master Headley, a very peaceful citizen in his composition in spite of his trade, was much inclined to forbid Stephen from the experiment, but he refrained, ashamed and unwilling to daunt a high spirit, and half the household, eager for the excitement rushed to the kitchen in quest of apples, and brought out all the women to behold, and add a clamour of remonstrance. Sir John, however, insisted that they should all be ordered back again. "Not that the noise and clamour of women folk makes any odds to me," said the grim old warrior, "I've seen too many towns taken for that, but it might make the lad queasy, and cost him a thumb or so."

Of course, this renewed the dismay and excitement, and both Tibble and his master entreated Stephen to give up the undertaking if he felt the least misgiving as to his own steadiness, arguing that they should not think him any more a craven than they did Kit Smallbones or Edmund Burgess. But Stephen's mind was made up, his spirit was high, and he was resolved to go through with it.

He held out his open hand, a rosy-cheeked apple was carefully laid on it. The sword flashed through the air—divided in half the apple remained on Stephen's palm. There was a sharp shriek from a window, drowned in the acclamations of the whole court, while the Captain patted Stephen on the shoulder, exclaiming "Well done, my lad. There's the making of a tall fellow in thee! If ever thou art weary of making weapons and wouldst use them instead, seek out John Fulford, of the Badger troop, and thou shalt have a welcome. Our name is the Badger, because there's no troop like us for digging out mines beneath the walls."

A few months ago such an invitation would have been bliss to Stephen. Now he was bound in all honour and duty to his master, and could only thank the knight of the Badger, and cast a regretful eye at him, as he drank a cup of wine, flung a bag of gold and silver, supplemented by a heavy chain, to Master Headley, who prudently declined working for Free Companions, unless he were paid beforehand; and, at the knight's request, took charge of a sufficient amount to pay his fare back again to the Continent. Then mounting a tall, lean, bony horse, the knight said he should call for his armour on returning from Somerset, and rode off, while Stephen found himself exalted as a hero in the eyes of his companions for an act common enough at feats of arms among modern cavalry, but quite new to the London flat caps. The only sufferer was little Dennet, who had burst into an agony of crying at the sight, needed that Stephen should spread out both hands before her, and show her the divided apple, before she would believe that his thumb was in its right place; and at night screamed out in her sleep that the ill-favoured man was cutting off Stephen's hands.

The sword was left behind by Sir John in order that it might be fitted with a scabbard and belt worthy of it; and on examination, Master Headley and Tibble both confessed that they could produce nothing equal to it in workmanship, though Kit looked with

contempt at the slight weapon of deep blue steel, with lines meandering on it like a watered silk, and the upper part inlaid with gold wire in exquisite arabesque patterns. He called it a mere toy, and muttered something about sorcery and men who had been in foreign parts, not thinking honest weight of English steel good enough for them.

Master Headley would not trust one of the boys with the good silver coins that had been paid as the price of the sword—French crowns and Milanese ducats, with a few Venetian gold bezants—but he bade them go as guards to Tibble, for it was always a perilous thing to carry a sum of money through the London streets. Tibble was not an unwilling messenger. He knew Master Michael to be somewhat of his own way of thinking, and he was a naturally large-minded man who could appreciate skill higher than his own without jealousy. Indeed, he and his master held a private consultation on the mode of establishing a connection with Michael and profiting by his ability.

To have lodged him at the Dragon Court and made him part of the establishment might have seemed the most obvious, but the dogged English hatred and contempt of foreigners would have rendered this impossible, even if Abenali himself would have consented to give up his comparative seclusion and live in a crowd and turmoil.

But he was thankful to receive and execute orders from Master Headley, since so certain a connection would secure Aldonza from privation such as the child had sometimes had to endure in the winter; when, though the abstemious Eastern nature needed little food, there was great suffering from cold and lack of fuel. And Tibble moreover asked questions and begged for instructions in some of the secrets of the art. It was an effort to such a prime artificer as Steelman to ask instruction from any man, especially a foreigner, but Tibble had a nature of no common order, and set perfection far above class prejudice, and moreover he felt Abenali to be one of those men who had their inner eyes devotedly fixed on the truth, though little knowing where the quest would lead them.

On his side Abenali underwent a struggle. "Woe is me!" he said. "Wottest thou, my son, that the secrets of the sword of light and swiftness are the heritage that Abdallah Ben Ali brought from Damascus in the hundred and fifty-third year of the flight of him whom once I termed the prophet; nor have they departed from our house, but have been handed on from father to son. And shall they be used in the wars of the stranger and the Christian?"

"I feared it might be thus," said Tibble.

"And yet," went on the old man, as if not hearing him, "wherefore should I guard the secret any longer? My sons? Where are they? They brooked not the scorn and hatred of the Castillian, which poisoned to them the new faith. They cast in their lot with their own people, and that their bones may lie bleaching on the mountains is the best lot that can have befallen the children of my youth and hope. The house of Miguel Abenali is desolate and childless, save for the little maiden who sits by my hearth in the land of my exile! Why should I guard it longer for him who may wed her, and whom I may never behold? The will of Heaven be done! Young man, if I bestow this knowledge on thee, wilt thou swear to be as a father to my daughter, and to care for her as thine own?"

It was a good while since Tibble had been called a young man, and as he listened to the flowing Eastern periods in their foreign enunciation, he was for a moment afraid that the price of the secret was that he should become the old Moor's son-in-law! His seared and scarred youth had precluded marriage, and he entertained the low opinion of women, frequent in men of superior intellect among the uneducated. Besides, the possibilities of giving umbrage to Church authorities were dawning on him, and he was not willing to form any domestic ties, so that in every way such a proposition would have been unwelcome to him. But he had no objection to pledge himself to fatherly guardianship of the pretty child in case of a need that might never arise. So he gave the promise, and became a pupil of Abenali, visiting Warwick Inner Yard with his master's consent whenever he could be spared, while the workmanship at the Dragon began to profit thereby.

The jealousy of the Eagle was proportionately increased. Alderman Brownrigg, the head of the Eagle, was friendly enough to Mr. Headley, but it was undeniable that they were the rival armourers of London, dividing the favours of the Court equally between them, and the bitterness of the emulation increased the lower it went in the establishment. The prentices especially could hardly meet without gibes and sneers if nothing worse, and Stephen's exploit had a peculiar flavour because it was averred that no one at the Eagle would have done the like.

But it was not till the Sunday that Ambrose chanced to hear of the feat, at

which he turned quite pale, but he was prouder of it than any one else, and although he rejoiced that he had not not seen it performed, he did not fail to boast of it at home, though Perronel began by declaring that she did not care for the mad pranks of roistering prentices, but presently she paused, as she stirred her grandfather's evening posset, and said, "What saidst thou was the strange soldier's name?"

"Fulford—Sir John Fulford"—said Ambrose. "What? I thought not of it, is not that gaffer's name?"

"Fulford, yea! Mayhap—" and Perronel sat down and gave an odd sort of laugh of agitation—"Mayhap 'tis mine own father."

"Shouldst thou know him, good aunt?" cried Ambrose much excited.

"Scarce," she said. "I was not seven years old when he went to the wars—if so be he lived through the battle—and he recked little of me, being but a maid. I feared him greatly and so did my mother. 'Twas happier with only gaffer? Where saidst thou he was gone?"

Ambrose could not tell, but he undertook to bring Stephen to answer all queries on the subject. His replies that the captain was gone in quest of his family to Somersetshire settled the matter, since there had been old Martin Fulford's abode, and there John Fulford had parted with his wife and father. They did not, however tell the old man of the possibility of his son's being at home, he had little memory, and was easily thrown into a state of agitation; besides it was a doubtful matter how the Condottiere would feel as to the present fortunes of the family. Stephen was to look out for his return in quest of his suit of armour, inform him of his father's being alive, and show him the way to the little house by the Temple Gardens, but Perronel gave the strictest injunctions that her husband's profession should not be explained. It would be quite enough to say that he was of the Lord Cardinal's household.

Stephen watched, but the armour was finished and Christmas passed by before anything was seen of the captain. At last, however, he did descend on the Dragon Court, looking so dilapidated that Mr. Headley rejoiced in the having received payment beforehand. He was louder voiced, and fuller of strange oaths than ever, and in the utmost haste, for he had heard tidings that "there was to be a lusty game between the Emperor and the Italians, and he must have his share."

Stephen made his way up to speak to him, and was received with "Ha, my gallant lad! Art weary of hammer and anvil? Wouldst be a brave Badger, slip thine indentures, and hear helm and lance ring in good earnest?"

"Not so, sir," said Stephen, "but I have been bid to ask if thou hast found thy father?"

"What's that to thee, stripling? When thou hast cut thy wisdom teeth, thou'lt know old fathers be not so easy found. 'Twas a wild goose chase, and I wot not what moved me to run after it. I met jolly comrades enough, bumpkins that could drink with an honest soldier when they saw him, but not one that ever heard the name of Fulford."

"Sir," said Stephen, "I know an old man named Fulford. His granddaughter is my aunt, and they dwell by the Temple."

The intelligence seemed more startling and less gratifying than Stephen had expected. Sir John demanded whether they were poor, and declared that he had better have heard of them when his purse was fuller. He had supposed that his wife had given him up and found a fresh mate, and when he heard of her death, he made an exclamation which might be pity, but had in it something of relief. He showed more interest about his old father, and supposed his daughter was married. If she had been a lad now, a' might have been a stout comrade by this time, ready to do the Badger credit. Yea, his poor Kate was a good lass, but she was only a Flemish woman and hadn't the sense to rear aught but a whining little wench, who was of no good except to turn fool's heads, and he supposed she was wedded and past all that by this time.

Stephen explained that she was wedded to his uncle, one of the Lord Cardinal's meiné.

"Ho!" said the Condottiere, pausing, "be that the butcher's boy that is pouring out his gold to buy scarlet hats, if not the three crowns. 'Tis no bad household wherein to have a footing. Saidst thou I should find my wench and the old gaffer there?"

Stephen had to explain, somewhat to the disappointment of the captain, who had, as it appeared, in the company of three or four more adventurous spirits like himself, taken a passage in a vessel lying off Gravesend, and had only turned aside to take up his new armour and his deposit of passage-money. He demurred a little, he had little time to spare, and though, of course, he could take boat at the Temple Stairs, and drop down the river, he observed that it would have been a very different thing to go home to the old man when he first came back with a pouch full of ransoms and plunder, whereas now he had barely enough to carry him to the place of meeting with his Badgers. And

there was the wench too—he had fairly forgotten her name. Women were like she wolves for greed when they had a brood of whelps.

Stephen satisfied him that there was no danger on that score, and heard him muttering, that it was no harm to secure a safe harbour in case a man hadn't the luck to be knocked on the head ere he grew too old to trail a pike. And he would fain see the old man.

So permission was asked for Stephen to show the way to Master Randall's, and granted somewhat reluctantly, Master Headley saying, "I'll have thee back within an hour, Stephen Birkenholt, and look thou dost not let thy brain be set afire with this fellow's windy talk of battles and sieges, and deeds only fit for pagans and wolves."

"Ay!" said Tibble, perhaps with a memory of the old fable, "better be the trusty mastiff than the wolf."

And like the wolf twitting the mastiff with his chain, the soldier was no sooner outside the door of the Dragon Court before he began to express his wonder how a lad of mettle could put up with a flat cap, a blue gown, and the being at the beck and call of a greasy burgher, when a bold, handsome young knave like him might have the world before him and his stout pike.

Stephen was flattered, but scarcely tempted. The hard selfishness and want of affection of the Condottiere shocked him, while he looked about, hoping some of his acquaintance would see him in company with this tall figure clanking in shining armour, and with a knightly helmet and gilt spurs. The armour, new and brilliant, concealed the worn and shabby leathern dress beneath and gave the tall, spare figure a greater breadth, diminishing the look of a hungry wolf which Sir John Fulford's aspect suggested. However, as he passed some of the wealthier stalls, where the apprentices, seeing the martial figure, shouted, "What d'ye lack, sir knight?" and offered silk and velvet robes and mantles, gay sword knots, or even rich chains, under all the clamour, Stephen heard him swearing by St. George what a place this would be for a sack, if his Badgers were behind him.

"If that poor craven of a Warbeck had had a spark of valour in him," quoth he, as he passed a stall gay with bright tankards and flagons, "we would have rattled some of that shining gear about the lazy citizens' ears! He, jolly King Edward's son! I'll never give faith to it! To turn his back when there was such booty to be had for the plundering."

"He might not have found it so easy. Our trainbands are sturdy enough," said Stephen, whose *esprit de corps* was this time on the Londoners' side, but the knight of the Badger snapped his fingers, and said, "So much for your burgher trainbands! All they be good for with their show of fight is to give honest landsknechts a good reason to fall on to the plunder, if so be one is hampered by a squeamish prince. But grammercy to St. George, there be not many of that sort after they be once fleshed!"

Perhaps a year ago, when fresh from the Forest, Stephen might have been more captivated by the notion of adventure and conquest. Now that he had his place in the community and looked on a civic position with wholesome ambition, Fulford's longings for havoc in these peaceful streets made his blood run cold. He was glad when they reached their destination, and he saw Perronel with bare arms, taking in some linen cuffs and bands from a line across to the opposite wall. He could only call out "Good naunt, here he be."

Perronel turned round, the colour rising in her cheeks, with an obeisance but trembling a good deal. "How now, wench? thou art grown a buxom dame. Thou makst an old man of me," said the soldier with a laugh. "Where's my father? I have not the turning of a cup to stay, for I'm come home poor as a cat in a plundered town, and am off to the wars again; but hearing that the old man was nigh at hand, I came this way to see him, and let thee know thou art a knight's daughter. Thou art indifferent comely, girl, what's thy name? but not the peer of thy mother when I wooed her as one of the bonny lasses of Bruges."

He gave a kind of embrace, while she gave a kind of gasp of "Welcome, sir," and glanced somewhat reproachfully at Stephen for not having given her more warning. The cause of her dismay was plain as the captain, giving her no time to precede him, strode into the little chamber, where Hal Randall, without his false beard or hair, and in his parti-coloured hose, was seated by the cupboard-like bed, assisting old Martin Fulford to take his midday meal.

"Be this thine husband, girl? Ha! ha! He's more like a jolly friar come in to make thee merry when the good man is out!" exclaimed the visitor, laughing loudly at his own rude jest; but heeding little either Hal's appearance or his reply, as he caught the old man's bewildered eyes, and heard his efforts to utter his name.

For eighteen years had altered John Fulford less than either his father or his daughter, and old Martin recognised him instantly,

and held out the only arm he could use, while the knight, softened, touched, and really feeling more natural affection than Stephen had given him credit for, dropped on his knee, breaking into indistinct mutterings with rough but hearty greetings, regretting that he had not found his father sooner, when his pouch was full, lamenting the change in him, declaring that he must hurry away now, but promising to come back with sacks of Italian ducats to provide for the old man.

Those who could interpret the imperfect utterance, now further choked by tears and agitation, knew that there was a medley of broken rejoicings, blessings and weepings, in the midst of which the soldier, glad perhaps to end a scene where he became increasingly awkward and embarrassed, started up, hastily kissed the old man on each of his withered cheeks, gave another kiss to his daughter, threw her two Venetian ducats, bidding her spend them for the old man, and he would bring a pouchful more next time, and striding to the door, bade Stephen call a boat, to take him down to Gravesend.

Randall, who had in the meantime donned his sober black gown in the inner chamber, together with a dark hood, accompanied his newly found father-in-law down the river, and Stephen would fain have gone too, but for the injunction to return within the hour.

Perronel had hurried back to her grandfather's side to endeavour to compose him after the shock of gladness. But it had been too much for his enfeebled powers. Another stroke came on before the day was over, and in two or three days more old Martin Fulford was laid to rest, and his son's ducats were expended on masses for his soul's welfare.

CHAPTER XV.

HEAVE HALF A BRICK AT HIM.

"For strangers then did so increase,
By reason of King Henry's queen,
And privileged in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.
Poor tradesmen had small dealing then
And who but strangers bore the bell,
Which was a grief to Englishmen
To see them here in London dwell."
Ill May Day, by CHURCHILL, *a Contemporary Poet.*

TIME passed on, and Edmund Burgess, who had been sent from York to learn the perfection of his craft, completed his term and returned to his home, much regretted in the Dragon Court, where his good humour and good sense had always kept the peace, both within and without.

Giles Headley was now the eldest prentice. He was in every way greatly improved, thoroughly accepting his position, and showing himself quite ready both to learn and to work; but he had not the will or the power of avoiding disputes with outsiders, or turning them aside with a merry jest, and rivalries and quarrels with the armoury at the Eagle began to increase. The Dragon, no doubt, turned out finer workmanship, and this the Eagle alleged was wholly owing to nefarious traffic with the old Spanish or Moorish sorcerer in Warwick inner yard, a thing unworthy of honest Englishmen. This made Giles furious, and the cry never failed to end in a fight, in which Stephen supported the cause of the one house, and George Bates and his comrades of the other.

It was the same with even the archery at Mile End, where the butts were erected, and the youth contended with the long bow, which was still considered as the safeguard of England. King Henry often looked in on these matches, and did honour to the winners. One match there was in especial, on Mothering Sunday, when the champions of each guild shot against one another at such a range that it needed a keen eye to see the popinjay—a stuffed bird at which they shot.

Stephen was one of these, his forest lore having always given him an advantage over many of the others. He even was one of the last three who were to finish the sport by shooting against one another. One was a butcher named Barlow. The other was a Walloon, the best shot among six hundred foreigners of various nations, all of whom, though with little encouragement, joined in the national sport on these pleasant spring afternoons. The first contest threw out the Walloon, at which there were cries of ecstasy, now the trial was between Barlow and Stephen, and in this final effort, the distance of the pole to which the popinjay was fastened was so much increased that strength of arm told as much as accuracy of aim, and Stephen's sixteen years' old muscles could not, after so long a strain, cope with those of Ralph Barlow, a butcher of full thirty years old. His wrist and arm began to shake with weariness, and only one of his three last arrows went straight to the mark, while Barlow was as steady as ever, and never once failed. Stephen was bitterly disappointed, his eyes filled with tears, and he flung himself down on the turf, feeling as if the shouts of "A Barlow! a Barlow!"

which were led by the jovial voice of King Harry himself, were all exulting over him.

Barlow was led up to the king, who hailed him "King of Shoreditch," a title borne by the champion archer ever after, so long as bowmanship in earnest lasted. A tankard which the king filled with silver pieces was his prize, but Henry did not forget No. 2. "Where's the other fellow?" he said. "He was but a stripling, and to my mind, his feat was a greater marvel than that of a stalwart fellow like Barlow."

Half a dozen of the spectators, among them the Cardinal's jester, hurried in search of Stephen, who was roused from his fit of weariness and disappointment by a shake of the shoulder from his uncle's jingling his bells in his ears, and exclaiming, "How now, here I own a cousin!" Stephen sat up and stared with angry, astonished eyes, but only met a laugh. "Ay, ay, 'tis but striplings and fools that have tears to spend for such as this! Up, boy! D'ye hear? The other Hal is asking for thee."

And Stephen, hastily brushing away his tears, and holding his flat cap in his hand, was marshalled across the mead, hot, shy, and indignant, as the jester mopped and mowed, and cut all sorts of antics before him, turning round to observe in an encouraging voice, "Pluck up a heart, man. One would think Hal was going to cut off thine head!" And then, on arriving where the king sat on his horse, "Here he is, Hal, such as he is! come humbly to crave thy gracious pardon for hitting the mark no better! He'll mend his ways, good my lord, if your grace will pardon him this time."

"Ay, marry, and that will I," said the king. "The springald bids fair to be King of Shoreditch by the time the other fellow abdicates. How old art thou, my lad?"

"Sixteen, an it please your grace," said Stephen, in the gruff voice of his age.

"And thy name?"

"Stephen Birkenholt, my liege," and he wondered whether he would be recognised; but Henry only said—

"Methinks I've seen those sloe-black eyes before. Or is it only that the lad is thy very marrow, quipsome one?"

"The which," returned the jester gravely, while Stephen tingled all over with dismay, "may account for the tears the lad was wasting at not having the thews of the fellow double his age! But I envy him not! Not I! He'll never have wit for mine office, but will come in second there likewise."

"I dare be sworn he will," said the king. "Here, take this, my good lad, and prank thee in it when thou art out of thy time, and goest a-hunting in Epping!"

It was a handsome belt with a broad silver clasp, engraven with the Tudor rose and portcullis; and Stephen bowed low and made his acknowledgments as best he might.

He was hailed with rapturous acclamations by his own contemporaries, who held that he had saved the credit of the English prentice world, and insisted on carrying him enthroned on their shoulders back to Cheapside, in emulation of the journeymen and all the butcher kind, who were thus bearing home the King of Shoreditch.

Shouts, halloos, whistles, every jubilant noise that youth and boyhood could invent, were the triumphant music of Stephen on his surging and uneasy throne, as he was shifted from one bearer to another, when each in turn grew tired of his weight. Just, however, as they were nearing their own neighbourhood, a counter cry broke out, "Witchcraft! His arrows are bewitched by the old Spanish sorcerer! Down with Dragons and wizards!" And a handful of mud came full in the face of the enthroned lad, aimed no doubt by George Bates. There was a yell and rush of rage, but the enemy was in numbers too small to attempt resistance, and dashed off before their pursuers, only pausing at safe corners to shout Parthian darts of "Wizards," "Magic," "Sorcerers," "Heretics."

There was nothing to be done but to collect again, and escort Stephen, who had wiped the mud off his face, to the Dragon Court, where Dennet danced on the steps for joy, and Master Headley, not a little gratified, promised Stephen a supper for a dozen of his particular friends at Armourers' Hall on the ensuing Easter Sunday.

Of course Stephen went in search of his brother, all the more eagerly because he was conscious that they had of late drifted apart a good deal. Ambrose was more and more absorbed by the studies to which Lucas Hansen led him, and took less and less interest in his brother's pursuits. He did indeed come to the Sunday's dinner according to the regular custom, but the moment it was permissible to leave the board he was away with Tibble Steelman to meet friends of Lucas, and pursue studies, as if, Stephen thought, he had not enough of books as it was. When Dean Colet preached or catechised in St. Paul's in the afternoon they both attended and listened, but that good man was in failing health, and his wise discourses were less frequent.

Where they were at other times, Stephen did not know, and hardly cared, except that

he had a general dislike to, and jealousy of, anything that took his brother's sympathy away from him. Moreover Ambrose's face was thinner and paler, he had a strange absorbed look, and often even when they were together seemed hardly to attend to what his brother was saying.

"I will make him come," said Stephen to himself, as he went with swinging gait towards Warwick inner yard, where, sure enough, he found Ambrose sitting at the door, frowning over some black letter which looked most uninviting in the eyes of the apprentice, and he fell upon his brother with half angry, half merry reproofs for wasting the fine spring afternoon over such studies.

Ambrose looked up with a dreamy smile and greeted his brother, but all the time Stephen was narrating the history of the match (and he *did* tell the fate of each individual arrow of his own or Barlow's) his eyes were wandering back to the crabbed page in his hand, and when Stephen impatiently wound up his history with the invitation to supper on Easter Sunday, the reply was, "Nay, brother, thanks, but that I cannot do."

"Cannot!" exclaimed Stephen.

"Nay, there are other matters in hand that go deeper."

"Yea, I know whatever concerns musty books goes deeper with thee than thy brother," replied Stephen, turning away much mortified.

Ambrose's warm nature was awakened. He held his brother by the arm and declared himself anything but indifferent to him, but he owned that he did not love noise and revelry, above all on Sunday.

"Thou art addling thy brains with preachings!" said Stephen. "Pray Heaven they make not a heretic of thee. But thou mightest for once have come to mine own feast."

Ambrose, much perplexed and grieved at thus vexing his brother, declared that he would have done so with all his heart, but that this very Easter Sunday there was coming a friend of Master Hansen's from Holland, who was to tell them much of the teaching in Germany, which was so enlightening men's eyes.

"Yea, truly, making heretics of them, Mistress Headley saith," returned Stephen. "O Ambrose, if thou wilt run after these books and parchments, canst not do it in right fashion, among holy monks, as of old?"

"Holy monks!" repeated Ambrose. "Holy monks! Where be they?"

Stephen stared at him.

"Hear uncle Hal talk of monks whom he sees at my Lord Cardinal's table! What holiness is there among them? Men, that have vowed to renounce all worldly and carnal things flaunt like peacocks and revel like swine—my Lord Cardinal with his silver pillars foremost of them! He poor and mortified! 'Tis verily as our uncle saith, he plays the least false and shameful part there!

"Ambrose, Ambrose, thou wilt be distraught, poring over these matters that were never meant for lads like us! Do but come and drive them out for once with mirth and good fellowship."

"I tell thee, Stephen, what thou callest mirth and good fellowship do but drive the pain in deeper. Sin and guilt be everywhere. I seem to see the devils putting foul words on the tongue and ill-deeds in the hands of myself and all around me, that they may accuse us before God. No, Stephen, I cannot, cannot come. I must go where I can hear of a better way."

"Nay," said Stephen, "what better way can there be than to be shriven—clean shriven—and then houselled, as I was ere Lent, and trust to be again on next Low Sunday morn? That's enough for a plain lad." He crossed himself reverently, "Mine own Lord pardoneth and cometh to me."

But the two minds, one simple and practical, the other sensitive and speculative, did not move in the same atmosphere, and could not understand one another. Ambrose was in the condition of excitement and bewilderment produced by the first stirrings of the Reformation upon enthusiastic minds. He had studied the Vulgate, made out something of the Greek Testament, read all fragments of the Fathers that came in his way, and also all the controversial "tractates," Latin or Dutch, that he could meet with, and attended many a secret conference between Lucas and his friends, when men, coming from Holland or Germany, communicated accounts of the working of the zeal of Luther, and the attempts of his enemies to silence him.

He was wretched under the continual tossings of his mind. Was the entire existing system a vast delusion, blinding the eyes and destroying the souls of those who trusted to it, and was the only safety in the one point of faith that Luther pressed on all, and ought all that he had hitherto revered to crumble down to let that alone be upheld? Whatever he had once loved and honoured at times seemed to him a lie, while at others real affection and veneration, and dread of sacrilege made him shudder at himself and his own doubts! It was his one thought, and he passionately sought after all those

secret conferences which did but feed the flame that consumed him.

The elder men who were with him were not thus agitated. Lucas's convictions had long been fixed. He did not court observation nor do anything unnecessarily to bring persecution on himself, but he quietly and secretly acted as an agent in dispersing the Lutheran literature, and lived in the conviction that there would one day be a great crash, believing himself to be doing his part by undermining the structure, and working on undoubtingly. Abenali was not aggressive. In fact, though he was reckoned among Lucas's party, because of his abstinence from all cult of saints or images, and the persecution he had suffered, he did not join in their general opinions, and held aloof from their meetings. And Tibble Steelman, as has been before said, lived two lives, and that as foreman at the Dragon Court, being habitual to him, and requiring much thought and exertion, the speculations of the reformers were to him more like an intellectual relaxation than the business of life. He took them as a modern artisan would in this day read his newspaper, and attend his club meeting.

Ambrose, however, had the enthusiastic practicalness of youth. On that which he fully believed, he must act, and what did he fully believe?

Boy as he was—scarcely yet eighteen—the toils and sports that delighted his brother seemed to him like toys amusing infants on the verge of an abyss, and he spent his leisure either in searching in the Vulgate for something to give him absolute direction, or in going in search of preachers, for with the stirring of men's minds, sermons were becoming more frequent.

There was much talk just now of the preaching of one Doctor Beale, to whom all the tradesmen, journeymen, and apprentices were resorting, even those who were of no special religious tendencies. Ambrose went on Easter Tuesday to hear him preach at St. Mary's Spitall. The place was crowded with artificers, and Beale began by telling them that he had had "a pitiful bill," meaning a letter, brought to him declaring how aliens and strangers were coming in to inhabit the City and suburbs to eat the bread from poor fatherless children, and take the living from all artificers, and the intercourse from merchants, whereby poverty was so much increased that each bewaileth the misery of others. Presently coming to his text, "*Cœlum cœli Domini, terram autem dedit filiis hominis*" (the Heaven of Heavens is the Lord's, the earth hath He given to the children of men), the doctor inculcated that England was given to Englishmen, and that as birds would defend their nests, so ought Englishmen to defend themselves, *and to hurt and grieve aliens for the common weal!* The corollary a good deal resembled that of "hate thine enemy" which was foisted by "them of the old time" upon "thou shalt love thy neighbour." And the doctor went on upon the text, "*Pugna pro patriâ*," to demonstrate that fighting for one's country meant rising upon and expelling all the strangers who dwelt and traded within it. Many of these foreigners were from the Hanse towns which had special commercial privileges, there were also numerous Venetians and Genoese, French and Spaniards, the last of whom were above all, the objects of dislike. Their imports of silks, cloth of gold, stamped leather, wine and oil, and their superior skill in many handicrafts had put English wares out of fashion, and their exports of wool, tin, and lead excited equal jealousy, which Dr. Beale, instigated as was well known, by a broker named John Lincoln, was thus stirring up into fierce passion. His sermon was talked of all over London; blacker looks than ever were directed at the aliens, stones and dirt were thrown at them, and even Ambrose, as he walked along the street, was reviled as the Dutchkin's knave. The insults became each day more daring and outrageous. George Bates and a skinner's apprentice named Studley were caught in the act of tripping up a portly old Flanderkin and forthwith sent to Newgate, and there were other arrests, which did but inflame the smouldering rage of the mob. Some of the wealthier foreigners, taking warning by the signs of danger, left the City, for there could be no doubt that the whole of London and the suburbs were in a combustible condition of discontent, needing only a spark to set it alight.

It was just about this time that a disreputable clerk—a lewd priest, as Hall calls him—a hanger on of the house of Howard, was guilty of an insult to a citizen's wife as she was quietly walking home through the Cheap. Her husband and brother, who were nearer at hand than he guessed, avenged the outrage with such good wills that this disgrace to the priesthood was left dead on the ground. When such things happened, and discourses like Beale's were heard, it was not surprising that Ambrose's faith in the clergy as guides received severe shocks.

(*To be continued.*)

HAULING IN THE LINES.

Engraved by E. SCHLADITZ, *from a Drawing by* C. NAPIER HEMY.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

MAY, 1884.

LACE-MAKING AT NOTTINGHAM.

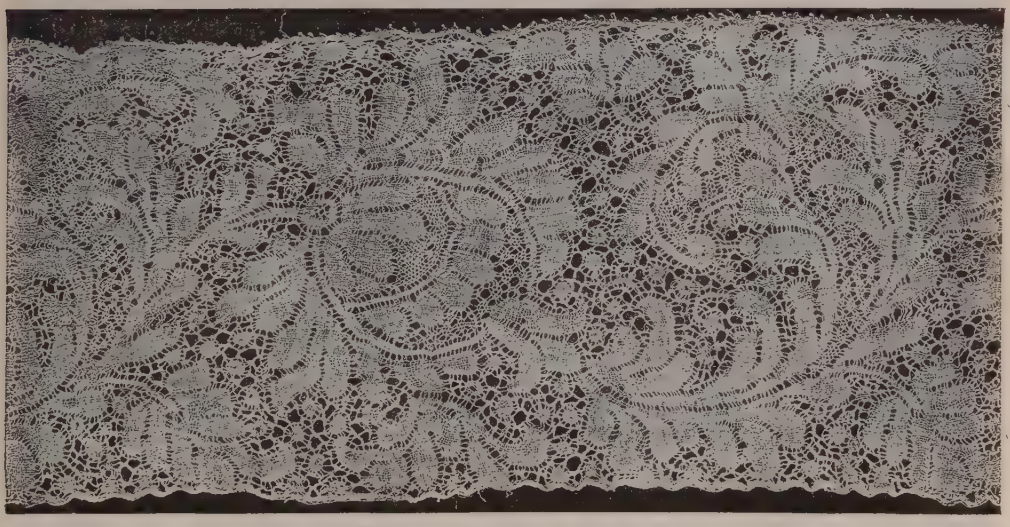
FEW industries are more modern or more distinctly local than that of machine lace-making at Nottingham, grown gradually out of another and earlier manufacture. Castle-topped Nottingham frowning over the Trent has long outlived its reputation as a stronghold intended originally to overawe the inhabitants of that great forest which stretched northward from the boundary of the nightingale to Eboracum. Carelessness on the part of monarchs only too liberal with what was not their own, and rapacity on the part of landholders has left little of the vast forest once the property of the nation. Nearly the whole of Sherwood has been gradually absorbed in the so-called "Dukery," perhaps the most beautiful tract of forest land in England. This region, however, has become merely a playground for Nottingham, Sheffield, and the suburbs of Nottingham in which the lace manufacture is presently carried on. Perhaps the term suburb is here loosely applied, for the lace-manufacture of Nottingham is somewhat widely distributed in its environs, such as Basford, Kimberley, and other places of some importance, requiring railway communication with the town itself. Few facts in industrial history are more remarkable than the multiplication of lace-factories large and small in and around Nottingham during the past few years. For some reason the smart thriving town has been a focus of industry from very ancient times. When the castle, now a Museum of Art, was the frequent abode of King John, who had a hunting lodge in Sherwood Forest near Mansfield, despite that possibly mythical personage Robin Hood, the town was already in the hands of weavers, who made large quantities of woollen cloth, whether dyed of Lincoln green or not does not appear. The same industry prevailed when Roger Mortimer was captured in the castle, and when Charles I. raised his royal standard upon its highest turret; but between these events and the stirring times before the first Reform Bill, during which its stronghold was burned to the ground, Nottingham had lost its cloth manufacture and acquired two others, the stocking and machine lace industries, the latter of which appears to have been a distinct outgrowth of Richard Lee's famous invention.

Before undertaking to describe the growth and practice of machine lace-making, it may perhaps be well to set forth briefly and broadly the process by which point-lace properly so-called grew, or rather degenerated, into the flimsy forms which encouraged its imitation in bobbin-net, for it should be borne in mind that the early forms of machine lace were very far from possessing the perfection subsequently accomplished by extreme refinement of ingenuity, and constant practice quickened by keen competition. It would be rash to aver at the present moment, when plenty of engines are made, which in the words of Lord Charles Beresford "do everything but talk," that it would be impossible to imitate the earlier, grander, and more massive forms of lace in the loom, but it may be imagined that they do not

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

suggest such imitation as do the lighter forms. To make my meaning clear I will just indicate the distinct schools of hand-made lace properly so-called, referring earnest students to the more profound and exact treatises of Mrs. Bury Palliser and Mr. Alan Cole. It is with some regret that I find myself compelled to use a few foreign technical expressions simply because there is no proper English equivalent for them. In English, and sometimes also in French, the terms distinguishing various kinds of lace are hopelessly confused and blundering. To illustrate the difficulty which such loose nomenclature throws in the way of any writer who strives after some kind of accuracy I may mention that a large proportion of the so-called Irish lace exhibited at the Mansion House the other day was not lace at all, being made with the crochet-needle, and no more entitled to rank as lace than any other kind of knitting, netting, tatting, knotting, or other coarse imitations of true lace. Another absurdity is the frequent employment by the French of the term *point d'Angleterre*. Hardly any point-lace, properly so-called—that is needle point-lace—has ever been made in England, and very little in Ireland until recently in the district of Youghal. Why, then, do French writers talk ecstatically of *point d'Angleterre?* The answer is simple. While the point-lace proper was being made in its highest perfection at Venice and in France, it was skilfully imitated in the pillow or bobbin-lace of Flanders, and this beautiful fabric was called in France *point d'Angleterre* out of sheer ignorance. The term involves a twofold blunder, for the fabric was not point-lace at all, and if it had been could not have been made in England. It was, as a matter of fact, the beautiful pillow-lace of Flanders imported or smuggled into France while the deadly struggle between Louis XIV. and William of Orange was going on, in English ships. As it came through the hands of English merchants it was called *point d'Angleterre*, just as the turkey was so-called because it was brought to England by the Turkey merchants who touched at Cadiz or Lisbon, and the rich Italian laces were called *point d'Espagne* because they were stolen from Spanish churches, or again as Turkey rhubarb, which comes from China, obtained its name by being brought by caravan overland to Turkey, and thence imported into this country. It will get rid of much difficulty if at the beginning of a discourse on lace it is understood that the hand-made article is of three kinds—real point-lace made with a needle, bobbin-lace, made on a pillow, and a third kind of which part is made with a needle and part on a pillow. It will be also convenient to remember that "bride" signi-

fies the small strip or connection of threads overcast with stitches which lashes together the heavy flowers in "rose," or more accurately "raised" point. When this connecting membrane becomes closer and finer as in the later Venice point, *point d'Alençon*, *point d'Argentan*, and in the contemporary Brussels *point gaze* it is called the "réseau," and is the general ground or body as distinguished from the flowers or pattern. The "brides" then gradually grew into the "réseau," and in the latter form became the base from which in *point d'Alençon* the flowered design was separated by a "cordonnet" or raised outline originally made of horsehair and stitched over. True point-lace is made with a needle on a piece of parchment on which



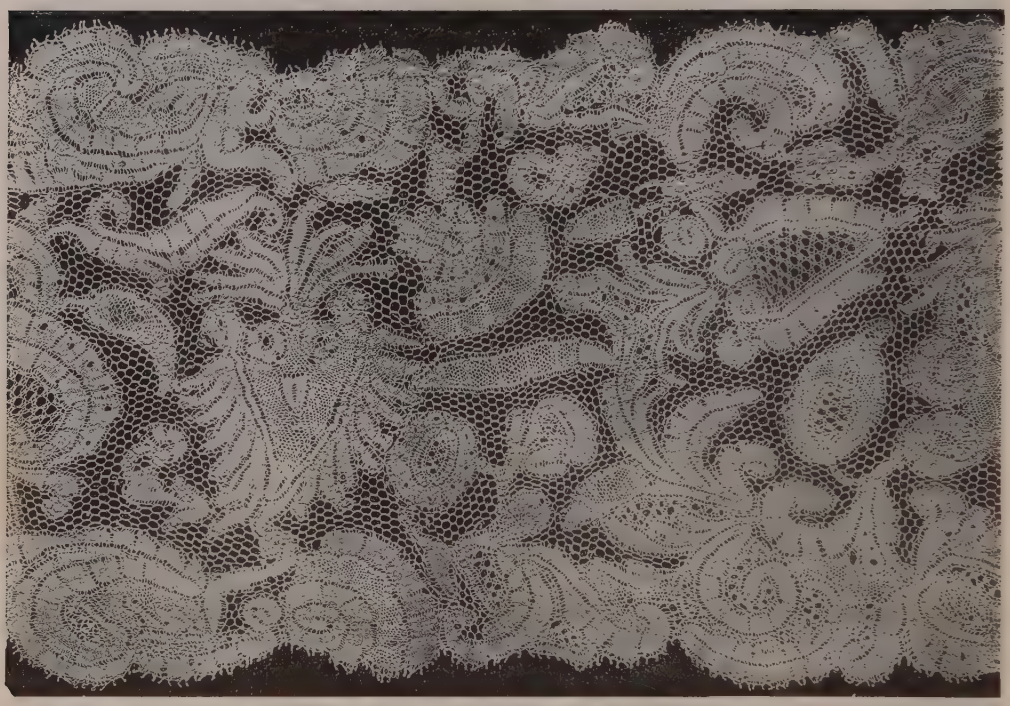
SPECIMEN OF OLD FLANDERS PILLOW-LACE.

the pattern has been traced, the "réseau" or ground and flowers both being due to the same process. Pillow-lace is made by bobbins crossing and interlacing threads on a pattern made by pins stuck into a pillow, and various forms of so-called *point appliqué* by a combination of the two systems.

However dry this introduction to the terminology of lace-making may appear, it will, I trust, save my readers an infinity of trouble in the long run. To illustrate my meaning more perfectly, I will cite as examples of true point-lace the Italian *punto tagliato à fogliami*, whereof numerous fine specimens exist and patterns for which fill the old Italian lace-books in the Art Library at South Kensington; the Venetian early "rose" point, the laces of Alençon, Argentan and *modern* Brussels. The finest pillow-lace is the *old* Brussels, the various old Flanders laces known as *point d'Angleterre*, the laces of Valenciennes and the "right Mechlin." There are plenty of other laces, but these are the most distinct and noblest types. It is of little more use to discuss the various forms of *guipure* than to stray into the region of "Swiss embroidery," tambour embroidery, or other needlework.

One of the most modern of art products, lace, has yet had its schools, its history, its periods of perfection and of decadence. In pursuit of my plan of showing how a most difficult work was first brought within the range of machinery, it may be laid down with general accuracy that the grand period of handmade lace did not extend over at most a century and a half. In the portraits of Francis the First, Henri II., Charles IX. and their contemporaries, there is visible only the frilled collar which under Henri III. expanded into the ruff. It is not till we pass from Titian and Janet Clouet to Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck, that we find lace properly so called. The fine Italian lace, with heavy flowers connected with "brides," was first fully displayed in the falling collars of the Louis XIII. period. At that time the massive flowers were the lace itself, and these were simply bound together with "brides," which were sometimes ornamented in various ways. The next step was the

Venice "rose," much finer, more delicate in design, and of exquisite execution. Fine pieces of this lace are of great value, and cannot be imitated except at enormous cost. Just as this manufacture was perfect a demand sprang up in France for finer, more aerial lace. The marquis of Molière's time, undersold by pillow-lace, a distinct move was made in a mechanical direction. What is more curious is, that after the "Brussels heads" became the only wear of fine ladies, and "right Mechlin" the only fabric for the "Steenkirk" cravats, and ruffles of gentlemen of wit and humour about town,



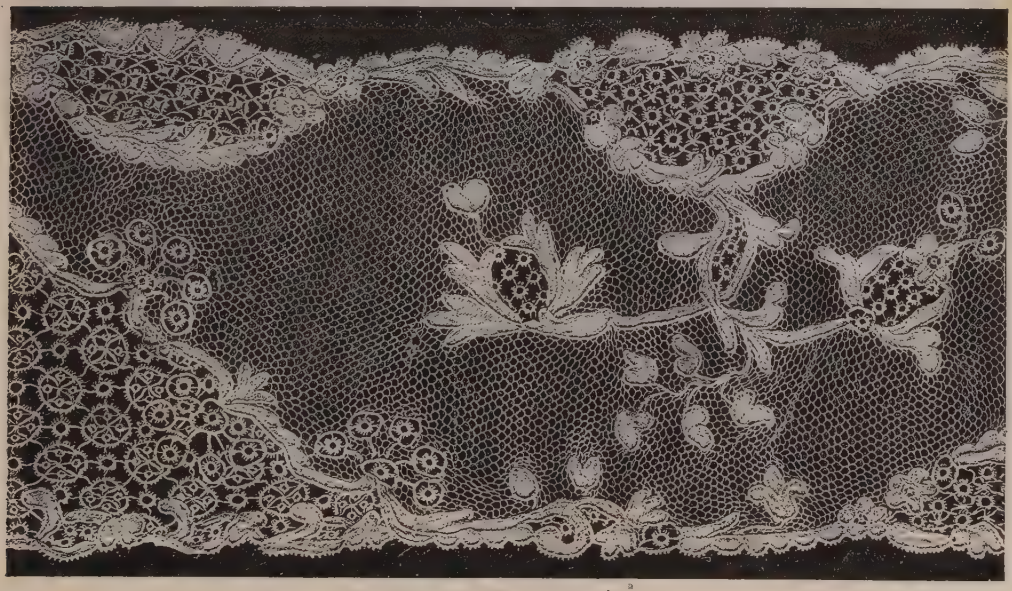
SPECIMEN OF FLEMISH PILLOW-LACE KNOWN AS POINT D'ANGLETERRE.

who wore the curious *canons*, or lace works spreading below the knee, asked for thinner and thinner lace. Hence the more modern *point de Venise*, the parent of recent point-lace. This delicate fabric was so largely imported into France that Colbert established the royal works at Alençon to prevent money from going out of the country. The Alençon work spread to Argentan, where the delightful ground called the *réseau rosacé* was largely produced. When point-lace making died out in France it was transferred to Brussels, where it is still carried to high perfection. I may note, as I pass on, that this fact helps to confuse the nomenclature of lace, for while modern Brussels *point gaze* is by far the finest lace now made by hand, old Brussels is distinctly a pillow-lace.

When point-lace proper began to be *point d'Alençon* itself became degraded into a narrow lace made in obvious imitation of Valenciennes and Mechlin, which at their best were very inferior to the matchless point. Marie Antoinette, who is made responsible for a great quantity of lace, degraded taste in this direction by introducing to fashion the lighter laces which served to decorate such airy fabrics as Indian muslin. At last, Alençon came to making a lace, *semé de petits pois*, only fit for frillings, quillings, ruchings, or whatever else they may be called. The fineness of the *réseau* had become of more importance than elegance of design. The "brides," gradually developed into a fine ground or body, had devoured the pattern, which was reduced from the design of a lappet to the edging of a frill.

It was this preponderance of groundwork and simplicity of pattern which evidently

set the bemused brains of Hammond at work. So far as the mesh or simple réseau is concerned, almost every known kind has since his time been produced by machinery. Between 1760 and 1770 Crane, Else and Harvey, in London, Hammond, Lindley, and Holmes, in Nottingham, were striving to make lace net upon the stocking frame. Their efforts were not very successful until Hammond came to the front. But some advances had been made. According to Mr. Felkin the machine called a "spoon tickler," covering two needles and delivering the stitch on both, was probably invented by John Lindley and introduced by Thomas Taylor, a framesmith of Nottingham. But very little had been done before the day on which Hammond and his wife sat drinking in a public-house at Nottingham—then reputed a notorious town for ale-bibbing. Hammond had improved the machine above referred to, and, so far as can be learned, was a clever workman, thoroughly conversant with the meshing art, but endowed with so little application and self-government as to render his knowledge of very uncertain practical use. He and his wife appear to have been in the habit of drinking to excess together. In 1768 the happy pair were without money, credit, or regular employment, and intoxicated into the bargain, when Hammond cast his lack-lustre eye upon the broad lace border on his wife's cap, and a lace caul, and thought he could imitate the fabric. Having borrowed some silk he went to work upon his frame, at his home in the Rookery, and produced a net which, with the assistance of his wife, was made into caps, having somewhat the appearance of lace and which met with a ready sale. He called the article Valenciennes lace, although it had no precise resemblance to that fabric. The title of Hammond to the rank of inventor of the Nottingham bobbin-net has been disputed strenuously, but the fact remains that he produced very saleable articles, and by making them obtained a precarious income, only labouring at irregular intervals to supply the most pressing necessities, "working by day and drinking by night; thus passed several years of the life of this original machine wrought lace manufacturer." After this many improvements were made, the point-net, as it was called, being at last improved into the fast net, of which an immense quantity was made. Tens of thousands of people in Nottingham and the neighbouring counties were in 1810 employed in needle running and tambouring this net, an industry surviving in Ireland to the present day.



TRUE POINT—SPECIMEN OF POINT D'ALENCON.

The history of lace is not without that romance which clings to the inventor, whether he be as unfortunate as Cort, Crompton,

THE MARKET-PLACE, NOTTINGHAM.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

and the first introducer of manganese into steel manufacture, or as successful as Sir William Armstrong, Sir Henry Bessemer, and Sir Joseph Whitworth. The story that Venetian point-lace, with its beautiful design and perfect make, was suggested to a girl whose lover had brought to her from the Southern Sea a present of coral has but a sorry pendant in Hammond, in a low pot-house, looking out of bleared and bloodshot eyes at his wife's cap-border, until he thought he could make something like it; but there is a prettier story told of John Heathcoat, whom the taunting remark of a pert lass stimulated to the remarkable inventions which helped to give Nottingham a new, and, so far

as can be judged, permanent industry. As Mr. Heathcoat told Mr. Felkin. "When I was a boy at Long Whatton in Leicestershire, with my mother, a girl used to come in to see her, whose cousin had been employed at the factory of one Dawson, in London, whom she described as having made a fortune by making lace upon machinery. On one of these calls the girl turned round to me and said, jocularly, 'Why can't you do so too, John?' This fixed my attention so much that although it occurred forty years ago, it returns to my recollection even now." Mr. Heathcoat, however, was one of an army of inventors pushing in the same direction, determined not to see any reason why what was done by Barbara Uttman with pins and bobbins on a cushion should not be equally well done by machinery. When it is considered that modern mechanical lace-making bears about the same relation to simple weaving that a watch does to a wheelbarrow, it will be understood that detailed descriptions of the intricacies and varieties of lace-looms is entirely beyond the scope of a magazine article, if not beyond the patience of the reader. Point-lace making upon a marked parchment with a needle requires less ingenuity when the pattern is once drawn than technical skill, care, and time. The next step towards purely mechanical production is found in the pillow-lace said to have been invented by Barbara Uttman. In this the mesh is made in the following manner: a number of threads are attached to a round pillow, each hanging down in front of the cushion, and being attached to a bobbin supplying it with thread and serving for a weight. Each pair of adjacent bobbins is then twisted three half-turns, by throwing the bobbins over each other. The twisted threads are then severally separated, and crossed over pins stuck into the face of the cushion in a row. The like twist is then made by every pair of adjacent threads not before twisted, whence the threads become united sideways in meshes or loops. Lastly, by repeating the separation and the twisting, and proceeding onwards, the plain net fabric may be made of any required length. The advance from the simple process to the production of a pattern is almost as wonderful on the pillow as on the Jacquard machine, which may be seen at work to-day. Mr. Heathcoat, and the great army of inventors and improvers, among whom Mr. Birkin's name demands special mention, found great difficulty in separating the bobbins for weaving purposes into warp and weft. When a woman is seen working on a pillow with many bobbins it seems "altogether a maze." But the clever framesmiths, perfectly acquainted with the stocking-frame, dissected the pillow-lace, pulling out the threads until Heathcoat saw his way to making bobbin-net by machinery. The first important machine devised by him may be considered as a mechanical pillow, and did for the mechanical making of lace, in relation to the pillow, what the jenny did for the spinning of yarns in relation to the old long-wheel. From the appearance of this contrivance the mechanical production of bobbin-net was an accomplished fact, and the production of machine lace steadily advanced, until a great development was brought about by the application of pierced bars and the use of the Jacquard apparatus on the principle of individual selection of threads in fancy machines.

ON THE TRENT, NEAR KIMBERLEY.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

At no factory in or near Nottingham can practical lace-making be seen to better advantage than in the works of Mr. Birkin at Kimberley, where lace curtains of the most beautiful and complicated patterns are turned out in vast quantities. It is a pleasant little run by rail to Kimberley, giving, too, an

excellent idea of the great recent extension of Nottingham and the surrounding townlets consequent on the aggregation of the manufacturing population. The distinction between two classes of buildings is not so clearly drawn as in Lancashire. In some of the villages of the latter county there is no intermediate edifice between the huge and gaunt factory and the workman's cottage, a striking contrast suggesting the wide gulf which separates capital from labour, and master from man.

WINDING THE COTTON YARN.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

In and around Nottingham the transition from one condition to another is more gradual in the house, and easier to the man. Nottingham, like Leicester, and, for that matter Birmingham, has, interchanging mechanical for agricultural phraseology, its *petite* as well as its *grande culture*. Working with hired machines, a feature of Midland industries, a vast number of small manufacturers have opportunities of development, and with skill, ingenuity, and conduct often succeed in bridging the chasm which appears to be growing daily wider in the production of iron and steel and the spinning of cotton. But the various processes of lace manufacture are better seen in a big mill like that of Mr. Birkin than in smaller works, although it may be mentioned once for all that the narrower laces are made several "breadths" or pieces at once and afterwards divided. In the great mill at Kimberley the processes of making a lace curtain may be traced from the arrival of the yarn from Lancashire to the completion of the curtain, all but bleaching and what is called finishing. Except in the work of designing, making working drawings, setting the loom, and actual weaving, a large part of the work is done by girls and boys, the former of whom, neatly and trimly clad, and of quiet and modest demeanour, compare favourably with the workwomen of many other towns in England. One of the first and simplest pieces of the work to be done is the winding of the cotton yarn from the spools on which it is bought on to the bobbins of which as many as three thousand are frequently employed upon one of the newest machines, in itself a wonder, the product of three or four generations of active brains. This work is done entirely by girls.

While the material is in course of preparation in the lower rooms of the factory, the design is being prepared in the altitudes to which the ascent is made easy by a lift. The local School of Art and Design had already done good work when the new administration of the department of Science

MENDING LACE CURTAINS.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

and Art, and the conversion of Nottingham Castle into a museum in close connection with South Kensington, gave new impetus to the arts of design. The improvement in the entire artizan class has been perhaps more marked in Nottingham than in any other part of the United Kingdom. To a large lace factory like that described are attached, not only one or more designers but several draughtsmen, who make the working drawings from which the Jacquard cards are made and perforated in order to guide the threads into the desired pattern. The setting of a loom for making curtains of highly ornamental design is a serious business, and when set it demands the attention of a skilled workman. Machine bobbin-net, when quite plain is made by the to and fro movements of the "carriages" and their bobbin-threads, together with the lateral motions of the various sets of threads, whether warp or bobbin. Figured or fancy net is produced by the like movements; only, instead of being of the whole of each set, and constantly similar in their operation, in making fancy net or machine lace, some are between the warp threads, some laterally to the extent of one mesh, some to the distance of two, three, or more meshes—some to the right, some to the left—the warp threads, too, instead of being separated into two divisions only, are separated into many, each of which is susceptible of the lateral movement independently of the others. It is by the splitting as it were of the warp and the modifications of the lateral movements that all the numerous varieties of machine-made lace are produced, such as cloth work or fining, open mesh work or bullet-hole, thick threads surrounding or veining flowers and leaves, as in *point d'Alençon*, besides the great number of different meshes, blonde, Mechlin, Valenciennes, and others. Much of the present complexity of the machines which bewilder the visitor to gaze upon and deafen him with their clatter, is due to the mechanism by which the lateral movements are produced. The warp threads are placed in several divisions, each moving to the right or left independently of the other, and the bobbin threads are similarly classed in several divisions, each moving without reference to

the others. Thus an infinite, and, to the unpractised eye, almost maddening variety of movements is brought about, and the most intricate patterns produced by a machine which appears to possess intelligence of its own. Despite the great width of the machine, its complexity and intricacy, as well as the diversity and delicacy of the work it performs, the construction and adjustment is so exact as to make the workman no more than a vigilant and intelligent spectator. He is certainly very alert. As the triumph of human ingenuity before him goes on with its work his eye runs to and fro, noticing the thousands of threads, bobbins, carriages, points, and guides passing rapidly before him. This vigilance, like that of the four-loomer in a Lancashire spinning-shed, is mainly called into requisition by the variable quality of the raw material. Good as the yarn is on the average, there will occur in millions of yards defective bits of soft ill-twisted cotton which may spoil his work or stop his progress. An ill-tied knot in winding may cut down threads, which, if unseen, may cause damage costing the man days and the employer pounds to repair. Silk, much used for warp on account of its great strength as compared with cotton, weight for weight, is also apt to give trouble if it is unevenly reeled.

It is almost with a sense of relief that one finds that lace, whether of curtain or narrower width is rarely quite perfect, but requires careful overlooking to detect holes and other faults to be presently repaired by hand. In certain complex fabrics it is also found necessary to cut away the edge between the various *dents* of the *dentelle* and also the connecting links between certain ornaments. Thus a great deal of hand work is required to supplement the mechanical production of lace. Human hand and brain are required to imagine and design, and also to draught patterns and to set and work the machines which "can do everything but talk." Human hands are also required to cut the lengths of lace from one another, and to prune and adjust them to a merchantable level of excellence. Very many pairs of quick eyes and neat hands are employed in getting lace ready for the sale.

It must not be imagined that when machine lace is designed, set in the loom, woven, cut and trimmed, inspected and repaired that it is ready for the market. On the contrary, it requires what is called "finishing"—that is to say, starching, bleaching, and gassing, to remove the superfluous hair. These operations are conducted with wondrous celerity, and the "finishers" have every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their operations. "Gassing" may be defined as burning off the fluff of the cotton or silk yarn by passing the lace through the flame of gas, on the same principle that a singeing lamp is applied to horses. Singed or gassed, and bleached or dyed as the case may be, machine lace is next "dressed," that is to say, so treated with starch and gum as to present a merchantable and attractive appearance. It is said that a piece of cotton net may be increased to three times it weight by dressing, and made so stiff that its edges will cut through the skin like a saw. This is only an instance of what can be done with net intended for the foundations of bonnets and similar purposes. Equal skill is shown in the ornamentation of the cheap spotted black lace now in great demand. The finer black spotted nets for veils are curiously classed as "face-goods," the narrower widths only extending to the tip of the nose, being farther distinguished as "Kiss-me-quicks." In the finer qualities of black spotted lace, the spots are of silk or of chenille. Lace dotted with chenille put in by hand after the net is finished has been very popular for some time past. This chenille, as its name indicates, resembles the caterpillar known as a "woolly bear," and is actually black silk plush formed around a wire. From the roll of chenille a little bit is cut off to make each spot. The quantity of hand work required to make these goods naturally keeps up their price, and a cheap imitation is made by stamping on to the net spots made of a composition of soot, and which, seen at a little distance, fairly convey the idea of a fluffy instead of a solid substance.

During the last few years great improvements have been made in the best qualities of black lace made in Nottingham and the surrounding district. Some of the samples of veiling net for bonnet strings, are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. Chantilly lace is imitated with great skill, but perhaps the triumph of ingenuity in this department of lace-making is in the imitation of the Barcelona and other Spanish laces, which not only deceive the eye but have somewhat of the rich heavy "feel" of the original. Of the bleached and tinted or colcured laces, the latter of which are a recent feature of the lace trade, some of the most successful have been those in the manner of what is called "old Genoese" and some of the later forms of Venetian point in which the different kinds of *réseau* or ground are imitated with wonderful skill. When so much as this has

been accomplished it is not so very surprising to find the raised outline or *cordonnet* of Alençon fairly imitated.

Perhaps, however, considered merely as imitations, the most successful are the machine-made flowered and the hand-run Mechlin, that is to say of the white laces. The exquisitely light texture of Mechlin and Valenciennes, coupled with the fact of their being originally bobbin laces, early marked them for imitation with the effect of extinguishing the Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire hand-made lace. When used for what I am told are called "quillings" or "ruchings" the imitations of these aerial fabrics are very difficult to distinguish from the original, but the case is different with true point-lace, which is more frequently laid on flat than "gathered" like the lighter fabrics. At a little distance the imitations of *point de Venise* and *point d'Alençon* may escape detection, but when seen closely by a practised eye the difference is of course distinguishable. Rather as a *tour de force*, than on account of its actual beauty, we are called upon to admire the imitation Honiton, in which the *brides picotées* of the grand old Italian lace are almost reproduced by machinery. Great ingenuity, too, is shown in the reproduction by machine of that composite make of Brussels known as *point Duchesse*, and which must not be confounded for an instant with the peerless *point gaze*, or genuine needle-point of modern Brussels, incomparably the finest lace fabric now made. The coarser kinds of lace known as Maltese and other *guipure* seem to be almost as well imitated by machine as by the crochet-needle. It would seem indeed as if everything that can be done with bobbin and cushion, crotchet-needle, or tambour-hook were in a fair way of being compassed by machinery. Only the very finest hand work remains unapproachable.

BERNARD H. BECKER.

SPECIMEN OF ITALIAN POINT-LACE.

A WOMAN'S KEEPSAKE.
From a Drawing by ALFRED PARSONS.

A Woman's Keepsake.

I.

THIS I show you, dearest, this is
More than just a yellow flower,
This was hallowed by your kisses,
Severed in a sacred hour,
Laid by your warm hand in mine,
And I hold it thus divine.

II.

WHERE the longest rushes shiver
With their flower-heads full in June,
Bending o'er the eddying river
As it modulates its tune,
In among the reeds alone
This fair iris-bloom was blown.

III.

COULD it be to-day, I wonder?
For it seems so sweet and far,—
Scarce a man's arm-length asunder,
Where the reeds and lilies are,
You and I were floating thus,
While the blackcap sang to us.

IV.

SUDDENLY you downward darted,
Drew the three-winged wonder up,
And I caught it — though I started—
In my lap as in a cup:
See! its scentless leaves express
Our unspoken happiness.

V.

BLESSED flower, whom Death pursuing
Cannot rob of life for me,—
Thou, whose fluttering papery ruin
I shall watch with ecstasy,—
Fade, thy memory still will keep
Fresh for me as dew or sleep!

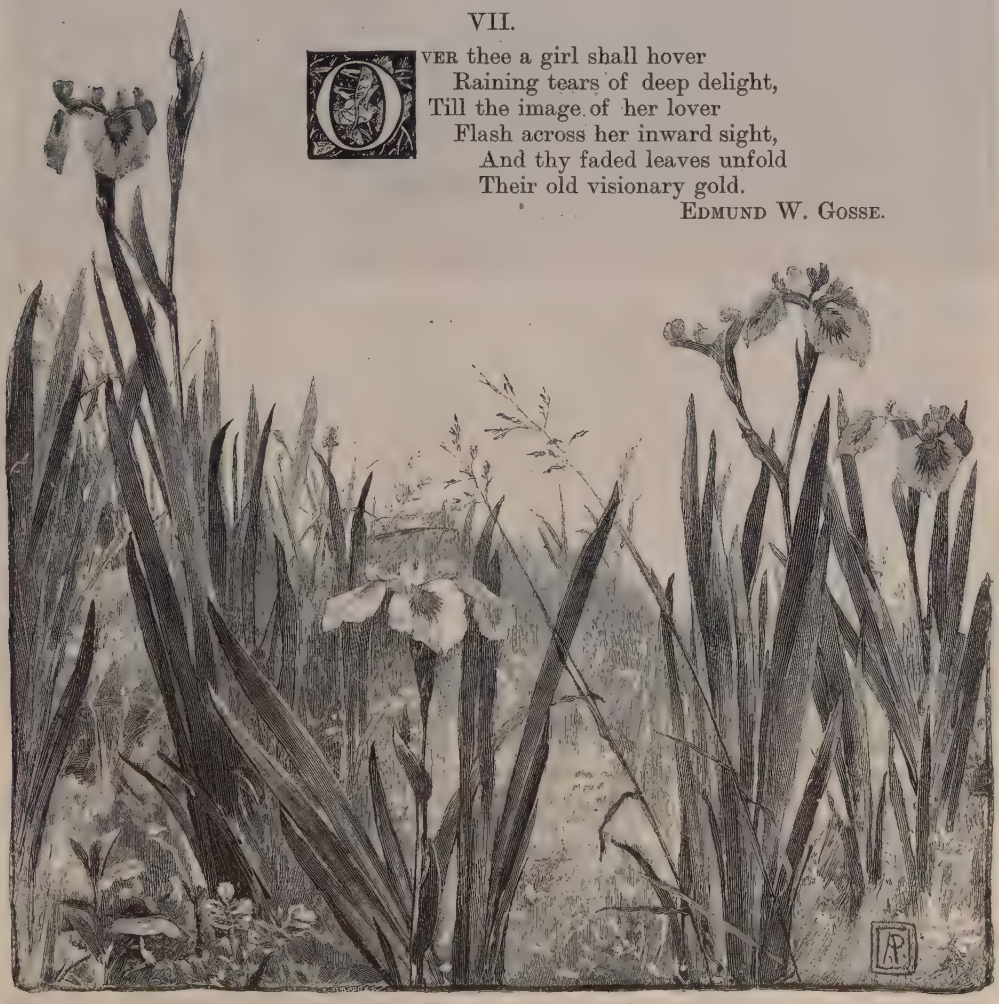
VI.

THOU art buried safe for ever
In the cassia of this kiss!
Sister-blossoms in the river
None have such a tomb as this;
In their void and hurrying stream
None can dream as thou shalt dream.

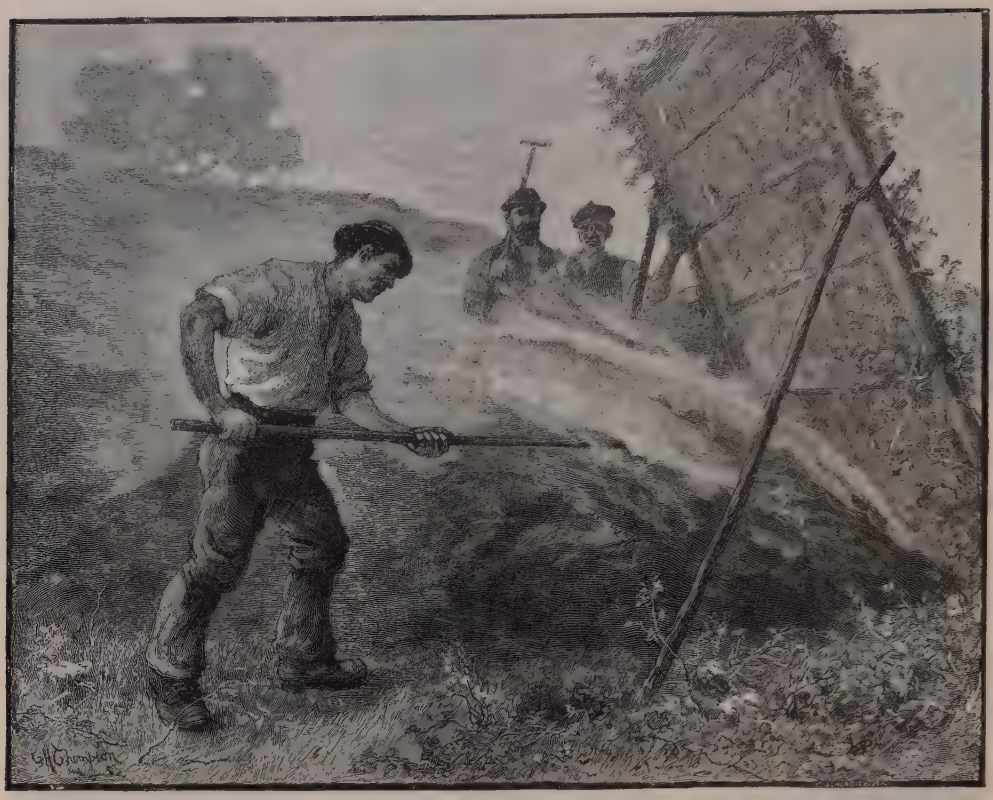
VII.

OVER thee a girl shall hover
Raining tears of deep delight,
Till the image of her lover
Flash across her inward sight,
And thy faded leaves unfold
Their old visionary gold.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.



A WOMAN'S KEEPSAKE.
From a Drawing by ALFRED PARSONS.



THE CHARCOAL BURNER.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

THE INDUSTRIES OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

Of the many thousands of tourists who pass through the lake district every year probably few have really made themselves acquainted with the lake dwellers, their habits and employments. They little think that the noise of bobbin-turning breaks the stillness of these secluded mountain valleys, that in the copse woods are many workers felling and peeling the timber, and burning it for charcoal, whilst others are busily employed in the villages in making baskets and hoops.

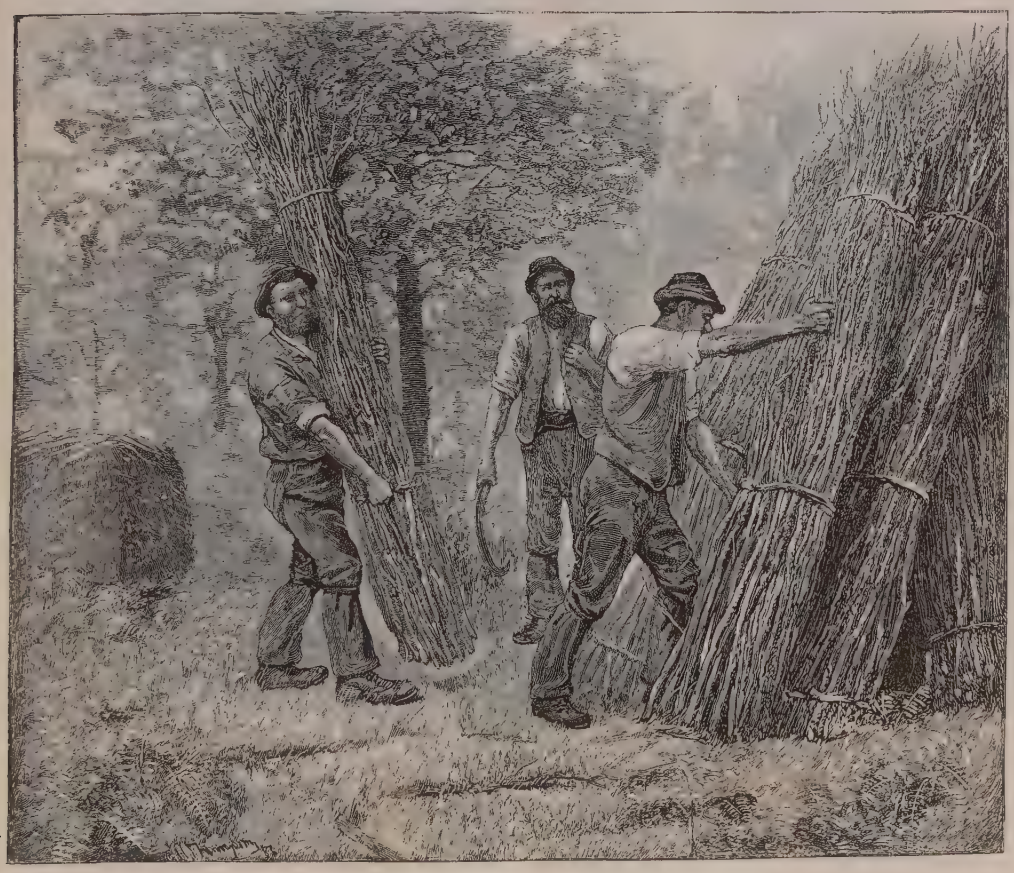
Such home industries, however, exist, and many of them are peculiar to the Lake District, and form an important addition to the ordinary rural occupations of farming, grazing, and stock breeding.

Leaving the bustling Furness railway at Grange-over-Sands, and taking the now, alas, old-fashioned coach road by preference to the train, we reach Lakeside, Windermere. After passing the limestone formation, which here juts out into Morecambe, and entering upon the older clay slate of the Lake District, we find all the hill-sides which are unfitted for grazing, planted with dense copses of oak, ash, birch, and hazel. The same thickly-covered hill-sides meet our eye on each side of that queen of English river-lakes as we glide up to Waterhead on the bosom of Windermere in the *Cygnet*. Indeed, they extend over a much wider area than from our low elevation can be observed. For if we leave our boat at the ferry and climb the stiff hill until at first Windermere, then Esthwaite, and, lastly, Coniston, lies at our feet, we see that the whole country-side, from the Kendal hills to those lying at the foot of the Langdale Pikes, in one direction, and all the lower rising ground from Helvyllyn to the sea at Ulverston in another, is covered with a like growth. A few stately oaks

stand out, it is true, pre-eminent here and there, but the mass of foliage is that of copse wood of fourteen or fifteen years' growth. It is this which forms the raw material for the Lake District home industries.

Every particle of this wood when cut is used for some purpose or other. The thin birch branches are bound together and sent away to be made into brooms; the ends of the boughs and twigs are employed for firewood, and the thinner stems are collected maker, the smaller by the hoop-maker for cask hoops.

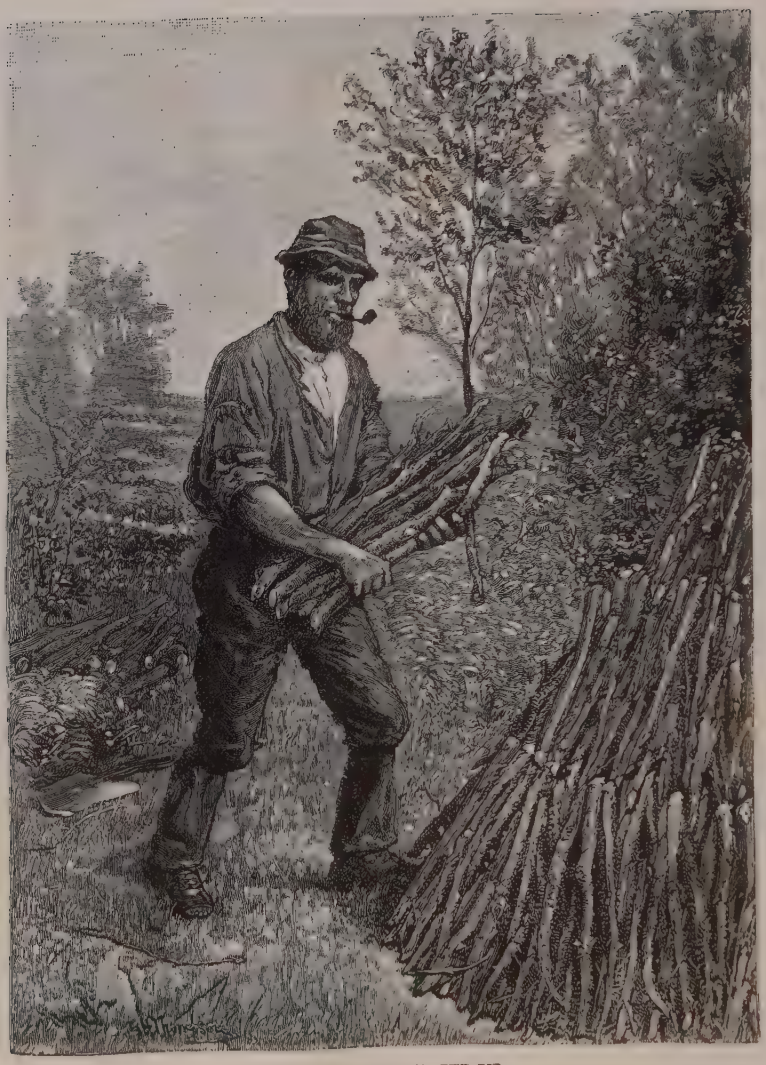
This wood, with the exception of the oak, is termed "winter wood," and being felled every fifteen years during the winter months brings in an annual income of about £1 per acre, an amount not out of proportion to the rent from grazing land in the same neighbourhood. The wood is sold in November as it stands, generally by auction, to a wood merchant, who again sells it when cut



WOODMEN PREPARING FOR CHARCOAL BURNING.
From a Drawing by G. H. Thompson.

and sent to the potteries for making crates: the next sized branches again are employed for preparing charcoal, whilst the largest growth of the copse wood is used for bobbin-making, an industry for which the Lake District is famous. The oaks are not felled until the summer, when they are full of sap and can be more easily peeled, the bark finding its way to the Cheshire tan yards. Oak is sold separately at 1*s.* 3*d.* a cubic foot; the larger ends being bought by the basket-to the charcoal-burner, basket-maker, and bobbin manufacturer.

At almost every time of the year some or other of the copses are found full of busy workers. The charcoal-burners, or "colliers" as they are locally called (reminding one of the good old times before smoky "sea coal" and "pit coal" had driven out the briskly burning clean "char-coal"), occupy themselves in the winter from November to April in felling and hauling the wood. April and



ARRANGING WOOD FOR THE PIT.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

May are spent in peeling the oak, and during the summer and autumn the colliers burn charcoal in the woods, living in parties of three or four, and sharing a small conical shaped hut covered with sods. In this hut they live, cook, and sleep for twelve or fifteen weeks, and seldom visit their homes unless all work is stopped by stormy weather. They are visited from time to time by members of their families, who bring them their victuals, their weekly newspaper, and gossip from the outside world. The process of charcoal burning requires great care and constant attention lest an ill-regulated supply of air should cause the wood to burst into flame, and the charcoal to be entirely ruined. It is therefore necessary that the men should be on the watch both day and night to prevent any such occurrence, and this renders the hours long, and does not admit of rest even on Sunday.

Wandering over these Lancashire and Westmoreland hills any day from August to October, the pedestrian comes across one of these clearings, and observes, here and there, wreaths of white smoke curling from the charcoal heaps, and perfuming the neighbourhood with its peculiar though not unpleasant smell. Here we find our friends the colliers always ready to smoke a pipe and have a "crack" with the passing traveller. Asked whether they ever suffered inconvenience from the fumes of the charcoal fire which burns in their hut—they appear to be unaware of the

deadly effect of carbonic oxide—for they answer :

"Some people 'ave been known to sleep themselves away, but n'out of th' sort happens wi' us. Anyhow, it mun be a 'ealthy job or 'oid not have stood it," says the "owd mon," who is "nigh on seventy year," and has worked fifty summers in the trade. "Ay, we've alw'ys a good stomach when we're at this job," adds Robert, as he stands, leaning on the spade with which he pats down the smouldering mass, casting a touching look at our lunch, a hint which, of course, we take.

"Rheumatism? No! we're never troubled with that neither, leastways not as I have 'eard on. But we're that tired sometime, we mun just go in yonder hut and throw us down on th' straw, and we're off in no time, and oftentimes we sleep wet up to the knees of our breeches. Ay, the weather be cruel bad sometime, and th' wind that strong it just seem as tho' it 'ud blow th' 'ut clear away."

Although charcoal-burning is almost as old as the hills upon which the wood grows, and the method originally adopted is still in use, there must be many to whom the process is a novelty. It consists in allowing heaps of wood, covered with damp sods and wet sand, to burn slowly with a carefully regulated supply of air. Large conical shapes of billets of "winter wood," about four feet long, and averaging not more than an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, are systematically built up on the hill sides where the wood has been felled. A vertical stake is placed in the centre, and through the space left by its withdrawal the products of combustion escape. The mass is lighted in the centre by throwing down burning wood, after the stake has been removed, and after a screen made of leaves and branches has been placed on the windy side of the pit to prevent the combustion from proceeding too rapidly. The wood continues to burn slowly for twenty-four hours, the fire gradually passing from the centre to the edges, and when thick smoke and fumes are seen to come off from all parts of the pile the operation is known to be complete; wet sand and water are then thrown on to cool the burning mass, and to extinguish the fire.

It is now necessary to watch the pile carefully, so that water may be thrown on at the right moment, and on windy nights the colliers are constantly on the watch, moving the screens and pressing down the sods and sand. The pit is left to cool for five or six hours, the charcoal is then taken out, put into sacks and carted away. Wood we must remember contains only half its weight of charcoal, and half of this again has to be burnt for the purpose of driving away water, the elements of which form the other constituents of the wood.

One set of colliers work four pits at the same time, two "coming off," and two ready to be fired. Each pit is seven yards in diameter, and contains two dozen and a half sacks of charcoal, worth about £4 10*s.*; from this amount seventeen shillings must be deducted, as the cost of felling and carrying the wood, in addition of course to the price paid for the standing copse.

It is scarcely necessary to add that in this rough method of preparing charcoal the volatile products of combustion escape. Charcoal is made in our manufacturing districts by another and more modern process, in which the volatile products escaping from the wood on distillation, and chiefly consisting of wood-spirit and pyroligneous acid, are condensed. Even in the Lake District this process is sometimes carried out in cases where sawdust and waste wood are abundant.

Having seen how "country" charcoal is prepared, we will next visit the ironworks at Backbarrow, where a great part of the charcoal made in the Lake District is used.

And first let us call to mind the fact that in past centuries the only method of obtaining iron from its ores was by direct reduction of the metals by means of charcoal; but that after the discovery of coal the whole system of iron-smelting in England was revolutionised, and that now, out of the millions of tons of iron made in this country only an insignificant amount is produced by help of charcoal. Indeed, the difficulty of now obtaining any large supply of charcoal has diminished the number of works in England, so that this is the only one of its kind in the country, and in consequence we import a large amount of charcoal iron from Sweden and America, where wood is much more abundant. Why then does iron-smelting by means of charcoal still continue in the Lake District? Partly of course because of the rapid growth of underwood, from which charcoal can be profitably made, partly also because the Ulverston district, in the immediate neighbourhood, furnishes an iron ore of exceptional purity, and partly, again, because water power can here be found for nothing, sufficient even in the dryest seasons to drive the pumping engines necessary to secure a blast of air for the furnaces.

But it may again be asked what are the advantages of this process of charcoal-iron

making as against the cheaper mode of manufacture by means of coal or coke?

The answer is that whereas in the ordinary manufacture of iron the impurities of sulphur and phosphorus existing in the coal render the iron useless for the best form of steel and cutlery, these impurities are eliminated in the charcoal process, inasmuch as this substance is free from the above-named deleterious ingredients, and consequently the material obtained in this manner commands a much higher price in the market than the ordinary cast-iron, as much as £8 a ton being paid for charcoal iron, whilst even Bessemer steel made with coke fetches only from £2 10*s.* to £4 per ton.

At Backbarrow we witness on a small scale the same series of metallurgical operations which take place on a gigantic scale at Carnforth, and all along the Furness and Cumberland coasts from Ulverston to Workington. The only difference being that at the former place the heat necessary for the reduction of the ore and the fusion of the metal is obtained by charcoal instead of coke. This is however an important exception rendering necessary special forms of furnace and methods of work. Often much trouble and danger is caused by the inflammable nature of the charcoal which not unfrequently takes fire spontaneously, especially when freshly made. A disastrous fire took place at Backbarrow shortly before our visit.

Leaving the iron-furnaces, let us next pay a visit to Coward's bobbin mill at Stock Park —and here the name reminds us of bygone days, when the worthy abbot of Furness sent his beeves to fatten on the sweet pasturage of the meadows near the lake, and quench their thirst with the clear, cold water of the mountain stream, which now, turned to modern uses, works the turbine of the mill.

Of all the local industries of the Lake District bobbin making is by far the most important and characteristic. Some thirty or forty mills are found in this neighbourhood, each employing about thirty men besides many boys. The largest mill is at Staveley, and belongs to the well-known firm of Messrs. Chadwick, of Manchester, and here so much waste wood and sawdust is made that the distillation process for the manufacture of charcoal is found to pay.

Of late years the bobbin trade has fallen off, owing both to the slackness of the cotton and woollen industries, and also to the great competition of America and other countries. Indeed, were it not for a fortunate and curious circumstance, the Americans would entirely swamp our market. Every one knows that each bobbin has a nick into which the end of the cotton is put when all has been wound on the reel; this nick is made by a machine, but the American wood is of such a quality that the force of the blow given by the machine to make the nick breaks a piece out of the reel, and thus both bobbin and cotton are lost, the mill-hand not taking the trouble to unwind the cotton on to another reel. When the spinner finds he is losing a considerable quantity both of reels and cotton he buys English bobbins, though he may have to pay more for them, for the cost of water-carriage from New York to Liverpool is actually less than the railway rate from the Lakes to the same place; it is the small cost of transport and the enormous supply of wood at his disposal which enables the American to undersell us in this country.

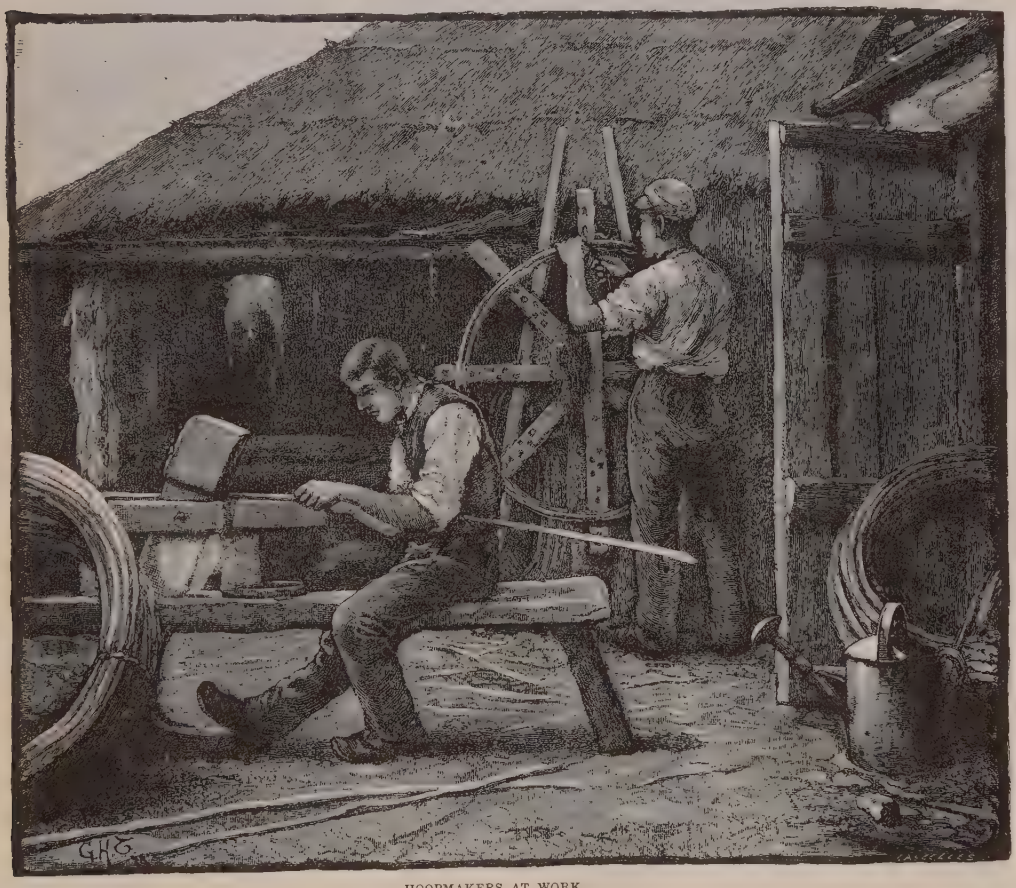
But it is not the competition of America alone which we have to contend against, for bobbins are also imported from Sweden and Finland. Nor is it the abundance and cheapness of wood merely which gives the foreign bobbin maker an advantage over us, it is in addition the cheapness of labour and the length of working hours, for in Finland they work seventy-six hours a week, whilst here in England only fifty-six, the time allowed by the Factory Act; and again in France a bobbiner gets just half the wages of his English brother.

Notwithstanding this competition we were told in one mill that they still supplied seven different nations; the orders are small, for the most part, and unfortunately on these there is little profit, as much expense and time are entailed in altering the machinery to suit the size and shape of bobbin. It is only within the last forty years that machinery has been introduced into the bobbin manufacture. Among the inventors of the ingenious self-acting bobbin machines are Messrs. Fell, of Windermere and Braithwaite, originally bobbin makers, but now supplying all parts of the world with machinery. Reels of irregular shape for braid and other material can still only be turned by hand, but improvements in machines are continually being made which may gradually supersede hand labour.

To explain in detail the various operations which the copse-wood growing on the hillside undergoes before it comes out as a finished bobbin would be tedious and unnecessary, because the bobbin sometimes passes through thirty-six hands before it is finished; and it would here be out of place to give a detailed

description of the machinery, by which alone a knowledge of the manufacture can be gained.

Suffice it to say that a considerable amount of capital is required to start a bobbin mill: the machines are expensive, and a large stock of wood is essential, because all wood must be kept a year after it is felled in order to season. In some mills from eighteen to twenty thousand feet of wood are bought annually. Birch is used in largest quantities, though bobbins can be made from almost



HOOPMAKERS AT WORK.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

every kind of wood. Mahogany and ebony are sometimes imported for special bobbins. The wood is usually collected during the winter, then the various species of wood are sorted and arranged in stacks; and in the spring boys chip off pieces of the bark to let the sap out.

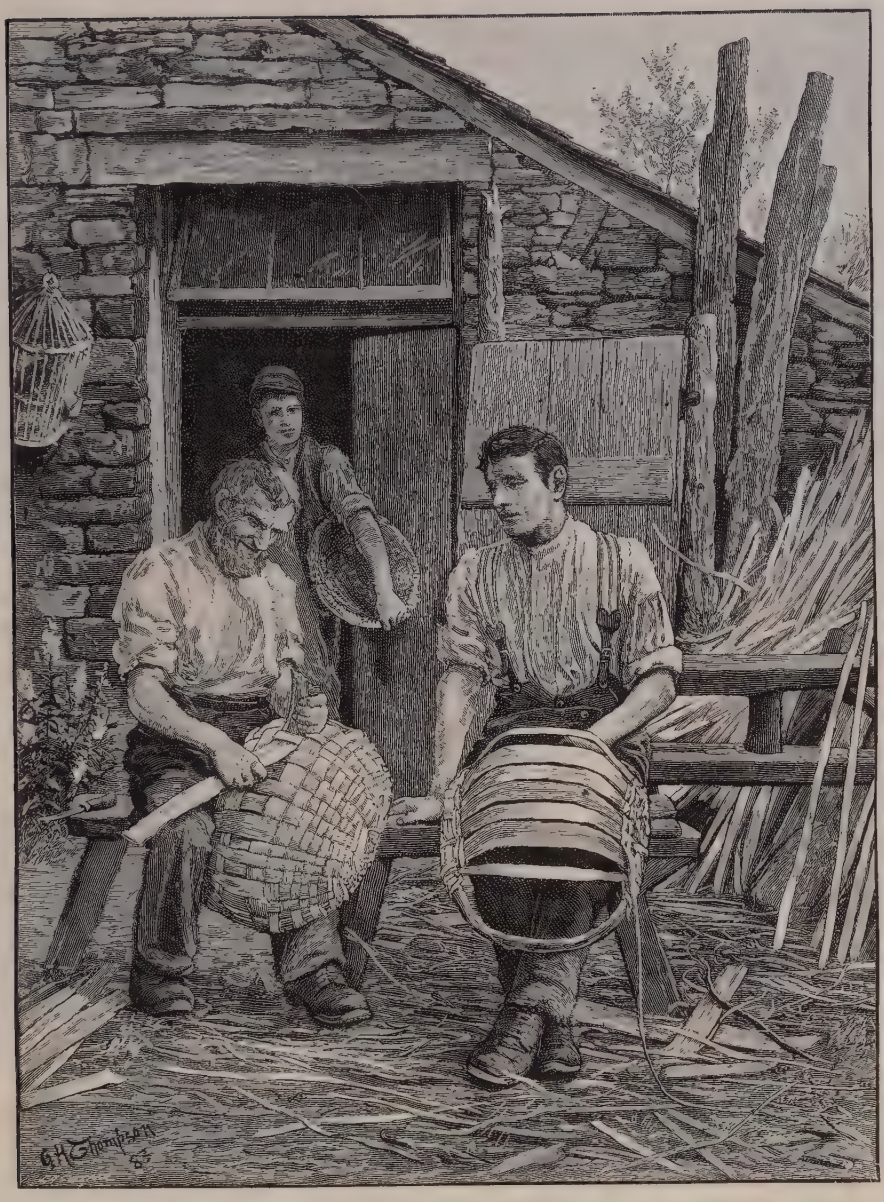
The circular saws used for cutting the wood into convenient lengths are of two kinds, one being suited for the thick timber and another for the thin. Bobbins from thick timber are made by a process known as "blocking." The wood is cut by a saw into round blocks of a thickness needed for the length of the bobbin; round pieces of wood are then punched and pierced out of the blocks by a blocking or boring machine; the pieces of wood thus rounded and pierced, are next placed in a half-self-acting finishing machine which the man worked by one hand, whilst with the other the workman places the wood in position on a revolving spindle, and by means of a handle he brings into position the fixed cutting tools, and in a second the bobbin is turned out complete. Such a machine turns out from thirty to forty small reels per minute, so that roughly speaking the enormous number of upwards of thirty millions of ordinary cotton reels are made every week in the Lake District!

The bobbin-making machinery is usually worked by both water and steam; the water drives specially made turbines, some of

SPLITTING WOOD FOR BASKETS.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

which are not more than eight and a half inches in diameter, but exert a power of twelve horses. The steam engine is used when water fails or when trade is brisk, and the boiler is fired with waste material from the bobbins. The reels, after being polished by friction one with another in a revolving barrel, are stained and dried in a hot chamber over the boiler. Bobbins are sold by the gross; the price varies from fourpence to twenty-four shillings, and depends on the size of the bobbin and the quality of the wood. They are sent to all parts of the country, but chiefly to Manchester and the surrounding towns; a considerable trade is also done with Dublin and Belfast, the Irish bobbin mills not being numerous enough to supply the demand. Bobbin makers go to Manchester every three months, and two or three times a year to Ireland, for orders. The wages in this industry range from six to thirty shillings a week. The apprentice system has been discontinued in most mills; the hands are now able to give and receive a fortnight's notice.

Taking now the road from the ferry to Lakeside, and sometimes skirting the banks of the lake, and sometimes rising to an elevation sufficient for one to see the whole of the lower reach of the lake, we pass many small collections of cottages scarcely to be dignified by the name of villages, and in all these we find "hoopers" busily at work under sheds



BASKET MAKERS AT WORK.

From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

thatched with the wood shavings made in the process.

The best hoops are made of oak, but few being of any other wood. The oak is bought when green and full of sap; it is then split into three or four sections according to the thickness of the stem. The splitting is done on a block or horse of peculiar shape, fitted with pegs. After the sapling, previously barked, has been split, the workman sits at a bench with a vice moved by the foot, and cuts off the sharp edge of the hoop with a "hoop-shave" or "drawing knife." The hoop is then bent on a coiling frame, an eight-armed cross with studs fitted into holes so as to make hoops of various diameters. Three sizes are made from strips of wood, six, eleven, and fourteen feet in length. The hoops are tied with tarred hemp of old untwisted rope and made up in bundles of sixty, termed "a half hundred." A good workman can make two such bundles in a day. These are sold at

about 5*s.* a bundle, the chief markets being Liverpool and Widnes. The work, like that of most of the Lake industries, is done by the piece, the wages averaging 25*s.* a week.

Passing through the upland village of Finsthwaite we may get a glimpse of the most important home industry of the district, viz. basket-making. Let us turn in to the primitive workshop and watch the full bearded father and son — the latter the churchwarden of the village — at their work. They rejoice in the not very euphonious designation of "swillers," the "swill" being the local name for the strong, shallow baskets which they manufacture, used for coaling steamers and for agricultural and other purposes.

Swills are made almost always of oak, which has the reputation of being one of the strongest of woods, though in reality "wythe," a species of willow, is much stronger; but possibly owing to this wood and its powers of endurance being generally unknown, baskets made of it are not in great demand. Swills are of various sizes, ranging from sixteen to thirty-six inches in length: the twenty-inch basket is made in largest quantities, and sold in Liverpool for coaling steamers at one shilling a basket; the larger baskets are dearer in proportion. A good workman can make seven twenty-inch baskets in a day.

The rim is made of stout hazel or ash bent into an oval shape in a frame; the body of the swill is formed of oak split into thin laths, which are bound round the rim of the basket and laced backwards and forwards. This part of the work usually falls to the lot of the younger men, whilst the father also looks after the preparation of the oak which requires first to be steeped in cold water, then boiled in iron tanks for some hours, whilst after this it is split by hand into narrow strips. This part of the process is however only performed once a week, as enough laths can be prepared and split in a day to last the remainder of the week. A stock of wood is bought in the summer ready barked, and is sold by the cubic foot at 1*s.* 3*d.* a foot.

Contrary to the state of things in most industries, this trade is at present flourishing; the demand is large, the only drawback being that as all the work is done by hand it is somewhat slow. There is no doubt that this industry and that of hoop-making might be beneficially extended over other parts of this country and especially to Ireland; we were told that wood is sometimes actually sent from Ireland, and used for making baskets and bobbins and then sent back to Ireland in this form. Surely the Irish ought to be able to supply baskets for their own large markets of Dublin and Belfast.

Content with his wages and always hard at work, the basket-maker of north Lancashire is apparently one of the few workmen who has no complaints to make, and looking at these men at work and conversing with them one feels that the line of the Laureate's,

"Dark and true and tender is the North,"

exactly applies to these busy workers. Strong, healthy, long-lived men working contentedly together, no rivalry or ill-feeling apparently existing among them, but each striving to do his best and encouraging his fellows.

Fired with that zeal and energy so characteristic of our northern people, these hard-worked men are not satisfied with merely their allotted task, but each finds some way not merely of adding to his hard-won earnings, but of imparting to his life more zest and colour than it is capable of receiving from his simple daily toil. Thus, one is a florist, and grows prize pansies on a few square yards of spare ground — a blaze of brilliant colour; another keeps special breeds of poultry, which gain prizes at the country shows; a third, venturing on a more risky speculation, is one of the largest canary breeders in the country.

Nor would the picture be complete without some mention of the comfortable though thrifty family-life these people lead. Father and sons working at basket-making within a stone's throw of their cottage, together bring home wages which provide them with a comfortable house and good plain living in a country where rents are low and food cheap. There is indeed an air of luxury and ease about these cottage homes which is all the more striking when compared with the usually untidy, squalid lodgings of the operatives of our large towns. Here is neatness in the arrangement of the old china, family heirlooms, simplicity in the plainness and solidity of the old oak furniture, taste and appreciation of beauty in the roses and creepers which spread themselves over the cottage walls and climb in through the windows.

"No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife,
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe
Untroubled life."

E. Roscoe.

ST. IVES.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH CORNWALL.

DAY THE EIGHTH.

ND eight days were all we could allow ourselves at the Lizard, if we meant to see the rest of Cornwall. We began to reckon with sore hearts that five days were already gone, and it seemed as if we had not seen half we ought to see, even of our near surroundings.

"We will take no excursion to-day. We will just have our bath at Housel Cove and then we will wander about the shore, and examine the Lizard lights. Only fancy, our going away to-morrow without having seen the inside of the Lizard Lights! Oh, I wish we were not leaving so soon. We shall never like any place as we like the Lizard."

It was indeed very delightful. Directly after breakfast—and we are people who never vary from our eight o'clock breakfast, so that we always see the world in its early morning brightness and freshness—we went

"Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,"

along the fields, which led down to Housel or Househole Cove. Before us, clear in the sunshine, rose the fine headland of Penolver, and the green slopes of the amphitheatre of Belidden, supposed to be the remains of a Druidical temple. That, and the chair of Belidden, a recess in the rock, whence there is a splendid view, with various archæological curiosities, true or traditionary, we ought to have examined, I know. But—we didn't. Some of us were content to rejoice in the general atmosphere of beauty and peace without minute investigation, and some of us were so eminently practical that "a good bathe" was to them more important than all the poetry and archæology in the world.

So we wandered slowly on, rejoicing at having the place all to ourselves, when we came suddenly upon a tall black figure intently watching three other black figures, or rather dots, which were climbing slowly over Penolver.

It was our clerical friend of Kynance; with whom, in the natural and right civility of holiday-makers, we exchanged a courteous good morning.

"Yes, those are my girls up on the cliff there. They have been bathing, and are now going to walk to Cadgwith."

"Then nobody fell into the Devil's Throat at Kynance? They all came back to you with whole limbs?"

"Yes," said he smiling, "and they went

again for another long walk in the afternoon. At night, when it turned out to be such splendid moonlight, they actually insisted on going launce-fishing. Of course you know about launce-fishing?"

I pleaded my utter ignorance of that noble sport.

"Oh, it is *the* thing at the Lizard. My boys—and girls too—consider it the best fun going. The launce is a sort of sand-eel peculiar to these coasts. It swims about all day, and at night burrows in the sand just above the waterline, where, when the moon shines on it, you can trace the silvery gleam of the creature. So you stand up to your ankles on wet sand, with a crooked iron spear which you dart in and hook him up, keeping your left hand free to seize him with."

"Easy fishing," said I, with a certain pity for the sand-eel.

"Not so easy as appears. You are apt either to chop him right in two, or miss him altogether, when off he wriggles in the sand and disappears. My young people say it requires a practised hand and a peculiar twist of the wrist to have any success at all in launce-fishing. It can only be done on moonlight nights—the full moon and a day or two after—and they are out half the night. They go about barefoot, which is much safer than soaked shoes and stockings. About midnight they light a fire on the sand, cook all the fish they have caught, and have a grand supper, as they had last night. They came home as merry as crickets about two o'clock this morning. Perhaps you might not have noticed what a wonderful moonlight night it was?"

I had; but it would not have occurred to me to spend it in standing for hours up to the knees in salt water, catching unfortunate fish.

However, tastes differ, and launce-fishing may be a prime delight to some people; so I faithfully chronicle it, and the proper mode of pursuing it, as one of the attractions at the Lizard. I am not aware that it is practised at any other part of the Cornish coast, nor can I say whether or not it was a pastime of King Arthur and his Knights. One cannot quite imagine Sir Tristram or Sir Launcelot spearing a small sand-eel.

The bathing at Housel Cove was delightful as ever. And afterwards we saw that very rare and beautiful sight, a perfect solar rainbow. Not the familiar bow of Noah, but a great luminous circle round the sun, like the halo often seen round the moon, extending over half the sky; yellow at first, then gradually assuming faint prismatic tints. This colouring, though never so bright as the ordinary arched rainbow, was wonderfully tender, and delicate. We stood a long time watching it, till at last it melted slowly out of the sky, leaving behind a sense of mystery, as of something we had never seen before and might never see again in all our lives.

It was a lovely day, bright and warm as midsummer, tempting us to some distant excursion; but we had decided to investigate the Lizard Lights. We should have been content to take them for granted, in their purely poetical phase, as we had watched them night after night. But some of us were blessed with scientific relatives, who would have despised us utterly if we had spent a whole week at the Lizard and never gone to see the Lizard Lights. So we felt bound to do our duty, and admire, if we could not understand.

Which we certainly did not. I chronicle with shame that the careful and intelligent explanations of that most intelligent young man, who met us at the door of the huge white building, apparently quite glad to have an opportunity of conducting us through it, were entirely thrown away. We mounted ladders, we looked at Brobdingnagian lamps, we poked into mysterious machinery for lighting them and for sounding the fog-horn, we listened to all that was told us, and tried to look as if we took it in. Very much interested we could not but be at such wonderful results of man's invention, but as for comprehending! we came away with our minds as dark as when we went in.

I have always found through life that, next to being clever, the safest thing is to know one's own ignorance and acknowledge it. Therefore let me leave all description of the astonishing mechanism of the Lizard Lights —I believe the first experiment of their kind, and not very long established—to abler pens and more intelligent brains. To see that young man, scarcely above the grade of a working man, handling his instruments and explaining them and their uses, seeming to take for granted that we understood—which alas! we didn't, not an atom!—inspired me with a sense of humiliation and awe. Also of pride at the wonders this generation has accomplished, and is still accomplishing; employing the gradually comprehended forces of Nature against herself, as it were, and dominating her evil by ever-new discoveries and applications of the recondite powers of good.

The enormous body of light produced nightly—equal, I think he said, to 30,000

candles—and the complicated machinery for keeping the fog-horn continually at work, when even that gigantic blaze became invisible,—all this amount of skill, science, labour, and money, freely expended for the saving of life, gave one a strong impression of not only British power but British beneficence. Could King Arthur have come back again from his sea-engulfed Land of Lyonesse, and stood where we stood, beside the Lizard Lights, what would he have said to it all?

Even though we did not understand, we were keenly interested in all we saw, and still more so in the stories of wrecks which this young man had witnessed even during the few years, or months—I forget which—of his stay at the Lizard. He, too, agreed that the rocks there, called by the generic name of the Stags, were the most fatal of all on our coasts to ships outward and homeward bound. Probably because in the latter case, captain and crews get a trifle careless; and in the former—as I have heard in sad explanation of many emigrant ships being lost almost immediately after quitting port—they get drunk. Many of the sailors are said to come on board "half-seas over," and could the skilfullest of pilots save a ship with a drunken crew?

Be that as it may, the fact remains, that throughout winter almost every week's chronicle at the Lizard is the same story—wild storms, or dense fogs, guns of distress heard, a hasty manning of the life-boat, dragged with difficulty down the steep cliff-road, a brief struggle with the awful sea, and then, even if a few lives are saved, with the ship herself all is over.

"Only last Christmas I saw a vessel go to pieces in ten minutes on the rocks below there," said the man, after particularising several wrecks, which seemed to have imprinted themselves on his memory with all their incidents. "Yes, we have a bad time in winter, and the coastguard men lead a risky life. They are the picked men of the service, and tolerably well paid, but no money could ever pay them for what they go through —or the fishermen, who generally are volun teers, and get little or nothing."

"It must be a hard life in these parts, especially in winter," we observed.

"Well, perhaps it is, but it's our business, you see."

Yes, but not all people do their business, as the mismanagements and mistakes of this world plainly show.

Still, it is a good world, and we felt it so as we strolled along the sunshiny cliff, talking over all these stories, tragical or heroic, which had been told us in such a simple matter-of-fact way, as if they were everyday occurrences. And then, while the young folks went on "for a good scramble" over Penolver, I sat down for a quiet "think"; that enforced rest which, as years advance, becomes, not painful, but actually pleasant; in which, if one fails to solve the problems of the universe, one is prone to con them over, wondering at them all.

From the sunny sea and sunny sky, full of a silence so complete that I could hear every wave as it broke on the unseen rocks below, my mind wandered to that young fellow among his machinery, with his sickly eager face and his short cough—indicating that *his* "business" in this world, over which he seemed so engrossed, might only too soon come to an end. Between these apparently eternal powers of Nature, so strong, so fierce, so irresistible, against which man fought so magnificently with all his perfection of scientific knowledge and accuracy of handiwork—and this poor frail human life, which in a moment might be blown out like a candle, suddenly quenched in darkness, "there is no skill or knowledge in the grave whither thou goest"—what a contrast it was!

And yet—and yet?—We shall sleep with our fathers, and some of us feel sometimes so tired that we do not in the least mind going to sleep. But notwithstanding this, notwithstanding everything without that seems to imply our perishableness, we are conscious of something within which is absolutely imperishable. We feel it only stronger and clearer as life begins to melt away from us; as "the lights in the windows are darkened, and the daughters of music are brought low." To the young, death is often a terror, for it seems to put an end to the full, rich, passionate life beyond which they can see nothing; but to the old, conscious that this their tabernacle is being slowly dissolved, and yet its mysterious inhabitant, the wonderful, incomprehensible *me*, is exactly the same—thinks, loves, suffers, and enjoys, precisely as it did heaven knows how many years ago—to them, death appears in quite another shape. He is no longer Death the Enemy, but Death the Friend, who may—who can tell?—give back all that life has denied or taken away. He cannot harm us, and he may bless us, with the blessing of loving children, who believe that, whatever comes, nothing can take them out of their Father's arms.

But I had not come to Cornwall to preach, except to myself now and then, as this day. My sermon was all done by the time the

young folks came back, full of the beauties of their cliff-walk, and their affectionate regrets that I "could never manage it," but must have felt so dull, sitting on a stone and watching the sheep and the sea-gulls. Not at all! I was obliged to confess that I never am "dull," as people call it; I can stand any amount of solitude, and though that is sometimes the worst to bear also of society.

So, each contented in our own way, we went merrily home, to find waiting for us our cosy tea—the last!—and our faithful Charles, who, according to agreement, appeared overnight, to take charge of us till we got back to civilisation and railways.

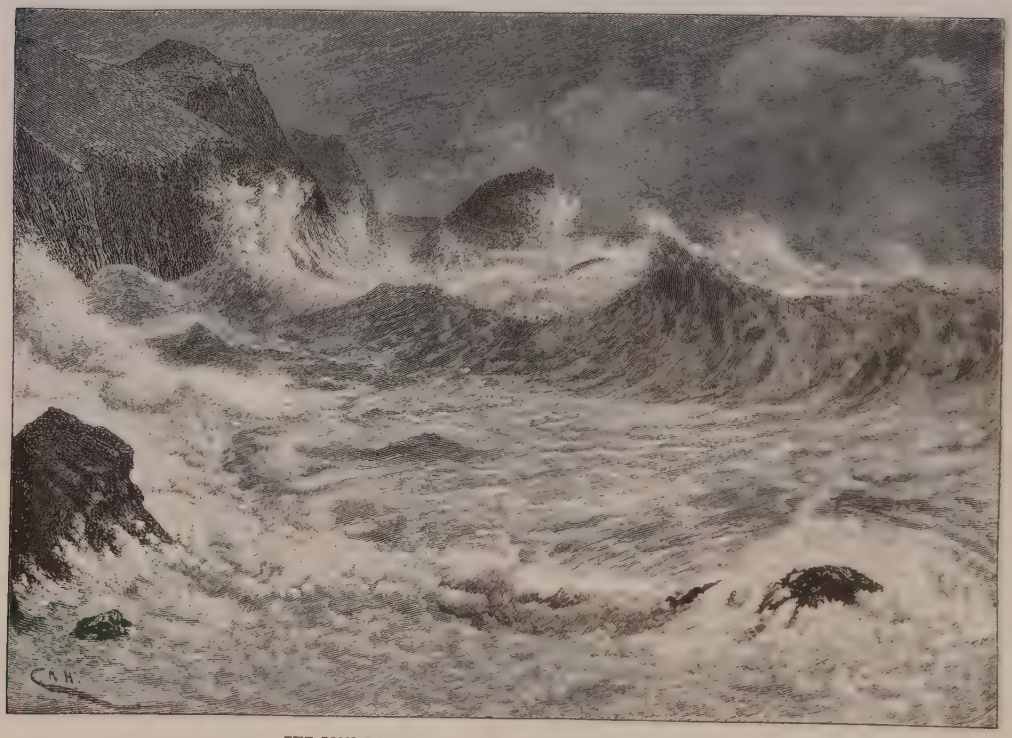
"Yes, ladies, here I am," said he with a beaming countenance. "And I've got you the same carriage and the same horse, as you wished, and I've come in time to give him a good night's rest. Now, when shall you start, and what do you want to do to-morrow?"

Our idea had been to take for our next resting-place Marazion. This queer-named town had attracted us ever since the days when we learnt geography. Since, we had heard a good deal about it: how it had been inhabited by Jewish colonists, who bought tin from the early Phœnician workers of the Cornish mines, and been called by them Mara-Zion—bitter Zion—corrupted by the common people into Market-Jew. It was a quiet place, with St. Michael's Mount opposite; and attracted us much more than genteel Penzance. So did a letter we got from the landlord of its one hotel, promising to take us in, and make us thoroughly comfortable.

Could we get there in one day? Charles declared we could, and even see a good deal on the road.

"We'll go round by Mullion. Mary will be delighted to get another peep at you ladies, and while I rest the horse you can go in and look at the old church—it's very curious they say. And then we'll go on to Gunwalloe, —there's another church there, close by the sea, built by somebody who was shipwrecked. But then it's so old and so small. However, we can stop and look at it if you like."

His good common-sense, and kindliness, when he might so easily have done his mere



THE LION ROCKS—A SEA IN WHICH NOTHING CAN LIVE.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

duty and taken us the shortest and ugliest route, showing us nothing, decided us to leave all in Charles's hands, and start at 10 A.M. for Penzance, *viâ* Helstone, where we all wished to stay an hour or two, and find out a "friend," the only one we had in Cornwall.

So all was settled, with but a single regret, that several boating excursions we had planned with John Curgenven had all fallen through, and we should never behold some wonderful sea-caves between the Lizard and Cadgwith, which we had set our hearts upon visiting.

Charles fingered his cap with a thoughtful air. "I don't see why you shouldn't, ladies. If I was to go direct and tell John Curgenven to have a boat ready at Church Cove, and we was to start at nine instead of ten, and drive there, the carriage might wait while you rowed to the caves and back; we should still reach Helstone by dinner-time, and Marazion before dark."

"We'll do it!" was the unanimous resolve. And at this addition to his work Charles looked actually pleased!

So—all was soon over, our easy packing done, our bill paid—a very small one—our goodnights said to the kindly handmaid, Esther, who hoped we would come back again some time, and promised to keep the artistic mural decorations of our little parlour in memory of us. My young folks went to bed, and then, a little before midnight, when all the house was quiet, I put a shawl over my head, unlatched the innocent door—no bolts or bars at the Lizard—and went out into the night.

What a night it was!—mild as summer, clear as day: the full moon sailing aloft in an absolutely cloudless sky. Not a breath, not a sound—except the faint thud-thud of the in-coming waves, two miles off at Kynance, the outline of which, and of the whole coast, was distinctly visible. A silent earth, lying under a silent heaven. Looking up, one felt almost like a disembodied soul, free to cleave through infinite space and gain —what?

Is it human or divine, this ceaseless longing after something never attained, this craving after the eternal life? which, if fully believed in, fully understood, would take all the bitterness out of this life. And yet, that knowledge is not given.

But so much is given, and all given is so infinitely good, except where we ourselves turn it into evil, that surely more, and better, will be given to us by and by.

And so, to bed—to bed! Those only truly enjoy life who fear not death: who can say of the grave as if it were their bed: "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is Thou only, O God, who makest me to dwell in safety."

DAY THE NINTH.

And our last at the Lizard, which a week ago had been to us a mere word or dot in a map; now we carried away from it a living human interest in everything and everybody.

Esther bade us a cordial farewell: Mrs. Curgenven, standing at the door of her serpentine shop, repeated the good wishes, and informed us that John and his boat had already started for Church Cove. As we drove through the bright little Lizard Town, and past the Church of Landewednack, wondering if we should ever see either again, we felt quite sad.

But sentimental considerations soon vanished in practical alarms. Leaving the carriage and Charles at the nearest point to the Cove, we went down the steep descent, and saw John rocking in his boat, and beckoning to us with a bland and smiling countenance. But between us and him lay a sort of causeway, of the very roughest rocks, slippery with sea-weed, and beat upon by waves—such waves! Yet clearly, if we meant to get into the boat at all, we must seize our opportunity and jump in between the flux and reflux of that advancing tide.

I am not a coward: I love boats, and was well used to them in my youth, but now—my heart misgave me. There were but two alternatives—to stop the pleasure of the whole party, and leave Cornwall with these wonderful sea-caves unseen, or to let my children go alone. Neither was possible; so I hailed a sturdy youth at work hard by, and asked him if he would take charge of an old lady across the rocks. He grinned from ear to ear, but came forward, and did his duty manfully and kindly. My young folks, light as feathers, bounded after; and with the help of John Curgenven, chivalrous and careful as ever, we soon found ourselves safely in the boat.

Safe, but not quite happy. "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down," was the principle of our voyage, the most serious one we ever took in an open boat with a single pair of oars. Never did I see such waves, at least from the midst of them, where we went tossing like a bit of cork out into the open sea.

John seemed not to mind them in the least. His strong arms swept the boat along, and he still found breath to talk to us, pointing out the great gloomy cliffs we were passing under, and telling us stories of wrecks, the favourite theme—and no wonder.

This sunshiny morning that iron-bound coast looked awful enough; what must it have looked like, on the winter night when the emigrant ship *Brest* went down!

"Yes, it was about ten o'clock at night," said John. "I was fast asleep in bed, but they knocked me up; I got on my clothes and was off in five minutes. They are always glad enough to get us, the coast-guard are. Mine was the first boat-load we brought ashore; we would only take women and children that time. They were all in their night-gowns, and they couldn't speak a word of English, but we made them understand somehow. One woman threw her three children down to me, and stayed behind on the wreck with two more."

"Were the women frightened?"

"Oh, no, they were very quiet, dazed like. Some of them seemed to be saying their prayers. But they made no fuss at all, not even the little ones. They lay down in the bottom of the boat, and we rowed ashore as fast we could, to Cadgwith. Then we rowed back and fetched two boat-loads more. We saved a lot of lives that wreck, but only their lives; they had scarcely a rag of clothes on, and some of the babies were as naked as when they were born."

"And who took them in?"

"Everybody: we always do it," answered John, as if surprised at the question. "The fishermen's cottages were full, and so was the parsonage. We gave them clothes, and kept them till they could be sent away. Yes, it was an awful night; I got something to remember it by, here."

He held out his hand, from which we noticed half of one finger was missing.

"It got squeezed off with a rope somehow. I didn't heed it much at the time," said John carelessly. "But look, we're at the first of the caves. I'll row in close, ladies, and let you see it."

So we had to turn our minds from the vision of the wreck of the *Brest*, which John's simple words made so terribly vivid, to examine Raven's Ugo, and Dolor Ugo; *ugo* is Cornish for cave. Over the entrance of the first a pair of ravens have built from time immemorial. It is just accessible, the opening being above the sea-line, and hung with quantities of sea-ferns. Here in smuggling days, many kegs of spirits used to be secreted: and many a wild drama no doubt has been acted there — daring encounters between smugglers and coastguard men, not bloodless on either side.

Dolor Ugo is now inaccessible and unusable. Its only floor is of heaving water, a deep olive green, and so clear that we could see the fishes swimming about, pursuing a shoal of launce. Its high-vaulted roof and sides were tinted all colours—rose-pink, rich dark brown, and purple. The entrance was wide enough to admit a boat, but it gradually narrowed into impenetrable darkness. How far inland it goes no one can tell, as it could only be investigated by swimming, a rather dangerous experiment. Boats venture as far as the daylight goes; and it is a favourite trick of the boatman suddenly to fire off a pistol which reverberates like thunder through the mysterious gloom of the cave.

A solemn place; an awful place, some of us thought, as we rowed in and out again, into the sunshiny open sea. Which we had now got used to; and it was delicious to go dancing like a feather up and down, trusting to John Curgenven's stout arm and fearless, honest face. We felt sad to think this would be our last sight of him and of the magnificent Lizard coast. But the minutes were lessening, and we had some way still to row. Also to land, which meant a leap between the waves upon slippery sea-weedy rocks. In silent dread I watched my children accomplish this feat, and then—

Well, it is over, and I sit here writing these details. But I would not do it again, not even for the pleasure of revisiting Dolor Ugo and having a row with John Curgenven.

Honest fellow! he looked relieved when he saw "the old lady" safe on terra firma, and we left him waving adieux, as he "rocked in his boat in the bay." May his stout arms and kindly heart long remain to him! May his summer tourists be many and his winter shipwrecks few! I am sure he will always do his duty, and see that other people do theirs, or, like the proverbial Cornishmen, he "will know the reason why."

Charles was ready; waiting patiently in front of a blacksmith's shop. But, alas! fate had overtaken us in the shape of an innocent leak in John Curgenven's boat; nothing, doubtless, to him, who was in the habit of baling it out with his boots, and then calmly putting them on again, but a little inconvenient to us. To drive thirty miles with one's garments soaked up to the knees was not desirable.

There was a cottage close by, whence came the gleam of a delicious fire and the odour

of ironing clothes. We went in: the mistress, evidently a laundress, came forward and offered to dry us—which she did, chattering all the while in the confidential manner of country folks.

A hard working, decent body she was, and as for her house, it was a perfect picture of cleanliness and tidiness. Its two rooms, kitchen and bedroom, were absolutely speckless. When we noticed this, and said we found the same in many Cornish cottages; she almost seemed offended at the praise.

"Oh, that's nothing, ma'am. We hereabouts all likes to have our places tidy. Mine's not over tidy to-day because of the washing. I hadn't time to clean up. But if you was to come of a Sunday. Look there!" Her eye caught something in a dark corner, at which she flew, apron in hand. "I declare, I'm quite ashamed. I didn't think we had one in the house."

"One what?"

"One spider web!"

Dried, warmed, and refreshed, but having found the greatest difficulty in inducing the good woman to receive any tangible thanks for her kindness, we proceeded on our journey; going over the same ground which we had traversed already, and finding Pradenack Down as bleak and beautiful as ever. Our first halt was at the door of Mary Mundy, who, with her unappreciated brother, ran out to meet us, and looked much disappointed when she found we had not come to stay.

"But you will come some time, ladies, and I'll make you so comfortable. And you'll give my duty to the professor"—it was vain to explain that four hundred miles lay between our home and his. "I hope he's quite well. He was a very nice gentleman, please'm. I shall be delighted to see him again, please'm," &c., &c.

We left the three—Mary, her brother, and Charles—chattering together in a dialect which I do not attempt to reproduce, and sometimes could hardly understand. Us, the natives indulged with their best English, but among themselves they talked the broadest Cornish.

It was a very old church, and a preternaturally old beadle showed it in a passive manner, not recognising in the least its points of interest and beauty, except some rows of open benches with ancient oak backs, wonderfully carved.

"Our vicar dug them up from under the flooring and turned them into pews. There was a gentleman here the other day who said there was nothing like them in all England."

Most curious, in truth, they were, and suited well the fine old building—a specimen of how carefully and lavishly our forefathers built "for God." We, who build for ourselves, are rather surprised to find in out-of-the-way nooks like this, churches, that in size and adornment, must have cost years upon years of loving labour as well as money.

It was pleasant to know that the present incumbent, a man of archæological tastes, appreciated his blessings, and took the utmost care of his beautiful old church. Success to him! even though he cannot boast the power of his predecessor, the Reverend Thomas Flavel, who died in 1682, and whose monument in the chancel really expresses the sentiments—in epitaph—of the period:

"Earth, take thine earth; my sin, let Satan have it;
The world my goods; my soul my God who gave it.
For from these four, Earth, Satan, World, and God,
My flesh, my sin, my goods, my soul, I had."

But it does not mention that the reverend gentleman was the best *ghost-layer* in all England, and that when he died his ghost also required to be laid, by a brother clergyman, in a spot on the down still pointed out by the people of Mullion, who, being noted for extreme longevity, have passed down this tradition from generation to generation, with an earnest credulity that we of more enlightened counties can hardly understand.

From Mullion we went on to Gunwalloe. Its church, "small and old," as Charles had depreciatingly said, had been so painfully "restored," and looked so bran-new and uninteresting that we contented ourselves with a distant look. It was close to the sea—probably built on the very spot where its pious founder had been cast ashore. The one curious point about it was the detached belfry, some yards distant from the church itself. It sat alone in a little cove, down which a sluggish river crawled quietly seaward. A sweet quiet place, but haunted, as usual, by tales of cruel shipwrecks—of sailors huddled for hours on a bit of rock just above the waves, till a boat could put out and save the few survivors; of sea treasures continually washed ashore from lost ships—Indian corn, coffee, timber, dollars—many are still found in the sand after a storm. And one treasure more, of which the recollection is still kept at Gunwalloe, "a little dead baby in its cap and night-gown, with a necklace of coral beads."

ENYS DODNAN AND PARDENICK POINT.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

After this our road turned inland. Our good horse, with the dogged persistency of Cornish horses and Cornish men, plodded on mile after mile. Sometimes for an hour or more we did not meet a living soul; then we came upon a stray labourer, or passed through a village where healthy-looking children, big-eyed, brown-faced, and dirty-handed, picturesque if not pretty, stared at us from cottage doors, or from the gates of cottage gardens full of flowers and apples.

Those apples! They were a picture. Hungry and thirsty, we could not resist them. After passing several trees, hung thickly with delicious fruit, we attacked the owner of one of them, a comely young woman, with a baby in her arms and another at her gown.

"Oh yes, ma'am, you may have as many apples as you like, if your young ladies will go and get them."

And while they did it, she stood talking by the carriage door, pouring out to me her whole

domestic history with a simple frankness worthy of the golden age.

"No, really I couldn't," putting back my payment—little enough—for the splendid basket of apples which the girls brought back in triumph. "This is such a good apple year; the pigs would get them if the young ladies didn't. You're kindly welcome to them—well then, if you are determined, say sixpence."

On which magnificent "sixpenn'orth," we lived for days! Indeed I think we brought some of it home as a specimen of Cornish fruit and Cornish liberality.

Helstone was reached at last, and we were not sorry for rest and food in the old-fashioned inn, whence we could look out of window, and contemplate the humours of the little town, which doubtless considered itself a very great one. It was market day, and the narrow street was thronged with beasts and men—the latter as sober as the former, which spoke well for Cornwall. Sober and civil too was every one we addressed in asking our way to the house of our unknown friend, whose only address we knew was Helstone. But he seemed well known in the town, though neither a rich man, nor a great man, nor—No, I cannot say he was not a clever man, for in his own line, mechanical engineering, he must have been exceedingly clever. And he was what people call "a great character;" would have made such an admirable "study" for a novelist, manipulated into an unrecognisable ideal—the only way in which it is fair to put people in books. When I saw him I almost regretted that I write novels no more!

We passed through the little garden—all ablaze with autumn colour, every inch utilised for either flowers, vegetables, or fruit—went into the parlour, sent our cards, and waited the result.

In two minutes our friend appeared, and gave us such a welcome! But to explain it I must trench a little upon the sanctities of private life, and tell the story of this honest Cornishman. It will not harm him.

When still young he went to Brazil, and was employed by an English gold-mining company there for some years. Afterwards he joined an engineering firm, and superintended dredging, the erection of saw-mills, &c., finally building a light-house, of which latter work he had the sole charge, and was exceedingly proud. His conscientiousness, probity, and entire reliableness made him most valuable to the firm; whom he served faithfully for many years. When they, as well as himself, returned to England, he still kept up a correspondence with them, preserving towards every member of the family the most enthusiastic regard and devotion.

He rushed into the parlour, a tall, gaunt, middle-aged man, with a shrewd, kindly face, which beamed all over with delight, as he began shaking hands indiscriminately, saying how kind it was of us to come, and how welcome we were.

It was explained which of us he had specially to welcome, the others being only humble appendages, friends of the family, this well-beloved family, whose likenesses for two generations we saw everywhere about the room.

"Yes, miss, there they all are, your dear grandfather" (alas, only a likeness now!), "your father, and your uncle. They were all so good to me, and I would do anything for them, or for any one of their name. If I got a message that they wanted me for anything, I'd be off to London, or to Brazil, or anywhere, in half-an-hour."

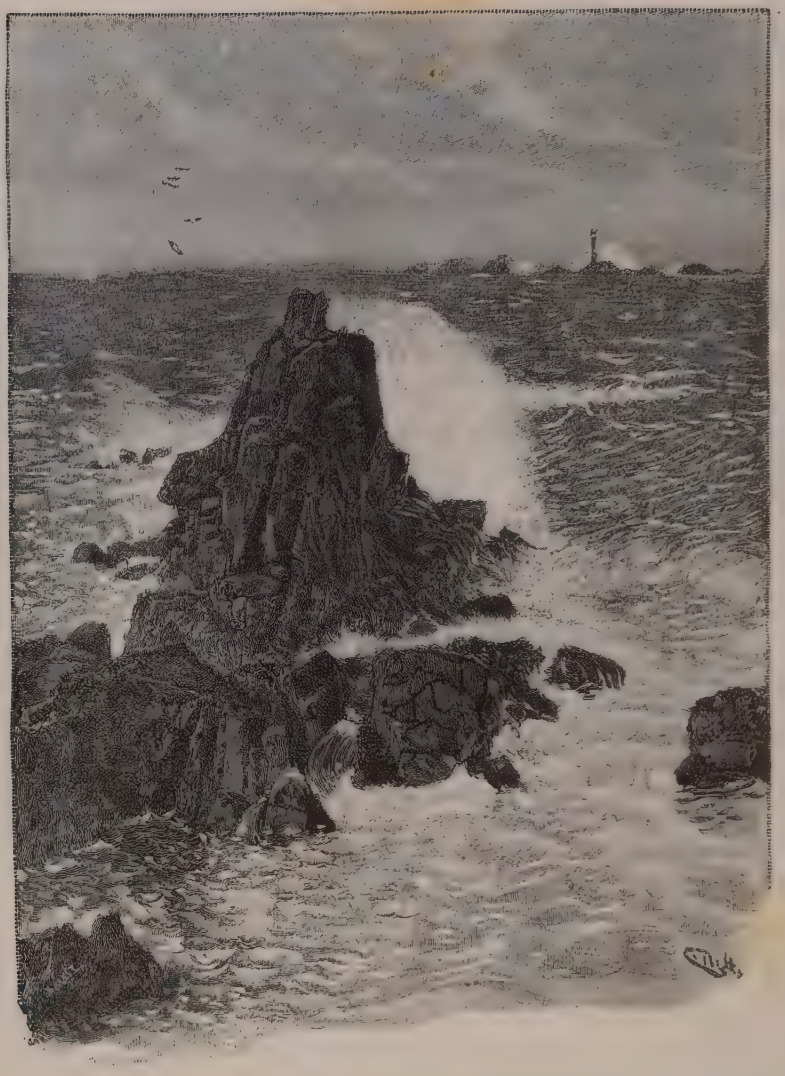
And he really looked as if he would.

"But what will you take?" added the good man when the rapture and excitement of the moment had a little subsided, and his various questions as to the well-being of "the family" had been asked and answered. "You have dined, you say, but you'll have a cup of tea. My wife (that's the little maid I used to talk to your father about, miss, I always told him I wouldn't stay in Brazil, I must go back to England and marry my little maid), my wife makes the best cup of tea in all Cornwall. Here she is!"

And there entered, in afternoon gown and cap, probably just put on, a middle-aged, but still comely matron, who insisted that, even at this early hour—3 p.m.—to get a cup of tea for us was "no trouble at all."

"Indeed, she wouldn't think anything a trouble, no more than I should, miss, if it was for your family. They never forget me, nor I them."

It was here suggested that they were not a "forgetting" family. Nor was he a man likely to be soon forgotten. While the cup of tea, which proved to be a most sumptuous meal, was preparing, he took us all over his house, which was full of foreign curiosities, and experimental inventions. One, I remember, being a musical instrument, a sort of organ, which he had begun making when a mere boy, and taken with him all the way to Brazil and back. It had now found refuge in the little room he called his "workshop," which was filled with odds and ends that would have been delightful to a mechani-



THE ARMED KNIGHT AND THE LONG SHIP'S LIGHT-HOUSE.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

cal mind. He expounded them with enthusiasm, and we tried not to betray an ignorance, which in some of us would have been a sort of hereditary degradation.

"Ah! they were clever—your father and your uncle!—and how proud we all were when we finished our light-house, and got the Emperor to light it up for the first time. Look here, ladies, what do you think this is?"

He took out a small parcel, and solemnly unwrapped from it fold after fold of paper, till he came to the heart of it—a small wax candle!

"This was the candle the Emperor used to light our light-house. I've kept it for nearly thirty years, and I'll keep it as long as I live. Every year on the anniversary of the day I light it, drink his Majesty's health, and the health of all your family, miss, and then I put it out again. So"—carefully re-wrapping the relic in its numerous envelopes—"so, I hope it will last my time."

Here the mistress came behind her good man, and they exchanged a smile—the affectionate smile of two who have never been more than two, Darby and Joan, but all sufficient to each other. She announced that tea was ready. And such a tea! How we

got through it I hardly know, but travelling is hungry work, and the viands were delicious. The beneficence of our kind hosts, however, was not nearly done.

"Come, ladies, I'll show you my garden, and—(give me a basket and the grape scissors,)" added he in a conjugal aside. Which resulted in our carrying away with us the biggest bunches in the whole vinery, as well as a quantity of rosy apples, stuffed into every available pocket and bag.

"Nonsense, nonsense," was the answer to vain remonstrances. "D'ye think I wouldn't give the best of everything, I had to your family? and so would my missis too. How your father used to laugh at me about my little maid! But he understood it for all that. Oh yes, I'm glad I came home. And now your father and your uncle are home too, and perhaps some day they'll come to see me down here—wouldn t it be a proud day for me! You'll tell them so?"

It was touching, and rare as touching, this passionate personal fidelity. It threw us back, at least such of us as were sentimentally inclined, upon that something in Cornish nature which found its exposition in Arthur and his faithful knights, down to "bold Sir Bedevere," and apparently, is still not lost in Cornwall.

With a sense of real regret, feeling that it would be long ere we might meet his like—such shrewd simplicity, earnest enthusiasm, and exceeding faithfulness—we bade good-bye to the honest man; leaving him and his wife standing at their garden-gate, an elderly Adam and Eve, desiring nothing outside their own little paradise. Which of us could say more, or as much?

Gratefully we "talked them over," as we drove on through the pretty country round Helstone—inland country; for we had no time to go and see the Loe Pool, a small lake, divided from the sea by a bar of sand. This is supposed to be the work of the Cornwall man-demon, Tregeagle; and periodically cut through, with solemn ceremonial, by the Mayor of Helstone, when the "meeting of the waters," fresh and salt, is said to be an extremely curious sight. But we did not see it, nor yet Nonsloe House, close by, which is held by the tenure of having to provide a boat and nets whenever the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, wishes to fish in the Loe Pool. A circumstance which has never happened yet, certainly!

Other curiosities *en route* we also missed, the stones of Tremenkeverne, half a ton each, used as missiles in a notable fight between two saints, St. Just of the Land's End, and St. Keverne of the Lizard, and still lying in a field to prove the verity of the legend. Also the rock of Goldsithney, where, when the "fair land of Lyonesse" was engulfed by the sea, an ancestor of the Trevelyans saved himself by swimming his horse, and landing; various other remarkable places, with legends attached, needing much credulity, or imagination, to believe in.

But, fearing to be benighted ere reaching Marazion, we passed them all, and saw nothing more interesting than the ruins of disused tin mines, which Charles showed us, mournfully explaining how the mining business had of late years drifted away from Cornwall, and how hundreds of the once thriving community had been compelled to emigrate or starve. As we neared Marazion, these melancholy wrecks with their little hillocks of mining debris rose up against the evening sky, the image of desolation. And then St. Michael's Mount, the picture in little of Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, appeared in the middle of Mounts' Bay. Lastly, after a gorgeous sunset, in a golden twilight and silvery moonlight, we entered Marazion;—and found it, despite its picturesque name, the most commonplace little town imaginable!

We should have regretted our rash decision, and gone on to Penzance, but for the hearty welcome given us at a most comfortable and home-like inn, which determined us to keep to our first intention, and stay.

So, after our habit of making the best of things, we walked down to the ugly beach, and investigated the dirty-looking bay—in the lowest of all low tides, with a soppy, sea-weedy causeway running across to St. Michael's Mount. By advice of Charles, we made acquaintance with an old boatman he knew, a Norwegian who had drifted hither—shipwrecked, I believe—settled down and married an English woman, but whose English was still of the feeblest kind. However, he had an honest face; so we engaged him to take us out bathing early to-morrow.

"And to-night, ladies?" suggested the faithful Charles. "Wouldn't you like to row round the Mount?—When you've had your tea, I'll come back for you, and help you down to the shore—it's rather rough, but nothing like what you have done, ma'am," added he encouragingly. "And it will be bright moonlight, and the Mount will look so fine."

So, the spirit of adventure conquering our weariness, we went. When I think how it looked next morning—the small, shallow bay, with its toy-castle in the centre, I am glad our first vision of it was under the glamour

of moonlight, with the battlemented rock throwing dark shadows across the shimmering sea. In the mysterious beauty of that night row round the Mount, we could imagine anything; its earliest inhabitant, the giant Cormoran, killed by that "valiant Cornishman," the illustrious Jack; the lovely St. Keyne, a king's daughter, who came thither on pilgrimage; and, passing down from legend to history, Henry de la Pomeroy, who, being taken prisoner, caused himself to be bled to death in the Castle; Sir John Arundel, slain on the sands, and buried in the Chapel; Perkin Warbeck's unfortunate wife, who took refuge at St. Michael's shrine, but was dragged thence. And so on, and so on, through the centuries, to the family of St. Aubyn, who bought it in 1660, and have inhabited it ever since. "Very nice people," we heard they were; who have received here the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other royal personages. What a contrast to the legendary Cormoran!

Yet, looking up as we rowed under the gloomy rock, we could fancy his giant ghost sitting there, on the spot where he killed his wife, for bringing in her apron greenstone, instead of granite, to build the chapel with. It is built of greenstone, so the story must be true! What a pleasure it is to be able to believe anything!

Some of us could have stayed out half the night, floating along in the mild soft air and dreamy moonlight, which made even the common-place little town look like a fairy scene, and exalted St. Michael's Mount into a grand fortress, fit for its centuries of legendary lore—but others preferred going to bed.

So we landed, and retired. Not however without taking a long look out of the window upon the bay, which now, at high tide, was one sheet of rippling moon-lit water, with the grim old Mount, full of glimmering lights like eyes, sitting silent in the midst of the silent sea.

CORNISH FISHERMAN.
From a drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

INTERLOPERS AT THE KNAP.

I.

THE north-west road from Casterbridge is tedious and lonely, especially in winter time. Along a part of its course it is called Holloway Lane, a monotonous track without a village or hamlet for many miles, and with very seldom a turning. Unapprised wayfarers who are too old, or too young, or in other respects too weak for the distance to be traversed, but who, nevertheless, have to walk it, say, as they look wistfully ahead, "Once at the top of that hill, and I must surely see the end of Holloway Lane!" But they reach the hill-top, and Holloway Lane stretches in front as mercilessly as before.

Some few years ago a certain farmer was riding through this lane in the gloom of a winter evening. The farmer's friend, a dairyman, was riding beside him. A few paces in the rear rode the farmer's man. All three were well horsed on strong, round-barrelled cobs; and to be well horsed was to be in better spirits about Holloway Lane than poor pedestrians could attain to during its passage.

But the farmer did not talk much to his friend as he rode along. The enterprise which had brought him there filled his mind; for in truth it was important. Not altogether so important was it, perhaps, when estimated by its value to society at large; but if the true measure of a deed be proportionate to the space it occupies in the heart of him who undertakes it, Farmer Charles Darton's business to-night could hold its own with the business of kings.

He was a large farmer. His turnover, as it is called, was probably thirty thousand pounds a year. He had a great many draught horses, a great many milch cows, and of sheep a multitude. This comfortable position was, however, none of his own making. It had been created by his father, a man of a very different stamp from the present representative of the line.

Darton, the father, had been a one-idea'd character, with a buttoned-up pocket and a chink-like eye brimming with commercial subtlety. In Darton the son, this trade subtlety had become transmuted into emotional, and the harshness had disappeared; he would have been called a sad man but for his constant care not to divide himself from lively friends by piping notes out of harmony with theirs. Contemplative, he allowed his mind to be a quiet meeting-place for memories and hopes. So that, naturally enough, since succeeding to the agricultural calling, and up to his present age of thirty-two, he had neither advanced nor receded as a capitalist —a stationary result which did not agitate one of his unambitious unstrategic nature, since he had all that he desired. The motive of his expedition to-night showed the same absence of anxious regard for number one.

The party rode on in the slow, safe trot proper to night-time and bad roads, Farmer Darton's head jigging rather unromantically up and down against the sky, and his motions being repeated with bolder emphasis by his friend Japheth Johns; while those of the latter were travestied in jerks still less softened by art in the person of the lad who attended them. A pair of whitish objects hung one on each side of the latter, bumping against him at each step, and still further spoiling the grace of his seat. On close inspection they might have been perceived to be open rush baskets—one containing a turkey, and the other some bottles of wine.

"D'ye feel ye can meet your fate like a

man, neighbour Darton?" asked Johns, breaking a silence which had lasted while five-and-twenty hedgerow trees had glided by.

Mr. Darton with a half laugh murmured, "Ay—call it my fate! Hanging and wiving go by destiny." And then they were silent again.

The darkness thickened rapidly, at intervals shutting down on the land in a perceptible flap like the wave of a wing. The customary close of day was accelerated by a simultaneous blurring of the air. With the fall of night had come a mist just damp enough to incommode, but not sufficient to saturate them. Countrymen as they were—born, as may be said, with only an open door between them and the four seasons—they regarded the mist but as an added obscuration, and ignored its humid quality.

They were travelling in a direction that was enlivened by no modern current of traffic, the place of Darton's pilgrimage being the old-fashioned village of Hintock Abbas, where the people make the best cider and cider-wine in all Wessex, and where the dunghills smell of pomace instead of stable refuse as elsewhere. The lane was sometimes so narrow that the brambles of the hedge, which hung forward like anglers' rods over a stream, scratched their hats and curry-combed their whiskers as they passed. Yet this neglected lane had been a highway to Queen Elizabeth's court, and other cavalcades of the past. But its day was over now, and its history as a national artery done for ever.

"Why I have decided to marry her," resumed Darton (in a measured musical voice of confidence which revealed a good deal of his composition) as he glanced round to see that the lad was not too near, "is not only that I like her, but that I can do no better, even from a fairly practical point of view. That I might ha' looked higher is possibly true, though it is really all nonsense. I have had experience enough in looking above me. 'No more superior women for me,' said I—you know when. Sally is a comely, independent, simple character, with no make-up about her, who'll think me as much a superior to her as I used to think—you know who I mean—was to me."

"Ay," said Johns. "However, I shouldn't call Sally Hall simple. Primary, because no Sally is; secondary, because if some could be this one wouldn't. 'Tis a wrong denomination to apply to a woman, Charles, and affects me, as your best man, like cold water. 'Tis like recommending a stage play by saying there's neither murder, villany, nor harm of any sort in it, when that's what you've paid your half-crown to see."

"Well; may your opinion do you good. Mine's a different one." And turning the conversation from the philosophical to the practical, Darton expressed a hope that the said Sally had received what he'd sent on by the carrier that day.

Johns wanted to know what that was.

"It is a dress," said Darton. "Not exactly a wedding dress, though she may use it as one if she likes. It is rather serviceable than showy—suitable for the winter weather."

"Good," said Johns. "Serviceable is a wise word in a bridegroom. I commend ye, Charles."

"For," said Darton, "why should a woman dress up like a rope-dancer because she's going to do the most solemn deed of her life except dying?"

"Faith, why? But she will because she will, I suppose," said Dairyman Johns.

"H'm," said Darton.

The lane they followed had been nearly straight for several miles, but it now took a turn, and winding uncertainly for some distance forked into two. By night country roads are apt to reveal ungainly qualities which pass without observation during day; and though Darton had travelled this way before, he had not done so frequently, Sally having been wooed at the house of a relative near his own. He never remembered seeing at this spot a pair of alternative ways looking so equally probable as these two did now. Johns rode on a few steps.

"Don't be out of heart, sonny," he cried. "Here's a handpost. Enoch—come and climb this post, and tell us the way."

The lad dismounted, and jumped into the hedge where the post stood under a tree.

"Unstrap the baskets, or you'll smash up that wine!" cried Darton, as the young man began spasmodically to climb the post, baskets and all.

"Was there ever less head in a brainless world?" said Johns. "Here, simple Nocky, I'll do it." He leapt off, and with much puffing climbed the post, striking a match when he reached the top, and moving the light along the arm, the lad standing and gazing at the spectacle.

"I have faced tantilisation these twenty years with a temper as mild as milk!" said Japheth; "but such things as this don't come short of devilry!" And flinging the match away, he slipped down to the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked Darton.

"Not a letter, sacred or heathen—not so much as would tell us the way to the great

fireplace—ever I should sin to say it! Either the moss and mildew have eaten away the words, or we have arrived in a land where no traveller has planted the art of writing, and should have brought our compass like Christopher Columbus."

"Let us take the straightest road," said Darton placidly, "I sha'n't be sorry to get there—'tis a tiresome ride. I would have driven if I had known."

"Nor I neither, sir," said Enoch. "These straps plough my shoulder like a zull. If 'tis much further to your lady's home, Maister Darton, I shall ask to be let carry half of these good things in my innerds—hee, hee!"

"Don't you be such a reforming radical, Enoch," said Johns sternly. "Here, I'll take the turkey."

This being done, they went forward by the right-hand lane, which ascended a hill, the left winding away under a plantation. The pit-a-pat of their horses' hoofs lessened up the slope; and the ironical directing-post stood in solitude as before, holding out its blank arms to the raw breeze, which brought a snore from the wood as if Skrymir the Giant were sleeping there.

II.

THREE miles to the left of the travellers, along the road they had not followed, rose an old house with mullioned windows of Ham-hill stone, and chimneys of lavish solidity. It stood at the top of a slope beside Hintock village street; and immediately in front of it grew a large sycamore-tree, whose bared roots formed a convenient staircase from the road below to the front door of the dwelling. Its situation gave the house what little distinctive name it possessed, namely, "The Knap." Some forty yards off a brook dribbled past, which, for its size, made a great deal of noise. At the back was a dairy barton, accessible for vehicles and live-stock by a side "drong." Thus much only of the character of the homestead could be divined out of doors at this shady evening-time.

But within there was plenty of light to see by, as plenty was construed at Hintock. Beside a Tudor fireplace, whose moulded four-centred arch was nearly hidden by a figured blue-cloth blower, were seated two women—mother and daughter—Mrs. Hall, and Sarah, or Sally; for this was a part of the world where the latter modification had not as yet been effaced as a vulgarity by the march of intellect. The owner of the name was the young woman by whose means Mr. Darton purposed to put an end to his bachelor condition on the approaching day.

The mother's bereavement had been so long ago as not to leave much mark of its occurrence upon her now, either in face or clothes. She had resumed the mob-cap of her early married life, enlivening its whiteness by a few rose-du-Barry ribbons. Sally required no such aids to pinkness. Roseate good-nature lit up her gaze; her features showed curves of decision and judgment; and she might have been regarded without much mistake as a warm-hearted, quick-spirited, handsome girl.

She did most of the talking, her mother listening with a half absent air, as she picked up fragments of red-hot wood ember with the tongs, and piled them upon the brands. But the number of speeches that passed was very small in proportion to the meanings exchanged. Long experience together often enabled them to see the course of thought in each other's minds without a word being spoken. Behind them, in the centre of the room, the table was spread for supper, certain whiffs of air laden with fat vapours, which ever and anon entered from the kitchen, denoting its preparation there.

"The new gown he was going to send you stays about on the way like himself," Sally's mother was saying.

"Yes, not finished, I dare say," cried Sally independently. "Lord, I shouldn't be amazed if it didn't come at all! Young men make such kind promises when they are near you, and forget 'em when they go away. But he doesn't intend it as a wedding-dress—he gives it to me merely as a dress to wear when I like—a travelling dress is what it would be called in great circles. Come rathe or come late it don't much matter, as I have a dress of my own to fall back upon. But what time is it?"

She went to the family clock and opened the glass, for the hour was not otherwise discernible by night, and indeed at all times was rather a thing to be investigated than beheld, so much more wall than window was there in the apartment. "It is nearly eight," said she.

"Eight o'clock, and neither dress nor man," said Mrs. Hall.

"Mother, if you think to tantalise me by talking like that, you are much mistaken. Let him be as late as he will—or stay away altogether—I don't care," said Sally. But a

tender minute quaver in the negation showed that there was something forced in that statement.

Mrs. Hall perceived it, and drily observed that she was not so sure about Sally not caring. "But perhaps you don't care so much as I do, after all," she said. "For I see what you don't, that it is a good and flourishing match for ye; a very honourable offer in Mr. Darton. And I think I see a kind husband in him. So pray God 'twill go smooth, and wind up well."

Sally would not listen to misgivings. Of course it would go smoothly, she asserted. "How you are up and down, mother!" she went on. "At this moment, whatever hinders him, we are not so anxious to see him as he is to be here, and his thought runs on before him, and settles down upon us like the star in the east. Hark!" she exclaimed, with a breath of relief, her eyes sparkling. "I heard something. Yes — here they are!"

The next moment her mother's slower ear also distinguished the familiar reverberation occasioned by footsteps clambering up the roots of the sycamore.

"Yes, it sounds like them at last," she said. "Well, it is not so very late after all, considering the distance."

The footfall ceased, and they rose, expecting a knock. They began to think it might have been, after all, some neighbouring villager under Bacchic influence, giving the centre of the road a wide berth, when their doubts were dispelled by the newcomer's entry into the passage. The door of the room was gently opened, and there appeared, not the pair of travellers with whom we have already made acquaintance, but a pale-faced man in the garb of extreme poverty—almost in rags.

"Oh, it's a tramp—gracious me!" said Sally, starting back.

His cheeks and eye-orbits were deep concaves—rather, it might be, from natural weakness of constitution than irregular living, though there were indications that he had led no careful life. He gazed at the two women fixedly for a moment; then with an abashed, humiliated demeanour, dropped his glance to the floor, and sank into a chair without uttering a word.

Sally was in advance of her mother, who had remained standing by the fire. She now tried to discern the visitor across the candles.

"Why—mother," said Sally faintly, turning back to Mrs. Hall. "It is Phil, from Australia!"

Mrs. Hall started, and grew pale, and a fit of coughing seized the man with the ragged clothes. "To come home like this!" she said. "Oh, Philip—are you ill?"

"No, no, mother," replied he, impatiently, as soon as he could speak.

"But for God's sake how do you come here—and just now too?"

"Well—I am here," said the man. "How it is I hardly know. I've come home, mother, because I was driven to it. Things were against me out there, and went from bad to worse."

"Then why didn't you let us know?—you've not writ a line for the last two or three years."

The son admitted sadly that he had not. He said that he had hoped and thought he might fetch up again, and be able to send good news. Then he had been obliged to abandon that hope, and had finally come home from sheer necessity—previous to making a new start. "Yes, things are very bad with me," he repeated, perceiving their commiserating glances at his clothes.

They brought him nearer the fire, took his hat from his thin hand, which was so small and smooth as to show that his attempts to fetch up again had not been in a manual direction. His mother resumed her inquiries, and dubiously asked if he had chosen to come that particular night for any special reason.

For no reason, he told her. His arrival had been quite at random. Then Philip Hall looked round the room, and saw for the first time that the table was laid somewhat luxuriously, and for a larger number than themselves; and that an air of festivity pervaded their dress. He asked quickly what was going on.

"Sally is going to be married in a day or two," replied the mother; and she explained how Mr. Darton, Sally's intended husband, was coming there that night with the bridesman, Mr. Johns, and other details. "We thought it must be their step when we heard you," said Mrs. Hall.

The seedy wanderer looked again on the floor. "I see—I see," he murmured. "Why, indeed, should I have come to-night! Such folk as I are not wanted here at these times, naturally. And I have no business here—spoiling other people's happiness."

"Phil," said his mother, with a tear in her eye, but with a thinness of lip and severity of manner which were presumably not more than past events justified, "since you speak like that to me, I'll speak honestly to you. For these three years you have taken no thought for us. You left home

with a good supply of money, and strength and education, and you ought to have made good use of it all. But you come back like a beggar; and that you come in a very awkward time for us cannot be denied. Your return to-night may do us much harm. But mind—you are welcome to this home as long as it is mine. I don't wish to turn you adrift. We will make the best of a bad job; and I hope you are not seriously ill?"

"Oh, no. I have only this infernal cough."

She looked at him anxiously. "I think you had better go to bed at once," she said.

"Well—I shall be out of the way there," said the son, wearily. "Having ruined myself, don't let me ruin you by being seen in these togs, for Heaven's sake. Who do you say Sally is going to be married to—a Farmer Darton?"

"Yes—a gentleman-farmer—quite a wealthy man. Far better in station than she could have expected. It is a good thing, altogether."

"Well done, little Sal!" said her brother, brightening and looking up at her with a smile. "I ought to have written; but perhaps I have thought of you all the more. But let me get out of sight. I would rather go and jump into the river than be seen here. But have you anything I can drink? I am confoundedly thirsty with my long tramp."

"Yes, yes; we will bring something up stairs to you," said Sally, with grief in her face.

"Ay, that will do nicely. But, Sally and mother—" He stopped, and they waited. "Mother, I have not told you all," he resumed slowly, still looking on the floor between his knees. "Sad as what you see of me is, there's worse behind."

His mother gazed upon him in grieved suspense, and Sally went and leant upon the bureau, listening for every sound, and sighing. Suddenly she turned round, saying, "Let them come, I don't care! Philip, tell the worst, and take your time."

"Well then," said the unhappy Phil, "I am not the only one in this mess. Would to Heaven I were! But—I have a wife as destitute as I."

"A wife?" said his mother.

"Unhappily."

"A wife! Yes, that is the way with sons!"

"And besides—" said he.

"Besides! O Philip, surely—"

"I have two little children."

"Wife and children!" whispered Mrs. Hall to herself.

"Poor little things!" said Sally, involuntarily.

His mother turned again to him. "I suppose these helpless beings are left in Australia?"

"No. They are in England."

"Well, I can only hope you've left them in a respectable place."

"I have not left them at all. They are here—within a few yards of us. In short, they are in the stable. I did not like to bring them indoors till I had seen you, mother, and broken the bad news a bit to you. They were very tired, and are resting out there on some straw."

Mrs. Hall's fortitude visibly broke down. She had been brought up not without refinement, and was even more moved by such a collapse of genteel aims as this than a substantial dairyman's widow would in ordinary have been moved. "Well, it must be borne," she said, in a low voice, with her hands tightly joined. "A starving son, a starving wife, starving children. Let it be. But why is this come to us now, to-day, to-night! Could no other misfortune happen to helpless women than this, which will quite upset my poor girl's chance of a happy life? Why have you done us this wrong, Philip? What respectable man will come here, and marry open-eyed into a family of vagabonds!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said Sally, vehemently, while her face flushed. "Charley isn't the man to desert me! But if he should be, and won't marry me because Phil's come, let him go and marry elsewhere. I won't be ashamed of my own flesh and blood for any man in England—not I!" And then Sally turned away and burst into tears.

"Wait till you are twenty years older and you will tell a different tale," replied her mother.

The son stood up. "Mother," he said, "as I have come, so I will go. All I ask of you is that you will allow me and mine to lie in your stable to-night. I give you my word that we'll be gone by break of day, and trouble you no further."

Mrs. Hall, the mother, changed at that. "Oh, no," she answered, hastily, "never shall it be said that I sent any of my own family from my door. Bring 'em in, Philip, or take me out to them."

"We will put 'em all into the large bedroom," said Sally, brightening, "and make up a large fire. Let's go and help them in,

and call Susannah." (Susannah was the woman who assisted at the dairy and housework; she lived in a cottage hard by with her husband who attended to the cows.)

Sally went to fetch a lantern from the back kitchen, but her brother said, "You won't want a light. I lit the lantern that was hanging there."

"What must we call your wife?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Helena," said Philip.

With shawls over their heads they proceeded towards the back door.

"One minute before you go," interrupted Philip. "I—I haven't confessed all."

"Then Heaven help us!" said Mrs. Hall, pushing to the door in calm despair.

"We passed through Yerton as we came," he continued, "and I just looked in at the *Dog* to see if old Mike still kept on there as usual. The carrier had come in from Casterbridge at that moment, and guessing that I was bound for this place—for I think he knew me—he asked me to bring on a dressmaker's parcel for Sally that was marked 'immediate.' My wife had walked on with the children. 'Twas a flimsy parcel, and the paper was torn, and I found on looking at it that it was a thick warm gown. I didn't wish you to see poor Helena in a shabby state. I was ashamed that you should—'twas not what she was born to. I untied the parcel in the road, took it on to her where she was waiting in the Abbot's Barn, and told her I had managed to get it for her, and that she was to ask no question. She, poor thing, must have supposed I obtained it on trust, through having reached a place where I was known, for she put it on gladly enough. She has it on now. Sally has other gowns, I dare say."

Sally looked at her mother, speechless.

"You have others, I dare say," repeated Phil, with a sick man's impatience. "I thought to myself, 'Better Sally cry than Helena freeze.' Well, is the dress of great consequence? 'Twas nothing very ornamental, as far as I could see."

"No—no; not of consequence," returned Sally, sadly, adding in a gentle voice, "You will not mind if I lend her another instead of that one, will you?"

Philip's agitation at the confession had brought on another attack of the cough, which seemed to shake him to pieces. He was so obviously unfit to sit in a chair that they helped him up stairs at once; and having hastily given him a cordial and kindled the bedroom fire, they descended to fetch their unhappy new relations.

III.

It was with strange feelings that the girl and her mother, lately so cheerful, passed out of the back door into the open air of the barton, laden with hay scents and the herby breath of cows. A fine sleet had begun to fall, and they trotted across the yard quickly. The stable door was open; a light shone from it—from the lantern which always hung there, and which Philip had lit, as he said. Softly nearing the door, Mrs. Hall pronounced the name "Helena?"

There was no answer for the moment. Looking in she was taken by surprise. Two people appeared before her. For one, instead of the drabbish woman she had expected, Mrs. Hall saw a pale, dark-eyed, lady-like creature, whose personality ruled her attire rather than was ruled by it. She was in a new and handsome dress, of course, and an old bonnet. She was standing up, agitated; her hand was held by her companion—none else than Sally's affianced, Farmer Charles Darton, upon whose fine figure the pale stranger's eyes were fixed, as his were fixed upon her. His other hand held the rein of his horse, which was standing saddled as if just led in.

At sight of Mrs. Hall they both turned, looking at her in a way neither quite conscious nor unconscious, and without seeming to recollect that words were necessary as a solution to the scene. In another moment Sally entered also, when Mr. Darton dropped his companion's hand, led the horse aside, and came to greet his betrothed and Mrs. Hall.

"Ah!" he said, smiling—with something like forced composure—"this is a roundabout way of arriving you will say, my dear Mrs. Hall. But I saw a light here, and led in my horse at once—my friend Johns and my man have gone on to the *Sheaf of Arrows* with theirs, not to crowd you too much. No sooner had I entered than I saw that this lady had taken temporary shelter here—and found I was intruding."

"She is my daughter-in-law," said Mrs. Hall, calmly. "My son, too, is in the house, but he has gone to bed unwell."

Sally had stood staring wonderingly at the scene until this moment, hardly recognising Darton's shake of the hand. The spell that bound her was broken by her perceiving the two little children seated on a heap of hay. She suddenly went forward, spoke to them, and took one on her arm and the other in her hand.

"And two children?" said Mr. Darton,

showing thus that he had not been there long enough as yet to understand the situation.

"My grandchildren," said Mrs. Hall, with as much affected ease as before.

Philip Hall's wife, in spite of this interruption to her first rencontre, seemed scarcely so much affected by it as to feel any one's presence in addition to Mr. Darton's. However, arousing herself by a quick reflection, she threw a sudden critical glance of her sad eyes upon Mrs. Hall; and, apparently finding her satisfactory, advanced to her in a meek initiative. Then Sally and the stranger spoke some friendly words to each other, and Sally went on with the children into the house. Mrs. Hall and Helena followed, and Mr. Darton followed these, looking at Helena's dress and outline, and listening to her voice like a man in a dream.

By the time the others reached the house Sally had already gone up stairs with the tired children. She rapped against the wall for Susannah to come in and help to attend to them, Susannah's house being a little "spit-and-dab" cabin leaning against the substantial stonework of Mrs. Hall's taller erection. When she came a bed was made up for the little ones, and some supper given to them. On descending the stairs after seeing this done, Sally went to the sitting-room. Young Mrs. Hall entered it just in advance of her, having in the interim retired with her mother-in-law to take off her bonnet, and otherwise make herself presentable. Hence it was evident that no further communication could have passed between her and Mr. Darton since their brief interview in the stable.

Mr. Japheth Johns now opportunely arrived, and broke up the restraint of the company, after a few orthodox meteorological commentaries had passed between him and Mrs. Hall by way of introduction. They at once sat down to supper, the present of wine and turkey not being produced for consumption to-night, lest the premature display of those gifts should seem to throw doubt on Mrs. Hall's capacities as a provider.

"Drink bold, Mr. Johns—drink bold," said that matron, magnanimously. "Such as it is there's plenty of. But perhaps cider-wine is not to your taste?—though there's body in it."

"Quite the contrary, ma'am—quite the contrary," said the dairyman. "For though I inherit the malt-liquor principle from my father, I am a cider-drinker on my mother's side. She came from these parts, you know. And there's this to be said for't—'tis a more peaceful liquor, and don't lie about a man like your hotter drinks. With care, one may live on it a twelvemonth without knocking down a neighbour, or getting a black eye from an old acquaintance."

The general conversation thus begun was continued briskly, though it was in the main restricted to Mrs. Hall and Japheth, who in truth required but little help from anybody. There being slight call upon Sally's tongue she had ample leisure to do what her heart most desired, namely, watch her intended husband and her sister-in-law with a view of elucidating the strange momentary scene in which her mother and herself had surprised them in the stable. If that scene meant anything, it meant, at least, that they had met before. That there had been no time for explanation Sally could see, for their manner was still one of suppressed amazement at each other's presence there. Darton's eyes, too, fell continually on the dress worn by Helena, as if this were an added riddle to his perplexity; though to Sally it was the one feature in the case which was no mystery. He seemed to feel that fate had impishly changed his *vis-à-vis* in the lover's jig he was about to tread; that while the gown had been expected to inclose a Sally, a Helena's face looked out from the bodice; that some long lost hand met his own from the sleeves.

Sally could see that whatever Helena might know of Darton, she knew nothing of how the dress entered into his embarrassment. And at moments the young girl would have persuaded herself that Darton's looks at her sister-in-law were entirely the fruit of the clothes query. But surely at other times a more extensive range of speculation and sentiment was expressed by her lover's eye than that which the changed dress would account for.

Sally's independence made her one of the least jealous of women. But there was something in the relations of these two visitors which ought to be explained.

Japheth Johns continued to converse in his well known style, interspersing his talk with some private reflections on the position of Darton and Sally, which, though the sparkle in his eye showed them to be highly entertaining to himself, were apparently not quite communicable to the company. At last he withdrew for the night, going off to the *Sheaf of Arrows*, whither Darton promised to follow him in a few minutes.

Half an hour passed, and then Mr. Darton also rose to leave, Sally and her sister-in-law simultaneously wishing him good-night as they retired up stairs to their rooms. But

on his arriving at the front door with Mrs. Hall a sharp shower of rain began to come down, when the widow suggested that he should return to the fireside till the storm ceased.

Darton accepted her proposal, but insisted that, as it was getting late, and she was obviously tired, she should not sit up on his account, since he could let himself out of the house, and would quite enjoy smoking a pipe by the hearth alone. Mrs. Hall assented; and Darton was left by himself. He spread his knees to the brands, lit up his tobacco as he had said, and sat gazing into the fire and at the notches of the chimney crook which hung above.

An occasional drop of rain rolled down the chimney with a hiss, and still he smoked on; but not like a man whose mind was at rest. In the long run, however, despite his meditations, early hours afield and a long ride in the open air produced their natural result. He began to doze.

How long he remained in this half unconscious state he did not know. He suddenly opened his eyes. The back-brand had burnt itself in two, and ceased to flame; the light which he had placed on the mantelpiece had nearly gone out. But in spite of these deficiencies there was a light in the apartment, and it came from elsewhere. Turning his head, he saw Philip Hall's wife standing at the entrance of the room with a bed candle in one hand, a small brass tea-kettle in the other, and *his* dress, as it certainly seemed, still upon her.

"Helena!" said Darton, starting up.

Her countenance expressed dismay, and her first words were an apology. "I—did not know you were here, Mr. Darton," she said, while a blush flashed to her cheek. "I thought every one had retired—I was coming to make a little water boil; my husband seems to be worse. But perhaps the kitchen fire can be lighted up again."

"Don't go on my account. By all means put it on here as you intended," said Darton. "Allow me to help you." He went forward to take the kettle from her hand, but she did not allow him, and placed it on the fire herself.

They stood some way apart, one on each side of the fireplace, waiting till the water should boil, the candle on the mantel between them, and Helena with her eyes on the kettle. Darton was the first to break the silence. "Shall I call Sally?" he said.

"Oh, no," she quickly returned. "We have given trouble enough already. We have no right here. But we are the sport of fate, and were obliged to come."

"No right here!" said he in surprise.

"None. I can't explain it now," answered Helena. "This kettle is very slow."

There was another pause; the proverbial dilatoriness of watched pots was never more clearly exemplified.

Helena's face was of that sort which seems to ask for assistance without the owner's knowledge—the very antipodes of Sally's, which was self-reliance expressed. Darton's eyes travelled from the kettle to Helena's face, then back to the kettle, then to the face for rather a longer time. "So I am not to know anything of the mystery that has distracted me all the evening?" he said. "How is it that a woman, who refused me because (as I supposed) my position was not good enough for her taste, is found to be the wife of a man who certainly seems to be worse off than I?"

"He had the prior claim," said she.

"What! you knew him at that time?"

"Yes, yes. Please say no more," she implored. "Whatever my errors I have paid for them during the last five years."

The heart of Darton was subject to sudden overflowings. He was kind to a fault. "I am sorry from my soul," he said, involuntarily approaching her. Helena withdrew a step or two, at which he became conscious of his movement, and quickly took his former place. Here he stood without speaking, and the little kettle began to sing.

"Well, you might have been my wife if you had chosen," he said at last. "But that's all past and gone. However, if you are in any trouble or poverty I shall be glad to be of service, and as your relative by marriage I shall have a right to be. Does your uncle know of your distress?"

"My uncle is dead. He left me without a farthing. And now we have two children to maintain."

"What, left you nothing? How could he be so cruel as that?"

"I disgraced myself in his eyes."

"Now," said Darton earnestly, "let me take care of the children, at least while you are so unsettled. *You* belong to another, so I cannot take care of you."

"Yes you can," said a voice; and suddenly a third figure stood beside them. It was Sally. "You can, since you seem to wish to," she repeated. "She no longer belongs to another. . . . . My poor brother is dead!"

Her face was red, her eyes sparkled, and all the woman came to the front. "I have heard it!" she went on to him passionately.

"You can protect her now as well as the children!" She turned then to her agitated sister-in-law. "I heard something," said Sally (in a gentle murmur, differing much from her previous passionate words), "and I went into his room. It must have been the moment you left. He went off so quickly, and weakly, and it was so unexpected, that I couldn't leave even to call you."

Darton was just able to gather from the confused discourse which followed that, during his sleep by the fire, this brother whom he had never seen had become worse; and that during Helena's absence for water the end had unexpectedly come. The two young women hastened up stairs, and he was again left alone.

After standing there a short time he went to the front door and looked out; till, softly closing it behind him, he advanced and stood under the large sycamore tree. The stars were flickering coldly, and the dampness which had just descended upon the earth in rain now sent up a chill from it. Darton was in a strange position, and he felt it. The unexpected appearance, in deep poverty, of Helena—a young lady, daughter of a deceased naval officer, who had been brought up by her uncle, a solicitor, and had refused Darton in marriage years ago—the passionate, almost angry demeanour of Sally at discovering them, the abrupt announcement that Helena was a widow; all this coming together was a conjuncture difficult to cope with in a moment, and made him question whether he ought to leave the house or offer assistance. But for Sally's manner he would unhesitatingly have done the latter.

He was still standing under the tree when the door in front of him opened, and Mrs. Hall came out. She went round to the garden-gate at the side without seeing him. Darton followed her intending to speak. Pausing outside, as if in thought, she proceeded to a spot where the sun came earliest in spring-time, and where the north wind never blew; it was where the row of beehives stood under the wall. Discerning her object, he waited till she had accomplished it.

It was the universal custom thereabout to wake the bees by tapping at their hives whenever a death occurred in the household, under the belief that if this were not done the bees themselves would pine away and perish during the ensuing year. As soon as an interior buzzing responded to her tap at the first hive Mrs. Hall went on to the second, and thus passed down the row. As soon as she came back he met her.

"What can I do in this trouble, Mrs. Hall?" he said.

"Oh—nothing, thank you, nothing," she said in a tearful voice, now just perceiving him. "We have called Susannah and her husband, and they will do everything necessary." She told him in a few words the particulars of her son's arrival, broken in health—indeed, at death's very door, though they did not suspect it—and suggested, as the result of a conversation between her and her daughter, that the wedding should be postponed.

"Yes, of course," said Darton. "I think now to go straight to the inn and tell Johns what has happened." It was not till after he had shaken hands with her that he turned hesitatingly and added, "Will you tell the mother of his children that, as they are now left fatherless, I shall be glad to take the eldest of them, if it would be any convenience to her and to you?"

Mrs. Hall promised that her son's widow should be told of the offer, and they parted. He retired down the rooty slope and disappeared in the direction of the *Sheaf of Arrows*, where he informed Johns of the circumstances. Meanwhile Mrs. Hall had entered the house. Sally was down stairs in the sitting-room alone, and her mother explained to her that Darton had readily assented to the postponement.

"No doubt he has," said Sally, with sad emphasis. "It is not put off for a week, or a month, or a year. I shall never marry him, and she will."

IV.

TIME passed, and the household on the Knap became again serene under the composing influences of daily routine. A desultory, very desultory, correspondence, dragged on between Sally Hall and Darton, who, not quite knowing how to take her petulant words on the night of her brother's death, had remained passive thus long. Helena and her children lived on at the dairy-house, almost of necessity, and Darton therefore deemed it advisable to stay away.

One day, seven months later on, when Mr. Darton was as usual at his farm, twenty miles from Hintock, a note reached him from Helena. She thanked him for his kind offer about her children, which her mother-in-law

had duly communicated, and stated that she would be glad to accept it as regarded the eldest, the boy. Helena, had, in truth, good need to do so, for her uncle had left her penniless, and all application to some relatives in India had failed. There was, besides, as she said, no good school near Hintock to which she could send the child.

On a fine summer day the boy came. He was accompanied half-way by Sally and his mother—to the *Pack Horse*, a roadside inn —where he was handed over to Darton's bailiff in a shining spring-cart, who met them there.

He was entered as a day-scholar at a popular school at Casterbridge, three or four miles from Darton's, having first been taught by Darton to ride a forest-pony, on which he cantered to and from the aforesaid fount of knowledge, and (as Darton hoped) brought away a promising headful of the same at each diurnal expedition. The thoughtful taciturnity into which Darton had latterly fallen was quite dissipated by the presence of this boy.

When the Christmas holidays came it was arranged that he should spend them with his mother. The journey was, for some reason or other, performed in two stages, as at his coming, except that Darton in person took the place of the bailiff, and that the boy and himself rode on horseback.

Reaching the renowned *Pack Horse*, Darton inquired if Miss and young Mrs. Hall were there to meet little Philip (as they had agreed to be). He was answered by the appearance of Helena alone at the door.

"At the last moment Sally would not come," she faltered.

That meeting practically settled the point towards which these long-severed persons were converging. But nothing was broached about it for some time yet. Sally Hall had, in fact, imparted the first decisive motion to events by refusing to accompany Helena. She soon gave them a second move by writing the following note :—

[*Private.*]

"Dear Charles,

"Living here so long and intimately with Helena, I have naturally learnt her history, especially that of it which refers to you. I am sure she would accept you as a husband at the proper time, and I think you ought to give her the opportunity. You inquire in an old note if I am sorry that I showed temper (which it *wasn't*) that night when I heard you talking to her. No, Charles, I am not sorry at all for what I said then.

"Yours sincerely,
"Sally Hall."

Thus set in train the transfer of Darton's heart back to its original quarters proceeded by mere lapse of time. In the following July Darton went to his friend Japheth to ask him at last to fulfil the bridal office which had been in abeyance since the previous January twelvemonths.

"With all my heart, man o' constancy!" said Dairyman Johns, warmly. "I've lost most of my genteel fair complexion hay-making this hot weather, 'tis true, but I'll do your business as well as them that look better. There be scents and good hair-oil in the world yet, thank God, and they'll take off the roughest o' my edge. I'll compliment her. 'Better late than never, Sally Hall,' I'll say."

"It is not Sally," said Darton, hurriedly. "It is young Mrs. Hall."

Japheth's face, as soon as he really comprehended, became a picture of reproachful dismay. "Not Sally?" he said. "Why not Sally? I can't believe it! Young Mrs. Hall! Well, well—where's your wisdom!"

Darton shortly explained particulars; but Johns would not be reconciled. "She was a woman worth having if ever woman was," he cried. "And now to let her go!"

"But I suppose I can marry where I like," said Darton.

"H'm," replied the dairyman, lifting his eyebrows expressively. "This don't become you, Charles—it really do not. If I had done such a thing you would have sworn I was a d—— no'thern fool to be drawn off the scent by such a red-herring doll-oll-oll."

Farmer Darton responded in such sharp terms to this laconic opinion that the two friends finally parted in a way they had never parted before. Johns was to be no groomsman to Darton after all. He had flatly declined. Darton went off sorry, and even unhappy, particularly as Japheth was about to leave that side of the county, so that the words which had divided them were not likely to be explained away or softened down.

A short time after the interview Darton was united to Helena at a simple matter-of-fact wedding; and she and her little girl joined the boy who had already grown to look on Darton's house as home.

For some months the farmer experienced an unprecedented happiness and satisfaction. There had been a flaw in his life, and it was

as neatly mended as was humanly possible. But after a season the stream of events followed less clearly, and there were shades in his reveries. Helena was a fragile woman, of little staying power, physically or morally, and since the time that he had originally known her—eight or ten years before—she had been severely tried. She had loved herself out, in short, and was now occasionally given to moping. Sometimes she spoke regretfully of the gentilities of her early life, and instead of comparing her present state with her condition as the wife of the unlucky Hall, she mused rather on what it had been before she took the first fatal step of clandestinely marrying him. She did not care to please such people as those with whom she was thrown as a thriving farmer's wife. She allowed the pretty trifles of agricultural domesticity to glide by her as sorry details, and had it not been for the children Darton's house would have seemed but little brighter than it had been before.

This led to occasional unpleasantness, until Darton sometimes declared to himself that such endeavours as his to rectify early deviations of the heart by harking back to the old point mostly failed of success. "Perhaps Johns was right," he would say. "I should have gone on with Sally. Better go with the tide and make the best of its course than stem it at the risk of a capsize." But he kept these unmelodious thoughts to himself, and was outwardly considerate and kind.

This somewhat barren tract of his life had extended to less than a year and half when his ponderings were cut short by the loss of the woman they concerned. When she was in her grave he thought better of her than when she had been alive; the farm was a worse place without her than with her, after all. No woman short of divine could have gone through such an experience as hers with her first husband without becoming a little soured. Her stagnant sympathies, her sometimes unreasonable manner, had covered a heart frank and well-meaning, and originally hopeful and warm. She left him a tiny red infant in white wrappings. To make life as easy as possible to this touching object became at once his care.

As this child learnt to walk and talk Darton learnt to see feasibility in a scheme which pleased him. Revolving the experiment which he had hitherto made upon life, he fancied he had gained wisdom from his mistakes and caution from his miscarriages.

What the scheme was needs no penetration to discover. Once more he had opportunity to recast and rectify his ill-wrought situations by returning to Sally Hall, who still lived quietly on under her mother's roof at Hintock Abbas. Helena had been a woman to lend pathos and refinement to a home; Sally was the woman to brighten it. She would not, as Helena did, despise the rural simplicities of a farmer's fireside. Moreover, she had a pre-eminent qualification for Darton's household; no other woman could make so desirable a mother to her brother's two children and Darton's one as Sally—while Darton, now that Helena had gone, was a more promising husband for Sally than he had ever been when liable to reminders from an uncured sentimental wound.

Darton was not a man to act rapidly, and the working out of his reparative designs might have been delayed for some time. But there came a winter evening precisely like the one which had darkened over that former ride to Hintock Abbas, and he asked himself why he should postpone longer, when the very landscape called for a repetition of that attempt.

He told his man to saddle the mare, booted and spurred himself with a younger horseman's nicety, kissed the two youngest children, and rode off. To make the journey a complete parallel to the first, he would fain have had his old acquaintance Japheth Johns with him. But Johns, alas, was missing. His removal to the other side of the county had left unrepaired the breach which had arisen between him and Darton; and though Darton had forgiven him a hundred times, as Johns had probably forgiven Darton, the effort of reunion in present circumstances was one not likely to be made.

He screwed himself up to as cheerful a pitch as he could without his former crony, and became content with his own thoughts as he rode, instead of the words of a companion. The sun went down; the boughs appeared scratched in like an etching against the sky; old crooked men with faggots at their backs said "Good-night, sir," and Darton replied "Good-night" right heartily.

By the time he reached the forking roads it was getting as dark as it had been on the occasion when Johns climbed the directing-post. Darton made no mistake this time. "Nor shall I be able to mistake, thank Heaven, when I arrive," he murmured. It gave him peculiar satisfaction to think that the proposed marriage, like his first, was of the nature of setting in order things long awry, and not a momentary freak of fancy.

Nothing hindered the smoothness of his journey, which seemed not half its former length. Though dark, it was only between

five and six o'clock when the bulky chimneys of Mrs. Hall's residence appeared in view behind the sycamore tree. He put up at the *Sheaf of Arrows* as in former time; and when he had plumed himself before the inn mirror, called for a glass of negus, and smoothed out the incipient wrinkles of care, he walked on to the Knap with a quick step.

V.

That evening Sally was making "pinners" for the milkers, which were now increased by two, for her mother and herself no longer joined in milking the cows themselves. But upon the whole there was little change in the household economy, and not much in its appearance, beyond such minor particulars as that the crack over the window, which had been a hundred years coming, was a trifle wider; that the beams were a shade blacker; that the influence of modernism had supplanted the open chimney corner by a grate; that Susannah, who had worn a cap when she had plenty of hair, had left it off now she had scarce any, because it was reported that caps were not fashionable; and that Sally's face had naturally assumed a more womanly and experienced cast.

Mrs. Hall was actually lifting coals with the tongs, as she had used to do.

"Five years ago this very night, if I am not mistaken—" she said laying on an ember.

"Not this very night—though 'twas one night this week," said the correct Sally.

"Well, 'tis near enough. Five years ago Mr. Darton came to marry you, and my poor boy Phil came home to die." She sighed. "Ah, Sally," she presently said, "if you had managed well Mr. Darton would have had you, Helena, or none."

"Don't be sentimental about that mother," begged Sally. "I didn't care to manage well in such a case. Though I liked him, I wasn't so anxious. I would never have married the man in the midst of such a hitch as that was," she added with decision; "and I don't think I would if he were to ask me now."

"I am not so sure about that, unless you have another in your eye."

"I wouldn't; and I'll tell you why. I could hardly marry him for love at this time o' day. And as we've quite enough to live on if we give up the dairy to-morrow, I should have no need to marry for any meaner reason. . . . I am quite happy enough as I am, and there's an end o't."

Now it was not long after this dialogue that there came a mild rap at the door, and in a moment there entered Susannah, looking as though a ghost had arrived. The fact was that that accomplished skimmer and churner (now a resident in the house) had overheard the desultory observations between mother and daughter, and on opening the door to Mr. Darton thought the coincidence must have a grisly meaning in it. Mrs. Hall welcomed the farmer with warm surprise, as did Sally, and for a moment they rather wanted words.

"Can you push up the chimney-crook for me, Mr. Darton? the notches hitch," said the matron. He did it, and the homely little act bridged over the awkward consciousness that he had been a stranger for four years.

Mrs. Hall soon saw what he had come for, and left the principals together while she went to prepare him a late tea, smiling at Sally's late hasty assertions of indifference, when she saw how civil Sally was. When tea was ready she joined them. She fancied that Darton did not look so confident as when he had arrived; but Sally was quite light-hearted, and the meal passed pleasantly.

About seven he took his leave of them. Mrs. Hall went as far as the door to light him down the slope. On the doorstep he said frankly:

"I came to ask your daughter to marry me; chose the night and everything, with an eye to a favourable answer. But she won't."

"Then she's a very ungrateful girl," emphatically said Mrs. Hall.

Darton paused to shape his sentence, and asked, "I—I suppose there's nobody else more favoured?"

"I can't say that there is, or that there isn't," answered Mrs. Hall. "She's private in some things. I'm on your side, however, Mr. Darton, and I'll talk to her."

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the farmer in a gayer accent; and with this assurance the not very satisfactory visit came to an end. Darton descended the roots of the sycamore, the light was withdrawn, and the door closed. At the bottom of the slope he nearly ran against a man about to ascend.

"Can a jack-o'-lent believe his few senses on such a dark night or can't he?" exclaimed one whose utterance Darton recognised in a moment, despite its unexpectedness. "I dare not swear he can, though I fain would." The speaker was Johns.

Darton said he was glad of this opportunity, bad as it was, of putting an end to the silence of years, and asked the dairyman what he was travelling that way for.

Japheth showed the old jovial confidence in a moment. "I'm going to see your—relations—as they always seem to me," he said—"Mrs. Hall and Sally. Well, Charles, the fact is I find the natural barbarousness of man is much increased by a bachelor life, and, as your leavings were always good enough for me, I'm trying civilisation here." He nodded towards the house.

"Not with Sally—to marry her?" said Darton, feeling something like a rill of ice water between his shoulders.

"Yes, by the help of Providence and my personal charms. And I think I shall get her. I am this road every week—my present dairy is only four miles off, you know, and I see her through the window. 'Tis rather odd that I was going to speak practical to-night to her for the first time. You've just called?"

"Yes, for a short while. But she didn't say a word about you."

"A good sign, a good sign. Now that decides me. I'll sling the mallet and get her answer this very night as I planned."

A few more remarks and Darton, wishing his friend joy of Sally in a slightly hollow tone of jocularity, bade him good-bye. Johns promised to write particulars, and ascended, and was lost in the shade of the house and tree. A rectangle of light appeared when Johns was admitted, and all was dark again.

"Happy Japheth!" said Darton. "This, then, is the explanation!"

He determined to return home that night. In a quarter of an hour he passed out of the village, and the next day went about his swede-lifting and storing as if nothing had occurred.

He waited and waited to hear from Johns whether the wedding-day was fixed: but no letter came. He learnt not a single particular till, meeting Johns one day at a horse auction, Darton exclaimed genially—rather more genially than he felt—"When is the joyful day to be?"

To his great surprise a reciprocity of gladness was not conspicuous in Johns. "Not at all," he said, in a very subdued tone. "'Tis a bad job; she won't have me."

Darton held his breath till he said with treacherous solicitude, "Try again—'tis coyness."

"Oh, no," said Johns, decisively. "There's been none of that. We talked it over dozens of times in the most fair and square way. She tells me plainly, I don't suit her. 'Twould be simply annoying her to ask her again. Ah, Charles, you threw a prize away when you let her slip five years ago."

"I did—I did," said Darton.

He returned from that auction with a new set of feelings in play. He had certainly made a surprising mistake in thinking Johns his successful rival. It really seemed as if he might hope for Sally after all.

This time, being rather pressed by business, Darton had recourse to pen and ink, and wrote her as manly and straightforward a proposal as any woman could wish to receive. The reply came promptly:—

"Dear Mr. Darton,

"I am as sensible as any woman can be of the goodness that leads you to make me this offer a second time. Better women than I would be proud of the honour, for when I read your nice long speeches on mangold-wurzel, and such like topics, at the Casterbridge Farmers' Club, I do feel it an honour, I assure you. But my answer is just the same as before. I will not try to explain what, in truth, I cannot explain—my reasons; I will simply say that I must decline to be married to you. With good wishes as in former times, I am,

"Your faithful friend,

"Sally Hall."

Darton dropped the letter hopelessly. Beyond the negative, there was just a possibility of sarcasm in it—"nice long speeches on mangold-wurzel" had a suspicious sound. However, sarcasm or none, there was the answer, and he had to be content.

He proceeded to seek relief in a business which at this time engrossed much of his attention—that of clearing up a curious mistake just current in the county, that he had been nearly ruined by the recent failure of a local bank. A farmer named Darton had lost heavily, and the similarity of name had probably led to the error. Belief in it was so persistent that it demanded several days of letter-writing to set matters straight, and persuade the world that he was as solvent as ever he had been in his life. He had hardly concluded this worrying task when, to his delight, another letter arrived in the handwriting of Sally.

Darton tore it open; it was very short.

"Dear Mr. Darton,

"We have been so alarmed these last few days by the report that you were ruined by the stoppage of ——'s Bank, that now it is contradicted, I hasten, by my mother's wish, to say how truly glad we are to find there is no foundation for the report. After your kindness to my poor brother's children,

I can do no less than write at such a moment. We had a letter from each of them a few days ago.

"Your faithful friend,
"SALLY HALL."

"Mercenary little woman!" said Darton to himself with a smile. "Then that's the secret of her refusal this time—she thought I was ruined."

Now, such was Darton, that as hours went on he could not help feeling too generously towards Sally to condemn her in this. What did he want in a wife, he asked himself. Love and integrity. What next? Worldly wisdom. And was there really more than worldly wisdom in her refusal to go aboard a sinking ship? "Begad," he said, "I'll try her again."

The fact was he had so set his heart upon Sally, and Sally alone, that nothing was to be allowed to baulk him; and his reasoning was purely formal.

Anniversaries having been unpropitious he waited on till a bright day late in May—a day when all animate nature was fancying, in its trusting, foolish way, that it was going to bask out of doors for evermore. As he rode through Holloway Lane it was scarce recognisable as the track of his two winter journeys. No mistake could be made now, even with his eyes shut. The cuckoo's note was at its best between April tentativeness and Midsummer decrepitude, and the reptiles in the sun behaved as winningly as kittens on a hearth. Though afternoon, and about the same time as on the last occasion, it was broad day and sunshine when he entered Hintock Abbas, and the details of the Knap dairy-house were visible far up the road. He saw Sally in the garden, and was set vibrating. He had first intended to go on to the inn; but "No," he said; "I'll tie my horse to the garden gate. If all goes well it can soon be taken round: if not, I mount and ride away."

The tall shade of the horseman darkened the room in which Mrs. Hall sat, and made her start, for he had ridden by a side path to the top of the slope, where riders seldom came. In a few seconds he was in the garden with Sally.

Five—ay, three minutes—did the business at the back of that row of bees. Though spring had come, and heavenly blue consecrated the scene, Darton succeeded not. "*No*," said Sally firmly. "I will never, never marry you, Mr. Darton. I would have once; but now I never can."

"But"—implored Mr. Darton. And with a burst of real eloquence he went on to declare all sorts of things that he would do for her. He would drive her to see her mother every week—take her to London—settle so much money upon her—Heaven knows what he did not promise, suggest, and tempt her with. But it availed nothing. She interposed with a stout negative, which closed the course of his argument like an iron gate across a highway. Darton paused.

"Then," said he, simply, "you hadn't heard of my supposed failure when you declined last time?"

"I had not," she said. "But if I had 'twould have been all the same."

"And 'tis not because of any soreness from my slighting you years ago?"

"No. That soreness is long past."

"Ah—then you despise me, Sally!"

"No," she slowly answered. "I don't altogether despise you. I don't think you quite such a hero as I once did—that's all. The truth is, I am happy enough as I am; and I don't mean to marry at all. Now, may *I* ask a favour, sir?" She spoke with an ineffable charm which, whenever he thought of it, made him curse his loss of her as long as he lived.

"To any extent."

"Please do not put this question to me any more. Friends as long as you like, but lovers and married never."

"I never will," said Darton. "Not if I live a hundred years."

And he never did. That he had worn out his welcome in her heart was only too plain.

When his step-children had grown up, and were placed out in life, all communication between Darton and the Hall family ceased. It was only by chance that, years after, he learnt that Sally, notwithstanding the solicitations her attractions drew down upon her, had refused several offers of marriage, and steadily adhered to her purpose of leading a single life.

THOMAS HARDY.

MY WIFE'S VALENTINE.

I.

"DID you know Mamma?" you ask me,
Little Florence, "Is it true?"
And your bright eyes grow still brighter
At the thought so strange and new.

I can tell you, pretty Florence,
That the thought you've in your mind
Is a great one, ay! a greater
Perhaps for years you will not find!

You are standing, little Florence,
In the glory of the dawn,
And the bright world lies before you
With its beauties, night and morn;

And its beauties, never ceasing,
Morn by morn your eyes shall meet,
And its wonders, still increasing,
Year by year before your feet:

But the wonder that is filling
Your bright eyes with awe to-day
Is the great one, that this beauty,
And this wonder, last for aye.

Ere upon this earth so lovely,
Little Florence saw the light,
Hope was high, and love was tender,
Joy was blythe—and stern the fight.

Cold, forgotten, 'neath the hillocks,
Cold—ah—colder! 'neath the sun,
Many lie, who, little Florence,
Had with joy their lives begun.

Do not tremble! 'tis the Eternal,
The Divine all-perfect plan,
That from age to age has governed
And shall rule us, man by man.

II.

Did I know mamma? you ask me
For to-day old friendships meet,
And familiar voices mingle
Drowned by little pattering feet,

And I see her, years long parted,
In her household, fair and mild,
And the little Florence by me
Is her youngest, loveliest, child.

I can see the old grey manor
And the fir-trees on the lawn,
And the rustling, shimm'ring foliage,
And the summer light at dawn,

And the mossy garden terrace
'Neath the fruit-walls long and high,
Where the budding chestnut blossoms
Glittered white against the sky,

And the finely pencilled evenings
Mid all which we passed our time,
I, a boy just granted freedom,
She, a maiden in her prime.

Life was young to us, and lovely,
Every door was opened then
To the stores of many ages,
To the thoughts and dreams of men.

And we gathered of the honey
Which flowed freely all around,
Walking with enchanted footsteps
On the poets' magic ground,

Dantë, Laura, Beatricë,
Arthur, Tristram, Eleanore,
And the shrine of Arthur Hallam
"In memoriam" evermore.

Thro' the world was I in fancy
With her wandering day by day,
Seeking for "the four-leaved shamrock"
Of the air she loved to play.

And the little lore I gathered
And the culture, as was meet,
Served to make our converse sweeter,
All was offered at her feet.

What she gave me back I say not,
What I owe her, who can say?
She, whose sweetness first exalted,
First refined life's opening day.

Still I hear her sisters' greeting,
Who for her sake held me dear,
And the household's kindly banter
"Ah, we thought you two were near."

And I fancied sudden danger
And her guarded safe from harm
As we mounted at the gatehouse
With her light foot in my palm;

As we loitered down the hedgerows
With a slack and careless rein,
With my hand upon her saddle
And hers resting on the mane;

As we galloped o'er the park slopes,
Crossed the river at the ford,
Where the startled deer were herded
On the soft and flowery sward;

As I mounted at the farm gate
'Neath the buildings mossy grey,
As I turned at the last winding
And looked backward on my way,

Through the winter trees I see her,
See her as I saw her then,
Vision of the past returning
Mid the haunts and strifes of men,

And all day time, in the summer,
In the meadows, mid the hay,
We two, never wishing other,
Lingered down the dying day,

Lingered down the mellowing sunset,
Lingered down the evening star
—And you ask me, little Florence,
Did I know mamma!

Ah! ah me! it shows how distant
Are those fairy summers now
That you ask me, looking upward
With your eager earnest brow,

And I answer, pretty Florence,
Answer, colder than the snow,
"Yes! I knew your mother, Florence,
Many, many years ago."

III.

Earth is fair! and, like old Memnon,
Full of melodies at morn!
But the fair earth grows still fairer
As day travels on from dawn.

And those melodies so tender
Though they reach us to the last,
Breathing murmurs, how bewitching!
From the harp-notes of the Past,

Yet they grow, their theme is higher
And their harmonies more sure,
And their discords are converted
Into chords serene and pure.

Lovely is the summer sunlight
Brilliant upon flower and grass,
Gracious are the cloudy shadows,
On the landscape, as they pass.

But the gifts of God are brighter
Than the sunshine on the grass,
And the bonds He ties more gracious
Than the shadows as they pass.

There are ties more fixed and tender,
Sealed and blessed in heaven above,
There is sweetness more enduring
Than a dreamy boy's first love.

J. Henry Shorthouse.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAY EVE.

"The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas though born and bred
By prentices they suffered wrong,
When armed thus they gathered head."
Ill May Day.

MAY Eve had come, and little Dennet Headley was full of plans for going out early with her young playfellows to the meadows to gather May dew in the early morning, but her grandmother, who was in bed under a heavy attack of rheumatism, did not like the reports brought to her, and deferred her consent to the expedition.

In the afternoon there were tidings that the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Rest, had been sent for to my Lord Cardinal, who just at this time, during the building at York House, was lodging in his house close to Temple Bar. Some hours later a message came to Master Alderman Headley to meet the Lord Mayor and the rest of the Council at the Guild Hall. He shook himself into his scarlet gown, and went off, puffing and blowing, and bidding Giles and Stephen take heed that they kept close, and ran into no mischief.

But they agreed, and Kit Smallbones with them, that there could be no harm in going into the open space of Cheapside and playing out a match with bucklers between Giles and Wat Ball, a draper's prentice who had challenged him. The bucklers were huge shields, and the weapons were wooden swords. It was an exciting sport, and brought out all the youths of Cheapside in the summer evening, bawling out encouragement, and laying wagers on either side. The curfew rang, but there were special privileges on May Eve, and the game went on louder than ever.

There was far too much noise for any one to hear the town crier, who went along jingling his bell, and shouting, "O yes! O yes! O yes! By order of the Lord Mayor and Council, no householder shall allow any one of his household to be abroad beyond his gates between the hours of nine o'clock at night and seven in the morning," or if any of the outermost heard it, as did Ambrose, who was on his way home to his night quarters, they were too much excited not to turn a deaf ear to it.

Suddenly, however, just as Giles was preparing for a master-stroke, he was seized roughly by the shoulder and bidden to give over. He looked round. It was an alderman, not his master, but Sir John Mundy, an unpopular, harsh man.

"Wherefore?" demanded Giles.

"Thou shalt know," said the alderman, seizing his arm to drag him to the Counter prison, but Giles resisted. Wat Ball struck at Sir John's arm with his wooden sword, and as the alderman shouted for the watch and City guard, the lads on their side raised their cry, "Prentices and Clubs! Flat caps and Clubs!" Master Headley, struggling along, met his colleague, with his gown torn into shreds from his back, among a host of wildly yelling lads, and panting, "Help, help, brother Headley!" With great difficulty the two aldermen reached the door of the Dragon, whence Smallbones sallied out to rescue them, and dragged them in.

"The boys! the boys!" was Master Headley's first cry, but he might as well have tried to detach two particular waves from a surging ocean as his own especial

boys from the multitude on that wild evening. There was a moon, and the twilight still prevailed, but it was dark enough to make the confusion greater, as the cries swelled and numbers flowed into the open space of Cheapside. In the words of Hall the chronicler, "Out came serving-men, and watermen, and courtiers, and by XI of the clock there were VI or VII hundreds in Cheap. And out of Pawle's Churchyard came III hundred which wist not of the other." For the most part all was involved in the semi-darkness of the summer night, but here and there light came from an upper window on some boyish face, perhaps full of mischief, perhaps somewhat bewildered and appalled. Here and there were torches, which cast a red glare round them, but whose smoke blurred everything, and seemed to render the darkness deeper.

Perhaps if the tumult had only been of the apprentices, provoked by Alderman Mundy's interference, they would soon have dispersed, but the throng was pervaded by men with much deeper design, and a cry arose—no one knew from whence—that they would break into Newgate and set free Studley and Bates.

By this time the torrent of young manhood was quite irresistible by any force that had yet been opposed to it. The Mayor and Sheriffs stood at the Guild Hall, and read the royal proclamation by the light of a wax candle, held in the trembling hand of one of the clerks; but no one heard or heeded them, and the uproar was increased as the doors of Newgate fell, and all the felons rushed out to join the rioters.

At the same time another shout rose, "Down with the aliens!" and there was a general rush towards St. Martin's gate, in which direction many lived. There was, however, a pause here, for Sir Thomas More, Recorder of London, stood in the way before St. Martin's gate, and with his full sweet voice began calling out and entreating the lads to go home, before any heads were broken, more than could be mended again. He was always a favourite, and his good humour seemed to be making some impression, when, either from the determination of the more evil disposed, or because the inhabitants of St. Martin's Lane were beginning to pour down hot water, stones, and brick-bats on the dense mass of heads below them, a fresh access of fury seized upon the mob. Yells of "Down with the strangers!" echoed through the narrow street, drowning Sir Thomas's voice. A lawyer who stood with him was knocked down and much hurt, the doors were battered down, and the household stuff thrown from the windows. Here, Ambrose, who had hitherto been pushed helplessly about, and knocked hither and thither, was driven up against Giles, and, to avoid falling and being trampled down, clutched hold of him breathless and panting.

"Thou here!" exclaimed Giles. "Who would have thought of sober Ambrose in the midst of the fray? See here, Stevie!"

"Poor old Ambrose!" cried Stephen, "keep close to us! We'll see no harm comes to thee. 'Tis hot work, eh?"

"Oh, Stephen! could I but get out of the throng to warn my master and Master Michael!"

Those words seemed to strike Giles Headley. He might have cared little for the fate of the old printer, but as he heard the screams of the women in the houses around, he exclaimed, "Ay! there's the old man and the little maid! We will have her to the Dragon!"

"Or to mine aunt's," said Ambrose.

"Have with thee then," said Giles, "Take his other arm, Steve;" and locking their arms together the three fought and forced their way from among the plunderers in St. Martin's with no worse mishap than a shower of hot water, which did not hurt them much through their stout woollen coats. They came at last to a place where they could breathe, and stood still a moment to recover from the struggle, and vituperate the hot water.

Then they heard fresh howls and yells in front as well as behind.

"They are at it everywhere," exclaimed Stephen. "I hear them somewhere out by Cornhill."

"Ay, where the Frenchmen live that calender worsted," returned Giles. "Come on, who knows how it is with the old man and little maid?"

"There's a sort in our court that are ready for aught," said Ambrose.

On they hurried in the darkness, which was now at the very deepest of the night; now and then a torch was borne across the street, and most of the houses had lights in the upper windows, for few Londoners slept on that strange night. The stained glass of the windows of the Churches beamed in bright colours from the Altar lights seen through them, but the lads made slower progress than they wished, for the streets were never easy to walk in the dark, and twice they came on mobs assailing houses, from the windows of one of which, French shoes and boots were being hailed down. Things were

moderately quiet around St. Paul's, but as they came into Warwick Lane they heard fresh shouts and wild cries, and at the archway leading to the inner yard they could see that there was a huge bonfire in the midst of the court—of what composed they could not see, for the howling figures that exulted round it.

"George Bates, the villain!" cried Stephen, as his enemy in exulting ferocious delight was revealed for a moment throwing a book on the fire, and shouting, "Hurrah! there's for the old sorcerer, there's for the heretics!"

That instant Giles was flying on Bates, and Stephen, with equal, if not greater fury, at one of his comrades; but Ambrose dashed through the outskirts of the wildly screaming and shouting fellows, many of whom were the miscreant population of the mews, to the black yawning doorway of his master. He saw only a fellow staggering out with the screw of the press to feed the flame, and hurried on in the din to call "Master, art thou there?"

There was no answer, and he moved on to the next door, calling again softly, while all the spoilers seemed absorbed in the fire and the combat. "Master Michael! 'Tis I, Ambrose!"

"Here, my son," cautiously answered a voice he knew for Lucas Hansen's.

"Oh, master! master!" was his low, heart-stricken cry, as by the leaping light of a flame he saw the pale face of the old printer, who drew him in.

"Yea! 'tis ruin, my son," said Lucas "And would that that were the worst."

The light flashed and flickered through the broken window so that Ambrose saw that the hangings had been torn down and everything wrecked, and a low sound as of stifled weeping directed his eyes to a corner where Aldonza sat with her father's head on her lap. "Lives he? Is he greatly hurt?" asked Ambrose, awe-stricken.

"The life is yet in him, but I fear me greatly it is passing fast," said Lucas, in a low voice. "One of those lads smote him on the back with a club, and struck him down at the poor maid's feet, nor hath he moved since. It was that one young Headley is fighting with," he added.

"Bates! ah! Would that we had come sooner! What! more of this work—"

For just then a tremendous outcry broke forth, and there was a rush and panic among those who had been leaping round the fire just before. "The guard! the King's men!" was the sound they presently distinguished. They could hear rough abusive voices, shrieks and trampling of feet. A few seconds more and all was still, only the fire remained, and in the stillness the suppressed sobs and moans of Aldonza were heard.

"A light! Fetch a light from the fire," said Lucas.

Ambrose ran out. The flame was lessening, but he could see the dark bindings, and blackened pages of the books he loved so well. A corner of a page of St. Augustine's Confessions was turned towards him and lay on a singed fragment of Aldonza's embroidered curtain, while a little red flame was licking the spiral folds of the screw, trying, as it were, to gather energy to do more than blacken it. Ambrose could have wept over it at any other moment, but now he could only catch up a brand—it was the leg of his master's carved chair—and run back with it. Lucas ventured to light a lamp, and they could then see the old man's face pale, but calm and still, with his long white beard flowing over his breast. There was no blood, no look of pain, only a set look about the eyes; and Aldonza cried "Oh, father, thou art better! Speak to me! Let Master Lucas lift thee up!"

"Nay, my child. I cannot move hand or foot. Let me lie thus till the Angel of Death come for me. He is very near." He spoke in short sentences. "Water—nay—no pain," he added then, and Ambrose ran for some water in the first battered fragment of a tin pot he could find. They bathed his face and he gathered strength after a time to say "A priest!—oh for a priest to shrive and housel me."

"I will find one," said Ambrose, speeding out into the court over fragments of the beautiful work for which Abenali was hated, and over the torn, half-burnt leaves of the beloved store of Lucas. The fire had died down, but morning twilight was beginning to dawn, and all was perfectly still after the recent tumult, though for a moment or two Ambrose heard some distant cries.

Where should he go? Priests indeed were plentiful, but both his friends were in bad odour with the ordinary ones. Lucas had avoided both the Lenten shrift and Easter Communion, and what Miguel might have done, Ambrose was uncertain. Some young priests had actually been among the foremost in sacking the dwellings of the unfortunate foreigners, and Ambrose was quite uncertain whether he might not fall on one of that stamp—or on one who might vex the old man's soul—perhaps deny him the Sacraments altogether. As he saw the pale lighted windows

of St. Paul's, it struck him to see whether any one were within. The light might be only from some of the tapers burning perpetually, but the pale light in the north-east, the morning chill, and the clock striking three, reminded him that it must be the hour of Prime, and he said to himself, "Sure, if a priest be worshipping at this hour, he will be a good and merciful man. I can but try."

The door of the transept yielded to his hand. He came forward, lighted through the darkness by the gleam of the candles, which cast a huge and awful shadow from the crucifix of the rood screen upon the pavement. Before it knelt a black figure in prayer. Ambrose advanced in some awe and doubt how to break in on these devotions, but the priest had heard his step, rose and said, "What is it, my son? Dost thou seek sanctuary after these sad doings?"

"Nay, reverend sir," said Ambrose. "'Tis a priest for a dying man I seek;" and in reply to the instant question, where it was, he explained in haste who the sufferer was, and how he had received a fatal blow, and was begging for the Sacraments. "And oh, sir!" he added, "he is a holy and God-fearing man, if ever one lived, and hath been cruelly and foully entreated by jealous and wicked folk, who hated him for his skill and industry!"

"Alack for the unhappy lads; and alack for those who egged them on," said the priest. "Truly they knew not what they did. I will come with thee, my good youth. Thou hast not been one of them?"

"No, truly, sir, save that I was carried along and could not break from the throng. I work for Lucas Hansen, the Dutch printer, whom they have likewise plundered in their savage rage."

"'Tis well. Thou canst then bear this," said the priest, taking a thick wax candle. Then reverently advancing to the Altar, whence he took the pyx, or gold case in which the Host was reserved, he lighted the candle, which he gave, together with his stole, to the youth to bear before him.

Then, when the light fell full on his features, Ambrose with a strange thrill of joy and trust perceived that it was no other than Dean Colet, who had here been praying against the fury of the people. He was very thankful, feeling intuitively that there was no fear but that Abenali would be understood, and for his own part, the very contact with the man whom he revered, seemed to calm and soothe him, though on that solemn errand no word could be spoken. Ambrose went on slowly before, his dark head uncovered, the priestly stole hanging over his arm, his hands holding aloft the tall candle of virgin wax, while the Dean followed closely with feeble steps, looking frail and worn, but with a grave, sweet solemnity on his face. It was a perfectly still morning, and as they slowly paced along the flame burnt steadily with little flickering, while the pure delicately-coloured sky overhead was becoming every moment lighter, and only the larger stars were visible. The houses were absolutely still, and the only person they met, a lad creeping homewards after the fray, fell on his knees bareheaded as he perceived their errand. Once or twice again sounds came up from the city beneath, like shrieks or wailing breaking strangely on that fair peaceful May morn; but still that pair went on till Ambrose had guided the Dean to the yard, where, except that the daylight was revealing more and more of the wreck around, all was as he had left it. Aldonza, poor child, with her black hair hanging loose like a veil, for she had been startled from her bed, still sat on the ground making her lap a pillow for the white bearded head, nobler and more venerable than ever. On it lay, in the absolute immobility produced by the paralysing blow, the fine features already in the solemn grandeur of death, and only the movement of the lips under the white flowing beard and of the dark eyes showing life.

Dean Colet said afterwards that he felt as if he had been called to the death-bed of Israel, or of Barzillai the Gileadite, especially when the old man, in the Oriental phraseology he had never entirely lost, said, "I thank Thee, my God, and the God of my fathers, that Thou hast granted me that which I had prayed for."

The Dutch printer was already slightly known to the Dean, having sold him many books. A few words were exchanged with him, but it was plain that the dying man could not be moved, and that his confession must be made on the lap of the young girl. Colet knelt over him so as to be able to hear, while Lucas and Ambrose withdrew, but were soon called back for the remainder of the service for the dying. The old man's face showed perfect peace. All worldly thought and care seemed to have been crushed out of him by the blow, and he did not even appear to think of the unprotected state of his daughter, although he blessed her with solemn fervour immediately after receiving the Viaticum—then lay murmuring to himself sentences which Ambrose, who

had learnt much from him, knew to be from his Arabic breviary about palm-branches, and the twelve manner of fruits of the Tree of Life.

It was a strange scene—the grand, calm, patriarchal old man, so peaceful on his dark-haired daughter's lap in the midst of the shattered home in the old feudal stable. All were silent a while in awe, but the Dean was the first to move and speak, calling Lucas forward to ask sundry questions of him.

"Is there no good woman," he asked, "who could be with this poor child and take her home, when her father shall have passed away?"

"Mine uncle's wife, sir," said Ambrose, a little doubtfully. "I trow she would come—since I can certify her that your reverence holds him for an holy man."

"I had thy word for it," said the Dean. "Ah! reply not, my son, I see well how it may be, with you here. But tell those who will take the word of John Colet that never did I mark the passing away of one who had borne more for the true holy Catholic faith, nor held it more to his soul's comfort."

For the Dean, a man of vivid intelligence knew enough of the Moresco persecutions to be able to gather from the words of Lucas and Ambrose, and the confession of the old man himself, a far more correct estimate of Abenali's sufferings, and constancy to the truth than any of the more homebred wits could have divined. He knew, too, that his own orthodoxy was so called in question by the narrower and more unspiritual section of the clergy that only the appreciative friendship of the King and the Cardinal kept him securely in his position.

Ambrose sped away, knowing that Perronel would be quite satisfied. He was sure of her ready compassion and good-will, but she had so often bewailed his running after learning and possibly heretical doctrine, that he had doubted whether she would readily respond to a summons, on his own authority alone, to one looked on with so much suspicion as Master Michael. Colet intimated his intention of remaining a little longer to pray with the dying man, and further wrote a few words on his tablets, telling Ambrose to leave them with one of the porters at his house as he went past St. Paul's.

It was broad daylight now, a lovely May morning, such as generally called forth the maidens, small and great, to the meadows to rub their fresh cheeks in the silvery dew, and to bring home kingcups, cuckoo flowers, blue bottles, and cowslips for the Maypoles that were to be decked. But all was silent now, not a house was open, the rising sun made the eastern windows of the churches a blaze of light, and from the west door of St. Paul's the city beneath seemed sleeping, only a wreath or two of smoke rising. Ambrose found the porter looking out for his master in much perturbation. He groaned as he looked at the tablets, and heard where the Dean was, and said that came of being a saint on earth. It would be the death of him ere long! What would old Mistress Colet, his mother, say? He would have detained the youth with his inquiries, but Ambrose said he had to speed down to the Temple on an errand from the Dean, and hurried away. All Ludgate Hill was now quiet, every house closed, but here and there lay torn shreds of garments, or household vessels.

As he reached Fleet Street, however, there was a sound of horses' feet, and a body of men-at-arms with helmets glancing in the sun were seen. There was a cry, "There's one! That's one of the lewd younglings! At him!"

And Ambrose to his horror and surprise saw two horsemen begin to gallop towards him, as if to ride him down. Happily he was close to a narrow archway leading to an alley down which no war-horse could possibly make its way, and dashing into it and round a corner, he eluded his pursuers, and reached the bank of the river, whence, being by this time experienced in the by-ways of London, he could easily reach Perronel's house.

She was standing at her door looking out anxiously, and as she saw him she threw up her hands in thanksgiving to our Lady that here he was at last, and then turned to scold him. "O lad, lad, what a night thou hast given me! I trusted at least that thou hadst wit to keep out of a fray and to let the poor aliens alone, thou that art always running after yonder old Spaniard. Hey! what now? Did they fall on him? Fie! Shame on them—a harmless old man like that."

"Yea, good aunt, and what is more, they have slain him, I fear me, outright."

Amidst many a "good lack" and exclamation of pity and indignation from Perronel, Ambrose told his tale of that strange night, and entreated her to come with him to do what was possible for Abenali and his daughter. She hesitated a little, her kind heart was touched, but she hardly liked to leave her house, in case her husband should come

in, as he generally contrived to do in the early morning, now that the Cardinal's household was lodged so near her. Sheltered as she was by the buildings of the Temple, she had heard little or nothing of the noise of the riot, though she had been alarmed at her nephew's absence, and an officious neighbour had run in to tell her first that the prentice lads were up and sacking the houses of the strangers, and next that the Tower was firing on them and the Lord Mayor's guard and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court were up in arms to put them down. She said several times, "Poor soul," and "Yea, it were a shame to leave her to the old Dutchkin," but with true Flemish deliberation she continued her household arrangements, and insisted that the bowl of broth, which she set on the table, should be partaken of by herself and Ambrose before she would stir a step. "Not eat! Now out on thee, lad! what good dost thou think thou or I can do if we come in faint and famished, where there's neither bite nor sup to be had? As for me, not a foot will I budge, till I have seen thee empty that bowl. So to it, my lad! Thou hast been afoot all night, and lookst so grimed and ill-favoured a varlet that no man would think thou camest from an honest wife's house. Wash thee at the pail! Get thee into thy chamber and put on clean garments, or I'll not walk the street with thee! 'Tis not safe—thou wilt be put in ward for one of the rioters."

Everybody who entered that little house obeyed Mistress Randall, and Ambrose submitted, knowing it vain to resist, and remembering the pursuit he had recently escaped; yet the very refreshment of food and cleanliness revealed to him how stiff and weary were his limbs, though he was in no mood for rest. His uncle appeared at the door just as he had hoped Perronel was ready.

"Ah! there's one of you whole and safe!" he exclaimed. "Where is the other?"

"Stephen?" exclaimed Ambrose. "I saw him last in Warwick inner yard." And in a few words he explained. Hal Randall shook his head. "May all be well," he exclaimed, and then he told how Sir Thomas Parr had come at midnight and roused the Cardinal's household with tidings that all the rabble of London were up, plundering and murdering all who came in their way, and that he had then ridden on to Richmond to the king with the news. The Cardinal had put his house into a state of defence, not knowing against whom the riot might be directed—and the jester had not been awakened till too late to get out to send after his wife, besides which, by that time, intelligence had come in that the attack was directed entirely on the French and Spanish merchants and artificers in distant parts of the City and suburbs, and was only conducted by lads with no better weapons than sticks, so that the Temple and its precincts were in no danger at all.

The mob had dispersed of its own accord by about three or four o'clock, but by that hour the Mayor had got together a force, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court and the Yeomen of the Tower were up in arms, and the Earl of Shrewsbury had come in with a troop of horse. They had met the rioters, and had driven them in herds like sheep to the different prisons, after which Lord Shrewsbury had come to report to the Cardinal that all was quiet, and the jester, having gathered as much intelligence as he could, had contrived to slip into the garments that concealed his motley, and reach home. He gave ready consent to Perronel's going to the aid of the sufferers in Warwick Inner Yard, especially at the summons of the Dean of St. Paul's, and even to her bringing home the little wench. Indeed, he would escort her thither himself, for he was very anxious about Stephen, and Ambrose was so dismayed by the account he gave as to reproach himself extremely for having parted company with his brother, and never having so much as thought of him as in peril, while absorbed in care for Abenali. So the three set out together, when no doubt the sober, solid appearance which Randall's double suit of apparel and black gown gave him, together with his wife's matronly and respectable look, were no small protection to Ambrose, for men-at-arms were prowling about the streets looking hungry to pick up straggling victims, and one actually stopped Randall to interrogate him as to who the youth was, and what was his errand.

Before St. Paul's they parted, the husband and wife going towards Warwick Inner Yard, whither Ambrose, fleeter of foot, would follow, so soon as he had ascertained at the Dragon court whether Stephen were at home.

Alas! at the gate he was hailed with the inquiry whether he had seen his brother or Giles. The whole yard was disorganised, no work going on. The lads had not been seen all night, and the master himself had in the midst of his displeasure and anxiety been summoned to the Guildhall. The last that was known was Giles's rescue, and the assault on Alderman Mundy. Smallbones and Steelman had both gone in different directions to search for the two apprentices, and Dennet,

who had flown down unheeded and unchecked at the first hope of news, pulled Ambrose by the sleeve, and exclaimed, "Oh! Ambrose, Ambrose, they can never hurt them! They can never do any harm to *our* lads, can they?"

Ambrose hoped for the same security, but in his dismay, could only hurry after his uncle and aunt.

He found the former at the door of the old stable—whence issued wild screams and cries. Several priests and attendants were there now, and the kind Dean with Lucas was trying to induce Aldonza to relax the grasp with which she embraced the body, whence a few moments before the brave and constant spirit had departed. Her black hair hanging over like a veil, she held the inanimate head to her bosom, sobbing and shrieking with the violence of her Eastern nature. The priests who had been sent for to take care of the corpse, and bear it to the mortuary of the Minster, wanted to remove her by force; but the Dean insisted on one more gentle experiment, and beckoned to the kindly woman, whom he saw advancing with eyes full of tears. Perronel knelt down by her, persevered when the poor girl stretched out her hand to beat her off, crying, "Off! go! Leave me my father! O father, father, joy of my life! my one only hope and stay, leave me not! Wake! wake, speak to thy child, O my father!"

Though the child had never seen or heard of Eastern wailings over the dead, yet hereditary nature prompted her to the lamentations that scandalised the priests and even Lucas, who broke in with "Fie, maid, thou mournest as one who hath no hope." But Dr. Colet still signed to them to have patience, and Perronel somehow contrived to draw the girl's head on her breast and give her a motherly kiss, such as the poor child had never felt since she, when almost a babe, had been lifted from her dying mother's side in the dark stifling hold of the vessel in the Bay of Biscay. And in sheer surprise and sense of being soothed she ceased her cries, listened to the tender whispers and persuasions about holy men who would care for her father, and his wishes that she should be a good maid—till at last she yielded, let her hands be loosed, allowed Perronel to lift the venerable head from her knee, and close the eyes—then to gather her in her arms, and lead her to the door, taking her, under Ambrose's guidance, into Lucas's abode, which was as utterly and mournfully dismantled as their own, but where Perronel, accustomed in her wandering days to all sorts of contrivances, managed to bind up the streaming hair, and, by the help of her own cloak, to bring the poor girl into a state in which she could be led through the streets.

The Dean meantime had bidden Lucas to take shelter at his own house, and the old Dutchman had given a sort of doubtful acceptance.

Ambrose, meanwhile, half distracted about his brother, craved counsel of the jester where to seek him.

CHAPTER XVII.

ILL MAY DAY.

"With two and two together tied,
Through Temple Bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster, there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also."
Ill May Day.

And where was Stephen? Crouching, wretched with hunger, cold, weariness, blows, and what was far worse, sense of humiliation and disgrace, and terror for the future, in a corner of the yard of Newgate—whither the whole set of lads, surprised in Warwick inner court by the law-students of the Inns of Court, had been driven like so many cattle, at the sword's point, with no attention or perception that he and Giles had been struggling *against* the spoilers.

Yet this fact made them all the more forlorn. The others, some forty in number, their companions in misfortune, included most of the Barbican prentices, who were of the Eagle faction, special enemies alike to Abenali and to the Dragon, and these held aloof from Headley and Birkenholt, nay, reviled them for the attack which they declared had caused the general capture.

The two lads of the Dragon had, in no measured terms, denounced the cruelty to the poor old inoffensive man, and were denounced in their turn as friends of the sorcerer. But all were too much exhausted by the night's work to have spirit for more than a snarling encounter of words, and the only effect was that Giles and Stephen were left isolated in their misery outside the shelter of the handsome arched gateway under which the others congregated.

Newgate had been rebuilt by Whittington out of pity to poor prisoners and captives. It must have been unspeakably dreadful

before, for the foulness of the narrow paved court, shut in by strong walls, was something terrible. Tired, spent, and aching all over, and with boyish callousness to dirt, still Giles and Stephen hesitated to sit down, and when at last they could stand no longer, they rested, leaning against one another. Stephen tried to keep up hope by declaring that his master would soon get them released, and Giles alternated between despair, and declarations that he would have justice on those who so treated his father's son. They dropped asleep—first one and then the other—from sheer exhaustion, waking from time to time to realise that it was no dream, and to feel all the colder and more cramped.

By and by there were voices at the gate. Friends were there asking after their own Will, or John, or Thomas, as the case might be. The jailer opened a little wicket-window in the heavy door, and, no doubt for a consideration, passed in food to certain lads whom he called out, but it did not always reach its destination. It was often torn away as by hungry wolves. For though the felons had been let out, when the doors were opened; the new prisoners were not by any means all apprentices. There were watermen, husbandmen, beggars, thieves, among them, attracted by the scent of plunder; and even some of the elder lads had no scruple in snatching the morsel from the younger ones.

Poor little Jasper Hope, a mischievous little curly-headed idle fellow, only thirteen, just apprenticed to his brother the draper, and rushing about with the other youths in the pride of his flat cap, was one of the sufferers. A servant had been at the door, promising that his brother would speedily have him released, and handing in bread and meat, of which he was instantly robbed by George Bates and three or four more big fellows, and sent away reeling and sobbing, under a heavy blow, with all the mischief and play knocked out of him. Stephen and Giles called "Shame!" but were unheeded, and they could only draw the little fellow up to them, and assure him that his brother would soon come for him.

The next call at the gate was Headley and Birkenholt—"Master Headley's prentices—Be they here?"

And at their answer, not only the window, but the door in the gate was opened, and stooping low to enter, Kit Smallbones came in, and not empty handed.

"Ay, ay, youngsters," said he, "I knew how it would be, by what I saw elsewhere, so I came with a fee to open locks. How came ye to get into such plight as this? And poor little Hope too! A fine pass when they put babes in jail."

"I'm prenticed!" said Jasper, though in a very weak little voice.

"Have you had bite or sup!" asked Kit.

And on their reply, telling how those who had had supplies from home had been treated, Smallbones observed "Let them try it," and stood, at all his breadth, guarding the two youths and little Jasper, as they ate, Stephen at first with difficulty, in the faintness and foulness of the place, but then ravenously. Smallbones lectured them on their folly all the time, and made them give an account of the night. He said their master was at the Guildhall taking counsel with the Lord Mayor, and there were reports that it would go hard with the rioters, for murder and plunder had been done in many places, and he especially looked at Giles with pity, and asked how he came to embroil himself with Master Mundy? Still his good-natured face cheered them, and he promised further supplies. He also relieved Stephen's mind about his brother, telling of his inquiry at the Dragon in the morning.

All that day the condition of such of the prisoners as had well-to-do friends was improving. Fathers, brothers, masters, and servants, came in quest of them, bringing food and bedding, and by exorbitant fees to the jailers obtained for them shelter in the gloomy cells. Mothers could not come, for a proclamation had gone out that none were to babble, and men were to keep their wives at home. And though there were more material comforts, prospects were very gloomy. Ambrose came when Kit Smallbones returned with what Mrs. Headley had sent the captives. He looked sad and dazed, and clung to his brother, but said very little, except that they ought to be locked up together, and he really would have been left in Newgate, if Kit had not laid a great hand on his shoulder and almost forced him away.

Master Headley himself arrived with Master Hope in the afternoon. Jasper sprang to his brother, crying, "Simon! Simon! you are come to take me out of this dismal, evil place?" But Master Hope—a tall, handsome, grave young man, who had often been much disturbed by his little brother's pranks—could only shake his head with tears in his eyes, and, sitting down on the roll of bedding, take him on his knee and try to console him with the hope of liberty in a few days.

He had tried to obtain the boy's release on the plea of his extreme youth, but the authorities were hotly exasperated, and would

hear of no mercy. The whole of the rioters were to be tried three days hence, and there was no doubt that some would be made an example of, the only question was, how many?

Master Headley closely interrogated his own two lads, and was evidently sorely anxious about his namesake, who, he feared, might be recognised by Alderman Mundy and brought forward as a ringleader of the disturbance; nor did he feel at all secure that the plea that he had no enmity to the foreigners, but had actually tried to defend Lucas and Abenali, would be attended to for a moment, though Lucas Hansen had promised to bear witness of it. Giles looked perfectly stunned at the time, unable to take in the idea, but at night Stephen was wakened on the pallet that they shared with little Jasper, by hearing him weeping and sobbing for his mother at Salisbury.

Time lagged on till the 4th of May. Some of the poor boys whiled away their time with dreary games in the yard, sometimes wrestling, but more often gambling with the dice, one or two happened to possess, for the dinners that were provided for the wealthier, sometimes even betting on what the sentences would be, and who would be hanged, or who escape.

Poor lads, they did not, for the most part, realise their real danger, but Stephen was more and more beset with home-sick longing for the glades and thickets of his native forest, and would keep little Jasper and even Giles for an hour together telling of the woodland adventures of those happy times, shutting his eyes to the grim stone walls, and trying to think himself among the beeches, hollies, cherries, and hawthorns, shining in the May sun! Giles and he were close friends now, and with little Jasper, said their Paters and Aves together, that they might be delivered from their trouble. At last, on the 4th, the whole of the prisoners were summoned roughly into the court, where harsh-looking men-at-arms proceeded to bind them together in pairs to be marched through the streets to Westminster. Giles and Stephen would naturally have been put together, but poor little Jasper cried out so lamentably when he was about to be bound to a stranger that Stephen stepped forward in his stead, begging that the boy might go with Giles. The soldier made a contemptuous sound, but consented, and Stephen found that his companion in misfortune, whose left elbow was tied to his right, was George Bates.

The two lads looked at each other in a strange, rueful manner, and Stephen said "Shake hands, comrade. If we are to die, let us bear no ill will."

George gave a cold, limp, trembling hand. He looked wretched, subdued, tearful, and nearly starved, for he had no kinsfolk at hand, and his master was too angry with him, and too much afraid of compromising himself, to have sent him any supplies. Stephen tried to unbutton his own pouch, but not succeeding with his left hand, bade George try with his right. "There's a cake of bread there," he said. "Eat that and thou'lt be able better to stand up like a man, come what will."

George devoured it eagerly. "Ah!" he said, in a stranger voice, "Stephen Birkenholt, thou art an honest fellow. I did thee wrong. If ever we get out of this plight——"

Here they were ordered to march, and in a long and doleful procession they set forth. The streets were lined with men-at-arms, for all the affections and sympathies of the people were with the unfortunate boys, and a rescue was apprehended.

In point of fact, the Lord Mayor and aldermen were afraid of the king's supposing them to have organised the assault on their rivals, and each was therefore desirous to show severity to any one's apprentices save his own; while the nobility were afraid of contumacy on the part of the citizens, and were resolved to crush down every rioter among them, so that they had filled the city with their armed retainers. Fathers and mothers, masters and dames, sisters and fellow prentices, found their doors closely guarded and could only look with tearful, anxious eyes, at the processions of poor youths, many of them mere children, who were driven from each of the jails to the Guildhall. There, when all collected, the entire number amounted to two hundred and seventy-eight, though a certain proportion of these were grown men, priests, wherrymen and beggars, who had joined the rabble in search of plunder.

It did not look well for them that the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, were joined in the commission with the Lord Mayor. The upper end of the great hall was filled with aldermen in their robes and chains, with the sheriffs of London and the whole imposing array, and the Lord Mayor with the Duke sat enthroned above them in truly awful dignity. The Duke was a hard and pitiless man, and bore the city a bitter grudge for the death of his retainer, the priest killed in Cheapside, and in spite of all his poetical fame, it may be feared that the Earl of Surrey was not of

much more merciful mood, while their men-at-arms spoke savagely of hanging, slaughtering, or setting the City on fire.

The arraignment was very long, as there were so large a number of names to be read, and, to the horror of all, it was not for a mere riot, but for high treason. The King, it was declared, being in amity with all Christian princes, it was high treason to break the truce and league by attacking their subjects resident in England. The terrible punishment of the traitor would thus be the doom of all concerned, and in the temper of the Howards and their retainers, there was little hope of mercy, nor, in times like those, was there even much prospect that, out of such large numbers, some might escape.

A few were more especially cited, fourteen in number, among them George Bates, Walter Ball, and Giles Headley, who had certainly given cause for the beginning of the affray. There was no attempt to defend George Bates, who seemed to be stunned and bewildered beyond the power of speaking or even of understanding, but as Giles cast his eyes round in wild, terrified appeal, Master Headley rose up in his alderman's gown, and prayed leave to be heard in his defence, as he had witnesses to bring in his favour.

"Is he thy son, good Armourer Headley?" demanded the Duke of Norfolk, who held the work of the Dragon court in high esteem.

"Nay, my Lord Duke, but he is in the place of one, my near kinsman and godson, and so soon as his time be up, bound to wed my only child! I pray you to hear his cause, ere cutting off the heir of an old and honourable house."

Norfolk and his sons murmured something about the Headley skill in armour, and the Lord Mayor was willing enough for mercy, but Sir John Mundy here rose: "My Lord Duke, this is the very young man who was first to lay hands on me! Yea, my lords and sirs, ye have already heard how their rude sport, contrary to proclamation, was the cause of the tumult. When I would have bidden them go home, the one brawler asks me insolently, 'Wherefore?' the other smote me with his sword, whereupon the whole rascaille set on me, and as Master Alderman Headley can testify, I scarce reached his house alive. I ask should favour overcome justice, and a ringleader, who hath assaulted the person of an alderman, find favour above others?"

"I ask not for favour," returned Headley, "only that witnesses be heard on his behalf, ere he be condemned."

Headley, as a favourite with the Duke prevailed to have permission to call his witnesses; Christopher Smallbones, who had actually rescued Alderman Mundy from the mob, and helped him into the Dragon court, could testify that the proclamation had been entirely unheard in the din of the youths looking on at the game. And this was followed up by Lucas Hansen declaring that so far from having attacked or plundered him and the others in Warwick inner yard, the two, Giles Headley and Stephen Birkenholt, had come to their defence, and fallen on those who were burning their goods.

On this a discussion followed between the authorities seated at the upper end of the hall. The poor anxious watchers below could only guess by the gestures what was being agitated as to their fate, and Stephen was feeling it sorely hard that Giles should be pleaded for as the master's kinsman, and he left to so cruel a fate, no one saying a word for him but unheeded Lucas. Finally, without giving of judgment, the whole of the miserable prisoners, who had been standing without food for hours, were marched back, still tied, to their several prisons, while their guards pointed out the gibbets where they were to suffer the next day.

Master Headley was not quite so regardless of his younger apprentice as Stephen imagined. There was a sort of little council held in his hall when he returned—sad, dispirited, almost hopeless—to find Hal Randall anxiously awaiting him. The Alderman said he durst not plead for Stephen, lest he should lose both by asking too much, and his young kinsman had the first right, besides being in the most peril as having been singled out by name; whereas Stephen might escape with the multitude if there were any mercy. He added that the Duke of Norfolk was certainly inclined to save one who knew the secret of Spanish sword blades; but that he was fiercely resolved to be revenged for the murder of his lewd priest in Cheapside, and that Sir John Mundy was equally determined that Giles should not escape.

"What am I to say to his mother? Have I brought him from her for this?" mourned Master Headley. "Ay, and Master Randall, I grieve as much for thy nephew, who to my mind hath done nought amiss. A brave lad! A good lad, who hath saved mine own life. Would that I could do aught for him! It is a shame!"

"Father" said Dennet, who had crept to the back of his chair, "the King would save him! Mind you the golden whistle that the grandame keepeth?"

"The maid hath hit it!" exclaimed Randall.

"Master alderman! Let me but have the little wench and the whistle to-morrow morn, and it is done. How sayest thou, pretty mistress? Wilt thou go with me and ask thy cousin's life, and poor Stephen's, of the King?"

"With all my heart, sir," said Dennet, coming to him with outstretched hands. "Oh! sir, canst thou save them? I have been vowing all I could think of to our Lady and the saints, and now they are going to grant it!"

"Tarry a little," said the alderman. "I must know more of this. Where wouldst thou take my child? How obtain access to the King's Grace?"

"Worshipful sir, trust me," said Randall. "Thou knowst I am sworn servant to my Lord Cardinal, and that his folk are as free of the Court as the King's own servants. If thine own folk will take us up the river to Richmond, and there wait for us while I lead the maid to the King, I can well-nigh swear to thee that she will prevail."

The alderman looked greatly distressed. Ambrose threw himself on his knees before him, and in an agony entreated him to consent, assuring him that Master Randall could do what he promised. The alderman was much perplexed. He knew that his mother, who was confined to her bed by rheumatism, would be shocked at the idea. He longed to accompany his daughter himself, but for him to be absent from the sitting of the court might be fatal to Giles, and he could not bear to lose any chance for the poor youths.

Meantime an interrogative glance and a nod had passed between Tibble and Randall, and when the alderman looked towards the former, always his prime minister, the answer was "Sir, me seemeth that it were well to do as Master Randall counselleth. I will go with Mistress Dennet, if such be your will. The lives of two such youths as our prentices may not lightly be thrown away, while by God's providence there is any means of striving to save them."

Consent then was given, and it was further arranged that Dennet and her escort should be ready at the early hour of half-past four, so as to elude the guards who were placed in the streets; and also because King Henry in the summer went very early to mass, and then to some out-of-door sport. Randall said he would have taken his own good woman to have the care of the little mistress but that the poor little orphan Spanish wench had wept herself so sick, that she could not be left to a stranger.

Master Headley himself brought the child by back streets to the river, and thence down to the Temple stairs, accompanied by Tibble Steelman, and a maid-servant on whose presence her grandmother had insisted. Dennet had hardly slept all night for excitement and perturbation, and she looked very white, small, and insignificant for her thirteen years, when Randall and Ambrose met her, and placed her carefully in the barge which was to take them to Richmond. It was somewhat fresh in the very early morning, and no one was surprised that Master Randall wore a large dark cloak as they rowed up the river. There was very little speech between the passengers, Dennet sat between Ambrose and Tibble. They kept their heads bowed, Ambrose's brow was on one hand, his elbow on his knee, but he spared the other to hold Dennet. He had been longing for the old assurance he would once have had, that to vow himself to a life of hard service in a convent would be the way to win his brother's life; but he had ceased to be able to feel that such bargains were the right course, or that a convent necessarily afforded sure way of service, and he never felt more insecure of the way and means to prayer than in this hour of anguished supplication.

When they came beyond the City, within sight of the trees of Sheen, as Richmond was still often called, Randall insisted that Dennet should eat some of the bread and meat that Tibble had brought in a wallet for her. "She must look her best," he said aside to the foreman. "I would that she were either more of a babe or better favoured! Our Hal hath a tender heart for a babe and an eye for a buxom lass."

He bade the maid trim up the child's cap and make the best of her array, and presently reached some stairs leading up to the park. There he let Ambrose lift her out of the boat. The maid would fain have followed, but he prevented this, and when she spoke of her mistress having bidden her follow wherever the child went, Tibble interfered, telling her that his master's orders were that Master Randall should do with her as he thought meet. Tibble himself followed until they reached a thicket entirely concealing them from the river. Halting here, Randall, with his nephew's help, divested himself of his long gown and cloak, his beard and wig, produced cockscomb and bauble from his pouch, and stood before the astonished eyes of Dennet as the jester!

She recoiled upon Tibble with a little cry, "Oh, why should he make sport of us? Why disguise himself?"

"Listen, pretty mistress," said Randall. "'Tis no disguise, Tibble there can tell you, or my nephew. My disguise lies there," pointing to his sober raiment. "Thus only can I bring thee to the King's presence! Didst think it was jest? Nay, verily, I am as bound to try to save my sweet Stevie's life, my sister's own gallant son, as thou canst be to plead for thy betrothed." Dennet winced.

"Ay, Mistress Dennet," said Tibble, "thou mayst trust him, spite of his garb, and 'tis the sole hope. He could only thus bring thee in. Go thou on, and the lad and I will fall to our prayers."

Dennet's bosom heaved, but she looked up in the jester's dark eyes, saw the tears in them, made an effort, put her hand in his, and said, "I will go with him."

Hal led her away, and they saw Tibble and Ambrose both fall on their knees behind the hawthorn bush, to speed them with their prayers, while all the joyous birds singing their carols around seemed to protest against the cruel captivity and dreadful doom of the young gladsome spirits pent up in the City prisons.

One full gush of a thrush's song in especial made Dennet's eyes overflow, which the jester perceived and said, "Nay, sweet maid, no tears. Kings brook not to be approached with blubbered faces. I marvel not that it seems hard to thee to go along with such as I, but let me be what I will outside, mine heart is heavy enough, and thou wilt learn sooner or later, that fools are not the only folk who needs must smile when they have a load within."

And then, as much to distract her thoughts and prevent tears as to reassure her, he told her what he had before told his nephews of the inducements that had made him Wolsey's jester, and impressed on her the forms of address.

"Thou'lt hear me make free with him, but that's part of mine office, like the kitten I've seen tickling the mane of the lion in the Tower. Thou must say, 'An it please your Grace,' and thou needst not speak of his rolling in the mire, thou wottest, or it may anger him."

The girl showed that her confidence became warmer by keeping nearer to his side, and presently she said, "I must beg for Stephen first, for 'tis his whistle."

"Blessings on thee, fair wench, for that, yet seest thou, 'tis the other springald who is in the greater peril, and he is closer to thy father and to thee."

"He fled, when Stephen made in to the rescue of my father," said Dennet.

"The saints grant we may so work with the King that he may spare them both," ejaculated Randall.

By this time the strange pair were reaching the precincts of the great dwelling-house, where about the wide-open door loitered gentlemen, grooms, lacqueys, and attendants of all kinds. Randall reconnoitred.

"An we go up among all these," he said, "they might make their sport of us both, so that we might lose time. Let us see whether the little garden postern be open."

Henry VIII. had no fears of his people, and kept his dwellings more accessible than were the castles of many a subject. The door in the wall proved to be open, and with an exclamation of joy, Randall pointed out two figures, one in a white silken doublet and hose, with a short crimson cloak over his shoulder, the other in scarlet and purple robes, pacing the walk under the wall—Henry's way of holding a cabinet council with his prime minister on a summer's morning.

"Come on, mistress, put a brave face on it!" the jester encouraged the girl, as he led her forward, while the king, catching sight of them, exclaimed, "Ha! there's old Patch. What doth he there?"

But the Cardinal, impatient of interruption, spoke imperiously, "What dost thou here, Merriman? Away, this is no time for thy fooleries and frolics."

But the King, with some pleasure in teasing, and some of the enjoyment of a school boy at a break in his tasks, called out, "Nay, come hither, quipsome one! What new puppet hast brought hither to play off on us?"

"Yea, brother Hal," said the jester, "I have brought one to let thee know how Tom of Norfolk and his crew are playing the fool in the Guildhall, and to ask who will be the fool to let them wreak their spite on the best blood in London, and leave a sore that will take many a day to heal."

(To be continued.)

MRS. SIDDONS.

Engraved by THEODOR KNESING, *from the Portrait by* THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A., *in the National Gallery.*

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TWO CENTURIES OF BATH.

ENTRANCE TO THE ROMAN BATH.
From a Drawing by W. G. ADDISON.

CITIES, as a rule, are not to be taken any more safely at their own valuation than men. Their sense of personal importance is just as likely to be exaggerated; they are as prone, we all know, to the arrogance of wealth; they are often as inordinately vain of their appearance, and as overweeningly proud of the antiquity of their name. Nor is it always easy for the outside critic to appraise these pretensions at their proper value. The claim of riches is of course easily tested; much more so indeed in the case of a city than of a man. Its banker's book, if one may say so, lies open perpetually to the inspection of the world. Docks and factories, busy markets and flourishing shops, crowded streets and growing suburbs are the credentials, unmistakable and indisputable, of its wealth. So, too, if in a somewhat less degree, with its antiquity. No doubt there is a dash of the mythical about the earlier legends of some of our ancient cities; but authentic English history begins too soon, and Celt and Roman and Saxon have scattered their fragmentary record—the documents so to speak of urban family history—too freely over the face of our island, to allow much latitude for the fabulous. There is no accommodating Herald's College to invent a pedigree for the *parvenu* town, the mushroom *nouveau riche* who has sprung up on the borders of the coalfield or at the debouchment of the estuary, and gracefully to explain away the too patent newness of its brick and mortar: though to be sure the impetuous antiquary has been sometimes known, as in the famous case of "Bill Stumps his mark" to outdo the most imaginative performances of Blue Mantle or Rouge Croix. Length of years, however, is on the whole as easily demonstrable by the self-satisfied city as length of pocket; it is in regard to the boast of pre-eminence in beauty that confidence of assertion is so excessively disproportioned to possibilities of proof. "The most beautiful city in England," "the most beautiful city in Europe," "the most beautiful city in the world"—how many candidates there are for the first of these titles, and even for the second and third. The apple of Discordia cannot be presented to all of them, and Paris (not the city, who would undoubtedly bestow the fruit upon herself, amid the dithyrambic congratulations of M. Victor Hugo) may well be puzzled to know upon whom to bestow the prize. Even confining the competition to England, the arbitrament would be difficult, and even excluding "beauty" in the sense of architectural nobility, and limiting it to charm of situation, it would not be easy. We have happily many beautifully situated cities and towns in this fair Britain of ours, many favoured by their embosoming hills, or their clasping rivers, or their kissing seas. Many such are there from northern Edinburgh to Plymouth in the farthest south; and between magic of inland landscape and grace or grandeur of

coast-line it would be hard indeed to choose. After all one might be forced from sheer embarrassment of choice to throw in the internal attractions, material or moral, of some competing city in order to turn the obstinately balanced scale.

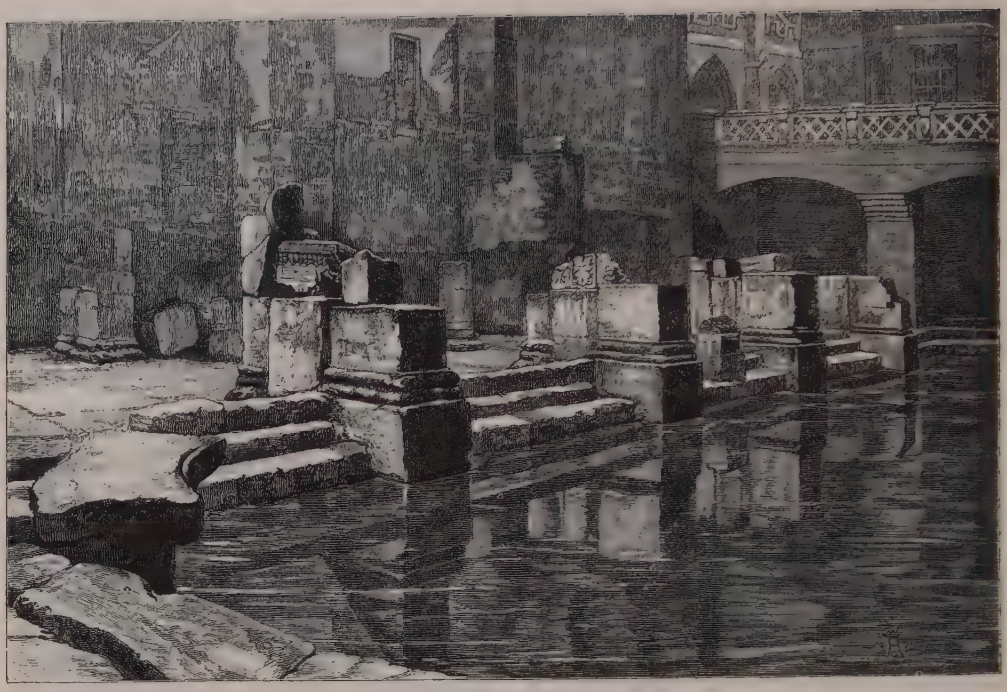
If these attractions, however, are to be "prayed in aid" of the charm of situation, even the most dispassionate critic of the Queen of the West, as her admiring children call her, would admit that Bath is "bad to beat." A history stretching back for its beginnings into the mists of Celtic legend, rich throughout its earlier period in records of the Roman

THE ABBEY CHURCH, BATH.
From a Drawing by W. G. ADDISON.

dominion, and abounding, during its later days in interesting illustration of the characteristic life and manners of the last century, and in yet more interesting associations with some of our greatest men—a history such as this would go a good way to redress many shortcomings in the matter of the picturesque; and here it is only the spiritual adjunct of a physical beauty which certainly entitles the situation of Bath to rank as "one of the most beautiful" in Europe. Landor, who knew and loved both cities well, compared it to that of Florence, and from more than one point on Bathwick and its neighbour hills, the prospect may not unworthily challenge comparison with the view from Fiesole or San Miniato. The architectural element in the scene is of course a translation from the Hellenic, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, into the Hebraic. The subdued tones of the underlying city are of course but a sober northern transcript of the brilliant colour contrasts of the Florentine houses, just as the soft blue smoke-veil through which one sees them is a medium strangely different from the translucent Tuscan air; and the somewhat squat, high-shouldered abbey, "shrugging" its transept at us in the valley below is undoubtedly no artistic equivalent for the marble wonder of Giotto's campanile. But there is a charm for English eyes in the tender browns and greys of the old stone-built city itself, and when we turn from the "man-made" to the "God-made,"—when we allow our gaze to mount upward by way of the climbing streets of the Lansdown quarter, and thence to sweep the whole environment of the place, the unequalled beauty of our English rural scenery once more asserts itself. Downward, from the foot of the spectator, descend green sloping meadows to the beautiful glen between Widcombe and Prior Park, the site of a cemetery as peaceful as its sequestered

dead; over against him to the north rise the wooded heights of Lansdown, its summit crowned by Beckford's Tower; from the eastward the Avon steals in silver coils through the fringing willows of its valley, while tier over tier the lines of hill fade fainter and fainter into the haze of the Bristol Channel on the west.

But the beauty of its surroundings could never alone have given Bath her ancient fame —a fame which dates indeed from many ages before a feeling for natural beauty first dawned upon the inhabitants of these isles; and to pass onward without further delay to the real source of her earlier renown, we must quit the hills for the valley, and for that point in the valley, now the centre of the busiest life of the city, where—who shall say how many centuries ago?—some wandering lazar happened upon the waters bubbling up amid strange clouds of steam from the bowels of the earth, and drinking of them, and washing in them, was made whole. To whom have pain and sickness owed through so many generations this priceless treasure-trove? Did Bladud the outcast son of Hudibras really feed his swine among these thickets, and see them cleanse their bodies of the leprosy with which he had himself infected them, by wallowing in the warm oozy bed of the springs? Every good citizen of Bath is bound to believe it religiously; and one of her latest historians treats the legend as so far partaking of the nature of actual religious dogma, that he considers the burden of disproof to lie upon those who reject it. "Our most learned antiquaries," he observes, "have made no remonstrance against the credibility of the legend;" and has not "our own Shakespeare recorded his admiration, at least, of ancient British lore in two of the most highly finished efforts of his genius? It remains *therefore*, for the sceptical student of British history, in that pride of intellect which characterises infidelity, to sustain and establish the negative of the proposition." So pronounces the Rev. G. N. Wright, author of an *Historic Guide to Bath*, and it would be the height of Quixotism to take up the characteristically clerical challenge. Indeed it may be admitted by even the most sceptical of "sceptical students" that whether Bladud "eighth in succession from Brute the great-grandson of Æneas" (and consequently, we must remind Mr. Wright, the great-great-grandson of Venus) did or did not feed swine on the site of the present Pump-room, the accessible evidence does not at any rate exclude the possibility that the virtues of the Bath waters were known to the Britons. It seems to be certain that the *enclave* of hills on which Bath now stands was at the time of the Roman invasion the seat of an important British stronghold, and the holders of the fortress might have known the healing efficacy of the spring. But be that as it may, the Romans would not have been long in testing its qualities. Nearly a century and a half before (B.C. 120) they had founded a colony at Aix, in order to secure themselves in possession of its warm mineral waters, and in Bath at any rate they showed a full appreciation of the value of their hygienic find. The remains of their baths, discovered and laid open by the antiquarian zeal of Mr. Charles E. Davis, F.S.A., add another to those monuments of constructive labour which this nation of architectural Titans have left behind them in every quarter of their world-wide empire. Here, as elsewhere, they seem to have planned as for a dominion which was to endure for ever. The scale of their operations is the same in this work of luxury as in the fortified walls with which they encircled their settlements, and in the roads, the bridges, and the aqueducts by which they maintained their communications and supplied their daily needs. Far away in the recesses of this our foggy isle, the bath of the exiled Roman must needs, it seems, be something like 100 feet in length and sixty-eight feet in width, well-nigh filling the area of a vast hall, the vaulted roof of which (an after addition necessitated by our climate) was sustained at a probable height of nearly fifty feet by six massive piers forming clustered pilasters on either side. Did the exile require the cold douche after his warm bath? Then let the water be fetched by a subterranean conduit from the heights above the town; and here sure enough is the delivery end of the venerable lead pipe which was "laid on" from a spring on the Lansdown acclivity in the early second century of the Christian era. Such at least is the date which Mr. Davis conjecturally assigns to this most imposing and interesting piece of work; for though the excavators have been fairly fortunate in turning up buried ornaments, coins, utensils, &c., they have lighted on nothing which fixes the period of the construction with exactitude. Of two inscribed tablets which have been unearthed, one, in cursive letters, at present defies interpretation, while the other unfortunately divides the learned so strangely that it contributes rather to the amusement than the instruction of the world. Professor Sayce is of opinion that it records "a cure from either bathing or taking the waters, certified by three great



THE ROMAN BATH.
From a Drawing by W. G. ADDISON.

men;" while Professor Zangemeister, of Heidelberg, reads it as an imprecation upon "a man who had stolen a table-cloth," the suspected thief being one among the guests at a dinner-party! But beneath the silt of centuries may be hidden many more tablets which would show forth less dark sayings than this: for Mr. Davis believes that he has laid bare but a fraction of "the buried palace of our Roman predecessors," and he pleads earnestly for the attention of some wealthy lover of antiquity and the arts who would be willing to supply the funds necessary to complete the excavations. Buildings, whose owners stand out for too exorbitant a compensation, at present stop the way, and though it may be well, perhaps, to wait for them to reduce their terms, it will really be a matter of national regret if the Corporation of Bath should ultimately fail to acquire the needed land. Now, therefore, is the time for those gentlemen who give hundreds for an orchid and thousands for a porcelain vase—now is their time to come forward and present their grateful country with a treasure which will enlarge the imaginations and instruct the minds of millions instead of merely delighting the eyes of a favoured few—a treasure more enduring than the life of flowers, and safe against the destroying hand of the housemaid "tidying up."

The baths of Bath, whether ancient or modern, must always form the central point of interest to any student of the history of the place—if only for the reason that their periods of vogue and neglect have coincided pretty exactly with the eras of greatest and least historic interest in the life of the city. The Roman evacuation of Britain in A.D. 420 left the baths in possession of a people, who, whatever their love of bathing, were evidently less able to maintain so large an establishment as their military predecessors, and after the fall of the British before the Saxon power at the battle of Deorham in 577, there appears little doubt that the bath was deserted, "its hot waters allowed to flood its courts and corridors until the washings of the land on which the baths had been excavated gradually covered as a guardian the remains of their magnificence, and thus preserved them for thirteen hundred years." To the Saxon period belongs the foundation of the nunnery of Osric, on the ruins of which the Abbey now stands; but few or no visible traces of this era remain, and to any one gazing around him from the Abbey churchyard—the very *omphalos* of the city—the transition from the ancient to the modern world is interrupted by no mediæval survivals. We pass straight from

these Roman ruins to an abbey church commenced in the sixteenth and completed only in the seventeenth century; near by, at the opposite end of what was probably the forum of the Roman city, stands the modern Pump-room with its effective colonnade and the still more modern hotel which faces it; while but a few hundred yards' walk in either direction will take us to the Parades or Milsom Street, to Queen's Square or the Circus—to all in short that is most characteristic of that century in which Bath rose from the condition of a neglected provincial town into a sort of second capital of English fashion, the head-quarters for certain seasons of the year of all that was gay and witty and wicked and fascinating and frivolous in English society.

Bath, however, has its modern as well as its ancient legend, and the "Beau Nash myth" is in some respects almost as fabulous as the story of Prince Bladud. The idea that Nash "made," or "invented," or "created" Bath, as it is variously phrased, is to a great extent imaginary. A couple of royal visits, towards the close of the seventeenth and in the first years of the eighteenth century, had brought the city and its thermal waters into fresh notice, and when Nash went there to found his sovereignty in 1702, the place was fast growing, if it had not already grown, into a fashionable resort. It is no doubt true that he regularised, so to speak, the dissipation of its very mixed society, and true also that the droll despotism which the man's singular mixture of vanity, impudence, and administrative ability enabled him to found there, may in itself have become one of the attractions of the place for the curious idlers of the metropolitan *beau monde*. But this hardly justifies the "Beau's" eulogists in speaking of him as the "maker of Bath"—especially, when, as a recent local historian, Mr. Peach, insists with much earnestness, we remember that Nash's reign in great part synchronises with the lives of the greatest benefactor of the city, Ralph Allen, and its greatest beautifier, the architect John Wood. The former worthy—not so well remembered out of Bath in these days as a man should be whose name occurs in a couplet containing one of the most familiar quotations in the English language—had risen to wealth and reputation before the century had run a third of its course, and, in the way of developing the natural resources of Bath, he was doing good not exactly "by stealth" perhaps, but no doubt "blushing to find it fame" during most of the period throughout which Nash was marshalling fiddlers and fribbles in the assembly rooms and giving laws to gamesters and demireps at the play tables. But as has been said, the visit of Mary of Modena in 1687, and the birth of a prince in the following year as a supposed consequence thereof, had previously tended to revive public belief—effaced since the cure of Anne of Denmark in 1616, no doubt by the troubles of the civil war—in the medicinal efficacy of the waters; and the voluptuous tastes which came in with the Restoration would in themselves have sufficed to account for the growing popularity of Bath as a mere pleasure resort. To about the date of Mary of Modena's visit belongs the extremely curious and interesting old print of the *King's and Queen's Baths* recently purchased by the British Museum—a picture representing what is certainly a primitive, if not quite so barbarous a condition of manners as is recorded to have prevailed in the city a generation before. Wood, the architect, writing of the state of things in 1644 declares that "all kinds of disorders had grown to their highest pitch in Bath, insomuch that the streets and public ways of the city were become like so many dung-hills, slaughter-houses, and pig-styes. Butchers killed and dressed their cattle at their own doors: people washed every kind of thing they had to make clean at the common conduit in the open street. The baths were like so many bear-gardens, and modesty was entirely shut out of them. People of both sexes bathed by day and night naked, and dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures were hurled over the rails into the water while people were bathing in it." Some little allowances must be made for exaggeration on the part of a writer who always showed a disposition to magnify the abuses which prevailed before his own day in a city which he did so much to improve; but what we know of Bath at the time of the "avatar" of the great Nash may well convince us that the unsavoury description above quoted was not very wide of the facts. Later on, in the Restoration period, we have plenty of evidence in the pages of Pepys and others that the increasing popularity of the baths had not yet been overtaken by progress in orderly administration. Their management, however, was probably quite up to the standard of manners of the time, and it is just possible too, that things might have been somewhat more ceremoniously arranged in the most select of the various bathing places. Pepys for example draws a marked distinction between them. In the entry in his *Diary* for June 15, 1668, he records that he "looked into the baths and found the king's and queen's

BATH, FROM WIDCOMBE HILL.
From a Drawing by W. G. ADDISON.

full of a mixed sort of good and bad, and the Cross [bath] almost only for the gentry." Elsewhere, however, he speaks of the Queen's Bath as being crowded with "very fine ladies," while at the same time expressing doubts as to the cleanliness of the practice of "going so many bodies together in the same water." Women and men, he adds, with a slight touch of exaggeration, "live all the Season in these Waters, parboiled and look like Creatures of the Bath."

As usual, the diary of the gossiping secretary to the Admiralty is full of piquant illustrations of the manners of the time, and Mr. Davis in another of his interesting books, *The Bathes of Bathes Ayde in the Reign of Charles II.*, has been greatly assisted by the *Diary*, in reproducing for his readers a very complete picture of a visitor's "day" in Bath. Such a visitor, if a person of quality, would probably put up at the White Hart (not the present inn of that name, but a hostelry which stood where now stands the Grand Pump-Room Hotel), and on the following morning either in pursuit of health, or for the gratification of curiosity, he would betake himself to the baths. If medical advice was required beforehand, Dr. Pierce, the great man of the day would probably be consulted, though as many as twenty-four temporarily resident practitioners competed with this physician of the Corporation for the fees of the invalid. Arrived at the bath he would enter one of the "slips," the humble ancestors of the present luxurious dressing-rooms—where he would find barely room enough for his clothes; and then under the guidance of one of the "serjeants of the bath," he would descend into its waters. After a stay there of half-an-hour or so, or as much longer as suited his taste (for the bathers of those days seem to have had no fear of the constitutional effect of excessive immersion), he would be wrapped in flannel, and, unless he had specially engaged one of the rooms adjoining the bath, carried back in a sedan-chair to his inn or lodging, to dress. The whole business, as a rule, could be concluded by an early hour of the morning (Pepys seems to have risen at 4 A.M. to take his bath on June 13, 1668), and the visitor after having cooled and breakfasted would have the whole day before him. His opportunities of amusement were ample. The royal game of tennis could be enjoyed in the tennis-court, one of the entrances to which was from the queen's bath; a large racquet-court and a fives-court stood immediately outside the west gate; there were bowling-greens for the grave and leisurely recreation of bowls; there was fishing in the river and in the moat in the Ham Gardens; there was a cock-pit for the noble sport of cock-fighting, and a bull-ring for the gentle pastime of bull-baiting. Nor was there wanting food for the inquiring mind. The days of clubs and reading-rooms were not yet, but the visitor to Bath was

not condemned to burst in ignorance of what was going on in the greater world of London. An entry in the council-book records a resolution by "generall consent" of the City Fathers "that five-and-twenty shillings shall be quarterly paid for a *Newes-Letter* to be sent to the Mayor of the City for the tyme being, and to remayne at his house for the publique view of this Corporation, the first quarter beginning from the sixth day of the present February." And to this ancient forerunner of the piles of "dailies" which the 5.30 A.M. train from Paddington delivers nowadays each morning at the Bath railway station the visitor, it seems, was permitted access. The principal promenade of the city was then, as for many years afterwards, the Gravel Walk, now known as Orange Grove, a spot commanding a fine view of the beautiful valley to the east, with the hamlet of Bathwick straggling up the hill now covered by the handsome suburb of that name, and the distant church of Bath-Hampton nestling amid its coeval trees.

Of the indoor amusements of this particular period we know less; but that gambling filled a very important place amongst them, is certain. High play with probably a considerable admixture of unfair play was rife in the city, when Nash made his appearance there in 1700, and he may perhaps have considered, on the principle that he "who serves the altar may live by the altar," that after having purified and methodised the cult of the goddess Fortune, he was entitled to draw, as for many years he undoubtedly did draw, a handsome income from her service. Nash, it has been already admitted, was undoubtedly a great reformer of external manners, and, if there were any truth in the most amazing paradox ever hazarded by the audacity of eloquence, he might boast that vice under his rule "lost half its evil in losing all its grossness." He certainly did good service in the enforcement of stricter rules of social etiquette, and in the discouragement of duelling; and the autocratic airs of the M.C. who refused to allow another dance at the end of an evening even to oblige a princess of the blood, and who snatched off the apron of a duchess, worn contrary to his orders, and flung it into a crowd of waiting-women as fitting wear only for them, supplied no doubt the kind of discipline which the time and place demanded. But while Nash was reforming the manners —certainly not the morals—of Bath, Ralph Allen was developing its industry, and Wood

THE AVON AND NORTH PARADE BRIDGE, BATH.
From a Drawing by W. G. ADDISON.

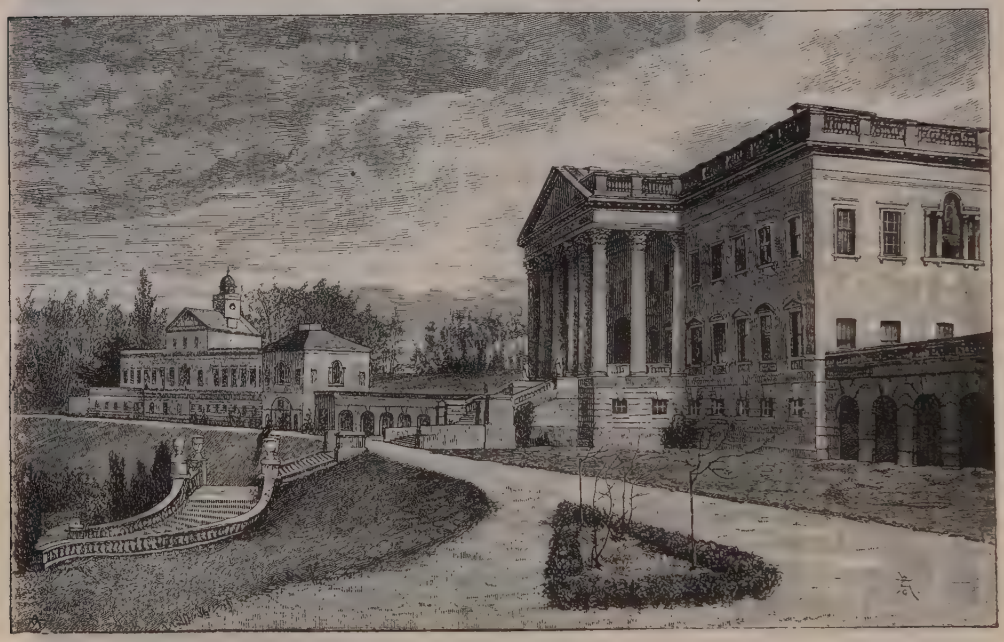
THE PARADE AT BATH IN THE LAST CENTURY.

From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

under his encouragement adorning the streets. It is mainly to them, therefore, that we owe all that is most characteristic in the existing city, and all that in its outward aspect recalls those patch and powder days with which, more than with any earlier or later period, we are most of us accustomed to associate it. The Pump-room and the baths, the Circus and the Parades—it is about these that the spirit of the eighteenth century chiefly seems to linger. The days of drums and routs, of faro and hazard, of minuets in the "Lower Rooms," and duels in the King's Mead Fields, the days when the Abbey Churchyard would be crowded at the drinking hour with the sedan chairs of the invalids and fashionables who were themselves thronging the Pump-room—the days in short which the comedies of Sheridan keep alive for us on the larger national scale, as does Anstey's clever but overrated satire in the narrower local fashion, may be roughly reckoned as extending from the second quarter of the last to the beginning of the present century. It was during this period, too, that Bath has accumulated that mass of historic associations which give it among English cities a place only paralleled by that of the metropolis itself. Nowhere in England have so many of her greatest sons, statesmen, warriors, poets, artists, romancists taken up at various times their abode, or left behind them such clear recollections of their sojourn. The names of Chatham and his yet greater son, of Burke and Camden, of Wolfe and Nelson, and Sir Sidney Smith, of Gainsborough and Lawrence, of Fielding, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Southey, Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Landor, may serve to illustrate without exhausting the list of notables—men to most of whom Bath has been something more than a place of casual visit, and of some of whom it was either the actual birthplace or for long periods the home. The elder Pitt was for many years member for the city, and visited it at frequent intervals throughout his life to obtain that relief from his famous malady which its waters

BROAD STREET, BATH.
From a Drawing by W. G. ADDISON.

never failed to afford. The comparative smallness of the place has made it possible to fix the exact abodes of nearly all the celebrities who have dwelt there; and no other city, therefore, can show so remarkable a list of historic houses. It was at No. 7, Circus that Pitt entertained General Wolfe on the eve of the latter's departure in command of the expedition to Quebec—the memorable occasion when the young soldier so astounded his host by his gasconade and actual physical sword-flourishings, that the minister upon Wolfe's departure, exclaimed in dismay to Lord Temple, "Good God! that I should have intrusted the fate of the



PRIOR PARK HOUSE, BATH.
From a Drawing by W. G. ADDISON.

country and the administration to such hands!" It was at No. 11, North Parade, that Edmund Burke spent four out of the last six years of his exhausted life, quitting it only to return home, in order, as he said, to be "nearer a habitation more permanent." Bath witnessed the last frettings of the scabbard by that too keenly-tempered blade, and on July 9 of the same year the great orator died. Lord Camden, whose son represented Bath in Parliament, was a constant visitor to the city, and his connection with it is commemorated by that finely-placed crescent which looks down upon the quaint steep streets of Walcot from beneath the wooded summits of the Beacon Hill. The houses occupied by Nelson, by Goldsmith, and by Wordsworth can still be identified, though these names are among the few on the above cited list which possess only transitory associations with Bath. But Lawrence was born there, and it was the birthplace of many famous pictures of Gainsborough, who, indeed, created during his residence there, the reputation which he brought with him to London. Southey passed his boyhood at the house of his aunt, Miss Tyler in Walcot, with a garden sloping down to the Avon bank. The memory of Sheridan's connection with the city will live as long as *The Rivals*, and so will that of Elizabeth Linley, famous in her own day for her beauty and her song, but better remembered in ours by the romance of Sheridan's courtship and marriage. The extent of Fielding's association with Bath—or rather the extent to which his romances reproduce the scenes and personages of the place—is, unfortunately, somewhat uncertain: though loyal sons of Bath indeed will admit no uncertainty about it. Upon the admitted fact that Fielding lived some time in the suburb of Tiverton or Twerton-on-Avon on the west of the city, and that during this period he was a constant (Mr. Graves, rector of Claverton, says an

almost daily) guest of Ralph Allen's, is based the true faith of the Bathonian that the scenery of *Tom Jones* is that of Prior Park, that Ralph Allen himself is Allworthy, and that the "Homerical battle" in which Molly Seagrim displayed such prowess, was actually conceived by the novelist as having been fought in Claverton Churchyard! The last theory of course is necessarily incapable of disproof, but indeed the evidence for the two former is too slender even to have attracted the notice of the latest and most painstaking of Fielding's biographers; and Bath cannot allege what would have been the most valuable of all critical confirmation of its legend—the *imprimatur* of Mr. Austin Dobson. That Ralph Allen is one of the two persons referred to in the Dedication of *Tom Jones* as "two of the best and worthiest men in the world, who are strongly and zealously my friends," is evident enough from Fielding's application to the unknown benefactor of Pope's famous line. But there is no special feature in the novelist's description of Allworthy which identifies him with the owner of Prior Park, and so far is the novelist's picture of the squire's house and grounds from recalling Ralph Allen's dwelling and its surroundings, that the one seems to have been made almost deliberately unlike the other. Allworthy's house is described as a Gothic building, which Prior Park House is not; and it is placed "on the south-east side of a hill, but nearer to the bottom than the top of it," whereas its alleged original has a north aspect and is almost at the top of the ravine on which it stands. That Prior Park is picturesque, like the park described in *Tom Jones*, is as true as that there is a river both in Monmouth and in Macedon. One cannot help wishing, however, that the "first of modern novels," might really have been born in this beautiful glen; and still more that its author, as a cognate legend has it, might have conconceived it in that exquisite nook of Widcombe—the choicest gem in the city's sylvan setting—where the high-walled road winds between the ivy-mantled village church and the manor-house built by Inigo Jones.

Space however would fail me to pursue further the literary associations of the city; for to pursue them further would take us to the days when Landor strode its Parades in his strange life-mood of defiant meditation, and when the strenuous idlers of Milsom Street were made to yield their humorous "harvest" to Jane Austen's "quiet eye." Those who value the associations of letters and who care to re-people the world with the spirits who have instructed and delighted it, should visit Bath for themselves. Others, with whom the needs of the present count for more than the romance of the past, it may be useful to disabuse of the common notion that Bath is a shrunken and a faded relic of bygone times. A dozen years ago this might have been true, but it is true no longer. The city has greatly revived of late; its "cure" has become more popular; it has not disdained to advertise itself and has done so on the whole judiciously. It has ceased to belong to the category of the "dead-alive," and has entered that of the "lively." It has, in fact, added the claims of a cheerful, a thriving, a well-found and well-kept city to the attractions which it possessed before as one of the most beautiful and interesting spots in England.

H. D. Traill.

FRAGMENT OF A FRIEZE FOUND IN THE ROMAN BATHS.
From a Drawing by W. G. Addison.

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh—
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player,
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling—
Words that weary and perplex, and pander, and conceal;
Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling;
The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,
Like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft anchoreth;
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving naught, nor fearing,
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death.

GEORGE DU MAURIER (*from the French of* MADAME NECKER).

DER TOD ALS FREUND.

Engraved by J. D. COOPER, *from a Drawing by* GEORGE DU MAURIER.

DRAWING-ROOM DANCES.

IN the conveniently vague period known as "antiquity" the dance was of two kinds, sacred and profane. Specimens of the sacred dance, as practised among the Egyptians in comparatively recent times, may be seen in Verdi's *Aïda*. In Massenet's *Hérodiade*, again, we have an example of the kind of dancing supposed to have been performed in the ancient Jewish temple. That from the earliest times dances have in moments of ecstasy been executed by holy persons in presence of sacred objects is perfectly well known; and it would be interesting, though perhaps difficult, to fix the date at which dancing was given up as a religious exercise to be continued only as a mundane diversion. The theatre, with a like origin, has gone through the same changes as those by which the history of the dance has been marked; and in the present day there are countries not far distant where the ballet is sometimes a majestic entertainment and never more frivolous than many other forms of the drama.

Drawing-room dances, the subject of the present article, seem to have had their origin chiefly in stage dances, and to have been directly derived from the modified forms of stage dances practised in palaces and private houses by companies of amateurs. Drawing-room dancing, as distinguished from ballet dancing and the national dance of peasants, has found its chief centre in France; whence, like fashions of many other kinds, it has spread to different parts of Europe. It was introduced, however, into France by the Italians, whose magnificent entertainments of the singing and dancing kind were nationalised in her adopted country by Catherine de Medici. The exotic found itself planted in congenial soil, and the dance has flourished in France ever since. Henry IV. was a most determined dancer, and according to Cahuzac, author of the *Traité Historique de la Danse*, it was under this king that the French people danced the most. The dances at the court of Louis XIII. used to be directed by no less a personage than Richelieu, who, it may be hoped, was more successful as a ballet-master than as a dramatist. Louis XIV., king of dancers and chief dancer among kings, carried his passion for what some call the terpsichorean, others the saltatory, art, so far as to found, not a dancing academy but an academy of dancing, which was placed under the musical direction of Lulli, the introducer, or at least, establisher of opera in France.

The minuet (of which the name, *menuet*, is said to be derived from *menu*, as indicating the little steps of which it is composed) is especially associated with the period of Louis XIV. It was natural that a great many things should happen during the reign of this monarch, which, if glorious was also exceptionally long. The genius of Molière belonged as much and the genius of Corneille belonged more to the reign of Louis XIII. than to that of his successor. But the story of the minuet is all the great monarch's own; and the grand air with which this master of the "noble" style of dancing performed the dance considered "noble" among all others has often been celebrated. He danced his minuets to the music composed specially for them by Lulli.

Minuets formed part of most of the ballets and *divertissements* in which Louis le Grand loved to figure; and it continued to be the favourite dance both of the stage and of the ball-room during the Regency, throughout the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and up to the outbreak of the Revolution. The art of dancing it was taught by professors who seem to have excelled in fatuity and in fanaticism for this frivolous

art the famous dancing master of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The saying attributed to one of these vain enthusiasts—*il y a un monde dans un menuet*—has become proverbial. They are accused by contemporary writers of behaving with the greatest insolence to the high-born ladies whom they instructed in the mysteries of the minuet and gavotte, and of carrying their pretensions in the matter of money so far as to demand from them, for each lesson, *un écu de six livres*, about five shillings of our money.

IN THE BALL-ROOM.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

One may form some idea of the passion with which, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, dancing was cultivated in France by what Rousseau, in his *Musical Dictionary*, tells us as to its popularity on the stage, and by what in Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* the hero, St. Preux, writes on the subject of stage dancing to the heroine, Julie. "Priests," says St. Preux, "dance, soldiers dance, gods dance, devils dance, there is dancing even at funerals—dancing *à propos* of everything. Dancing is now the fourth of the fine arts constituting the lyrical scene. The three others are imitative; but what does this imitate? Nothing. It is then quite extraneous when employed in this manner; for what can minuets and rigodons have to do in a tragedy? . . . Most of the ballets have as many separate subjects as there are acts, and these subjects are linked together by certain metaphysical relations which the spectator could never conceive if the author did not take care to explain them to him in the prologue. The seasons, the ages, the senses, the elements—what connection have they with dancing? . . . Some of the pieces, such as the Carnival and Folly, are purely allegorical; but these are the most insupportable of all."

The gavotte, more modern, though in the present day quite as old-fashioned as the minuet, belongs to the last days of the French monarchy, which it survived to become for a time the favourite dance of the "Merveilleuses" and the "Incroyables" of the Directory. Like so many other dances it is of national or rather local origin, and takes its name from Gap, whose inhabitants, called "gavots" and "gavottes," say that their little town is at equal distance from Geneva, Lyons, Turin, Avignon, and Marseilles. The "gavotte" was introduced as a pendant to

the minuet; probably at a time when people were beginning to get tired of the more ancient dance; from which it differs in the first place by being danced to music in two-four instead of like the minuet in three-four time. As a musical form it has never possessed for composers the same attraction as the minuet; though of late years it has been cultivated to some extent by composers who seeking for the new have only been able to find it in a revival of the old. Every one has heard at orchestral concerts the minuets and gavottes of Boccherini, and there is a charming example of the gavotte in Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Mignon*. The gavotte was first brought into general favour by Marie Antoinette, who danced it at court as a sequel to the minuet. Hence the name *menuet de la cour* given to the two dances considered as one. It was replaced for a time during the Reign of Terror by the more lively Carmagnole; and though it flourished again in the luxurious days of the Directory, it died out under the Empire, which was not indeed a dancing but a fighting period.

Drawing-room dances have, as before observed, been in some cases borrowed from the stage. They have also been adopted from foreign countries; and among the French they have often been deliberately invented by dancing masters of a creative turn of mind. No form of drawing-room dance seems however to have enjoyed a long life; each new century, each new period within a century having dances of its own. In a ball-room programme of twenty or thirty years ago the list of dances would have included quadrilles, polkas, waltzes with perhaps a final galop; while sixty or seventy years ago, at the time of the great peace, when the allied sovereigns were visiting London and Almacks was in its glory, the favourite dance (the waltz, already introduced, having been found difficult to acclimatize) was certainly the quadrille. Even fifty years ago the dancing of quadrilles was considered an art and mystery well worth acquiring; and Mr. N. P. Willis, in his *Pencillings by the Way*, published about this time, discourses learnedly as to the proper execution of this and that figure, and boasts that certain methods of advancing and retiring invented at Paris had reached New York and been adopted there before being introduced into London. The quadrille did indeed for many years enjoy a full and vigorous life. Its history is a strange one: for though it has always been regarded in England as a characteristically French dance it is nevertheless of English origin. The quadrille or contre-danse was borrowed from the English country dance; a fact accepted, together with the etymology of the name, by all French writers on the subject. The French dancing-masters of the time of the Regency varied, however, the English figures with new combinations of their own; and the brilliant idea occurred to one of them of placing the couples, not in long double lines, but in compact squares. One dancing-master immortalised himself by devising the figure to which the name of *Trenise* was given. His own name was Trenitz; and for a time the new figure shed upon him the same sort of lustre with which the late Count Nesselrode shone as the originator of whist without trumps and iced plum pudding.

How the first figure of a quadrille came to be known as *pantalon*, the second as *l'été*, the third as *la poule*, and the new fourth, by which *la trenise* was one day to be replaced as *la pastorale*, or *pastourelle*, it might be hard to say. The names may in some cases have been borrowed from English country dances; or they may have been due solely to the imagination of the Parisian dancing-masters. The connection of the new fourth figure with pastoral pursuits, of the third with a hen, of the second with summer, or of the first with either Pantaloon or pantaloons is by no means clear. The last figure was always known simply as *la finale*. It is danced, however, with many variations, and in ancient days it was not every one who knew which of the variations was at a particular moment in fashion.

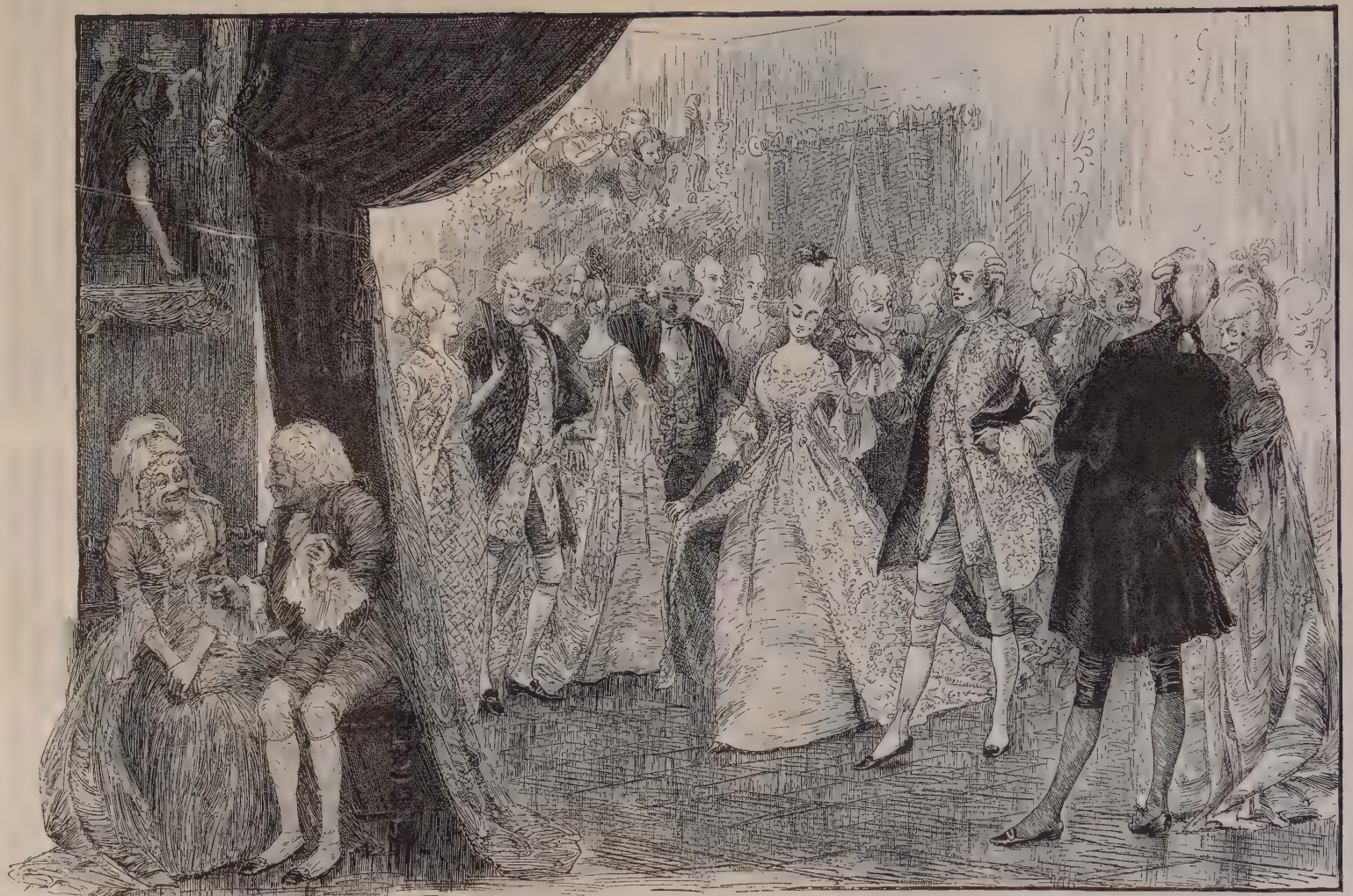
For a considerable period quadrilles seem to have been danced to one recognised set of tunes, which may possibly however at long intervals have been changed. Composers of eminence did not disdain to write quadrille music; and Herz, to whom society is indebted for the terrible drawing-room piece known as the "air with variations" (happily no longer in fashion) produced some fifty or sixty years ago a set of quadrilles which for a long time afterwards were known emphatically and exclusively as the "first set." Some years later it occurred to Musard, after he had composed a certain number of original quadrilles, that it would be convenient to borrow the melodies of future quadrilles from the operas in vogue; and from the days of Musard until now the directors of dance orchestras and the composers of dance music generally have not scrupled to lay hands on no matter what music which, by quickening or slackening the time, sometimes even by elongating or shortening the phrase, and by changing the

THE DANCERS.
From a picture by WATTEAU.

tempo, they could convert into suitable quadrille tunes.

It would be interesting to know who fixed the music of each particular figure. But it is an invariable rule that the music of the first figure must be in six-eight time, that of the second in two-four time, that of the third in six-eight time, that of the fourth in two-four or sometimes by exception, six-eight time, and that of the finale in two-four time played more quickly than the music of the second figure—accelerated indeed to the *tempo* of the galop. Several French composers have written original quadrilles of considerable merit. But for many years past it has not been considered worth while to invent new melodies when so many available ones were to be found in the operas of the day.

Polkas and waltzes are often like quadrille tunes, dug out of their places in the last popular opera, and presented separately or in a *suite* under the name of the work from which they are borrowed. There is no particular objection to this process when the melody has been originally written in waltz or in polka form. But unfortunately any melody which happens to be in triple, or in quadruple time is thought fit material for conversion into a waltz or a polka. There is a waltz for instance on motives from the *Lucia*, in which the duet for Edgardo and Lucia at the end of the first act, and even the air of Lucia's mad scene, are employed as suitable themes for dancing purposes. The melody of the prayer in *Mosé in Egitto* has with still less excuse been used for the middle part of the last figure of a quadrille. There are probably dancers who do not object to being reminded in this strange manner of the favourite operas of the day. It must in fairness, moreover, be remembered that there are some operas which lend themselves readily enough to this mode of treatment: *Martha* for instance, that "polka in four acts" as some one has called it. Some operatic composers have expressed great indignation at the use made by dance arrangers of their more or less dramatic melodies. But Mozart could afford to smile at such treatment; and when, in the music gardens of Vienna, he heard fragments from his operas presented in the form of



THE MINUET.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper, *from a drawing by* Hugh Thomson.

dances, he was amused, if not absolutely delighted.

The polka, introduced some forty years ago, was represented at the time as the invention of a Bohemian nobleman who had seen better days. If this impoverished magnate had taken out a patent for his dance, he might have made an immense fortune by it. As it was, it must have put much money into the pockets of dancing masters; for when the polka was suddenly introduced, every one had to learn it. It seemed novel both in rhythm and in step, though as a matter of fact the rhythm was precisely that of the Polish national dance, known as the Krakoviak, or in French Cracovienne, the traditional dance of the peasants about the neighbourhood of Cracow, fitted with an appropriate tune, which is popular throughout Poland, but especially in the vicinity of its place of origin. The polka, however, was not destined to enjoy the long-continued favour of the waltz, which has virtually

SOME PEOPLE WHO DON'T DANCE.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

banished from London ball-rooms all other dances.

There are many ancient dances, forgotten as such, which are still familiar to us by their music, and which may still be seen on the operatic stage. The eighteenth century minuet, for instance, is danced in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and used at one time (contrary, it need scarcely be said to the intentions of the composer) to be followed by the more modern gavotte. The lively dance, in the opening scene of *Rigoletto* belongs not to the period of Verdi but to that in which the action of the piece is supposed to take place. The rigodon, again, is known to us not by the dance itself, but by the music proper to it. Most pianists of the present day have for instance heard, even if they have not themselves played, the rigodon of Raff. This dance, is said to have been invented by a dancing master named "Rigaud." Its original name was "Rigaudon."

The mazurka has never made its way in England, probably because it is of too demonstrative a character to suit our demure tastes. Another of the three great Polish national dances, the polska or polonaise, is scarcely a dance at all, but rather a formal promenade to music of a particular character in three-four time, generally with a strong accent on the second beat in the bar. The krakoviak is, as already suggested, a possible parent of the polka; of the polka, that is to say, as it used to be danced on the stage with hops and kicks—the parent of the polka with the conventional slide of the ball-room.

Very few composers have distinguished themselves in the polka form, which compared with the waltz form, is almost vulgar. Those who remember Madame Bosio's singing of the vocal polka from Alary's *Tre Nozze* will, perhaps, not think so. But the grace of that charming vocalist would have refined anything; and against dozens of beautiful waltzes that can be remembered by every one, how many tolerable polkas can be placed?

The galop is hardly known to the present generation. As for its music, all that need be said of it is that at least one spirited and

A DANCING LESSON.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

tuneful example of the form exists in Auber's *Invitation to the Ball* presented in *Gustavus III.*, first as a song for the page—the original of Oscar in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*—and afterwards, with quickened time, as a dance for the entire assembly. For many years Auber's *Invitation to the Ball* was the only galop recognised; and Auber's music, which first made this dance popular, lasted almost as long as the dance itself.

The waltz, generally supposed to be of German origin, is claimed as an ancient national dance by the French. According to this view, it was re-introduced into France about the time of the Revolution, and was soon adopted by all classes of society. In Germany, however, the waltz seems to be a traditional dance; and the peasants in all parts of Germany may be seen waltzing at their village festivals. Alfred de Musset recognises the thoroughly German character of the waltz when he writes:

"Je voudrais au moins qu'une duchesse en France
Sût valser aussi bien qu'un bouvier allemand."

In France waltzing is an acquired art, and those alone waltz who have been systematically taught. A dance closely resembling the waltz, if not the waltz itself, was danced in Provence at least seven hundred years ago. It was called the *volta*, and from Provence made its way to Paris, where, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was much in vogue at the court. From France, according to the French view of the matter, the *volta* passed to Germany, where the name was corrupted into *walzer*. As the verb *walzen* means simply "to turn," "to revolve," etymology seems to countenance the German origin of this very German dance. It was not until some years after its alleged *re*-introduction into France that the waltz reached England, where its adoption provoked severe criticism on the part of Byron and other moralists. Byron's poem on the waltz represented no doubt the prejudices of a large portion of society; and for many years afterwards the waltz was looked upon in many circles with grave suspicion. Young

ladies were frequently to be met with who, dancing other dances, declined to waltz; and the feeling on the subject entertained by a good number of men was no doubt accurately expressed in certain lines cited in the correspondence of Miss Mitford.

"I am happy," wrote Sir W. Elford to Miss Mitford, December, 1813, "that you think with me about waltzing. Have you seen Sir H. Englefield's verses? They appear to me perfect, as touching forcibly the proper points. They are supposed to be indignantly addressed to the man who is found waltzing with the poet's mistress:"—

"What! the girl I adore by another embraced!
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste?
What! pressed in the dance by another man's knee?
What! panting recline on another than me!
Sir, she is yours; you have pressed from the grape its fine blue,
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew;
What you've touched you may take, pretty waltzer—adieu!"

"I wish all good people," adds Sir W. Elford, "would lift up their voices against the introduction of this dance. I am sure it will never be generally tolerated in this country, unless the moral feeling of the community has undergone a change, which I trust is not yet the case."

A LADY DANCING.
From a picture by WATTEAU.

It does not seem to have occurred to any modern French writer that waltzing could be considered improper; but the *volta* or *volte*, which, to judge by descriptions, possessed the main features of the waltz, was often condemned in the primitive days to which it belonged. A writer of the sixteenth century, Thoinot Arbeau by name, in a book entitled *Orchéographie*, written with the view of enabling all persons "to learn and practise the honest exercise of dancing," speaks very

slightingly of the *volte*, and points out that the giddiness likely to be caused by it is not of a physical nature alone.

But questions of propriety and impropriety are often mere questions of custom; and the dance which scandalised the mothers and even the daughters of George IV.'s time is accepted without hesitation in the reign of Victoria. Not to waltz in the present day would be simply not to dance. At many balls waltzes are danced throughout the evening, as at many dinners nothing but champagne is drunk. As dancing masters must live, new waltz steps are from time to time invented; and these serve the good purpose of excluding dancers who do not keep pace with the movement of their time. When a man finds that a particular step he had learned in his youth has passed out of fashion if not out of memory, he will scarcely be foolish enough to learn a new one. His dancing days are over; and the changed step has in a forcible manner reminded him of it. The German peasant waltzes now as he has waltzed for centuries past. He goes on turning, like the river in Horace *in omne volubilis ævum*, and nothing will tell him to stop but age and stiffness of limb.

That the waltz is the most charming dance ever invented is sufficiently proved by the quantity of beautiful music in waltz form written by modern composers, from Weber to Offenbach and from Beethoven to Brahms. Like the temperance fiddlers of Kriloff's fable, who were "good men but bad musicians," Beethoven's waltzes are good as music, but detestable as music for dancing. Not so the waltzes of Weber, the inventor or, at least, perfector of the form, whose irresistible *Invitation to the Waltz* still remains the most melodious and most rhythmical specimen of this fascinating class of music. The *Invitation to the Waltz* was not, it need scarcely be said, written as dance music; but a waltz that cannot be danced to deserves to be put in the same category as songs that cannot be sung; and Weber's typical, monumental waltz, at once the most classical and the most romantic example of the style seems, as introduced with Berlioz's orchestration in that master's version of *Der Freischütz*, to have been primarily written to suit the steps of the dancers. Beethoven's waltzes, with all their beauty—which, since they are the work of Beethoven, one is bound to admit—might have been written to accompany the steps of those elephants who, in the circus of Imperial Rome, were trained to walk on the tight rope.

Modern waltz music comes almost exclusively from Vienna. Chopin, indeed, is the only composer not of Viennese origin who has written perfect waltzes. Some of the Viennese waltz-makers were not, it is true, born at Vienna. Gung'l, for instance, was a Hungarian. But the composer is sometimes formed by his audience, and at Vienna a beautiful waltz is more readily appreciated than elsewhere. Lanner, Labitzky and the Strausses all belonged by birth or by adoption to Vienna. For the last sixty years all Europe has danced to the music of waltzes by some member of the Strauss family; by Johann Strauss the elder, or Johann Strauss the younger, or by one of the brothers of this younger Johann. Among other groundless accusations brought against the English by Heine (who however became reconciled to us before he died) is that of being unable to waltz in time even to the music of Strauss. It was on the authority of Johann the elder that Heine made this charge, which in the present day will be received with incredulity. That the Strausses possessed, and that the younger members of the family still possess, a special aptitude for waltz composition amounting almost to genius, can scarcely be denied; and negative proof of this is given by the comparative failure of far greater composers, such as Donizetti and Verdi who have both written formal waltzes; the former in the third act of *Don Pasquale*, the latter in the first act of *La Traviata*. Of late years many composers have written waltz melodies for the voice. Venzano is believed to have originated this style, which has been continued with striking success by Arditi. Gounod, in his *Romeo and Juliet*, has written for the heroine a very charming waltz, to which pedantic objection has been made on the untenable ground that the waltz form was not known in the days of the Montagues and the Capulets. The earliest specimen of the waltz for the voice occurs, so far as I know, in Glinka's second and last opera, *Ruslan e Ludmla*, produced in 1842.

The cotillon has no special dance rhythm inseparably connected with it; and though it is usually danced in waltz step, it is sometimes executed successively to the music of the waltz, the polka, and the mazurka. In Russia and Poland it is often danced in mazurka step alone. The leader of the cotillon may please himself in these matters. But if in England he ordered the musicians to play a mazurka and began with his partner to dance it, he would probably have but few followers. The cotillon is looked upon among the French as a dance in which every one may take part without limit of age, much

indeed as Sir Roger de Coverley is regarded in England. Many of the most distinguished cotillon leaders have been by no means young men, and an authority on this subject declares that ladies who can dance at all may dance the cotillon until the age of forty-five. This view would not be accepted in England, where the cotillon is generally danced by those who have still a passion for dancing; very young persons, that is to say. A Pole will dance the mazurka, which to him is more or less a war-dance, to any age. But the Poles have almost a mania for dancing, and at a ball in a Polish country-house, the dancing only finishes to begin again. Thus when dawn seems to have brought the festivities to an end, the hosts, or in their temporary absence the guests, will darken the room, and, prolonging the night well into the day, go on dancing for several hours more.

The cotillon is well suited to determined dancers, as it can be continued for an unlimited time. The figures must of course be frequently varied and partners frequently changed. The handkerchief figure, the cushion figure, and above all, the looking-glass figure, occur in almost every cotillon. The handkerchief is thrown in the Oriental manner, and with some little of the Oriental significance. The cushion is placed on the ground for the dancer to kneel upon until some other dancer comes to relieve him or her from the more or less humiliating position. The looking-glass, held by a lady, serves to reflect the features of the dancers who one by one pass behind her; and she makes a gesture of wiping out the image of those who do not please her until at last a face more acceptable than the others presents itself, when the owner thereof becomes the lady's partner. In Hungary I have seen a skipping-rope figure introduced with good effect. But it involved leaping as well as dancing, and made great demands on the agility of the performers.

One way and another the cotillon offers great opportunities for the manifestation of preferences, the excitation of jealousies, and the practice of all the arts which are so intimately connected with the sometimes savage pleasures of the ball-room.

H. Sutherland Edwards.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH CORNWALL.

DAY THE TENTH.

I CANNOT advise Marazion as a bathing place. What a down-come from the picturesque vision of last night, to a small ugly fishy-smelling beach, which seemed to form a part of the town and its business, and was overlooked from everywhere! Yet on it two or three family groups were evidently preparing for a dip, or rather a wade of about a quarter of a mile in exceedingly dirty sea water.

"This will never do," we said to our old Norwegian. "You must row us to some quiet cove along the shore, and away from the town."

He nodded his head, solemn and mute as the dumb boatman of dead Elaine, rowed us out seaward for about half-a-mile, and then proceeded to fasten the boat to a big stone, and walk ashore. The water still did not come much above his knees—he seemed quite indifferent to it. But we?

Well, we could but do at Rome as the Romans do. Toilette in an open boat was evidently the custom of the country. And the sun was warm, the sea safe and shallow. Indeed, so rapidly did it subside, that by the time the bath was done, we were aground, and had to call at the top of our voices to our old man, who sat, with his back to us, dim in the distance, on another big stone, calmly smoking the pipe of peace.

"We'll not try this again," was the unanimous resolve, as, after politely declining a suggestion that "the ladies should walk ashore—" did he think we were amphibious?—we got ourselves floated off at last, and rowed to the nearest landing point, the entrance to St. Michael's Mount.

Probably nowhere in England is found the like of this place. Such a curious mingling of a mediæval fortress and modern residence; of antiquarian treasures and every day business; for at the foot of the rock is a fishing village of about thirty cottages, which carries on a thriving trade; and here also is a sort of station for the tiny underground-railway, which, worked by a continuous chain, fulfils the very necessary purpose (failing Giant Cormoran and wife) of carrying up coals, provisions, luggage, and all other domestic necessaries to the hill top.

Thither we climbed by a good many weary steps, and thought, delightful as it may be to dwell on the top of a rock in the midst of the sea, like eagles in an eyrie, there are certain advantages in living on a level country road, or even in a town street. How in the world do the St. Aubyns manage when they go out to dinner? Two years afterwards, when I read in the paper that one of the daughters of the house, leaning over the battlements, had lost her balance and fallen down, mercifully unhurt, to the rocky slope below—the very spot where we to-day sat so quietly gazing out on the lovely sea view—I felt with a shudder that on the whole, it would be a trying thing to bring up a young family on St. Michael's Mount.

Still, generation after generation of honourable St. Aubyns have brought up their families there, and oh! what a beautiful spot it is! How fresh, and yet mild blew the soft sea-wind outside of it, and inside, what endless treasures there were for the archæological mind. The chapel alone was worth a morning's study, even though shown—odd anachronism—by a footman in livery, who pointed out with great gusto the entrance

to a vault discovered during the last repairs, where was found the skeleton of a large man —his bones only—no clue whatever as to who he was, or when imprisoned there. The "Jeames" of modern days told us this tale with a noble indifference. Nothing of the kind was likely to happen to him.

Further still we were fortunate enough to penetrate, and saw the Chevy Chase Hall, with its cornice of hunting scenes, the drawing-room, the schoolroom—only fancy learning lessons there, amidst the veritable evidence of the history one was studying! And perhaps the prettiest bit of it all was our young guide, herself a St. Aubyn, with her simple grace and sweet courtesy, worthy of one of the fair ladies worshipped by King Arthur's knights.

We did not like encroaching on her kindness, though we could have stayed all day, admiring the curious things she showed us. So we descended the rock, and crossed the causeway, now dry, but very rough walking —certainly St. Michael's Mount has its difficulties as a modern dwelling-house—and went back to our inn. For, having given our horse a forenoon's rest, we planned a visit to that spot immortalised by nursery rhyme—

> "As I was going to St. Ives
> I met a man with seven wives.
> Each wife had seven sacks ;
> Each sack had seven cats ;
> Each cat had seven kits ;
> Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,—
> How many were there going to St. Ives?"

—One ; and after we had been there, we felt sure he never went again!

There were two roads, we learnt, to that immortal town ; one very good, but dull ; the other bad—and beautiful. We chose the latter, and never repented.

Nor, in passing through Penzance, did we repent not having taken up our quarters there. It was pretty, but so terribly "genteel," so extremely civilised. Glancing up at the grand hotel, we thought with pleasure of our old-fashioned inn at Marazion, where the benign waiter took quite a fatherly interest in our proceedings, even to giving us for dinner our very own blackberries, gathered yesterday on the road, and politely hindering another guest from helping himself to half a dishful, as "they belonged to the young ladies." Truly, there are better things in life than fashionable hotels.

But the neighbourhood of Penzance is lovely. Shrubs and flowers such as one sees on the shores of the Mediterranean grew and flourished in cottage-gardens, and the forest trees we drove under, whole avenues of them, were very fine ; gentlemen's seats appeared here and there, surrounded with the richest vegetation, and commanding lovely views. As the road gradually mounted upwards, we saw, clear as in a panorama, the whole coast from the Lizard Point to the Land's End, which we should behold to-morrow.

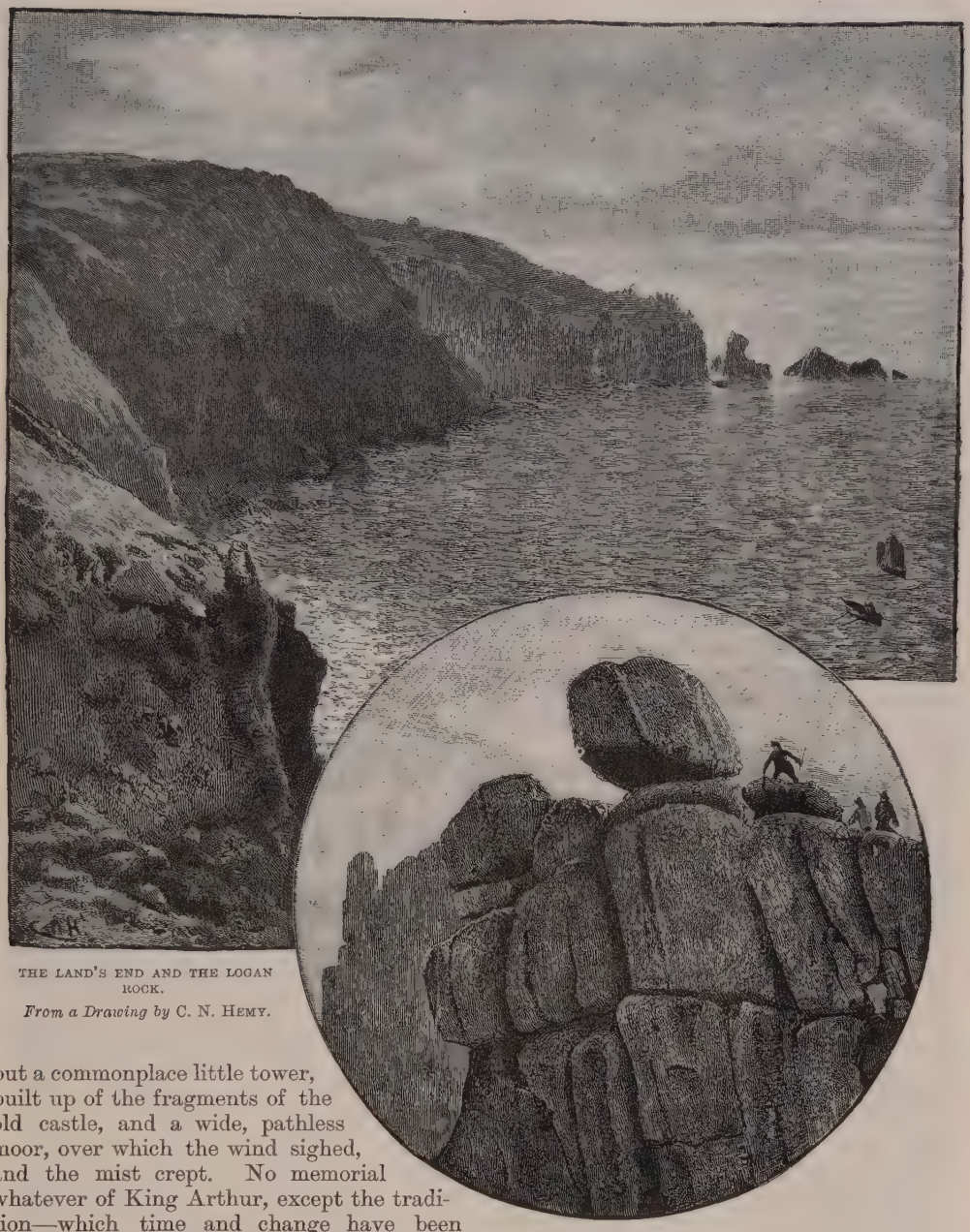
For, hearing that every week-day about a hundred tourists in carriages, carts, and omnibuses, usually flocked thither, we decided that the desire of our lives, the goal of our pilgrimage, should be visited by us on a Sunday. We thought that to drive us thither in solitary Sabbatic peace would be fully as good for Charles's mind and morals as to hang all day idle about Marazion ; and he seemed to think so himself. Therefore, in prospect of to-morrow, he dealt very tenderly with his horse to-day, and turned us out to walk up the heaviest hills, of which there were several, between Penzance and Castle-an-Dinas.

"There it is," he said at last, stopping in the midst of a wide moor, and pointing to a small building like a ruined house, or a fancy castle, sharp against the sky. "The carriage can't get further, but you can go on, ladies, and I'll stop and gather you some blackberries."

For brambles, gorse bushes, and clumps of fading heather, with one or two small stunted trees, were now the only curiosities of this, King Arthur's famed hunting castle, and hunting ground, which spread before us for miles and miles. Passing a small farm-house, we made our way to the building Charles pointed out, standing on the highest ridge of the promontory, whose furthest point is the Land's End. Standing there, we could see—or could have seen but that the afternoon had turned grey and slightly misty—the ocean on both sides. Inland, the view seemed endless. Roughtor and Brown Willy, two Dartmoor hills, are said to be visible sometimes. Nearer, little white dots of houses show the mining districts of Redruth and Camborne.

But here, all was desolate solitude. A single wayfarer, looking like a working man in his Sunday best going to visit friends, but evidently tired, as if he had walked for miles, just glanced at us, and passed on. We stood, all alone, on the very spot where many a time must have stood King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, Sir Launcelot, and the other knights—or the real human beings, whether barbarian or not, who formed the originals of those mythical personages.

All had vanished now. Nothing was left



THE LAND'S END AND THE LOGAN ROCK.

From a Drawing by C. N. HEMY.

but a commonplace little tower, built up of the fragments of the old castle, and a wide, pathless moor, over which the wind sighed, and the mist crept. No memorial whatever of King Arthur, except the tradition—which time and change have been powerless to annihilate—that such a man once existed. The long vitality which the legend keeps proves that he must have been a remarkable man in his day. Romance itself cannot exist without a foundation in reality.

So I preached to the incredulous juniors, who threw overboard King Arthur and took to blackberry-gathering; and to conversation with a most comely Cornishwoman, milking the prettiest of Cornish cows in the lonely farm-yard, which was the only sign of humanity for miles and miles. We admired herself and her cattle; we drank her milk, offering for it the usual payment. But the picturesque milkmaid shook her head and demanded just double what even the dearest of London milk-sellers would have asked for the quantity. Which sum we paid in silence, and I only record the fact here in order to state that spite of our foreboding railway friend at Falmouth, this was the only instance in which we were ever "taken in," or in

the smallest degree imposed upon, in Cornwall.

Another hour, slowly driving down the gradual slope of the country, through a mining district much more cheerful than that beyond Marazion. The mines were all apparently in full work, and the mining villages were pretty, tidy, and cosy-looking, even picturesque. Approaching St. Ives the houses had quite a foreign look, but when we descended to the town, its dark, narrow streets, pervaded by a "most ancient and fish-like smell," were anything but attractive.

As was our hotel, where, as a matter of duty, we ordered tea, but doubted if we should enjoy it, and went out again to see what little there seemed to be seen, puzzling our way through the gloomy and not too fragrant streets, till at last in despair we stopped a bland, elderly, methodist-minister-looking gentleman, and asked him the way to the sea.

He eyed us over. "You're strangers here, ma'am?"

I owned the humbling fact, as the inhabitant of St. Ives must doubtless consider it.

"And is it the pilchard fishery you want to see? It is just beginning. A few pilchards have been seen already. There are the boats, the fishermen are all getting ready. It's a fine sight to see them start. Would you like to come and look at them?"

He had turned back and was walking with us down the street, pointing out everything that occurred to him as noticeable, in the kindest and civilest way. When we apologised for troubling him, and would have parted company, our friend made no attempt to go.

"Oh, I've nothing at all to do, except"—he took out the biggest and most respectable of watches—"except to attend a prayer-meeting at half-past six. I should have time to show you the town; we think it is a very nice little town. I ought to know it; I've lived in it, boy and man, for thirty-seven years. But now I have left my business to my sons, and I just go about and amuse myself, looking into the shop now and then just for curiosity. You must have seen my old shop, ladies, if you came down that street."

Which he named, and also gave us his own name, which we had seen over the shop-door, but I shall not record either. Not that I think the honest man is ever likely to read such "light" literature as this, or to recall the three wanderers to whom he was so civil and kind, and upon whom he poured out an amount of local and personal facts, which we listened to—as a student of human nature is prone to do—with an amused interest in which the comic verged on the pathetic. How large to each man seems his own little world, and what child-like faith he has in its importance to other people! I shall always recall our friend at St. Ives, with his prayer-meetings, his chapel-goings—I concluded he was a Methodist, a sect very numerous in Cornwall—his delight in his successful shop and well-brought-up sons, who managed it so well, leaving him to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*—no doubt a municipal dignity, for he showed us the Town Hall with great gusto. Evidently to his honest, simple soul, St. Ives was the heart of the world.

By and by again he pulled out the turnip-like watch. "Just ten minutes to get to my prayer-meeting, and I never like to be late, I have been a punctual man all my life, ma'am," added he, half apologetically, till I suggested that this was probably the cause of his peace and success. Upon which he smiled, lifted his hat with a benign adieu, hoped we had liked St. Ives—we had liked his company at any rate—and with a final pointing across the street, "There's my shop, ladies, if you would care to look at it," trotted away to his prayer-meeting.

I believe the neighbourhood of St. Ives, especially Tregenna, its ancient mansion transformed into an hotel, is exceedingly pretty, but night was falling fast, and we saw nothing. Speedily we despatched a most untempting meal, and hurried Charles's departure, lest we should be benighted, as we nearly were, during the long miles of straight and unlovely road—the good road—between here and Penzance. We had done our duty, we had seen the place, but as, in leaving it behind us, we laughingly repeated the nursery rhyme, we came to the conclusion that the man who was "*going* to St. Ives" was the least fortunate of all those notable individuals.

DAY THE ELEVENTH.

The last thing before retiring, we had glanced out on a gloomy sea, a starless sky, pitch darkness, broken only by those moving lights on St. Michael's Mount, and thought anxiously of the morrow. It would be hard, if after journeying thus far, and looking forward to it so many years, the day on which we went to the Land's End should turn out a wet day! Still "hope on, hope ever," as we used to write in our copy-books. Some of

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Engraved by E. SCHLADITZ, *from a drawing by* C. N. HEMY.

us, I think, still go on writing it in empty air, and will do so till the hand is dust.

It was with a feeling almost of solemnity that we woke and looked out on the dawn, grey and misty, but still not wet. To be just on the point of gaining the wish of a life-time, however small, is a fact rare enough to have a certain pathos in it. We slept again, and trusted for the best, which by breakfast-time really came, in flickering sun-gleams, and bits of hopeful blue sky.

Glad as we were to have for our expedition this quiet Sunday instead of a tumultuous week-day, conscience smote us in driving through Penzance, with the church-bells ringing, and the people streaming along to morning service, all in their Sunday best. Perhaps we might manage to go to afternoon church at Sennen, or St. Sennen's, which we knew by report, as the long-deceased father of a family we were acquainted with, had been curate there early in the century, and we had promised faithfully "just to go and look at the old place."

But one can keep Sunday sometimes even outside church-doors. I shall never forget the Sabbatic peace of that day; those lonely and lovely roads, first rich with the big trees and plentiful vegetation about Penzance, then gradually growing barer and barer as we drove along the high promontory which forms the extreme point westward of our island. The way along which so many tourist-laden vehicles pass daily was now all solitary; we scarcely saw a soul, except perhaps a labourer leaning over a gate in his decent Sunday clothes, or two or three children trotting to school or church, with their books under their arms.

We passed St. Buryan's—a curious old church founded on the place where an Irish-woman, Saint Buriana, is said to have made her hermitage. There was nothing special to see, except to drink in the general atmosphere of peace and sunshine and solitude, till we came to Treryn, the nearest point to the celebrated Logan or rocking-stone.

From childhood we had read about it; the most remarkable specimen in England of those very remarkable stones, whether natural or artificial, who can decide?

> "Which the touch of a finger alone sets moving,
> But all earth's powers cannot shake from their base."

Not quite true, this; since in 1824 a rash and foolish Lieutenant Goldsmith (let his name be gibbeted for ever!) did come with a boat's crew, and by main force remove the Logan a few inches from the point on which it rests. Indignant justice very properly compelled him, at great labour and pains, to put it back again, but it has never rocked properly since.

By Charles's advice we took a guide, a solemn-looking youth, who stalked silently ahead of us along the "hedges." Soon the gleaming circle of sea again flashed upon us, from behind a labyrinth of rocks, whence we met a couple of tourists returning.

"You'll find it a pretty stiff climb to the Logan, ladies," said one of them in answer to a question.

And so we should have done, indeed, had not our guide's hand been much readier than his tongue, I, at least, should never have got even so far as that little rock-nest where I located myself—a somewhat anxious-minded old hen—and watched my chickens climb triumphantly that enormous mass of stone.

"Now, watch it rock!" they shouted across the dead stillness, the lovely solitude of sky and sea. And I suppose it did rock, but must honestly confess *I* could not see it stir a single inch.

However it was a big stone, a very big stone, and the stones around it were equally huge and most picturesquely thrown together. Also—delightful to my young folks!—they furnished the most adventurous scramble that heart could desire.

The cliff-walk between the Logan and the Land's End is said to be one of the finest in England for coast scenery. Treryn or Treen Dinas, Pardeneck Point, and Tol Pedn Penwith had been named as places we ought to see, but this was impracticable. We had to content ourselves with a dull inland road, across a country gradually getting more barren and ugly, till we found ourselves suddenly at what seemed the back-yard of a village public-house, where two or three lounging stable-men came forward to the carriage, and Charles jumped down from his box.

"You can get out now, ladies. This is the Land's End."

"O!"

I forbear to translate the worlds of meaning that were involved in that brief exclamation.

"Let us go in and get something. Perhaps we shall admire the place more when we have ceased to be hungry."

The words of wisdom were listened to; and we spent our first quarter of an hour at the Land's End in attacking a skeleton "remain" of not too daintily-cooked beef, and a cavernous cheese, in a tiny back parlour of the—let me give it its right name—First and Last Inn, of Great Britain.

SENNEN COVE—WAITING FOR THE BOATS.

Engraved by E. Gascoine, *from a Drawing by* C. N. Hemy.

"We never provide for Sunday," said the waitress, responding to a sympathetic question on the difficulty it must be to get food here. "It's very seldom any tourists come on a Sunday."

At which we felt altogether humbled; but in a few minutes more, our contrition passed into sovereign content.

We went out of doors, upon the narrow green plateau in front of the house, and then we recognised where we were—standing at the extreme end of a peninsula, with a long line of rocks running out still further into the sea. That "great and wide sea, wherein are moving things innumerable," the mysterious sea "kept in the hollow of His hand," who is Infinity, and looking at which, in the intense solitude and silence, one seems dimly to guess at what Infinity may be.

At first, our thought had been, What in the world shall we do here for two mortal hours! Now, we wished we had had two whole days. A sunset, a sunrise, a star-lit night, what would they not have been in this grand lonely place.

But this bliss could not be; so we proceeded to make the best of what we had. The bright day was darkening, and a soft greyness began to creep over land and sea. No, not soft, that is the very last adjective applicable to the Land's End. Even on that calm day there was a fresh wind—there must be always wind—and the air felt sharper and more salt than any sea-air I ever knew. Stimulating too, so that one's nerves were strung to the highest pitch of excitement. We felt able to do anything, without fear and without fatigue. So that when a guide came forward—a regular man-of-war's-man he looked—we at once resolved to adventure along the line of rocks, seaward, "out as far as anybody was accustomed to go."

"Ay, ay; I'll take you, ladies. That is—the young ladies might go—but you—" eying me over with his keen sailor's glance, full of honesty and good humour, "you're pretty well on in years, ma'am."

Laughing, I told him how far on, but that I was able to do a good deal yet. He laughed too.

"Oh, I've taken ladies much older than you. One the other day was nearly seventy. So we'll do our best, ma'am. Come along."

He offered a rugged, brown hand, as firm and steady as a mast, to hold by, and nothing could exceed the care and kindliness with which he guided every step of every one of us, along that perilous path.

"Take care, young ladies. If you make one false step, you are done for," said our guide, composedly, as he pointed to the boiling whirl of waters below.

Still, though a narrow and giddy path, there was a path, and the exploit, though a a little risky, was not foolhardy. We should have been bitterly sorry not to have done it—not to have stood for one grand ten minutes, where in all our lives we may never stand again, at the farthest point where footing is possible, gazing out upon that magnificent circle of sea which sweeps over the submerged "land of Lyonesse," far, far away, into the wide Atlantic.

There were just two people standing with us, clergymen evidently, and one, the guide told us, was "the parson at St. Sennen." We spoke to him, as people do speak, instinctively, when mutually watching such a scene, and by and by we mentioned the name of the long-dead curate of St. Sennen's.

The "parson" caught instantly at the name.

"Mr. ——? Oh, yes, my father knew him quite well. He used constantly to walk across from Sennen to our house, and take us children long rambles across the cliffs, with a volume of Southey or Wordsworth under his arm. He was a fine young fellow in those days, I have heard, and an excellent clergyman. And he afterwards married a very nice girl from the north somewhere."

"Yes;" we smiled. The "nice girl" was now a sweet silver-haired little lady of nearly eighty; the "fine young fellow" had long since departed; and the boy was this grave middle-aged gentleman, who remembered both as a tradition of his youth. What a sermon it all preached, beside this eternal rock, this ever-moving, never-changing sea!

But time was passing—how fast it does pass, minutes, ay, and years! We bade adieu to our known unknown friend, and turned our feet backwards, cautiously as ever, stopping at intervals to listen to the gossip of our guide.

"Yes, ladies, that's the spot—you may see the hoof-mark—where General Armstrong's horse fell over; he just slipped off in time, but the poor beast was drowned. And here, over that rock, happened the most curious thing. I wouldn't have believed it myself, only I knew a man that saw it with his own eyes. Once a bullock fell off into the pool below there—just look, ladies." (We did look, into a perfect Maëlstrom of boiling waves.) "Everybody thought he was drowned, till he was seen swimming about, unhurt. They fished him up, and exhibited him as a curiosity."

And again, pointing to a rock far out in the sea.

HAULING IN THE BOATS.

Engraved by H. F. Davey, *from a Drawing by* C. N. Hemy.

"That's the Brisons. Thirty years ago a ship went to pieces there, and the captain and his wife managed to climb on to that rock. They held on there for two days and a night, before a boat could get at them. At last they were taken off one at a time, with rockets and a rope; the wife first. But the rope slipped and she fell into the water. She was pulled out in a minute or so, and rowed ashore, but they durst not tell her husband she was drowned. I was standing on the beach at Whitesand Bay when the boat came in.

"And the captain?"

"They went back for him, and got him off safe, telling him nothing. But when he found she was dead he went crazy-like—kept for ever saying, 'She saved my life, she saved my life,' till he was taken away by his friends. Look out, ma'am, mind your footing; just here a lady slipped and broke her leg a week ago. I had to carry her all the way to the hotel. I shouldn't like to carry you."

We all smiled at the comical candour of the honest sailor, who proceeded to give us bits of his autobiography. He was Cornish born, but had seen a deal of the world as an A.B. on board her Majesty's ship *Agamemnon*.

"Of course you have heard of the *Agamemnon*, ma'am. I was in her off Balaklava. You remember the Crimean war?"

Yes, I did. His eyes brightened as we discussed names and places, once so familiar, belonging to that time, which now seems so far back as to be almost historical.

"Then you know what a winter we had, and what a summer afterwards. I came home invalided, and didn't attempt the service afterwards; but I never thought I should come home at all. Yes, it's a fine place, the Land's End, though the air is so strong that it kills some folks right off. Once an invalid gentleman came, and he was dead in a fortnight. But I'm not dead yet, and I stop here mostly all the year round."

He sniffed the salt air and smiled all over his weather-beaten face—keen, bronzed, blue-eyed, like one of the old Vikings. He was a fine specimen of a true British tar. When, having seen all we could, we gave him his small honorarium, he accepted it gratefully, and insisted on our taking in return a memento of the place in the shape of a stone weighing about two pounds, glittering with ore, and doubtless valuable, but ponderous. Oh, the trouble it gave me to carry it home, and pack and unpack it among my small luggage! But I did bring it home, and I keep it still, in remembrance of the Land's End, and of the honest sailor of H.M.S. *Agamemnon*.

So all was over. We could dream of an unknown Land's End no more. It became now a real place, of which the reality, though different from the imagination, was at least no disappointment.

Our only regret, an endurable one now, was that we had not carried out our original plan of staying some days there—tourist-haunted, troubled days they might have been, but the evenings and mornings would have been glorious. With somewhat heavy hearts we summoned Charles and the carriage, for already a misty drift of rain began sweeping over the sea.

"Still, we must see Whitesand Bay," said one of us, recalling a story a friend had once told how, staying at Land's End, she crossed the bay alone in a blinding storm, took refuge at the coastguard station, where she was hospitably received, and piloted back with most chivalric care by a coastguard, who did not tell her till their journey's end that he had left at home a wife, and a baby just an hour old.

No such romantic adventure befell us. We only caught a glimmer of the bay through a drizzling rain, which by the time we reached Sennen village had become a regular downpour. Evidently, we could do no more that day, which was fast melting into night.

"We'll go home," was the sad resolve, glad nevertheless that we had a comfortable "home" to go to.

So closing the carriage and protecting ourselves as well as we could from the driving rain, we went forward, passing the Quakers' burial ground, where is said to be one of the finest views in Cornwall; the Nine Maidens, a circle of Druidical stones, and many other interesting things, without once looking at or thinking of them.

Half a mile from Marazion the rain ceased, and a light like that of the rising moon began to break through the clouds. What a night it might be, or might have been, could we have stayed at the Land's End!

That ghostly "might have been!" It is in great things as in small, the worry, the torment, the paralysing burthen of life. Away with it! We have done our best to be happy, and we have been happy. We have seen the Land's End.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHOR OF *BELTRAFFIO.*

IN TWO PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

MUCH as I wished to see him, I had kept my letter of introduction for three weeks in my pocket-book. I was nervous and timid about meeting him—conscious of youth and ignorance, convinced that he was tormented by strangers, and especially by my country-people, and not exempt from the suspicion that he had the irritability as well as the brilliancy of genius. Moreover, the pleasure, if it should occur (for I could scarcely believe it was close to my grasp), would be so great that I wished to think of it in advance, to feel that it was in my pocket, not to mix it with satisfactions more superficial and usual. In the little game of new sensations that I was playing with my ingenuous mind, I wished to keep my visit to the author of *Beltraffio* as a trump-card. It was three years after the publication of that fascinating work, which I had read over five times, and which now, with my riper judgment, I admire on the whole as much as ever. This will give you about the date of my first visit (of any duration) to England; for you will not have forgotten the commotion—I may even say the scandal—produced by Mark Ambient's masterpiece. It was the most complete presentation that had yet been made of the gospel of art; it was a kind of æsthetic war-cry. People had endeavoured to sail nearer to "truth" in the cut of their sleeves and the shape of their sideboards; but there had not as yet been, among English novels, such an example of beauty of execution and reality of matter. Nothing had been done in that line from the point of view of art for art. This was my own point of view, I may mention, when I was twenty-five; whether it is altered now I won't take upon myself to say—especially as the discerning reader will be able to judge for himself. I had been in England a twelvemonth before the time to which I began by alluding, and had learned then that Mr. Ambient was in distant lands—was making a considerable tour in the East. So there was nothing to do but to keep my letter till I should be in London again. It was of little use to me to hear that his wife had not left England and, with her little boy, their only child, was spending the period of her husband's absence—a good many months—at a small place they had down in Surrey. They had a house in London which was let. All this I learned, and also that Mrs. Ambient was charming (my friend the American poet, from whom I had my introduction, had never seen her, his relations with the great man being only epistolary); but she was not, after all, though she had lived so near the rose, the author of *Beltraffio*, and I did not go down into Surrey to call on her. I went to the Continent, spent the following winter in Italy, and returned to London in May. My visit to Italy opened my eyes to a good many things, but to nothing more than the beauty of certain pages in the works of Mark Ambient. I had every one of his productions in my portmanteau—they are not, as you know, very numerous, but he had preluded to *Beltraffio* by some exquisite things—and I used to read them over in the evening at the inn. I used to say to myself that the man who drew those characters and wrote that style understood what he saw and knew what he was doing. This is my only reason for mentioning my winter in Italy. He had been there much in former years, and he was saturated with what painters call the "feeling" of that classic land. He expressed the charm of the old hill-cities of

Tuscany, the look of certain lonely grass-grown places which, in the past, had echoed with life; he understood the great artists, he understood the spirit of the Renaissance, he understood everything. The scene of one of his earlier novels was laid in Rome, the scene of another in Florence, and I moved through these cities in company with the figures whom Mark Ambient had set so vividly upon their feet. This is why I was now so much happier even than before in the prospect of making his acquaintance.

At last, when I had dallied with this privilege long enough, I despatched to him the missive of the American poet. He had already gone out of town; he shrank from the rigour of the London season, and it was his habit to migrate on the first of June. Moreover, I had heard that this year he was hard at work on a new book, into which some of his impressions of the East were to be wrought, so that he desired nothing so much as quiet days. This knowledge, however, did not prevent me—*cet âge est sans pitié*—from sending with my friend's letter a note of my own, in which I asked Mr. Ambient's leave to come down and see him for an hour or two, on a day to be designated by himself. My proposal was accompanied with a very frank expression of my sentiments, and the effect of the whole projectile was to elicit from the great man the kindest possible invitation. He would be delighted to see me, especially if I should turn up on the following Saturday, and would remain till the Monday morning. We would take a walk over the Surrey commons, and I could tell him all about the other great man, the one in America. He indicated to me the best train, and it may be imagined whether on the Saturday afternoon I was punctual at Waterloo. He carried his benevolence to the point of coming to meet me at the little station at which I was to alight, and my heart beat very fast as I saw his handsome face, surmounted with a soft wide-awake, and which I knew by a photograph long since enshrined upon my mantel-shelf, scanning the carriage windows as the train rolled up. He recognised me as infallibly as I had recognised him; he appeared to know by instinct how a young American of an æsthetic turn would look when much divided between eagerness and modesty. He took me by the hand, and smiled at me, and said: "You must be—a—*you*, I think!" and asked if I should mind going on foot to his house, which would take but a few minutes. I remember thinking it a piece of extraordinary affability that he should give directions about the conveyance of my bag, and feeling altogether very happy and rosy, in fact quite transported, when he laid his hand on my shoulder as we came out of the station. I surveyed him, askance, as we walked together; I had already—I had indeed instantly—seen that he was a delightful creature. His face is so well known that I needn't describe it; he looked to me at once an English gentleman and a man of genius, and I thought that a happy combination. There was just a little of the Bohemian in his appearance; you would easily have guessed that he belonged to the guild of artists and men of letters. He was addicted to velvet jackets, to cigarettes, to loose shirt-collars, to looking a little dishevelled. His features, which were fine, but not perfectly regular, are fairly enough represented in his portraits; but no portrait that I have seen gives any idea of his expression. There were so many things in it, and they chased each other in and out of his face. I have seen people who were grave and gay in quick alternation; but Mark Ambient was grave and gay at one and the same moment. There were other strange oppositions and contradictions in his slightly faded and fatigued countenance. He seemed both young and old, both anxious and indifferent. He had evidently had an active past, which inspired one with curiosity, and yet it was impossible not to be more curious still about his future. He was just enough above middle height to be spoken of as tall, and rather lean and long in the flank. He had the friendliest, frankest manner possible, and yet I could see that he was shy. He was thirty-eight years old at the time *Beltraffio* was published. He asked me about his friend in America, about the length of my stay in England, about the last news in London and the people I had seen there; and I remember looking for the signs of genius in the very form of his questions—and thinking I found it. I liked his voice. There was genius in his house, too, I thought, when we got there; there was imagination in the carpets and curtains, in the pictures and books, in the garden behind it, where certain old brown walls were muffled in creepers that appeared to me to have been copied from a masterpiece of one of the pre-Raphaelites. That was the way many things struck me at that time, in England; as if they were reproductions of something that existed primarily in art or literature. It was not the picture, the poem, the fictive page, that seemed to me a copy; these things were the originals, and the life of happy and distinguished people was fashioned in their image. Mark Ambient called his house a cottage,

and I perceived afterwards that he was right; for if it had not been a cottage it must have been a villa, and a villa, in England at least, was not a place in which one could fancy him at home. But it was, to my vision, a cottage glorified and translated; it was a palace of art, on a slightly reduced scale—it was an old English demesne. It nestled under a cluster of magnificent beeches, it had little creaking lattices that opened out of, or into, pendent mats of ivy, and gables, and old red tiles, as well as a general aspect of being painted in water-colours and inhabited by people whose lives would go on in chapters and volumes. The lawn seemed to me of extraordinary extent, the garden-walls of incalculable height, the whole air of the place delightfully still, and private, and proper to itself. "My wife must be somewhere about," Mark Ambient said, as we went in. "We shall find her perhaps; we have got about an hour before dinner. She may be in the garden. I will show you my little place."

We passed through the house, and into the grounds, as I should have called them, which extended into the rear. They covered but three or four acres, but, like the house, they were very old and crooked, and full of traces of long habitation, with inequalities of level and little steps—mossy and cracked were these—which connected the different parts with each other. The limits of the place, cleverly dissimulated, were muffled in the deepest verdure. They made, as I remember, a kind of curtain at the further end, in one of the folds of which, as it were, we presently perceived, from afar, a little group. "Ah, there she is!" said Mark Ambient; "and she has got the boy." He made this last remark in a slightly different tone from any in which he yet had spoken. I was not fully aware of it at the time, but it lingered in my ear and I afterwards understood it.

"Is it your son?" I inquired, feeling the question not to be brilliant.

"Yes, my only child. He's always in his mother's pocket. She coddles him too much." It came back to me afterwards, too—the manner in which he spoke these words. They were not petulant; they expressed rather a sudden coldness, a kind of mechanical submission. We went a few steps further, and then he stopped short and called the boy, beckoning to him repeatedly.

"Dolcino, come and see your daddy!" There was something in the way he stood still and waited that made me think he did it for a purpose. Mrs. Ambient had her arm round the child's waist, and he was leaning against her knee; but though he looked up at the sound of his father's voice, she gave no sign of releasing him. A lady, apparently a neighbour, was seated near her, and before them was a garden-table, on which a tea-service had been placed.

Mark Ambient called again, and Dolcino struggled in the maternal embrace, but he was too tightly held, and after two or three fruitless efforts he suddenly turned round and buried his head deep in his mother's lap. There was a certain awkwardness in the scene; I thought it rather odd that Mrs. Ambient should pay so little attention to her husband. But I would not for the world have betrayed my thought, and, to conceal it, I observed that it must be such a pleasant thing to have tea in the garden. "Ah, she won't let him come!" said Mark Ambient, with a sigh; and we went our way till we reached the two ladies. He mentioned my name to his wife, and I noticed that he addressed her as "My dear," very genially, without any trace of resentment at her detention of the child. The quickness of the transition made me vaguely ask myself whether he were henpecked—a shocking conjecture, which I instantly dismissed. Mrs. Ambient was quite such a wife as I should have expected him to have; slim and fair, with a long neck and pretty eyes and an air of great refinement. She was a little cold, and a little shy; but she was very sweet, and she had a certain look of race, justified by my afterwards learning that she was "connected" with two or three great families. I have seen poets married to women of whom it was difficult to conceive that they should gratify the poetic fancy—women with dull faces and glutinous minds, who were none the less, however, excellent wives. But there was no obvious incongruity in Mark Ambient's union. Mrs. Ambient, delicate and quiet, in a white dress, with her beautiful child at her side, was worthy of the author of a work so distinguished as *Beltraffio*. Round her neck she wore a black velvet ribbon, of which the long ends, tied behind, hung down her back, and to which, in front, was attached a miniature portrait of her little boy. Her smooth, shining hair was confined in a net. She gave me a very pleasant greeting, and Dolcino—I thought this little name of endearment delightful—took advantage of her getting up to slip away from her and go to his father, who said nothing to him, but simply seized him and held him high in his arms for a moment, kissing him several times. I had lost no time in observing that the child, who was

not more than seven years old, was extraordinarily beautiful. He had the face of an angel—the eyes, the hair, the more than mortal bloom, the smile of innocence. There was something touching, almost alarming, in his beauty, which seemed to be composed of elements too fine and pure for the breath of this world. When I spoke to him, and he came and held out his hand and smiled at me, I felt a sudden pity for him, as if he had been an orphan, or a changeling, or stamped with some social stigma. It was impossible to be, in fact, more exempt from these misfortunes, and yet, as one kissed him, it was hard to keep from murmuring "Poor little devil!" though why one should have applied this epithet to a living cherub is more than I can say. Afterwards, indeed, I knew a little better; I simply discovered that he was too charming to live, wondering at the same time that his parents should not have perceived it, and should not be in proportionate grief and despair. For myself, I had no doubt of his evanescence, having already noticed that there is a kind of charm which is like a death-warrant. The lady who had been sitting with Mrs. Ambient was a jolly, ruddy personage, dressed in velveteen and rather limp feathers, whom I guessed to be the vicar's wife—our hostess did not introduce me—and who immediately began to talk to Ambient about chrysanthemums. This was a safe subject, and yet there was a certain surprise for me in seeing the author of *Beltraffio* even in such superficial communion with the Church of England. His writings implied so much detachment from that institution, expressed a view of life so profane, as it were, so independent, and so little likely, in general, to be thought edifying, that I should have expected to find him an object of horror to vicars and their ladies—of horror repaid on his own part by good-natured but brilliant mockery. This proves how little I knew as yet of the English people and their extraordinary talent for keeping up their forms, as well as of some of the mysteries of Mark Ambient's hearth and home. I found afterwards that he had, in his study, between smiles and cigar-smoke, some wonderful comparisons for his clerical neighbours; but meanwhile the chrysanthemums were a source of harmony, for he and the vicaress were equally fond of them, and I was surprised at the knowledge they exhibited of this interesting plant. The lady's visit, however, had presumably already been long, and she presently got up, saying she must go, and kissed Mrs. Ambient. Mark started to walk with her to the gate of the grounds, holding Dolcino by the hand.

"Stay with me, my darling," Mrs. Ambient said to the boy, who was wandering away with his father.

Mark Ambient paid no attention to the summons, but Dolcino turned round and looked with eyes of shy entreaty at his mother. "Can't I go with papa?"

"Not when I ask you to stay with me."

"But please don't ask me, mamma," said the child, in his little clear, new voice.

"I must ask you when I want you. Come to me, my darling." And Mrs. Ambient, who had seated herself again, held out her long, slender hands.

Her husband stopped, with his back turned to her, but without releasing the child. He was still talking to the vicaress, but this good lady, I think, had lost the thread of her attention. She looked at Mrs. Ambient and at Dolcino, and then she looked at me, smiling very hard, in an extremely fixed, cheerful manner.

"Papa," said the child, "mamma wants me not to go with you."

"He's very tired—he has run about all day. He ought to be quiet till he goes to bed. Otherwise he won't sleep." These declarations fell successively and gravely from Mrs. Ambient's lips.

Her husband, still without turning round, bent over the boy and looked at him in silence. The vicaress gave a genial, irrelevant laugh, and observed that he was a precious little pet. "Let him choose," said Mark Ambient. "My dear little boy, will you go with me or will you stay with your mother?"

"Oh, it's a shame!" cried the vicar's lady, with increased hilarity.

"Papa, I don't think I can choose," the child answered, making his voice very low and confidential. "But I have been a great deal with mamma to-day," he added in a moment.

"And very little with papa! My dear fellow, I think you have chosen!" And Mark Ambient walked off with his son, accompanied by re-echoing but inarticulate comments from my fellow-visitor.

His wife had seated herself again, and her fixed eyes, bent upon the ground, expressed for a few moments so much mute agitation that I felt as if almost any remark from my own lips would be a false note. But Mrs. Ambient quickly recovered herself, and said to me civilly enough that she hoped I didn't mind having had to walk from the station. I reassured her on this point, and she went on, "We have got a thing that might have gone for you, but my husband wouldn't order it."

"That gave me the pleasure of a walk with him," I rejoined.

She was silent a minute, and then she said: "I believe the Americans walk very little."

"Yes, we always run," I answered, laughingly.

She looked at me seriously, and I began to perceive a certain coldness in her pretty eyes. "I suppose your distances are so great."

"Yes; but we break our marches! I can't tell you what a pleasure it is for me to find myself here," I added. "I have the greatest admiration for Mr. Ambient."

"He will like that. He likes being admired."

"He must have a very happy life, then. He has many worshippers."

"Oh, yes, I have seen some of them," said Mrs. Ambient, looking away, very far from me, rather as if such a vision were before her at the moment. Something in her tone seemed to indicate that the vision was scarcely edifying, and I guessed very quickly that she was not in sympathy with the author of *Beltraffio*. I thought the fact strange, but, somehow, in the glow of my own enthusiasm, I didn't think it important; it only made me wish to be rather explicit about that enthusiasm.

"For me, you know," I remarked, "he is quite the greatest of living writers."

"Of course I can't judge. Of course he's very clever," said Mrs. Ambient, smiling a little.

"He's magnificent, Mrs. Ambient! There are pages in each of his books that have a perfection that classes them with the greatest things. Therefore, for me to see him in this familiar way—in his habit as he lives—and to find, apparently, the man as delightful as the artist, I can't tell you how much too good to be true it seems, and how great a privilege I think it." I knew that I was gushing, but I couldn't help it, and what I said was a good deal less than what I felt. I was by no means sure that I should dare to say even so much as this to Ambient himself, and there was a kind of rapture in speaking it out to his wife which was not affected by the fact that, as a wife, she appeared peculiar. She listened to me with her face grave again, and with her lips a little compressed, as if there were no doubt, of course, that her husband was remarkable, but at the same time she had heard all this before and couldn't be expected to be particularly interested in it. There was even in her manner an intimation that I was rather young, and that people usually got over that sort of thing. "I assure you that for me this is a red-letter day," I added.

She made no response, until after a pause, looking round her, she said abruptly, though gently, "We are very much afraid about the fruit this year."

My eyes wandered to the mossy, mottled, garden walls, where plum-trees and pear-trees, flattened and fastened upon the rusty bricks, looked like crucified figures with many arms. "Doesn't it promise well?" I inquired.

"No, the trees look very dull. We had such late frosts."

Then there was another pause. Mrs. Ambient kept her eyes fixed on the opposite end of the grounds, as if she were watching for her husband's return with the child. "Is Mr. Ambient fond of gardening?" it occurred to me to inquire, irresistibly impelled as I felt myself, moreover, to bring the conversation constantly back to him.

"He's very fond of plums," said his wife.

"Ah, well then, I hope your crop will be better than you fear. It's a lovely old place," I continued. "The whole character of it is that of certain places that he describes. Your house is like one of his pictures."

"It's a pleasant little place. There are hundreds like it."

"Oh, it has got his tone," I said, laughing, and insisting on my point the more that Mrs. Ambient appeared to see in my appreciation of her simple establishment a sign of limited experience.

It was evident that I insisted too much. "His tone?" she repeated, with a quick look at me, and a slightly heightened colour.

"Surely he has a tone, Mrs. Ambient."

"Oh yes, he has indeed! But I don't in the least consider that I am living in one of his books; I shouldn't care for that, at all," she went on, with a smile which had in some degree the effect of converting her slightly sharp protest into a joke deficient in point. "I am afraid I am not very literary," said Mrs. Ambient. "And I am not artistic."

"I am very sure you are not heavy and not dull," I ventured to reply, with the accompaniment of feeling immediately afterwards that I had been both familiar and patronising. My only consolation was in the reflection that it was she, and not I, who had begun it. She had brought her idiosyncrasies into the discussion.

"Well, whatever I am, I am very different from my husband. If you like him, you won't like me. You needn't say anything. Your liking me isn't in the least necessary!"

"Don't defy me!" I exclaimed.

She looked as if she had not heard me, which was the best thing she could do; and we sat some time without further speech.

Mrs. Ambient had evidently the enviable English quality of being able to be silent without being restless. But at last she spoke; she asked me if there seemed to be many people in town. I gave her what satisfaction I could on this point, and we talked a little about London and of some pictures it presented at that time of the year. At the end of this I came back, irrepressibly, to Mark Ambient.

"Doesn't he like to be there now? I suppose he doesn't find the proper quiet for his work. I should think his things had been written, for the most part, in a very still place. They suggest a great stillness, following on a kind of tumult—don't you think so? I suppose London is a tremendous place to collect impressions, but a refuge like this, in the country, must be much better for working them up. Does he get many of his impressions in London, do you think?" I proceeded from point to point in this malign inquiry, simply because my hostess, who probably thought me a very pushing and talkative young man, gave me time; for when I paused—I have not represented my pauses—she simply continued to let her eyes wander, and, with her long fair fingers, played with the medallion on her neck. When I stopped altogether, however, she was obliged to say something, and what she said was that she had not the least idea where her husband got his impressions. This made me think her, for a moment, positively disagreeable; delicate and proper and rather aristocratically dry as she sat there. But I must either have lost the impression a moment later, or been goaded by it to further aggression, for I remember asking her whether Mr. Ambient was in a good vein of work, and when we might look for the appearance of the book on which he was engaged. I have every reason now to know that she thought me an odious person.

She gave a strange, small laugh as she said, "I'm afraid you think I know a great deal more about my husband's work than I do. I haven't the least idea what he is doing," she added presently, in a slightly different, that is, a more explanatory tone, as if she recognised in some degree the enormity of her confession. "I don't read what he writes!"

She did not succeed (and would not, even had she tried much harder) in making it seem to me anything less than monstrous. I stared at her, and I think I blushed. "Don't you admire his genius? Don't you admire *Beltraffio?*"

She hesitated a moment, and I wondered what she could possibly say. She did not speak—I could see—the first words that rose to her lips; she repeated what she had said a few minutes before. "Oh, of course he's very clever!" And with this she got up; her husband and little boy had reappeared. Mrs. Ambient left me and went to meet them; she stopped and had a few words with her husband, which I did not hear, and which ended in her taking the child by the hand and returning to the house with him. Her husband joined me in a moment, looking, I thought, the least bit conscious and constrained, and said that if I would come in with him he would show me my room. In looking back upon these first moments of my visit to him, I find it important to avoid the error of appearing to have understood his situation from the first, and to have seen in him the signs of things which I learnt only afterwards. This later knowledge throws a backward light, and makes me forget that at least on the occasion of which I am speaking now (I mean that first afternoon), Mark Ambient struck me as a fortunate man. Allowing for this, I think he was rather silent and irresponsive as we walked back to the house—though I remember well the answer he made to a remark of mine in relation to his child.

"That's an extraordinary little boy of yours," I said. "I have never seen such a child."

"Why do you call him extraordinary?"

"He's so beautiful—so fascinating. He's like a little work of art."

He turned quickly, grasping my arm an instant. "Oh, don't call him that, or you'll—you'll——!" And in his hesitation he broke off, suddenly, laughing at my surprise. But immediately afterwards he added, "You will make his little future very difficult."

I declared that I wouldn't for the world take any liberties with his little future—it seemed to me to hang by threads of such delicacy. I should only be most interested in watching it. "You Americans are very sharp," said Ambient. "You notice more things than we do."

"Ah, if you want visitors who are not struck with you, you shouldn't ask me down here!"

He showed me my room, a little bower of chintz, with open windows where the light was green, and before he left me he said irrelevantly, "As for my little boy, you know, we shall probably kill him between us, before we have done with him!" And he made this assertion as if he really believed it, without any appearance of jest, with his fine, near-sighted expressive eyes looking straight into mine.

"Do you mean by spoiling him?"

"No—by fighting for him!"

"You had better give him to me to keep for you," I said. "Let me remove the apple of discord."

I laughed, of course, but he had the air of being perfectly serious. "It would be quite the best thing we could do. I should be quite ready to do it."

"I am greatly obliged to you for your confidence."

Mark Ambient lingered there, with his hands in his pockets. I felt, within a few moments, as if I had, morally speaking, taken several steps nearer to him. He looked weary, just as he faced me then, looked pre-occupied, and as if there were something one might do for him. I was terribly conscious of the limits of my own ability, but I wondered what such a service might be—feeling at bottom, however, that the only thing I could do for him was to like him. I suppose he guessed this, and was grateful for what was in my mind; for he went on presently, "I haven't the advantage of being an American. But I also notice a little, and I have an idea that—a——" here he smiled and laid his hand on my shoulder, "that even apart from your nationality, you are not destitute of intelligence! I have only known you half an hour, but—a——" And here he hesitated again. "You are very young, after all."

"But you may treat me as if I could understand you!" I said; and before he left me to dress for dinner he had virtually given me a promise that he would.

When I went down into the drawing-room—I was very punctual—I found that neither my hostess nor my host had appeared. A lady rose from a sofa, however, and inclined her head as I rather surprisedly gazed at her. "I dare say you don't know me," she said, with the modern laugh. "I am Mark Ambient's sister." Whereupon I shook hands with her—saluting her very low. Her laugh was modern—by which I mean that it consisted of the vocal agitation which, between people who meet in drawing rooms, serves as the solvent of social mysteries, the medium of transitions; but her appearance was—what shall I call it?—mediæval. She was pale and angular, with a long, thin face, inhabited by sad, dark eyes, and black hair intertwined with golden fillets and curious chains. She wore a faded velvet robe, which clung to her when she moved, fashioned, as to the neck and sleeves, like the garments of old Venetians and Florentines. She looked pictorial and melancholy, and was so perfect an image of a type which I—in my ignorance—supposed to be extinct, that while she rose before me I was almost as much startled as if I had seen a ghost. I afterwards perceived that Miss Ambient was not incapable of deriving pleasure from the effect she produced, and I think this sentiment had something to do with her sinking again into her seat, with her long, lean, but not ungraceful arms locked together in an archaic manner on her knees, and her mournful eyes addressing themselves to me with an intentness which was an earnest of what they were destined subsequently to inflict upon me. She was a singular, self-conscious, artificial creature, and I never, subsequently, more than half penetrated her motives and mysteries. Of one thing I am sure, however: that they were considerably less extraordinary than her appearance announced. Miss Ambient was a restless, disappointed, imaginative spinster, consumed with the love of attitudes and mystical robes; but I am pretty sure she had not in her nature those depths of unutterable thought which, when you first knew her, seemed to look out from her eyes and to prompt her complicated gestures. Those features, in especial, had a misleading eloquence; they rested upon you with a far-off dimness, an air of obstructed sympathy, which was certainly not always a key to the spirit of their owner; and I suspect that a young lady could not really have been as dejected and disillusioned as Miss Ambient looked, without having committed a crime for which she was consumed with remorse or parted with a hope which she could not sanely have entertained. She had, I believe, the usual allowance of vulgar impulses; she wished to be looked at, she wished to be married, she wished to be thought original. It costs me something to speak in this irreverent manner of Mark Ambient's sister, but I shall have still more disagreeable things to say before I have finished my little anecdote, and moreover—I confess it—I owe the young lady a sort of grudge. Putting aside the curious cast of her face, she had no natural aptitude for an artistic development—she had little real intelligence. But her affectations rubbed off on her brother's renown, and as there were plenty of people who disapproved of him totally, they could easily point to his sister as a person formed by his influence. It was quite possible to regard her as a warning, and she had done him but little good with the world at large. He was the original, and she was the inevitable imitation. I think he was scarcely aware of the impression she produced—

beyond having a general idea that she made up very well as a Rossetti; he was used to her, and he was sorry for her—wishing she would marry and observing that she didn't. Doubtless I take her too seriously, for she did me no harm—though I am bound to add that I feel I can only half account for her. She was not so mystical as she looked, but she was a strange, indirect, uncomfortable, embarrassing woman. My story will give the reader at best so very small a knot to untie that I need not hope to excite his curiosity by delaying to remark that Mrs. Ambient hated her sister-in-law. This I only found out afterwards, when I found out some other things. But I mention it at once, for I shall perhaps not seem to count too much on having enlisted the imagination of the reader if I say that he will already have guessed it. Mrs. Ambient was a person of conscience, and she endeavoured to behave properly to her kinswoman, who spent a month with her twice a year; but it required no great insight to discover that the two ladies were made of a very different paste, and that the usual feminine hypocrisies must have cost them, on either side, much more than the usual effort. Mrs. Ambient, smooth-haired, thin-lipped, perpetually fresh, must have regarded her crumpled and dishevelled visitor as a very stale joke; she herself was not a Rossetti, but a Gainsborough or a Lawrence, and she had in her appearance no elements more romantic than a cold, ladylike candour, and a well-starched muslin dress. It was in a garment, and with an expression, of this kind, that she made her entrance, after I had exchanged a few words with Miss Ambient. Her husband presently followed her, and there being no other company we went to dinner. The impression I received from that repast is present to me still. There were elements of oddity in my companions, but they were vague and latent, and didn't interfere with my delight. It came mainly, of course, from Ambient's talk, which was the most brilliant and interesting I had ever heard. I know not whether he laid himself out to dazzle a rather juvenile pilgrim from over the sea; but it matters little, for it was very easy for him to shine. He was almost better as a talker than as a writer; that is, if the extraordinary finish of his written prose be really, as some people have maintained, a fault. There was such a kindness in him, however, that I have no doubt it gave him ideas to see me sit open-mouthed, as I suppose I did. Not so the two ladies, who not only were very nearly dumb from beginning to the end of the meal, but who had not the air of being struck with such an exhibition of wit and knowledge. Mrs. Ambient, placid and detached, met neither my eye nor her husband's; she attended to her dinner, watched the servants, arranged the puckers in her dress, exchanged at wide intervals a remark with her sister-in-law, and while she slowly rubbed her white hands between the courses, looked out of the window at the first signs of twilight—the long June day allowing us to dine without candles. Miss Ambient appeared to give little direct heed to her brother's discourse; but on the other hand she was much engaged in watching its effect upon me. Her lustreless pupils continued to attach themselves to my countenance, and it was only her air of belonging to another century that kept them from being importunate. She seemed to look at me across the ages, and the interval of time diminished the realism of the performance. It was as if she knew in a general way that her brother must be talking very well, but she herself was so rich in ideas that she had no need to pick them up, and was at liberty to see what would become of a young American when subjected to a high æsthetic temperature. The temperature was æsthetic, certainly, but it was less so than I could have desired, for I was unsuccessful in certain little attempts to make Mark Ambient talk about himself. I tried to put him on the ground of his own writings, but he slipped through my fingers every time and shifted the saddle to one of his contemporaries. He talked about Balzac and Browning, and what was being done in foreign countries, and about his recent tour in the East, and the extraordinary forms of life that one saw in that part of the world. I perceived that he had reasons for not wishing to descant upon literature, and suffered him without protest to deliver himself on certain social topics, which he treated with extraordinary humour and with constant revelations of that power of ironical portraiture of which his books are full. He had a great deal to say about London, as London appears to the observer who doesn't fear the accusation of cynicism, during the high-pressure time—from April to July—of its peculiarities. He flashed his faculty of making the fanciful real and the real fanciful over the perfunctory pleasures and desperate exertions of so many of his compatriots, among whom there were evidently not a few types for which he had little love. London bored him, and he made capital sport of it; his only allusion, that I can remember, to his own work was his saying that he meant some day to write an immense grotesque epic of London

society. Miss Ambient's perpetual gaze seemed to say to me: "Do you perceive how artistic we are? frankly now, is it possible to be more artistic than this? You surely won't deny that we are remarkable." I was irritated by her use of the plural pronoun, for she had no right to pair herself with her brother; and moreover, of course, I could not see my way to include Mrs. Ambient. But there was no doubt that (for that matter) they were all remarkable, and, with all allowances, I had never heard anything so artistic. Mark Ambient's conversation seemed to play over the whole field of knowledge and taste, and to light it up with rays which as yet had only danced before me dimly.

After the ladies had left us he took me into his study to smoke, and here I led him on to talk freely enough about himself. I was bent upon proving to him that I was worthy to listen to him, upon repaying him (for what he had said to me before dinner) by showing him how perfectly I understood. He liked to talk, he liked to defend his ideas (not that I attacked them), he liked a little perhaps—it was a pardonable weakness—to astonish the youthful mind and to feel its admiration and sympathy. I confess that my own youthful mind was considerably astonished at some of his speeches; he startled me and he made me wince. He could not help forgetting, or rather he couldn't know, how little personal contact I had had with the school in which he was master; and he promoted me at a jump, as it were, to the study of its innermost mysteries. My trepidations, however, were delightful; they were just what I had hoped for, and their only fault was that they passed away too quickly, for I found that, as regards most things, I very soon seized Mark Ambient's point of view. It was the point of view of the artist to whom every manifestation of human energy was a thrilling spectacle, and who felt for ever the desire to resolve his experience of life into a literary form. On this matter of the passion for form—the attempt at perfection, the quest for which was to his mind the real search for the holy grail, he said the most interesting, the most inspiring things. He mixed with them a thousand illustrations from his own life, from other lives that he had known, from history and fiction, and above all from the annals of the time that was dear to him beyond all periods—the Italian *cinque-cento*. I saw that in his books he had only said half of his thought, and what he had kept back—from motives that I deplored when I learnt them later—was the richer part. It was his fortune to shock a great many people, but there was not a grain of bravado in his pages (I have always maintained it, though often contradicted), and at bottom the poor fellow, an artist to his finger-tips, and regarding a failure of completeness as a crime, had an extreme dread of scandal. There are people who regret that having gone so far he did not go further; but I regret nothing (putting aside two or three of the motives I just mentioned) for he arrived at perfection, and I don't see how you can go beyond that. The hours I spent in his study—this first one and the few that followed it; they were not, after all, so numerous—seem to glow, as I look back on them, with a tone which is partly that of the brown old room, rich, under the shaded candlelight where we sat and smoked, with the dusky, delicate bindings of valuable books; partly that of his voice, of which I still catch the echo, charged with the images that came at his command. When we went back to the drawing-room we found Miss Ambient alone in possession of it; and she informed us that her sister-in-law had a quarter of an hour before been called by the nurse to see Dolcino, who appeared to be a little feverish.

"Feverish! how in the world does he come to be feverish?" Ambient asked. "He was perfectly well this afternoon."

"Beatrice says you walked him about too much—you almost killed him."

"Beatrice must be very happy—she has an opportunity to triumph!" Mark Ambient said, with a laugh of which the bitterness was just perceptible.

"Surely not if the child is ill," I ventured to remark, by way of pleading for Mrs. Ambient.

"My dear fellow, you are not married—you don't know the nature of wives!" my host exclaimed.

"Possibly not; but I know the nature of mothers."

"Beatrice is perfect as a mother," said Miss Ambient, with a tremendous sigh and her fingers interlaced on her embroidered knees.

"I shall go up and see the child," her brother went on. "Do you suppose he's asleep?"

"Beatrice won't let you see him, Mark," said the young lady, looking at me, though she addressed our companion.

"Do you call that being perfect as a mother?" Ambient inquired.

"Yes, from her point of view."

"Damn her point of view!" cried the author of *Beltraffio*. And he left the room; after which we heard him ascend the stairs.

I sat there for some ten minutes with

Miss Ambient, and we, naturally, had some conversation, which was begun, I think, by my asking her what the point of view of her sister-in-law could be.

"Oh, it's so very odd," she said. "But we are so very odd, altogether. Don't you find us so? We have lived so much abroad. Have you people like us in America?"

"You are not all alike, surely; so that I don't think I understand your question. We have no one like your brother—I may go so far as that."

"You have probably more persons like his wife," said Miss Ambient, smiling.

"I can tell you that better when you have told me about her point of view."

"Oh yes—oh yes. Well, she doesn't like his ideas. She doesn't like them for the child. She thinks them undesirable."

Being quite fresh from the contemplation of some of Mark Ambient's *arcana*, I was particularly in a position to appreciate this announcement. But the effect of it was to make me (after staring a moment) burst into laughter, which I instantly checked when I remembered that there was a sick child above.

"What has that infant to do with ideas?" I asked. "Surely, he can't tell one from another. Has he read his father's novels?"

"He's very precocious and very sensitive; and his mother thinks she can't begin to guard him too early." Miss Ambient's head drooped a little to one side, and her eyes fixed themselves on futurity. Then suddenly there was a strange alteration in her face; she gave a smile that was more joyless than her gravity—a conscious, insincere smile, and added, "When one has children, it's a great responsibility—what one writes."

"Children are terrible critics," I answered. "I am rather glad I haven't got any."

"Do you also write then? And in the same style as my brother? And do you like that style? And do people appreciate it in America? I don't write, but I think I feel." To these and various other inquiries and remarks the young lady treated me, till we heard her brother's step in the hall again and Mark Ambient reappeared. He looked flushed and serious, and I supposed that he had seen something to alarm him in the condition of his child. His sister apparently had another idea; she gazed at him a moment as if he were a burning ship on the horizon, and simply murmured—"Poor old Mark!"

"I hope you are not anxious," I said.

"No, but I'm disappointed. She won't let me in. She has locked the door, and I'm afraid to make a noise." I suppose there might have been something ridiculous in a confession of this kind, but I liked my new friend so much that for me it didn't detract from his dignity. "She tells me—from behind the door—that she will let me know if he is worse."

"It's very good of her," said Miss Ambient.

I had exchanged a glance with Mark in which it is possible that he read that my pity for him was untinged with contempt—though I know not why he should have cared; and as, presently, his sister got up and took her bedroom candlestick, he proposed that we should go back to his study. We sat there till after midnight; he put himself into his slippers, into an old velvet jacket, lighted an ancient pipe, and talked considerably less than he had done before. There were longish pauses in our communion, but they only made me feel that we had advanced in intimacy. They helped me, too, to understand my friend's personal situation, and to perceive that it was by no means the happiest possible. When his face was quiet, it was vaguely troubled; it seemed to me to show that for him, too, life was a struggle, as it has been for many other men of genius. At last I prepared to leave him, and then, to my ineffable joy, he gave me some of the sheets of his forthcoming book—it was not finished, but he had indulged in the luxury, so dear to writers of deliberation, of having it "set up," from chapter to chapter, as he advanced—he gave me, I say, the early pages, the *prémices*, as the French have it, of this new fruit of his imagination, to take to my room and look over at my leisure. I was just quitting him when the door of his study was noiselessly pushed open, and Mrs. Ambient stood before us. She looked at us a moment, with her candle in her hand, and then she said to her husband that as she supposed he had not gone to bed, she had come down to tell him that Dolcino was more quiet and would probably be better in the morning. Mark Ambient made no reply; he simply slipped past her in the doorway, as if he were afraid she would seize him in his passage, and bounded upstairs, to judge for himself of his child's condition. Mrs. Ambient looked slightly discomfited, and for a moment I thought she was going to give chase to her husband. But she resigned herself, with a sigh, while her eyes wandered over the lamp-lit room, where various books, at which I had been looking, were pulled out of their places on the shelves, and the fumes of tobacco seemed to hang in mid-air. I bade her good-night, and then, without intention, by a kind of fatality, the perversity which had already

made me insist unduly on talking with her about her husband's achievements, I alluded to the precious proof-sheets with which Ambient had intrusted me and which I was nursing there under my arm. "It is the opening chapters of his new book," I said. "Fancy my satisfaction at being allowed to carry them to my room!"

She turned away, leaving me to take my candlestick from the table in the hall; but before we separated, thinking it apparently a good occasion to let me know once for all —since I was beginning, it would seem, to be quite "thick" with my host—that there was no fitness in my appealing to her for sympathy in such a case; before we separated, I say, she remarked to me with her quick, round, well-bred utterance, "I dare say you attribute to me ideas that I haven't got. I don't take that sort of interest in my husband's proof-sheets. I consider his writings most objectionable!"

HENRY JAMES.

DAY.

(A Picture by E. BURNE JONES.)

DAY, the strong youth, across the threshold stands
With hand upon the morning's open door,
And out behind him grows from more to more
Light, and the murmur of the labouring lands.
He hath the golden flame within his hands
That lights the green sea whitening to the shore;
Yet nothing careth he for toil or war,
Or joy or grief, though he unloose the bands
That hold them down in slumber; and the earth
Wakes, and the daisies open: only he
Hath no delight or woe with darkness done.
He saith, "My life is weary at its birth;
The thing that hath been is the thing to be,
And there is no new thing beneath the sun."

NIGHT.

(A Picture by E. BURNE JONES.)

WHITE stars come out in darkening blue of skies,
White foam upon the blue of darkening seas,
And the surf's murmur moans along the breeze
Filled with faint echoes as of far-off cries
Repeating "Vanity of Vanities,
All, all is vanity;" and hearing these
Night stands upon the threshold of the leas,
Blue-clad, with fair slow hands and slumbrous eyes.
And the wind blows to her across the deap
The voice of the dead Day, "O fairest one,
Nought good was there in me from star to star,
And hast thou any between sun and sun?"
So comes the cry; and from her height afar
Night whispers back, "There is no good but sleep."

A. R. ROPES.

BY SEA AND LAND TO KIYOTO.

WE left Yokohama in the late afternoon, the bay looking more beautiful than ever in the sunlight, shining out of a sky blue as any spread over Naples. We were bound for Kiyoto. The ordinary way of going thither is to take steamer to Kobé in one of the large and well-appointed Mitsu Bishi steamers and proceed thence to Shanghai. But we resolved to go something out of the beaten track, take steamer as far as Yokkaichi, and thence across country by jinrickisha to Kiyoto. The sea voyage to Yokkaichi is not unfamiliar to Japanese but is not often taken by Europeans, with the natural consequence that there is no accommodation for them. Our steamer was an old tub of 250 tons. The saloon was approached by an uncompromising ladder, and luxury was aimed at by the disposal of sofa bunks round the stern in pleasing contiguity to the screw. Of course there was no stewardess nor any regular steward that I was able to identify. The office seemed to be in commission, and when any "boy" happened to find time hang heavy on his hands he took a turn at steward's work.

Our berths were small cupboards opening off the dining-room table. Each was fitted up with two narrow shelves, which I thought were for books or plates. It was presently made clear they were for us. But it did not much matter. It was rather promising in the way of fun and excitement. We had only one night to sleep here, and everything was big enough and nice enough for a twenty hours' trip in summer seas like that on which we were even now gliding. The Foreign Minister came off in his steam-launch to say good-bye, an unaccustomed visit which greatly fluttered the captain and crew. The captain was so much impressed that he immediately placed his berth at the disposal of the lady of our party. The berth was more commodious, having at least three inches more beam. But as the kindly offer was not accompanied by preparations for changing the bed linen, it was declined.

Before we reached the gate of the bay of Yedo the beauty of the scene had wondrously increased. On the right the sun was setting, flooding Fuji and the mainland in crimson and gold. On the left the moon had already risen—a globe of luminous silver set in the blue firmament. Thus we sailed forth between the risen moon and the sun not yet set. The bay, hardly touched by a ripple, was alive with sampans with their sails fully set, tripping gaily home before the gentle breeze wafted inward from the Pacific.

The only member of the crew of our steamer with whom it was possible to converse was the engineer. He was the inevitable Scotchman, and had been many years in the native coasting trade. He had not improved his opportunities of learning Japanese, but he got along very well, he said. He was evidently taken aback at seeing a lady appear to take passage on the ship, but after the first shock he became violently prophetic of a good passage, and things generally going off comfortably. "Oh you'll see it'll be all right," he said to me in an argumentative tone, as if I had been affirming the contrary, whereas I had not even broached the subject. "You see all those junks out there? Well, that's a sign of good weather. You don't see so many out when it's rough."

"But they're running into port," I said.

"Yes, of course they're running into port," he replied; "it's getting dinner time, you know. Oh, we'll have it pretty fine, you'll see, and your lady will be right comfortable. Besides, if it comes on to blow a bit the captain will run in under the lee of the land. Given your lady his berth, hasn't he?"

I said he had kindly offered it.

"Ah," he added, nodding as if that were

conclusive of fine weather, "then he's going to be on deck all night."

We had a large number of Japanese passengers who seemed to fill every nook and cranny for'ard. A pleasant looking family, fearful of the closeness of the steerage, had built their soul a lordly dwelling-house over the hatches amidships. They had piled their luggage round and planted themselves in the middle. The walls were not very high, but at least they served to mark the limits of their domain. There they sat, the father blandly smiling at the fair scene around, the mother tidying up, and the little boy with his head shaved save for two locks over either ear, which were nicely oiled and combed. I was very glad to think, as I looked on this family scene, that we were going to have such fine weather that the captain was making preparations for spending the night on the bridge. It would be a terrible thing if the vessel rolled and pitched, breaking down the house of cards, inextricably mixing up the little boy with the luggage and spoiling his hair. Worse still, if cruel seas were to come over and wash the decks.

Presently, as we came nearer to the bar, and could faintly hear the boom of the Pacific rollers on the rugged coast, a tarpaulin was slung over a pole covering in the scene of domestic felicity. They had a lantern, and, peeping through a chink, I discovered them smiling more vigorously than ever. Never had they been so comfortable on board ship, and they were more than ever pleased that this happy thought had occurred to them, and that they had not pigged in with their countrymen in the hold. Ito our guide was so charmed with the idea that he made a nook for himself also under the tarpaulin. He is growing quite fastidious on the subject of fresh air, and talks pityingly of the people down in the hold. These we could see through the open hatchway were already at dinner.

The meal was served in easy fashion. There were a great heap of little wooden trays with four divisions. The cook, kneeling beside a wholesale quantity of stores, dipped his hand into a bucket and filled one receptacle with rice. Into a second he fingered two bits of boiled fish; a third he filled with vegetables, and into the fourth he, with more discriminating hand, placed some of the evilly-smelling pickles which the soul of the Japanese loveth. The boxes were piled one on top of another till they were as high as they could be carried by an able-bodied seaman, who took them into the hold and distributed them to the passengers.

As for ourselves we had contracted for European food by payment of two yen per head for the voyage. An appetising duck hung from the rigging aft, giving promise of generous supplies to meet the healthful appetite born of fresh sea-air and smooth seas.

The sun had gone down when we reached the harbour-bar, but the west was golden yet, and the moon, nearing its full, was brightly shining out of a sky as blue as if it were noonday. As we crossed the bar the little steamer began to throb and leap about in an unexpected manner. The duck, hung on to the rigging, wagged its head in a forlorn manner, as if it did not like the prospect at all. But the engineer was even more energetically hopeful.

"A narrow place this, you see. The tide running in like as if the Pacific was trying to crowd itself into a mill-pond. But it'll be all right by and by, you'll see. Besides our captain can run in under the lea of land if he gets it too hot."

This was satisfactory as far as it went. But why should the captain want to run in on a night so fine that he was tempted to remain on deck?

"It'll be all right *you'll* see," the engineer persisted, tightening his tarpaulin trousers which he had put on since I saw him last.

I never remember to have seen an engineer in tarpaulin trousers; but then I had never before seen the sun and moon brightly shining in the heavens at the same time.—*Autre pays autre mœurs.* Perhaps in the coasting trade of Japan the engineer always clads himself in tarpaulin when the night is expected to be exceptionally fine.

We cleared the bar, and got out into the full sweep of the Pacific; but things did not seem to improve. It was almost as light as day, and far around was the dreary waste of waters leaping out and breaking into foam. It was getting near six o'clock, and a savoury smell came from the galley. The vessel was not only rolling but pitching. That, however, was not much to travellers who had crossed two oceans.

We walked up and down the little deck determined, as we said, to get an appetite for dinner. It was not much of a walk at best, and was momentarily growing shorter as the spray began to break across the deck for'ard. The hatchways were closed, and the men were battening them down making it comfortable for the crowd below. I peeped through a chink in the tarpaulin to see how

the Japanese family were getting on. They were not smiling now, being too busily engaged in the effort to keep their walls up. Sometimes a box would roll off on the port side, and whilst they were re-fixing it, a bundle placed aft would drop down upon them as the steamer buried its miserable little nose in the sea. I was conscious of the engineer watching us as we paced the deck, but whenever we approached the engine-room he disappeared. He was evidently as anxious now to avoid conversation as he formerly had been to open it.

At four bells we turned in for dinner. We had been very cheery on deck, perhaps a little ostentatiously at our ease, staggering about with the heaving ship. But when we got to the bottom of the ladder and were standing in the close and narrow saloon the gaiety of the company was eclipsed. The last thing I saw as I descended was the duck shaking its head more violently than ever, with an expression of idiotic bewilderment that haunted me through the terrible night.

We were not, however, going to give in without a struggle. Dinner was on the table, and we would at least sit down, making talk of ghastly cheerfulness and eying each other suspiciously. We ate our soup and eagerly discussed its relative merits with those of various other soups we had eaten under circumstances we were at curious pains to remember and recite. Two courses followed, one of mutton, the other of veal. I forgot which was the veal; but it did not matter. It might have been called turtle fin with equal accuracy of reference to its flavour. At this stage the lady of the party retired. Another course arrived of some undistinguishable meat. I am not sure that it was not the veal back again having passed out at one door and in at the other, after the manner of an army of supers at country theatres. The young gentleman from Glasgow, who accompanied us on the voyage, though unusually silent, did fairly well. He had paid for his dinner, and with national aptitude he felt that the commercial transaction would not be completed unless he ate it.

Something else came on, perhaps cheese, peradventure an orange. The cook was determined to rise to the occasion and show the friends of the Foreign Minister what could be done on board this ship. To this end he had manufactured three small tarts, of very pale complexion, which by way of luring on the appetite had been placed on the table with the soup. These tarts were always slipping off the table, being rescued from under by somebody and replaced on the dish. I have a fancy that they were not quite so pale as when I first saw them. But with the cabin bobbing about in this style, the ceiling coming down to the floor, the floor going up to the ceiling, and occasionally the port or starboard side taking the place of the ceiling, even a tart made of tinned greengages might be excused if it gradually lost some of its fresher tints.

I had meant to sit out the young gentleman from Glasgow; but when I saw him take up one of these tarts with evident intent of eating it, I left. It was not easy to get fixed on the plate-shelf, but it was done at last, and I even got to sleep. From time to time—it seemed at least every hour—I was awakened by the thud of the sea as it thundered down on deck and with a rushing noise swept backwards and forwards till it finally cleared off. Alas! for the hapless Japanese family with their frail tenement of boxes, and their poor shelter of tarpaulin. It was piteous to think how the night must have sped with them and with the other poor wretches battened down in the hold.

There was no limit to the variety of the motion of the little tub adrift on the angered ocean. There is among sea-going passengers a difference of opinion as to whether pitching or rolling is the least bearable. We had both in succession, with a quite new and original motion, as if the vessel were trying to jump sideways over a yawning chasm, and, always failing, was pitched ruthlessly to the bottom of the abyss. Once the bows coming upon a roller were pitched so high that the vessel seemed literally standing on end. There was a moment during which I distinctly felt it poised, trembling in every flank, undecided whether, since it had come so far it was worth while to return, whether on the whole it would not be better to go over backwards as a rearing horse sometimes falls on its rider. I remember assisting at the deliberation without particularly caring how it ended. The force of habit prevailed, and the vessel righted herself, and by way of change began to roll.

Thus the night wore on, and thus in slightly modified degree the day was spent. I heard afterwards that the captain had vainly tried to run for shelter into a little fishing port on the coast, but wind and sea proved too strong for him. He could not fetch the port, could only lie out with the engines at full pressure, driving the ship along at the rate of two miles an hour. The night

continued light, whereby possibly catastrophe was averted. But what with the waves constantly washing over the steamer, and the spindrift blinding the look-out man, it was hard to see where we were going.

The young gentleman from Glasgow got up and went resolutely to his breakfast. I remained on the shelf, and spent quite a pleasant day, eating a pomello and reading *Land at Last;* a novel by Edmund Yates. The cupboard, though a little close with the door shut, had some corresponding advantages. For example, you might, if you liked, having opened the door, step out of bed on to the dining-room table, an arrangement which I do not remember to have seen perfected even in the best appointed houses in England. Short of that you might lie in bed and, making a long arm; help yourself from the breakfast table. Thus I obtained a woodcock on toast. It is well there was toast as there was singularly little woodcock. The young gentleman from Glasgow ate five birds, and then took some dubious compound labelled "jam." I never saw such a fellow for puddings, cakes, jams, and other unwholesome compounds. I believe that if the worst had come, and, struggling in the water, some one had thrown him a plank and a gooseberry tart, he would have gone for the gooseberry tart.

We were to have reached Yokkaichi at two o'clock. At noon we were still out in the open sea and it was clear that if we ever reached Yokkaichi at all it would not be till after midnight. The wretched engineer had now gone round on a fresh tack, and was as despondent as he was yesterday hopeful. The gale had considerably abated, but it had left its mark upon the waters through which the little vessel floundered. The engineer, for our comfort, sent down word that the comparative quietude now prevalent would not last very long. A spit of land was sheltering us from the full wrath of the sea; but when we rounded the point, now within view, we should "have it all." Under these circumstances it was better to stop on the shelf where I felt no discomfort, except when the captain and officers came down to their meals. Then we were obliged to shut the cupboard door. After waiting till we had rounded the point and nothing particular happening we got up to dinner and did very well. The melancholy duck turned out excellent, and there were more pale tarts for the young gentleman from Glasgow.

It was now announced that we should be at Yokkaichi at midnight, and the question arose whether we should stay on board another night or straightway go ashore. It was decided that we should sleep on the shelf once more, a prospect the less appalling since we had now got into smoother water, and by midnight the steamer would be at anchor in the bay. This was a resolution which we subsequently had occasion to regard with thankfulness. Ito undertook to go ashore as soon as the steamer had dropped anchor, and arrange for an early start in jinrickishas in the morning.

I did not question Ito too closely about his sufferings during the night. They were, in truth, written upon his face, and in the pervading limpness of his bearing. Amongst the experiences crowded into his yet young life was a brief sojourn on an English man-of-war. He had, he believed, permanently gained his sea-legs on this cruise, and on boarding the steamer at Yokohama had assumed a certain rakish nautical bearing that was quite reassuring. One felt that if anything happened to the captain or the engineer it was well that Ito was on board. But there is no use in disguising the fact that Ito, like some other seasoned sailors, had been utterly routed during the storm, and he was now eager to go ashore at the first possible opportunity.

In the early morning, between one and two o'clock, I was awakened by a tremendous hubbub on deck. Men ran about wildly shouting. Half a dozen captains seemed giving orders at the same time. The noise lasted five or six minutes, when it ceased as suddenly as it had arisen, and a deep silence fell over the steamer, now at anchor in the bay. It was clear enough what all this meant. A fleet of sampans had come up to take off passengers, had clamorously got their fares, and had gone away. I turned over and went to sleep in the certainty that the faithful Ito would come off for us at six in the morning.

When I awaked it was already half-past six and Ito had not come. Whilst we were taking a cup of tea and a biscuit, a Japanese entered with profound bows and made a long speech. With the assistance of the Chinese cook we made out that Ito had sent him off to bring us ashore. This seemed strange, as Ito was not accustomed to delegate part of his duty to others. There was, however, no help for it, so we went off with the strange man, being sculled across the bay in a sampan that threatened to upset with every motion of the oar. It was a grey morning with clouds lying low on the hills. The bay was large and singularly lonely, the only shipping it contained, besides our own never-

to-be-forgotten craft, was a junk of fantastic form, with rudder standing out from the stern at right angles, as if, after prolonged bickering, it had come to the conclusion it would have nothing more to do with the ship. This appearance was due to a habit of the Japanese mariner of hauling his rudder up out of the water so as to save wear and tear whilst at anchor.

We anxiously scanned the quay in search of Ito, but he was not among the group gathered there. This began to look serious. It was certain he would be there if he were alive and could walk. Apprehension was increased by the replies of our guide to persistent questions of "Where's Ito?" He invariably pointed to the water with finger downward, which could only mean that Ito was drowned. This was a saddening conviction. What was to become of the poor old "mudder" and her provision for daily prayer when the staff of her life was lying under the dark waters of this gloomy bay?

Our guide on landing led us to a tea-house close by the quay. Here, surely, we should find Ito, if only his body. But there was no sign of him and nothing could be learned from the crowd that gathered round us at the door. The guide made signs for us to enter the jinrickishas that were waiting, a step we were not inclined to take, not knowing whither it would lead and anxious above all things to get some clue to Ito's whereabouts. After some delay, and finding explanation hopeless, we thought it best to go on, and were whirled through the narrow and dirty streets for a distance of about a mile. We drew up at another tea-house, and there, arrayed in a miscellaneous costume of borrowed garments, with his teeth visibly and audibly shaking in his head, was our lost leader.

His story was brief but thrilling. The steamer had brought up at her moorings about one o'clock in the morning. Two or three sampans came along to take off passengers who crowded in the gangway, anxious to leave the ship on any terms. Critically surveying the scene, Ito had sagaciously come to the conclusion that the first sampan was dangerously overladen. He awaited the second, into which sixteen people, all told, managed to pack themselves. There was a big swell on in the bay, a legacy of the gale of the previous night. The stern of the sampan was driven under the lower step of the gangway. There was a violent shove, a loud shriek, and in an instant the sixteen passengers were floundering in the water. Ito went down under the boat, "and," he added, "I thought I was never coming back again." But he scrambled out as did thirteen others, for it was bright moonlight, and there were several sampans around. Unhappily, a woman with a baby on her back sank, and her body had not been recovered when we left the village.

This sampan, we remembered, was the one we should have gone in had we arranged to go on shore at night. I do not know whether the passengers were invited to return to the ship and change their clothing before proceeding. What is certain is that the sampan being righted they got in, and huddled together dripping wet, under a bitter cold wind coming down from the mountains, were sculled across the dreary two miles that separated them from the shore.

When he reached the quay, Ito had to drive in a jinrickisha to the tea-house where we found him, and where he arrived more dead than alive at half past two in the morning. Whilst under the water he lost his pocket-book containing his reserve cash, and, worse still, the silver watch which Miss Bird had given him as a memento of his journeying with her across unbeaten tracks. But the philosophical mind that had, unruffled, heard of the destruction of his house and the burning out of his "mudder," remained unshaken. Tried by fire and water, Ito came out equally uncomplaining.

"It's a bad job," he said as he turned his garments over the fire, and extracted the last drop of water out of his shoes, "but it can't be helped. The worst of it is this here salt water takes such a long time to dry."

Ito concluded to finish the drying of his clothes as he went along, and we got under weigh a little after nine o'clock. The district greatly differed from what we had seen further north. The houses in the village were meaner in appearance, the people were poorer and less light-hearted. Houses were built of a hard wood that turned grey like oak, imparting a dead monotony to the scene. As we got further inland the country improved and the people seemed less depressed. Presently the road began to run by the feet of green hills with every nook carefully cultivated.

We halted for luncheon at Skeko, a poor little town where the sight of Europeans was evidently a rarity. As we moved about looking at the shops the throng at our heels increased till it seemed that all the village had turned out. An old woman was weaving with the assistance of some simple machinery as old as the first Shogun. She was pleased with the interest her work

excited in the breast of the foreigner, but as we stood and looked on, the heat and pressure of the throng grew insupportable, and we were glad to seek comparative privacy in the tea-house. We had afternoon tea at a place called Tsuchiyama. Just as we were leaving, one of my men's sandals broke. He hardly stopped the procession to pull it off, and was going ahead evidently intending to run the remaining ten or twelve miles with one bare foot. I insisted upon buying him a pair of sandals, which cost a penny. The next day a man in one of the other jinrickishas lost his shoe and did run more than twenty miles barefooted without any sense of inconvenience, much less of hardship.

In this district tea is largely grown. The plant very much resembles an overgrown clump of box. We crossed several rivers by bridges just now many sizes too large for them. But that in due time these bare beds of gravel will be covered with rushing water is plain enough. In some parts where the road stands high and dry above the bed of the river large slices have been cut away by the rushing tide. This must have happened not later than July. But gaps still stand, making the road impassable for horse or bullock traffic. The jinrickishas can just get past in some places by making a *détour*, in others, by profiting by a perilous ridge of roadway that has remained. With the exception of these accidents the road is a good one.

We slept at Tagawa, a pretty hamlet nestling at the foot of a hill. The hills here are very curious, being perfectly bare, brown or red sandstone rocks standing up out of the greenery. They are thoroughly Japanese, of the coolie class, seeming to have got up in the morning and gone out without putting on any superfluous clothing. In the early morning we toiled through the steep pass that winds its way through the hills, and descending at a rapid trot reached Ostu where we had tiffin within view of Lake Beva. Here we found train for Kiyoto, and gladly took it, for it had been raining all the morning, and the slow process of drying Ito's clothes had been disastrously interrupted.

H. W. Lucy.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER XVII.—*continued.*

"HOW is this, my Lord Cardinal?" said Henry; "I bade them make an example of a few worthless hinds, such as might teach the lusty burghers to hold their lads in bounds and prove to our neighbours that their churlishness was by no consent of ours."

"I trow," returned the Cardinal, "that one of these same hinds is a boon companion of the fool's—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*, and a speech that would have befitted a wise man's mouth."

"There is work that may well make even a fool grave, friend Thomas," replied the jester.

"Nay, but what hath this little wench to say?" asked the King, looking down on the child from under his plumed cap with a face set in golden hair, the fairest and sweetest, as it seemed to her, that she had ever seen, as he smiled upon her. "Methinks she is too small to be thy love. Speak out, little one. I love little maids, I have one of mine own. Hast thou a brother among these misguided lads?"

"Not so, an please your Grace," said Dennet, who fortunately was not in the least shy, and was still too young for a maiden's shamefastness. "He is to be my betrothed. I would say, one of them is, but the other—he saved my father's life once."

The latter words were lost in the laughter of the King and Cardinal at the unblushing avowal of the small, prim-faced maiden.

"Oh ho! So 'tis a case of true love, whereto a King's face must needs show grace. Who art thou, fair suppliant, and who may this swain of thine be?"

"I am Dennet Headley, so please your Grace; my father is Giles Headley the armourer, Alderman of Cheap Ward," said Dennet, doing her part bravely, though puzzled by the King's tone of banter; "and see here, your Grace!"

"Ha! the hawk's whistle that Archduke Philip gave me! What of that? I gave it—ay, I gave it to a youth that came to mine aid, and reclaimed a falcon for me! Is't he, child?"

"Oh, sir, 'tis he who came in second at the butts, next to Barlow, 'tis Stephen Birkenholt! And he did nought! They bore no ill-will to strangers! No, they were falling on the wicked fellows who had robbed and slain good old Master Michael, who taught our folk to make the only real true Damascus blades welded in England. But the lawyers of the Inns of Court fell on them all alike, and have driven them off to Newgate, and poor little Jasper Hope too. And Alderman Mundy bears ill-will to Giles. And the cruel Duke of Norfolk and his men swear they'll have vengeance on the Cheap, and there'll be hanging and quartering this very morn. Oh! your Grace, your Grace, save our lads! for Stephen saved my father."

"Thy tongue wags fast, little one," said the King, good-naturedly, "with thy Stephen and thy Giles. Is this same Stephen, the knight of the whistle and the bow, thy betrothed, and Giles thy brother?"

"Nay, your Grace," said Dennet, hanging her head, "Giles Headley is my betrothed—that is, when his time is served, he will be,—father sets great store by him, for he is the only one of our name to keep up the armoury, and he has a mother, Sir, a mother at Salisbury. But oh, Sir, Sir! Stephen is so good and brave a lad! He made in to save father from the robbers, and he draws the best bow in Cheapside, and he can grave steel as well as Tibble himself, and this is the whistle your Grace wots of."

Henry listened with an amused smile that

grew broader as Dennet's voice all unconsciously became infinitely more animated and earnest, when she began to plead Stephen's cause.

"Well, well, sweetheart," he said, "I trow thou must have the twain of them, though," he added to the Cardinal, who smiled broadly, "it might perchance be more for the maid's peace than she wots of now, were we to leave this same knight of the whistle to be strung up at once, ere she have found her heart; but in sooth that I cannot do, owing well nigh a life to him and his brother. Moreover, we may not have old Headley's skill in weapons lost!"

Dennet held her hands close clasped while these words were spoken apart. She felt as if her hope, half granted, were being snatched from her, as another actor appeared on the scene, a gentleman in a lawyer's gown, and square cap, which he doffed as he advanced and put his knee to the ground before the king, who greeted him with "Save you, good Sir Thomas, a fair morning to you."

"They told me your Grace was in council with my Lord Cardinal," said Sir Thomas More; "but seeing that there was likewise this merry company, I durst venture to thrust in, since my business is urgent."

Dennet here forgot court manners enough to cry out "O your Grace! your Grace, be pleased for pity's sake to let me have the pardon for them first, or they'll be hanged and dead. I saw the gallows in Cheapside, and when they are dead, what good will your Grace's mercy do them?"

"I see," said Sir Thomas. "This little maid's errand jumps with mine own, which was to tell your Grace that unless there be speedy commands to the Howards to hold their hands, there will be wailing like that of Egypt in the City. The poor boys, who were but shouting and brawling after the nature of mettled youth—the most with nought of malice—are penned up like sheep for the slaughter—ay, and worse than sheep, for we quarter not our mutton alive, whereas these poor younglings—babes of thirteen, some of them—be indicted for high treason! Will the parents, shut in from coming to them by my Lord of Norfolk's men, ever forget their agonies, I ask your Grace?"

Henry's face grew red with passion. "If Norfolk thinks to act the King, and turn the City into a shambles,"—with a mighty oath —"he shall abye it. Here, Lord Cardinal —More, let the free pardon be drawn up for the two lads. And we will ourselves write to the Lord Mayor and to Norfolk that though they may work their will on the movers of the riot—that pestilent Lincoln and his sort—not a prentice lad shall be touched till our pleasure be known. There now, child, thou hast won the lives of thy lads, as thou callest them. Wilt thou rue the day, I marvel? Why cannot some of their mothers pluck up spirit and beg them off as thou hast done?"

"Yea," said Wolsey. "That were the right course. If the Queen were moved to pray your Grace to pity the striplings, then could the Spaniards make no plaint of too much clemency being shown."

They were all this time getting nearer the palace, and being now at a door opening into the hall, Henry turned round. "There, pretty maid, spread the tidings among thy gossips, that they have a tender-hearted Queen, and a gracious King. The Lord Cardinal will presently give thee the pardon for both thy lads, and by and by thou wilt know whether thou thankest me for it!" Then putting his hand under her chin, he turned up her face to him, kissed her on each cheek, and touched his feathered cap to the others, saying, "See that my bidding be done," and disappeared.

"It must be prompt, if it be to save any marked for death this morn," More in a low voice observed to the Cardinal. "Lord Edmund Howard is keen as a bloodhound on his vengeance."

Wolsey was far from being a cruel man, and besides, there was a natural antagonism between him and the old nobility, and he liked and valued his fool, to whom he turned saying, "And what stake hast thou in this, sirrah? Is't all pure charity?"

"I'm scarce such a fool as that, Cousin Red Hat," replied Randall, rallying his powers. "I leave that to Mr. More here, whom we all know to be a good fool spoilt. But I'll make a clean breast of it. This same Stephen is my sister's son, an orphan lad of good birth and breeding—whom, my lord, I would die to save."

"Thou shalt have the pardon instantly, Merriman," said the Cardinal, and beckoning to one of the attendants who clustered round the door, he gave orders that a clerk should instantly, and very briefly, make out the form. Sir Thomas More, hearing the name of Headley, added that for him indeed the need of haste was great, since he was one of the fourteen sentenced to die that morning.

Quipsome Hal was interrogated as to how he had come, and the Cardinal and Sir Thomas agreed that the river would be as speedy a way of returning as by land; but

they decided that a King's pursuivant should accompany him, otherwise there would be no chance of forcing his way in time through the streets, guarded by the Howard retainers.

As rapidly as was in the nature of a high officer's clerk to produce a dozen lines, the precious document was indited, and it was carried at last to Dennet, bearing Henry's signature and seal. She held it to her bosom, while, accompanied by the pursuivant, who —happily for them—was interested in one of the unfortunate fourteen, and therefore did not wait to stand on his dignity, they hurried across to the place where they had left the barge—Tibble and Ambrose joining them on the way. Stephen was safe. Of his life there could be no doubt, and Ambrose almost repented of feeling his heart so light while Giles's fate hung upon their speed.

The oars were plied with hearty good-will, but the barge was somewhat heavy, and by and by coming to a landing-place where two watermen had a much smaller and lighter boat, the pursuivant advised that he should go forward with the more necessary persons, leaving the others to follow. After a few words, the light weights of Tibble and Dennet prevailed in their favour, and they shot forward in the little boat.

They passed the Temple—on to the stairs nearest Cheapside—up the street. There was an awful stillness, only broken by heavy knells sounding at intervals from the churches. The back streets were thronged by a trembling, weeping people, who all eagerly made way for the pursuivant, as he called "Make way, good people—a pardon!"

They saw the broader space of Cheapside. Horsemen in armour guarded it, but they too opened a passage for the pursuivant. There was to be seen above the people's heads a scaffold. A fire burnt on it—the gallows and noosed rope hung above.

A figure was mounting the ladder. A boy! Oh, Heavens! would it be too late? Who was it? They were still too far off to see. They might only be cruelly holding out hope to one of the doomed.

The pursuivant shouted aloud—"In the King's name, Hold!" He lifted Dennet on his shoulder, and bade her wave her parchment. An overpowering roar arose. "A pardon! a pardon! God save the King!"

Every hand seemed to be forwarding the pursuivant and the child, and it was Giles Headley, who, loosed from the hold of the executioner, stared wildly about him, like one distraught.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARDON.

"'What if,' quoth she, 'by Spanish blood
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good
And pardon for these young men get.'"
CHURCHILL.

THE night and morning had been terrible to the poor boys, who only had begun to understand what awaited them. The fourteen selected had little hope, and indeed a priest came in early morning to hear the confessions of Giles Headley and George Bates, the only two who were in Newgate.

George Bates was of the stolid, heavy disposition that seems armed by outward indifference, or mayhap pride. He knew that his case was hopeless, and he would not thaw even to the priest. But Giles had been quite unmanned, and when he found that for the doleful procession to the Guildhall he was to be coupled with George Bates, instead of either of his room-fellows, he flung himself on Stephen's neck, sobbing out messages for his mother, and entreaties that, if Stephen survived, he would be good to Aldonza. "For you will wed Dennet, and——"

There the jailers roughly ordered him to hold his peace, and dragged him off to be pinioned to his fellow-sufferer. Stephen was not called till some minutes later and had not seen him since. He himself was of course overshadowed by the awful gloom of apprehension for himself, and pity for his comrades, and he was grieved at not having seen or heard of his brother or master, but he had a very present care in Jasper, who was sickening in the prison atmosphere, and when fastened to his arm, seemed hardly able to walk. Leashed as they were, Stephen could only help him by holding the free hand, and when they came to the hall, supporting him as much as possible, as they stood in the miserable throng during the conclusion of the formalities, which ended by the horrible sentence of the traitor being pronounced on the whole two hundred and seventy-eight. Poor little Jasper woke for an interval from the sense of present discomfort to hear it. He seemed to stiffen all over with the shock of horror, and then hung a dead weight on Stephen's arm. It would have dragged him down, but there was no room to fall, and the wretchedness of the lad against whom he staggered found vent in a surly imprecation, which was lost among the cries and the entreaties of some of the others. The

London magistracy were some of them in tears, but the indictment for high treason removed the poor lads from their jurisdiction to that of the Earl Marshal, and thus they could do nothing to save the fourteen foremost victims. The others were again driven out of the hall to return to their prisons; the nearest pair of lads doing their best to help Stephen drag his burthen along. In the halt outside, to arrange the sad processions, one of the guards, of milder mood, cut the cord that bound the lifeless weight to Stephen, and permitted the child to be laid on the stones of the court, his collar unbuttoned, and water to be brought. Jasper was just reviving when the word came to march, but still he could not stand, and Stephen was therefore permitted the free use of his arms, in order to carry the poor little fellow. Thirteen years made a considerable load for sixteen, though Stephen's arms were exercised in the smithy, and it was a sore pull from Westminster. Jasper presently recovered enough to walk with a good deal of support. When he was laid on the bed he fell into an exhausted sleep, while Stephen kneeling, as the strokes of the knell smote on his ear, prayed—as he had never prayed before—for his comrade, for his enemy, and for all the unhappy boys who were being led to their death wherever the outrages had been committed.

Once indeed there was a strange sound coming across that of the knell. It almost sounded like an acclamation of joy. Could people be so cruel, thought Stephen, as to mock poor Giles's agonies? There were the knells still sounding. How long he did not know, for a beneficent drowsiness stole over him as he knelt, and he was only awaked, at the same time as Jasper, by the opening of his door.

He looked up to see three figures—his brother, his uncle, his master. Were they come to take leave of him? But the one conviction that their faces beamed with joy was all that he could gather, for little Jasper sprang up with a scream of terror, "Stephen, Stephen, save me! They will cut out my heart," and clung trembling to his breast, with arms round his neck.

"Poor child! poor child!" sighed Master Headley. "Would that I brought him the same tidings as to thee!"

"Is it so?" asked Stephen, reading confirmation as he looked from the one to the other. Though he was unable to rise for the weight of the boy, life and light were coming to his eye, while Ambrose clasped his hand tightly, choked by the swelling of his heart in almost an agony of joy and thankfulness.

"Yea, my good lad," said the alderman. "Thy good kinsman took my little wench to bear to the King the token he gave thee."

"And Giles?" Stephen asked, "and the rest?"

"Giles is safe. For the rest—may God have mercy on their souls."

These words passed while Stephen rocked Jasper backwards and forwards, his face hidden on his neck.

"Come home," added Master Headley. "My little Dennet and Giles cannot yet rejoice till thou art with them. Giles would have come himself but he is sorely shaken, and could scarce stand."

Jasper caught the words, and loosing his friend's neck, looked up. "Oh! are we going home? Come, Stephen. Where's brother Simon? I want my good sister! I want nurse! Oh! take me home!" For as he tried to sit up, he fell back sick and dizzy on the bed.

"Alack! alack!" mourned Master Headley; and the jester, muttering that it was not the little wench's fault, turned to the window, and burst into tears. Stephen understood it all, and though he felt a passionate longing for freedom, he considered in one moment whether there were any one of his fellow prisoners to whom Jasper could be left, or who would be of the least comfort to him, but could find no one, and resolved to cling to him as once to old Spring.

"Sir," he said, as he rose to his master, "I fear me he is very sick. Will they—will your worship give me licence to bide with him till this ends?"

"Thou art a good-hearted lad," said the alderman with a hand on his shoulder. "There is no further danger of life to the prentice lads. The King hath sent to forbid all further dealing with them, and hath bidden my little maid to set it about that if their mothers beg them grace from good Queen Katherine, they shall have it. But this poor child! He can scarce be left. His brother will take it well of thee if thou wilt stay with him till some tendance can be had. We can see to that. Thanks be to St. George and our good King, this good city is our own again!"

The alderman turned away, and Ambrose and Stephen exchanged a passionate embrace, feeling what it was to be still left to one another. The jester too shook his nephew's hand, saying, "Boy, boy, the blessing of such as I is scarce worth the having, but I would thy mother could see thee this day."

Stephen was left with these words and his brother's look to bear him through a trying time.

For the "Captain of Newgate" was an autocrat, who looked on his captives as compulsory lodgers, out of whom he was entitled to wring as much as possible—as indeed he had no other salary, nor means of maintaining his underlings, a state of things which lasted on two hundred years longer until the days of James Oglethorpe and John Howard. Even in the rare cases of acquittals, the prisoner could not be released till he had paid his fees, and that Giles Headley should have been borne off from the scaffold itself in debt to him was an invasion of his privileges which did not dispose him to be favourable to any one connected with that affair; and he liked to show his power and dignity even to an alderman.

He was found sitting in a comfortable tapestried chamber, handsomely dressed in orange and brown, and with a smooth sleek countenance and the appearance of a good-natured substantial citizen.

He only half rose from his big carved chair, and touched without removing his cap, to greet the alderman, as he observed, without the accustomed prefix of your worship—"So, you are come about your prentice's fees and dues. By St. Peter of the Fetters, 'tis an irksome matter to have such a troop of idle, mischievous, dainty striplings thrust on one, giving more trouble and making more call and outcry than twice as many honest thieves and pickpurses."

"Be assured, sir, they will scarce trouble you longer than they can help," said Master Headley.

"Yea, the Duke and my Lord Edmund are making brief work of them," quoth the jailer. "Ha!" with an oath, "what's that? Nought will daunt those lads till the hangman is at their throats."

For it was a real hurrah that reached his ears. The jester had got all the boys round him in the court, and was bidding them keep up a good heart, for their lives were safe, and their mothers would beg them off. Their shouts did not tend to increase the captain's good humour, and though he certainly would not have let out Alderman Headley's remaining apprentice without his fee, he made as great a favour of permission, and charged for it as exorbitantly, for a pardoned man to remain within his domains as if they had been the most costly and delightful hostel in the kingdom.

Master Hope, who presently arrived, had to pay a high fee for leave to bring Master Todd, the barber-surgeon, with him to see his brother; but though he offered a mark a day (a huge amount at that time) the captain was obdurate in refusing to allow the patient to be attended by his own old nurse, declaring that it was contrary to discipline, and (what probably affected him much more) one such woman would cause more trouble than a dozen felons. No doubt it was true, for she would have insisted on moderate cleanliness and comfort. No other attendant whom Mr. Hope could find would endure the disgrace, the discomfort, and alarm of a residence in Newgate for Jasper's sake; so that the draper's gratitude to Stephen Birkenholt, for voluntarily sharing the little fellow's captivity, was great, and he gave payment to one or two of the officials to secure their being civilly treated, and that the provisions sent in reached them duly.

Jasper did not in general seem very ill by day, only heavy, listless and dull, unable to eat, too giddy to sit up, and unable to help crying like a babe if Stephen left him for a moment; but he never fell asleep without all the horror and dread of the sentence coming over him. Like all the boys in London, he had gazed at executions with the sort of curiosity that leads rustic lads to run to see pigs killed, and now the details came over him in semi-delirium, as acted out on himself, and he shrieked and struggled in an anguish which was only mitigated by Stephen's reassurances, caresses, even scoldings. The other youths, relieved from the apprehension of death, agreed to regard their detention as a holiday, and not being squeamish, made the yard into a playground, and there they certainly made uproar and played pranks enough to justify the preference of the captain for full grown criminals. But Stephen could not join them, for Jasper would not spare him for an instant, and he himself, though at first sorely missing employment and exercise, was growing drowsy and heavy limbed in his cramped life and the evil atmosphere, even the sick longings for liberty were gradually passing away from him, so that sometimes he felt as if he had lived here for ages and known no other life, though no sooner did he lie down to rest and shut his eyes than the trees and green glades of the New Forest rose before him, with all the hollies shining in the summer light, or the gorse making a sheet of gold.

The time was not in reality so very long. On the 7th of May, John Lincoln, the broker, who had incited Canon Beale to preach against the foreigners, was led forth with several others of the real promoters of the

riot to the centre of Cheapside, where Lincoln was put to death, but orders were brought to respite the rest; and at the same time all the armed men were withdrawn, and the City began to breathe, and the women who had been kept within doors to go abroad again.

The Recorder of London and several aldermen were to meet the King at his manor of Greenwich. This was the mothers' opportunity. The civic dignitaries rode in mourning robes, but the wives and mothers, sweethearts and sisters, every woman who had a youth's life at stake, came together, took boat, and went down the river, a strange fleet of barges, all containing white caps, and black gowns and hoods, for all were clad in the most correct and humble citizen's costume.

"Never was such a sight," said Jester Randall, who had taken care to secure a view, and who had come with his report to the Dragon court. "It might have been Ash Wednesday for the look of them, when they landed and got into order. One would think every prentice lad had got at least three mothers and four or five aunts and sisters! I trow, verily, that half of them came to look on at the other half, and get a sight of Greenwich and the three queens. However, be that as it might, not one of them but knew how to open the sluices. The Queen noted well what was coming, and she and the Queens of Scotland and France sat in the great chamber with the doors open. And immediately there's a knock at the door, and so soon as the usher opens it, in they come, three and three, every good wife of them with her napkin to her eyes, and working away with her sobs. Then Mistress Todd, the barber-surgeon's wife, she spoke for all, being thought to have the more courtly tongue, having been tirewoman to Queen Mary ere she went to France. Verily her husband must have penned the speech for her—for it began right scholarly, and flowery, with a likening of themselves to the mothers of Bethlehem, (lusty innocents theirs, I trow!) but ere long the good woman faltered and forgot her part, and broke out 'Oh! madam, you that are a mother yourself, for the sake of your own sweet babe, give us back our sons.' And therewith they all fell on their knees, weeping and wringing their hands, and crying out 'Mercy, mercy! For our Blessed Lady's sake, have pity on our children!' till the good Queen, with the tears running down her cheeks for very ruth, told them that the power was not in her hands, but the will was for them and their poor sons, and that she would strive so to plead for them with the King as to win their freedom. Meantime there were the aldermen watching for the King in his chamber of presence, till forth he came, when all fell on their knees, and the Recorder spake for them, casting all the blame on the vain and light persons who had made that enormity. Thereupon what does our Hal but make himself as stern as though he meant to string them all up in a line. 'Ye ought to wail and be sorry,' said he, 'whereas ye say that substantial persons were not concerned, it appeareth to the contrary. You did wink at the matter,' quoth he, 'and at this time we will grant you neither favour nor goodwill.' However, none who knew Hal's eye but could tell that 'twas all very excellent fooling, when he bade them get them to the Cardinal. Therewith, in came the three queens, hand in hand, with tears in their eyes, so as they might have been the three queens that bore away King Arthur, and down they went on their knees, and cried aloud 'Dear sir, we who are mothers ourselves, beseech you to set the hearts at ease of all the poor mothers who are mourning for their sons.' Whereupon the door being opened came in so piteous a sound of wailing and lamentation as our Harry's name must have been Herod to withstand! 'Stand up, Kate,' saith he, 'stand up, sisters, and hark in your ear. Not a hair of the silly lads shall be touched, but they must bide lock and key long enough to teach them and their masters to keep better ward.' And then when the queens came back with the good tidings, such a storm of blessings was never heard, laughings and cryings, and the like, for verily some of the women seemed as distraught for joy as ever they had been for grief and fear. Moreover, Mistress Todd, being instructed of her husband, led up Mistress Hope to Queen Mary, and told her the tale of how her husband's little brother, a mere babe, lay sick in prison—a mere babe, a suckling as it were—and was like to die there unless the sooner delivered, and how our Steve was fool enough to tarry with the poor child, pardoned though he be. Then the good lady wept again, and 'Good woman,' saith she to Mistress Hope, 'the King will set thy brother free anon. His wrath is not with babes, nor with lads like this other of whom thou speakest.'

"So off was she to the King again, and though he and his master pished and pshawed, and said if one and another were to be set free privily in this sort, there would be none to wane and beg for mercy as a warning to all malapert youngsters to keep within

bounds, 'Nay, verily,' quoth I, seeing the moment for shooting a fool's bolt among them, 'methinks Master Death will have been a pick-lock before you are ready for them, and then who will stand to cry mercy?'"

The narrative was broken off short by a cry of jubilee in the court. Workmen, boys, and all were thronging together, Kit Smallbones' head towering in the midst. Vehement welcomes seemed in progress. "Stephen! Stephen!" shouted Dennet, and flew out of the hall and down the steps.

"The lad himself!" exclaimed the jester, leaping down after her.

'Stephen, the good boy!" said Master Headley, descending more slowly, but not less joyfully.

Yes, Stephen himself it was, who had quietly walked into the court. Master Hope and Master Todd had brought the order for Jasper's release, had paid the captain's exorbitant fees for both, and while the sick boy was carried home in a litter, Stephen had entered the Dragon court through the gates, as if he were coming home from an errand, though the moment he was recognised by the little four-year-old Smallbones, there had been a general rush and shout of ecstatic welcome, led by Giles Headley, who fairly threw himself on Stephen's neck, as they met like comrades after a desperate battle. Not one was there who did not want a grasp of the boy's hand, and who did not pour out welcomes and greetings, while in the midst, the released captive looked, to say the truth, very spiritless, faded, dusty, nay dirty. The court seemed spinning round with him, and the loud welcomes roared in his ears. He was glad that Dennet took one hand, and Giles the other, declaring that he must be led to the grandmother instantly.

He muttered something about being in too foul trim to go near her, but Dennet held him fast, and he was too dizzy to make much resistance. Old Mrs. Headley was better again, though not able to do much but sit by the fire kept burning to drive away the plague which was always smouldering in London.

She held out her hands to Stephen, as he knelt down by her. "Take an old woman's blessing, my good lad," she said. "Right glad am I to see thee once more. Thou wilt not be the worse for the pains thou hast spent on the little lad, though they have tried thee sorely."

Stephen, becoming somewhat less dazed, tried to fulfil his long cherished intention of thanking Dennet for her intercession, but the instant he tried to speak, to his dismay and indignation, tears choked his voice, and he could do nothing but weep, as if, thought he, his manhood had been left behind in the jail.

"Vex not thyself," said the old dame as she saw him struggling with his sobs. "Thou art worn out—Giles here was not half his own man when he came out, nor is he yet. Nay, beset him not, children. He should go to his chamber, change these garments, and rest ere supper-time."

Stephen was fain to obey, only murmuring an inquiry for his brother, to which his uncle responded that if Ambrose were at home, the tidings would send him to the Dragon instantly, but he was much with his old master, who was preparing to leave England, his work here being ruined.

The jester then took leave, accepting conditionally an invitation to supper. Master Headley, Smallbones, and Tibble now knew who he was, but the secret was kept from all the rest of the household, lest it should affect Stephen's peace.

Cold water was not much affected by the citizens of London, but smiths' and armourers' work entailed a freer use of it than less grimy trades; and a bath and Sunday garments made Stephen more like himself, though still he felt so weary and depressed that he missed the buoyant joy of release to which he had been looking forward.

He was sitting on the steps, leaning against the rail, so tired that he hoped none of his comrades would notice that he had come out, when Ambrose hurried into the court, having just heard tidings of his freedom, and was at his side at once. The two brothers sat together, leaning against one another as if they had all that they could wish or long for. They had not met for more than a week, for Ambrose's finances had not availed to fee the turnkeys to give him entrance.

"And what art thou doing, Ambrose?" asked Stephen, rousing a little from his lethargy. "Methought I heard mine uncle say thine occupation was gone?"

"Even so," replied Ambrose. "Master Lucas will sail in a week's time to join his brother at Rotterdam, bearing with him what he hath been able to save out of the havoc. I wot not if I shall ever see the good man more."

"I am glad thou dost not go with him," said Stephen, with a hand on his brother's leather-covered knee.

"I would not put seas between us," returned Ambrose. "Moreover, though I grieve to lose him, my good master, who

hath been so scurvily entreated here, yet, Stephen, this trouble and turmoil hath brought me that which I had longed for above all, even to have speech with the Dean of St. Paul's."

He then told Stephen how he had brought Dean Colet to administer the last rites to Abenali, and how that good man had bidden Lucas to take shelter at the Deanery, in the desolation of his own abode. This had led to conversation between the Dean and the printer; Lucas, who distrusted all ecclesiastics, would accept no patronage. He had a little hoard, buried in the corner of his stall, which would suffice to carry him to his native home, and he wanted no more, but he had spoken of Ambrose, and the Dean was quite ready to be interested in the youth who had led him to Abenali.

"He had me to his privy chamber," said Ambrose, "and spake to me as no man hath yet spoken—no, not even Tibble. He let me utter all my mind, nay, I never wist before even what mine own thoughts were till he set them before me—as it were in a mirror."

"Thou wast ever in a harl," said Stephen, drowsily, using the Hampshire word for whirl or entanglement.

"Yea. On the one side stood all that I had ever believed or learnt before I came hither of the one true and glorious Mother-Church to whom the Blessed Lord had committed the keys of His kingdom, through His holy martyrs and priests to give us the blessed host and lead us in the way of salvation. And on the other side, I cannot but see the lewd and sinful and worldly lives of the most part, and hear the lies whereby they amass wealth and turn men from the spirit of truth and holiness to delude them into believing that wilful sin can be committed without harm, and that purchase of a parchment is as good as repentance. That do I see and hear. And therewith my master Lucas and Dan Tindall, and those of the new light, declare that all has been false even from the very outset, and that all the pomp and beauty is but Satan's bait, and that to believe in Christ alone is all that needs to justify us, casting all the rest aside. All seemed a mist, and I was swayed hither and thither till the more I read and thought, the greater was the fog. And this—I know not whether I told it to yonder good and holy doctor, or whether he knew it, for his eyes seemed to see into me, and he told me that he had felt and thought much the same. But on that one great truth, that faith in the Passion is salvation, is the Church built, though sinful men have hidden it by their errors and lies as befell before among the Israelites, whose law, like ours, was divine. Whatever is entrusted to man, he said, will become stained, soiled, and twisted, though the power of the Holy Spirit will strive to renew it. And such an outpouring of cleansing and renewing power is, he saith, abroad in our day. When he was a young man, this good father, so he said, hoped great things, and did his best to set forth the truth, both at Oxford and here, as indeed he hath ever done, he and the good Doctor Erasmus, striving to turn men's eyes back to the simplicity of God's Word rather than to the arguments and deductions of the schoolmen. And for the abuses of evil priests that have sprung up, my Lord Cardinal sought the Legatine Commission from our holy father at Rome to deal with them. But Dr. Colet saith that there are other forces at work, and he doubteth greatly whether this same cleansing can be done without some great and terrible rending and upheaving, that may even split the Church as it were asunder—since judgment surely awaiteth such as will not be reformed. But, quoth he, 'our mother-Church is God's own Church and I will abide by her to the end, as the means of oneness with my Lord and Head, and do thou the same, my son, for thou art like to be more sorely tried than will a frail old elder like me, who would fain say his *Nunc Dimittis*, if such be the Lord's will, ere the foundations be cast down.'"

Ambrose had gone on rehearsing all these words with the absorption of one to whom they were everything, till it occurred to him to wonder that Stephen had listened to so much with patience and assent, and then, looking at the position of head and hands, he perceived that his brother was asleep, and came to a sudden halt. This roused Stephen to say, "Eh? What? The Dean—will he do aught for thee?"

"Yea," said Ambrose, recollecting that there was little use in returning to the perplexities which Stephen could not enter into. "He deemed that in this mood of mine, yea, and as matters now be at the universities, I had best not as yet study there for the priesthood. But he said he would commend me to a friend whose life would better show me how the new gives life to the old than any man he wots of."

"One of thy old doctors in barnacles, I trow," said Stephen.

"Nay, verily. We saw him t'other night perilling his life to stop the poor crazy prentices, and save the foreigners. Dennet

and our uncle saw him pleading for them with the King."

"What! Sir Thomas More?"

"Ay, no other. He needs a clerk for his law matters, and the Dean said he would speak of me to him. He is to sup at the Deanery to-morrow, and I am to be in waiting to see him. I shall go with a lighter heart now that thou art beyond the clutches of the captain of Newgate."

"Speak no more of that!" said Stephen, with a shudder. "Would that I could forget it!"

In truth Stephen's health had suffered enough to change the bold, high-spirited, active lad, so that he hardly knew himself. He was quite incapable of work all the next day, and Mistress Headley began to dread that he had brought home jail fever, and insisted on his being inspected by the barber-surgeon, Todd, who proceeded to bleed the patient, in order, as he said, to carry off the humours contracted in the prison. He had done the same by Jasper Hope, and by Giles, but he followed the treatment up with better counsel, namely, that the lads should all be sent out of the City to some farm where they might eat curds and whey, until their strength should be restored. Thus they would be out of reach of the sweating sickness which was already in some of the purlieus of St. Katharine's Docks, and must be specially dangerous in their lowered condition.

Master Hope came in just after this counsel had been given. He had a sister married to the host of a large prosperous inn near Windsor, and he proposed to send not only Jasper but Stephen thither, feeling how great a debt of gratitude he owed to the lad. Remembering well the good young Mistress Streatfield, and knowing that the Antelope was a large old house of excellent repute, where she often lodged persons of quality attending on the court or needing country air, Master Headley added Giles to the party at his own expense and wished also to send Dennet for greater security, only neither her grandmother nor Mrs. Hope could leave home.

It ended, however, in Perronel Randall being asked to take charge of the whole party, including Aldonza. That little damsel had been in a manner confided to her both by the Dean of St. Paul's and by Tibble Steelman—and indeed the motherly woman, after nursing and soothing her through her first despair at the loss of her father, was already loving her heartily, and was glad to give her a place in the home which Ambrose was leaving on being made an attendant on Sir Thomas More.

For the interview at the Deanery was satisfactory. The young man, after a good supper, enlivened by the sweet singing of some chosen pupils of St. Paul's school, was called up to where the Dean sat, and with him the man of the peculiarly sweet countenance, with the noble and deep expression, yet withal, something both tender and humorous in it.

They made him tell his whole life and asked many questions about Abenali, specially about the fragment of Arabic scroll which had been clutched in his hand even as he lay dying. They much regretted never having known of his existence till too late. "Jewels lie before the unheeding!" said More. Then Ambrose was called on to show a specimen of his own penmanship, and to write from Sir Thomas's dictation in English and in Latin. The result was that he was engaged to act as one of the clerks Sir Thomas employed in his occupations alike as lawyer, statesman, and scholar.

"Methinks I have seen thy face before," said Sir Thomas, looking keenly at him. "I have beheld those black eyes, though with a different favour."

Ambrose blushed deeply. "Sir, it is but honest to tell you that my mother's brother is jester to my Lord Cardinal."

"Quipsome Hal Merriman! Patch as the King calleth him!" exclaimed Sir Thomas. "A man I have ever thought wore the motley rather from excess, than infirmity of wit."

"Nay, sir, so please you, it was his good heart that made him a jester," said Ambrose, explaining the story of Randall and his Perronel in a few words, which touched the friends a good deal, and the Dean remembered that she was in charge of the little Moresco girl. He lost nothing by dealing thus openly with his new master, who promised to keep his secret for him, then gave him handsel of his salary, and bade him collect his possessions, and come to take up his abode in the house of the More family at Chelsea.

He would still often see his brother in the intervals of attending Sir Thomas to the courts of law, but the chief present care was to get the boys into purer air, both to expedite their recovery and to ensure them against being dragged into the penitential company who were to ask for their lives on the 22nd of May, consisting of such of the prisoners who could still stand or go—for jail-fever was making havoc among them, and some of the better-conditioned had been released by private interest. The remainder, not more than

half of the original two hundred and seventy-eight, were stripped to their shirts, had halters hung round their necks, and then, roped together as before, were driven through the streets to Westminster, where the King sat enthroned. There, looking utterly miserable, they fell on their knees before him, and received his pardon for their misdemeanours. They returned to their masters, and so ended that Ill May-day, which was the longer remembered because one Churchill, a ballad-monger in St. Paul's Churchyard, indited a poem on it, wherein he swelled the number of prentices to two thousand, and of the victims to two hundred. Will Wherry, who escaped from among the prisoners very forlorn, was recommended by Ambrose to the work of a carter at the Dragon, which he much preferred to printing.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE ANTELOPE.

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace."—GRAY.

MASTER HOPE took all the guests by boat to Windsor, and very soon the little party at the Antelope was in a state of such perfect felicity as became a proverb with them all their lives afterwards. It was an inn wherein to take one's ease, a large hostel full of accommodation for man and horse, with a big tapestried room of entertainment below, where meals were taken, with an oriel window with a view of the Round Tower, and above it a still more charming one, known as the Red Rose, because one of the Dukes of Somerset had been wont to lodge there. The walls were tapestried with the story of St. Genoveva of Brabant, fresh and new on Mrs. Streatfield's marriage; there was a huge bed with green curtains of that dame's own work, where one might have said

"Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe we spread,"

so as to avoid all offence. There was also a cupboard or sideboard of the choicer plate belonging to the establishment, and another awmry containing appliances for chess and backgammon, likewise two large chairs, several stools, and numerous chests.

This apartment was given up to Mistress Randall and the two girls, subject however to the chance of turning out for any very distinguished guests. The big bed held all three, and the chamber was likewise their sitting-room, though they took their meals down stairs, and joined the party in the common room in the evening whenever they were not out of doors, unless there were guests whom Perronel did not think desirable company for her charges. Stephen and Giles were quartered in a small room known as the Feathers, smelling so sweet of lavender and woodruff that Stephen declared it carried him back to the Forest. Mrs. Streatfield would have taken Jasper to tend among her children, but the boy could not bear to be without Stephen, and his brother advised her to let it be so, and not try to make a babe of him again.

The guest-chamber below stairs opened at one end into the innyard, a quadrangle surrounded with stables, outhouses, and offices, with a gallery running round to give access to the chambers above, where, when the Court was at Windsor, two or three great men's trains of retainers might be crowded together.

One door, however, in the side of the guest-chamber had steps down to an orchard, full of apple and pear trees in their glory of pink bud and white blossom, borders of roses, gillyflowers and lilies of the valley running along under the grey walls. There was a broad space of grass near the houses, whence could be seen the Round Tower of the Castle looking down in protection, while the background of the view was filled up with a mass of the foliage of Windsor forest, in the spring tints.

Stephen never thought of its being beautiful, but he revelled in the refreshment of anything so like home, and he had nothing to wish for but his brother, and after all he was too contented and happy even to miss him much.

Master Streatfield was an elderly man, fat and easy-going, to whom talking seemed rather a trouble than otherwise, though he was very good-natured. His wife was a merry, lively, active woman, who had been handed over to him by her father like a piece of Flanders cambric, but who never seemed to regret her position, managed men and maids, farm and guests, kept perfect order without seeming to do so, and made great friends with Perronel, never guessing that she had been one of the strolling company, who, nine or ten years before, had been refused admission to the Antelope, then crowded with my Lord of Oxford's followers.

At first, it was enough for the prentices to spend most of their time in lying about on the grass under the trees. Giles, who was in the best condition, exerted himself so far as to try to learn chess from Aldonza, who seemed to be a proficient in the game, and even defeated the good-natured burly parson who came every evening to the Antelope, to imbibe slowly a tankard of ale, and hear any news there stirring.

She and Giles were content to spend hours over her instructions in chess on that pleasant balcony in the shade of the house. Though really only a year older than Dennet Headley, she looked much more, and was so in all her ways. It never occurred to her to run childishly wild with delight in the garden and orchard as did Dennet, who, with little five-years-old Will Streatfield for her guide and playfellow, rushed about hither and thither, making acquaintance with hens and chickens, geese and goslings, seeing cows and goats milked, watching butter churned, bringing all manner of animal and vegetable curiosities to Stephen to be named and explained, and enjoying his delight in them, a delight which after the first few days became more and more vigorous.

By and by there was punting and fishing on the river, strawberry gathering in the park, explorations of the forest, expeditions of all sorts and kinds, Jasper being soon likewise well enough to share in them. The boys and girls were in a kind of fairy land under Perronel's kind wing, the wandering habits of whose girlhood made the freedom of the country far more congenial to her than it would have been to any regular Londoner.

Stephen was the great oracle, of course, as to the deer respectfully peeped at in the park, or the squirrels, the hares and rabbits in the forest, and the inhabitants of the stream above or below. It was he who secured and tamed the memorials of their visit—two starlings for Dennet and Aldonza. The birds were to be taught to speak, and to do wonders of all kinds, but Aldonza's bird was found one morning dead, and Giles consoled her by the promise of something much bigger, and that would talk much better. Two days after he brought her a young jackdaw. Aldonza clasped her hands and admired its glossy back and queer blue eye, and was in transports when it uttered something between "Jack" and "good lack." But Dennet looked in scorn at it, and said, "That's a bird tamed already. He didn't catch it. He only bought it! I would have none such! An ugsome great thieving bird!"

"Nay now, Mistress Dennet," argued Perronel. "Thou hast thy bird, and Alice has lost hers. It is not meet to grudge it to her."

"I! Grudge it to her!" said Dennet, with a toss of the head. "I grudge her nought from Giles Headley, so long as I have my Goldspot that Stephen climbed the wall for, his very self."

And Dennet turned majestically away with her bird—Goldspot only in the future—perched on her finger; while Perronel shook her head bodingly.

But they were all children still, and Aldonza was of a nature that was slow to take offence, while it was quite true that Dennet had been free from jealousy of the jackdaw, and only triumphant in Stephen's prowess and her own starling.

The great pleasure of all was a grand stag-hunt, got up for the diversion of the French ambassadors, who had come to treat for the espousals of the infant Princess Mary with the baby "Dolphyne." Probably these illustrious personages did not get half the pleasure out of it that the Antelope party had. Were they not, by special management of a yeoman pricker who had recognised in Stephen a kindred spirit, and had a strong admiration for Mistress Randall, placed where there was the best possible view of hunters, horses, and hounds, lords and ladies, King and ambassadors, in their gorgeous hunting trim? Did not Stephen, as a true verderer's son, interpret every note on the horn, and predict just what was going to happen, to the edification of all his hearers? And when the final rush took place, did not the prentices, with their gowns rolled up, dart off headlong in pursuit. Dennet entertained some hope that Stephen would again catch some runaway steed, or come to the King's rescue in some way or other, but such chances did not happen every day. Nay, Stephen did not even follow up the chase to the death, but left Giles to do that, turning back forsooth because that little Jasper thought fit to get tired and out of breath, and could not find his way back alone. Dennet was quite angry with Stephen and turned her back on him, when Giles came in all glorious, at having followed up staunchly all day, and having seen the fate of the poor stag, and having even beheld the King politely hand the knife to Monsieur de Montmorency to give the first stroke to the quarry!

That was the last exploit. There was to be a great tilting match in honour of the

betrothal, and Master Alderman Headley wanted his apprentices back again, and having been satisfied by a laborious letter from Dennet, sent per carrier, that they were in good health, despatched orders by the same means, that they were to hire horses at the Antelope and return—Jasper coming back at the same time, though his aunt would fain have kept him longer.

Women on a journey almost always rode double, and the arrangement came under debate. Perronel, well accustomed to horse, ass, or foot, undertook to ride behind the child, as she called Jasper, who—as a born Londoner—knew nothing of horses, though both the other prentices did. Giles, who, in right of his name, kindred, and expectations, always held himself a sort of master, declared that "it was more fitting that Stephen should ride before Mistress Dennet." And to this none of the party made any objection, except that Perronel privately observed to him that she should have thought he would have preferred the company of his betrothed.

"I shall have quite enough of her by and by," returned Giles; then adding, "She is a good little wench, but it is more for her honour that her father's servant should ride before her."

Perronel held her tongue. and they rode merrily back to London, and astonished their several homes by the growth and healthful looks of the young people. Even Giles was grown, though he did not like to be told so, and was cherishing the down on his chin. But the most rapid development had been in Aldonza, or Alice, as Perronel insisted on calling her to suit the ears of her neighbours. The girl was just reaching the borderland of maidenhood which came all the sooner to one of southern birth and extraction, when the great change took her from being her father's childish darling to be Perronel's companion and assistant. She had lain down on that fatal May Eve a child, she rose in the little house by the Temple Gardens, a maiden, and a very lovely one, with delicate, refined, beautifully cut features of a slightly aquiline cast, a bloom on her soft brunette cheek, splendid dark liquid eyes shaded by long black lashes, under brows as regular and well arched as her Eastern cousins could have made them artificially, magnificent black hair, that could hardly be contained in the close white cap, and a lithe beautiful figure on which the plainest dress sat with an Eastern grace. Perronel's neighbours did not admire her. They were not sure whether she were most Saracen, gipsy or Jew. In fact, she was as like Rachel at the well as her father had been to a patriarch, and her descent was of the purest Saracen lineage, but a Christian Saracen was an anomaly the London mind could not comprehend, and her presence in the family tended to cast suspicion that Master Randall himself with his gipsy eyes, and mysterious comings and goings, must have some strange connections. For this, however, Perronel cared little. She had made her own way for many years past, and had won respect and affection by many good offices to her neighbours, one of whom had taken her laundry work in her absence.

Aldonza was by no means indocile or incapable. She shared in Perronel's work without reluctance, making good use of her slender, dainty brown fingers, whether in cooking, household work, washing, ironing, plaiting, making or mending the stiff lawn collars and cuffs in which her hostess's business lay. There was nothing that she would not do when asked, or when she saw that it would save trouble to good mother Perronel of whom she was very fond, and she seemed serene and contented, never wanting to go abroad; but she was very silent, and Perronel declared herself never to have seen any living woman so perfectly satisfied to do nothing. The good dame herself was industrious, not only from thrift but from taste, and if not busy in her vocation or in household business, was either using her distaff or her needle, or chatting with her neighbours—often doing both at once; but though Aldonza could spin, sew, and embroider admirably, and would do so at the least request from her hostess, it was always a sort of task, and she never seemed so happy as when seated on the floor, with her dark eyes dreamily fixed on the narrow window, where hung her jackdaw's cage, and the beads of her rosary passing through her fingers. At first Mistress Randall thought she was praying, but by and by came to the conviction that most of the time "the wench was bemused." There was nothing to complain of in one so perfectly gentle and obedient, and withal, modest and devout, but the good woman, after having for some time given her the benefit of the supposition that she was grieving for her father, began to wonder at such want of activity and animation, and to think that on the whole Jack was the more talkative companion.

Aldonza had certainly not taught him the phrases he was so fond of repeating. Giles Headley had undertaken his education, and made it a reason for stealing down to the Temple many an evening after work was

done, declaring that birds never learnt so well as after dark. Moreover, he had possessed himself of a chess board, and insisted that Aldonza should carry on her instructions in the game; he brought her all his Holy Cross Day gain of nuts, he used all his blandishments to persuade Mrs. Randall to come and see the shooting at the popinjay, at Mile End.

All this made the good woman uneasy. Her husband was away, for the dread of sweating sickness had driven the Court from London, and she could only take counsel with Tibble Steelman. It was Hallowmas Eve, and Giles had been the bearer of an urgent invitation from Dennet to her friend Aldonza to come and join the diversions of the evening. There was a large number of young folk in the hall—Jasper Hope among them—mostly contemporaries of Dennet, and almost children, all keen upon the sports of the evening, namely, a sort of indoor quintain, where the revolving beam was decorated with a lighted candle at one end, and at the other an apple to be caught at by the players with their mouths, their hands being tied behind them.

Under all the uproarious merriment that each attempt occasioned, Tibble was about to steal off to his own chamber and his beloved books, when, as he backed out of the group of spectators, he was arrested by Mistress Randall, who had made her way into the rear of the party at the same time.

"Can I have a word with you, privily, Master Steelman?" she asked.

Unwillingly he muttered, "Yea, so please you;" and they retreated to a window at the dark end of the hall, where Perronel began—"The alderman's daughter is contracted to young Giles, her kinsman, is she not?"

"Not as yet in form, but by the will of the parents," returned Tibble, impatiently, as he thought of the Theses of Luther which he was sacrificing to woman's gossip.

"An it be so," returned Perronel, "I would fain—were I Master Headley—that he spent not so many nights in gazing at mine Alice."

"Forbid him the house, good dame."

"Easier spoken than done," returned Perronel. "Moreover, 'tis better to let the matter, such as it is, be open in my sight than to teach them to run after one another stealthily, whereby worse might ensue."

"Have they spoken then to one another?" asked Tibble, beginning to take alarm.

"I trow not. I deem they know not yet what draweth them together."

"Pish, they are mere babes!" quoth Tib, hoping he might cast it off his mind.

"Look!" said Perronel, and as they stood on the somewhat elevated floor of the bay window, they could look over the heads of the other spectators to the seats where the young girls sat.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE SEINE BOAT—A PERILOUS MOMENT.

Engraved by O. LACOUR, *from a Drawing by* C. NAPIER HEMY.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

JULY, 1884.

THE ROYAL COLLECTION OF MINIATURES AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

ENGLAND can boast a long and illustrious line of painters in miniature. From the time when the art assumed independent existence apart from the earlier work of the missal painter the tradition and practice of this delightful craft have remained unbroken, and it may be doubted whether any other country can show such a list of men famous in their own generation, and still remembered by the excellence of the work they have left behind them. Beginning with Hilliard, who may be reckoned as the founder of a school that was worthily represented in the work of the Olivers, father and son, and at a later date by such men as Cooper, Hoskins, and Flatman, we come at last to the fascinating portraits of the fashionable Cosway, whose daintily-painted ivories still keep alive the grace and elegance of the social life of his day.

The successive sovereigns of this country have always been the foremost patrons of the miniaturists, and the Royal Collection at the present day is rich in some of their finest works. Many examples have perished or disappeared, and others passed away from their ancestral abode, when the magnificent collection of Charles I. was dispersed by order of the Parliament; but enough remain to testify to its original wealth and splendour.

The collection as it now exists owes its preservation to the wisdom of the late Prince Consort, who, seeing these priceless historical treasures scattered about on the walls of the different palaces, exposed to every kind of danger from damp, sunlight, or neglect, brought them all together and deposited them in the Royal Library, where both he and the Queen took the keenest interest and delight in arranging them in due order in the drawers of a cabinet specially constructed for their reception in the room where the other principal treasures of art are stored.

One peculiar interest therefore of this collection lies in the fact that in nearly every case these miniatures remain in the custody of the descendants of those for whom they were originally painted, and in its thus presenting an almost unbroken series of authentic portraits of the Royal Family from the time of Henry VIII. to the present day; for though photography has almost entirely obliterated and destroyed the art, and few now practice it, yet the Queen still remains its constant patron, and year by year portraits of members of the Royal Family and others of note and renown are added in their places to continue the long and storied line.

In the limits of a short article it would be impossible to mention a tithe of those miniatures which, either on account of the importance of the sitter or the beauty of the workmanship would deserve our notice. Let us confine our attention to a few. Of the works of Nicholas Hilliard, who, like so many others of our national portrait-painters was a West-countryman, the Royal Collection originally contained many examples. Fourteen are mentioned in the catalogue of King Charles I.'s collection of limnings, including those of Queen Elizabeth, but these last unfortunately are no longer to be found. Hilliard was appointed portrait-painter to

her majesty to make pictures "of her body and person in small compasse in lymnynge only," and without shadows, to which injunction is due the flatness of most of his portraits. He painted in body colour much in the style of the old illuminators with a liberal use of gold, and his colours have faded in every instance where his work has been exposed to light.

HENRY, SON OF CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
By HOLBEIN.

Four beautiful specimens of his work which must have been done by royal command, are the portraits of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and his mother, Jane Seymour, the last three after Holbein, which were originally attached to a golden jewel, enamelled on one side with a representation of the Battle of Bosworth Field, and on the other with the roses of Lancaster and York, probably the work of Hilliard himself, who was also the court goldsmith. The portraits alone remain, the jewel has long ago disappeared.

Of the work of Holbein, who cannot be claimed as an English artist, though so much of his work was done in this country, the collection has numerous and beautiful examples, pre-eminent among them the pathetic portraits of Henry, son of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who died, with his younger brother on the same day, in 1551, of the sweating sickness. Almost as fine as this is the portrait of Catherine Howard, a fine copy or replica of which is in the splendid collection which has been formed by the late Duke of Buccleuch.

Of a painter who must have worked in England between the times of Holbein and Hilliard, a capital specimen has within the last few years been added to the number of royal portraits. It is that of Lady Jane Grey, of which we give an engraving. It passed for many years as a portrait of the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary, but is unlike her in every feature. That it represents a Tudor princess is undoubted, as in her hair are the red and white roses. It corresponds with all that is known of the characteristics of the features of the unfortunate Lady Jane, and fills an important gap in the series of portraits of the Tudor line. This miniature came from the collection of the late Mr. Sackville Bale.

The portraits of the house of Stuart are richly represented, and they begin with one of the most interesting and undoubted portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, in fact it may be said that there is no portrait of that unhappy queen which can present so good a pedigree as that of which we here give an engraving. It was the property of her grandson Charles I., and used to hang with seven other miniatures "of his Majesty's progenitors," in his own

CATHARINE HOWARD, WIFE OF HENRY VIII.
By HOLBEIN.

chamber. In the catalogue of Vander Doort, who was keeper of the king's cabinet, it is thus described:—"No. 23. Item. Done upon the right light, the second picture of Queen Mary of Scotland, upon a blue-grounded square card, dressed in her hair, in a carnation habit laced with small gold lace, and a string of pearls about her neck, in a little plain falling band, she putting on her second finger her wedding ring. Supposed to be done by Jennet, a French limner."

This Jennet is of course François Clouet or Janet, the well-known portrait painter. The miniature has never been out of the royal possession: its authenticity is therefore without a shadow of doubt, and it may be accepted as a standard authority on the vexed

LADY JANE GREY.

question of the true features of the beautiful queen. Much confusion has arisen with regard to the portraits of Mary from the fact that another miniature also in the royal collection was accepted as authentic, and it is the one engraved by Houbraken in his series of portraits. This is the one with the black hat and large ruff, but it is certainly not Queen Mary, and is now supposed to be the Countess of Nottingham, the heroine of the story of the Earl of Essex's ring. The painting, it may be observed, is by Isaac Oliver, who, as he was only born in 1556, could have hardly painted Queen Mary of Scotland in the bloom of her beauty.

Here it may be observed that even of the names attached by the most ancient traditions to portraits, very many are misleading, and even in the Royal Collection where such errors, it would have been thought, would have been

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
By JANET.

impossible, mistakes have here and there been made. It is generally assumed that every

ANNE OF DENMARK.
By ISAAC OLIVER.

lady in gorgeous apparel with a longish nose, light hair, and an enormous ruff, must be

PRINCE HENRY OF WALES.
By ISAAC OLIVER.

Queen Elizabeth, and if with a crown or mark of royalty that evidence would be accepted as final, in which case poor Anne of Denmark, who, as the mother of Charles I. and Henry Prince of Wales, deserves some remembrance, would be left without a portrait at all. Vertue, who should have known better, has engraved a portrait of her in profile as Queen Elizabeth, from a miniature now at Windsor, given on the preceeding page, and many more instances of the same mistake are known to the curious in portraiture. The time perhaps may come when all doubt will be at rest as to the features of Catharine of Arragon—of Mary of Scotland we have already spoken—and when Anne Boleyn and others may be recognised as easily as the beauties of the present day.

Anne of Denmark and her royal and wise consort James I. were painted over and over again by the greatest miniature painter of his time, Isaac Oliver, to whom we owe perhaps the finest and most elaborate works in this style of art which have ever been produced. He painted all the great and noble of his day—heads, busts, and often full-lengths—besides working on large compositions, one of them, the Crucifixion, being over a foot square : this he left unfinished at

his death in 1617. Of his work we give as a specimen the finest extant portrait of Henry, Prince of Wales, whose early death was such a blow to the nation. This in Charles I.'s catalogue is thus described:—"No. 17. Done upon the right light. The biggest limned picture that was made of Prince Henry, being limned in a set laced ruff and gilded armour, and a landskip wherein are some soldiers and tents in a square frame with a shutting glass over it. Done by Isaac Oliver—5¼ inches by 4." The delicacy of the work of this remarkable miniature it is impossible to over-praise, and it combines with minuteness of execution a breadth of effect which is admirable. Of a somewhat earlier date than this, which must have been done very soon before the prince's untimely death in 1612, is the fine, large, full-length of Sir Philip Sidney seated under a tree. He died in 1586; Oliver at that time being thirty years old. So that we have here two very fine specimens of his earlier and later manner. He died about the year 1617, having worked in miniature for forty years with great industry and success, and examples of his skill are to be found in all the great houses of England, with whose owners, as with the sovereign, his art was deservedly popular. He does not seem to have received a court appointment. His son and successor, Peter, continued in the footsteps of his father, and with equal skill and success. He received a large share of patronage from

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.
By ISAAC OLIVER.

GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.
By SAMUEL COOPER.

Charles I., who came to the throne just as Peter Oliver was thrown on his own resources. For this munificent patron of art in all its branches, Peter Oliver not only painted countless portraits, but he also copied in miniature many of his finest pictures by the great masters, for the king loved these so dearly that when he could not be in his great gallery at Whitehall, these copies could be taken about with him, and thus he could always have his favourites present to his gaze. One curious copy of this kind, of an early picture has just found its way back to Windsor from Hamilton Palace. It is a copy about half the size of the original of the little *St. George and the Dragon* by Raphael, which was sent as a present to Henry VII. by the Duke of Urbino in

return for the Order of the Garter. At the Rebellion this picture was sold, and is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. It is curious as showing St. George wearing the garter on his left leg over his armour. This picture was, to use the words of the catalogue, "copied by Peter Oliver after Raphael Urben, for his Majesty, which is dated 1628, whereof his Majesty has now also the principal in oil colours in the said Cabinet Room." Charles I. was in the habit of exchanging works of art with many of his friends at this time, and it is probable that he gave this to the Marquis of Hamilton. The original has long left the country, but it is a satisfaction that the copy has again found its resting-place in the home of the Garter. *Esto perpetua.*

Before the star of Oliver had set, another had risen whose light was soon not only to rival, but to outshine all who had gone before. This was the younger Cooper, Samuel, to whom was given the proud title of "the English Vandyck." He came of a gifted family, for his elder brother Alexander was also a distinguished miniature painter, and both the brothers had received their earliest instruction from their uncle, John Hoskins the elder, who worked with P. Oliver for Charles I. His works have always maintained their high reputation, and are at the present time sought after as eagerly as ever. They are full of grace and animation, and of excellent though sober colour. Like many a great artist, in many cases he would be content

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH.
By SAMUEL COOPER.

with his work when the head only was finished, and some of his most celebrated portraits are mere sketches. Of two of these—as fine as portraits as it is possible for them to be—we give engravings, and it is difficult to say in which the artist has been most successful, whether in the full determined head of Monk or in the rendering of the nameless charm which drew all hearts to the young James, Duke of Monmouth.

Contrast with these the head of the father of the latter, which is a fine specimen of Cooper's finished work, in which may be seen to some extent, though almost impossible to render adequately in engraving, his peculiar and beautiful treatment of hair. Perhaps the most complete of his portraits, if such a term may be used of an unfinished miniature, is that of Oliver Cromwell, in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch, which for solidity of painting and grasp of character, it would be impossible to surpass. Those of our readers who may remember to have seen it when it was exhibited two or three years ago at the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, will not dissent from this opinion.

CHARLES II.
By SAMUEL COOPER.

Up to this time miniatures had always been painted in body colours on card or vellum, but nearly about the death of Cooper in 1672 ivory was first used as a ground for transparent colour. It was not long before it drove all other substances out of the field. The art became more and more popular, but few artists attained the eminence of those who followed the older style.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
By R. COSWAY.

Prettiness and dexterity abounded, but of work of high quality there was for about a century a wonderful dearth, till again the west-country sent forth an artist, who, born about twenty years after Reynolds, attained in his own day to a celebrity almost as great as that of the renowned President of the Royal Academy, and whose work is still looked upon with no small admiration. This was Richard Cosway, whose easy and graceful style was seen to the greatest advantage on the delicate medium of ivory. Some of these, slightly tinted with wonderful delicacy and truth of drawing, are treasured at Windsor. Conspicuous among them are three of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, one of which is here reproduced; from this it is easy to understand the unbounded popularity which greeted the artist in his own day, when he and his wife with their eccentricities and extravagances were at the same time the favourites and the butts of society. In his long career he painted everybody, and his imitators and copyists were countless. Hard though as he worked, he never could have painted a tenth of the miniatures which now pass by his name. Two years after him, and in the same county, was born another boy destined also to shine in the same walk of art, and whose miniatures, though not possessing the same fashionable notoriety as Cosway's, are not inferior to them in design, execution, or colour. This was Ozias Humphrey, who also lived to be a member of the Royal Academy; but he is not so widely known, as he was for some years in India. He painted many of the Royal Family, and several of their portraits are still preserved at Windsor. From them we select one, which is of one of the most lovely women of her day, and whose features are more widely known from her portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Born a Walpole, and widow of a Waldegrave, she became the wife of the Duke of Gloucester, and is still remembered as the beautiful duchess. This miniature shows well the grace and refinement of the art of Humphrey.

In thus recounting some of the past history of miniature painting we have only touched on the names and works of a few of the more eminent past masters of the art. Of others, such as Flatman, Dixon, Crosse, Bernard Lens, Robertson, Chalon, Ross, Newton,

and many others, the Royal Collection contains numerous and interesting examples, but these we must be content merely to mention, with the exception of Sir William Ross, whose portraits of the present Royal Family are conspicuous in number and importance; there are about fifty from his hand alone, many of large size.

CHARLES I., AS PRINCE OF WALES.
By PETER OLIVER.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
By O. HUMPHREY.

PRINCESS SOPHIA, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.
By R. COSWAY.

Of the work of living painters there are examples of much excellence. We select from among them a portrait, which is sure to be acceptable to our readers, of Princess Mary of Cambridge, now Duchess of Teck, by H. T. Wells, R.A.

Of the general nature and scope of the collection it may be noticed that naturally its chief importance consists in its series of English royal portraits. This is admirably supplemented by a large and increasing series of foreign sovereigns, after whom we find the nobles and famous men and women of this country and of others, arranged in classes and according to dates. The number amounts to very nearly one thousand, and the whole collection forms one of the greatest as well as one of the most interesting of the treasures belonging to the Crown.

RICHARD HOLMES.

PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE, DUCHESS OF TECK.
By H. T. WELLS.

ON THE ROAD TO ST. NIGHTON'S KEEVE.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

DAY THE TWELFTH.

MONDAY morning. Black Monday we were half inclined to call it, knowing that by the week's end our travels must be all over and done, and that if we saw all we had meant to see, we must inevitably next morning return to civilisation and railways, which involved taking this night "a long, a last farewell" of our comfortable carriage and our faithful Charles.

"But it needn't be until night," said he, evidently loth to part from his ladies. "If I get back to Falmouth by daylight

to-morrow morning, master will be quite satisfied. I can take you wherever you like to-day."

"And the horse?"

"Oh, he shall get a good feed and a rest till the middle of the night; then he'll do well enough. We shall have the old moon after one o'clock to get home by. Between Penzance and Falmouth it's a good road, though rather lonely."

I should think it was, in the "wee hours" by the dim light of a waning moon. But Charles seemed to care nothing about it, so we said no more, but decided to take the drive—our last drive.

Our minds were perplexed between Botallack Mine, the Gurnard's Head, Lamorna Cove, and several other places, which we were told we must on no account miss seeing, the first especially. Some of us, blessed with scientific relatives, almost dreaded returning home without having seen a single Cornish mine; others, lovers of scenery, longed for more of that magnificent coast. But finally, a meek little voice carried the day.

"I was *so* disappointed—more than I liked to say—when it rained, and I couldn't get my shells for our bazaar. How shall I ever get them now? If it wouldn't trouble anybody very much, mightn't we go again to Whitesand Bay?"

A plan not wholly without charm. It was a heavenly day; to spend it in delicious idleness on that wide sweep of sunshiny sand would be a rest for the next day's fatigue. Besides, consolatory thought! there would be no temptation to put on miners' clothes, and go dangling in a basket down to the heart of the earth, as the Princess of Wales was reported to have done. The pursuit of knowledge may be delightful, but some of us owned to a secret preference for terra firma and the upper air. We resolved to face opprobrium, and declare boldly we had "no time," needless to add no inclination, to go and see Botallack Mine. The Gurnard's Head cost us a pang to miss; but then we should catch a second view of the Land's End. Yes, we would go to Whitesand Bay.

It was a far shorter journey in sunshine than in rain, even though we made various divergences for blackberries and other pleasures. Never had the sky looked bluer or the sea brighter, and much we wished that we could have wandered on in dreamy peace, day after day, or even gone through England, gipsy-fashion, in a house upon wheels, which always seemed to me the very ideal of travelling.

We reached Sennen only too soon. Pretty little Sennen, with its ancient church and its new schoolhouse, where the civil schoolmaster gave me some ink to write a post-card for those to whom even the post-mark "Sennen" would have a touching interest, and where the boys and girls, released for dinner, were running about. Board school pupils, no doubt, weighted with an amount of learning which would have been appalling to their grandfathers and grandmothers, the simple parishioners of the "fine young fellow" half a century ago. As we passed through the village with its pretty cottages and "Lodgings to Let," we could not help thinking what a delightful holiday resort this would be for a large small family, who could be turned out as we were when the carriage could no farther go, on the wide sweep of green common, gradually melting into silvery sand, so fine and soft that it was almost a pleasure to tumble down the slopes, and get up again, shaking yourself like a dog, without any sense of dirt or discomfort. What a paradise for children, who might burrow like rabbits and wriggle about like sand-eels, and never come to any harm!

Without thought of any danger, we began selecting our bathing-place, shallow enough, with long strips of wet shimmering sand to be crossed before reaching even the tiniest waves; when one of us, the cautious one, appealed to an old woman, the only human being in sight.

"Bathe?" she said. "Folks ne'er bathe here. 'Tain't safe."

"Why not? Quicksands?

She nodded her head. Whether she understood us or not, or whether we quite understood her, I am not sure, and should be sorry to libel such a splendid bathing ground—apparently. But maternal wisdom interposed, and the girls yielded. When, half an hour afterwards, we saw a solitary figure moving on a distant ledge of rock, and a black dot, doubtless a human head, swimming or bobbing about in the sea beneath—maternal wisdom was reproached as arrant cowardice. But the sand was delicious, the sea-wind so fresh, and the sea so bright, that disappointment could not last. We made an encampment of our various impedimenta, stretched ourselves out, and began the search for shells, in which every arm's-length involved a mine of wealth and beauty.

Never except at one place, on the estuary of the Mersey, have I seen a beach made up of shells so lovely in colour and shape; very minute; some being no bigger than a grain of rice or a pin's head. The collecting of them was a fascination. We forgot all the

historical interests that ought to have moved us, saw neither Athelstan, King Stephen, King John, nor Perkin Warbeck, each of whom is said to have landed here—what were they to a tiny shell, like that moralised over by Tennyson in "Maud"—"small, but a work divine." I think infinite greatness sometimes touches one less than infinite littleness — the exceeding tenderness of Nature, or the Spirit which is behind Nature, who can fashion with equal perfectness a starry hemisphere, and a glow-worm; an ocean, and a little pink shell. The only imperfectness in creation seems—oh, strange mystery! to be man. Why?

But away with moralising, or dreaming, though this was just a day for dreaming, clear, bright, warm, with not a sound except the murmur of the low waves, running in an enormous length—curling over and breaking on the soft sands. Everything was so heavenly calm, it seemed impossible to believe in that terrible scene when the captain and his wife were seen clinging to the Brisons rock, just ahead.

Doubtless our friend of the *Agamemnon* was telling this and all his other stories to an admiring circle of tourists, for we saw the Land's End covered with a moving swarm like black flies. How thankful we felt that we had "done" it on a Sunday! Still, we were pleased to have another gaze at it, with its line of picturesque rocks, the Armed Knight and the Irish Lady—though, I confess, I never could make out which was the knight and which was the lady. Can it be that some fragment of the legend of Tristram and Iseult originated these names?

After several sweet lazy hours, we went through a "fish-cellar," a little group of cottages, and climbed a headland, to take our veritable farewell of the Land's End, and then decided to go home. We had rolled or thrown our provision basket, rugs, &c. down the sandy slope, but it was another thing to carry them up again. I went in quest of a small boy, and there presented himself a big man, a coastguard, as the only unemployed hand in the place, who apologised with such a magnificent air for not having "cleaned" himself, that I almost blushed to ask him to do such a menial service as to carry a bundle of wraps. But he accepted it, conversing amiably as we went, and giving me a most graphic picture of life at Sennen during the winter. When he left me, making a short cut to our encampment—a black dot on the sands, with two moving black dots near it—a fisher wife joined me, and of her own accord began a conversation.

She and I fraternised at once, chiefly on the subject of children, a group of whom were descending the road from Sennen School. She told me how many of them were hers, and what prizes they had gained, and what hard work it was. She could neither read nor write, she said, but she liked her children to be good scholars, and they learnt a deal up at Sennen.

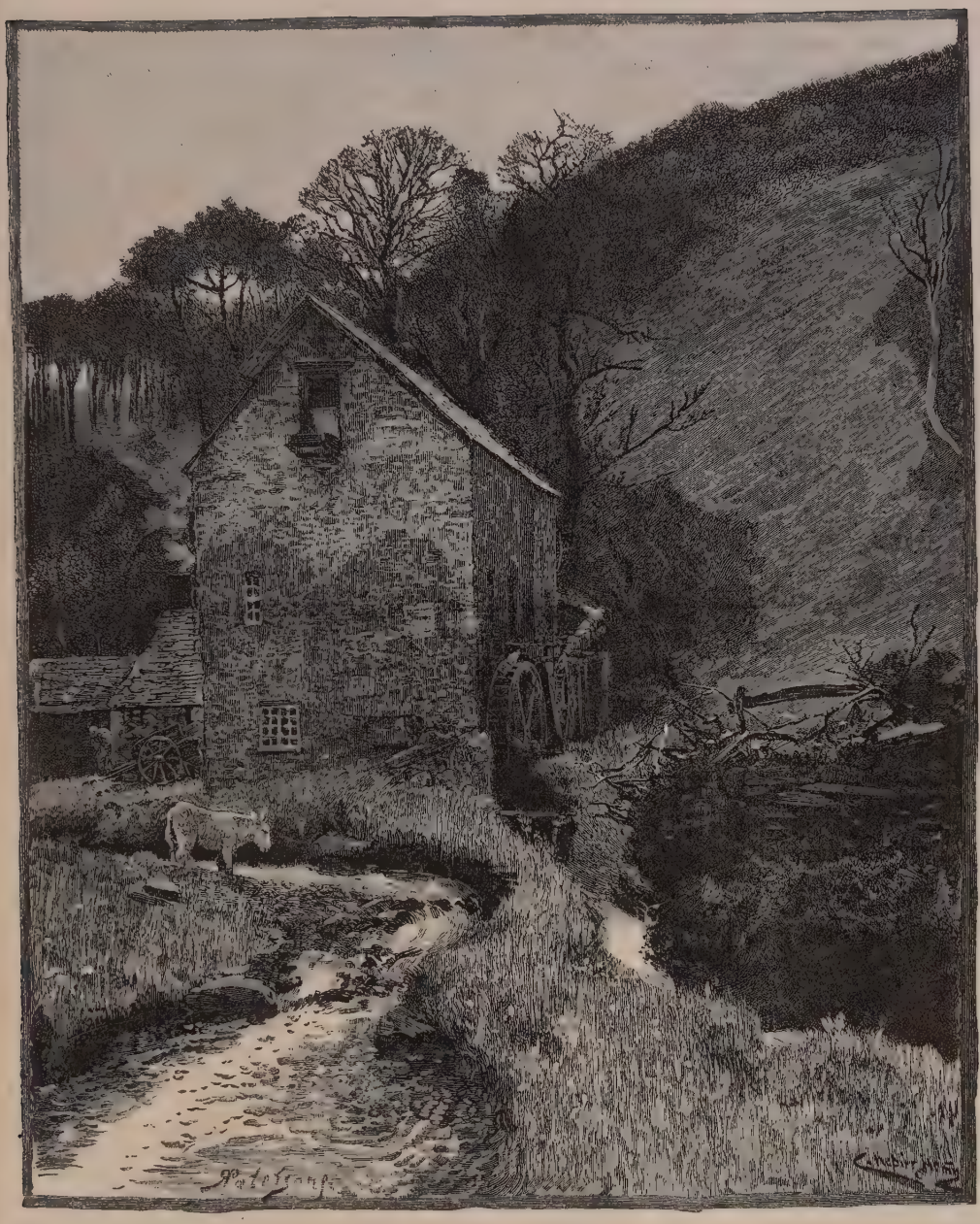
Apparently they did, and something else besides learning, but when I had parted from my loquacious friend, I came up to the group just in time to prevent a stand-up fight between two small mites, the *casus belli* of which I could no more arrive at, than a great many wiser people can discover the origin of national wars. So I thought the strong hand of "intervention"—civilised intervention, was best, and put an end to it, administering first a good scolding, and then a coin. The division of this among the little party compelled an extempore sum in arithmetic, which I required them to do (for the excellent reason that I couldn't do it myself!)—and they did it! Therefore I conclude that the heads of the Sennen school-children are as solid as their fists, and equally good for use.

Simple little community! which, as the fisher wife told me, only goes to Penzance about once a year, and is, as yet, innocent of tourists, for the swarm at the Land's End seldom goes near Whitesand Bay. Existence here must be very much that of an oyster,—but perhaps oysters are happy.

By the time we reached Penzance the lovely day was dying into an equally lovely evening. St. Michael's Mount shone in the setting sun. It was high water, the bay was all alive with boats, and there was quite a little crowd of people gathered at the mild little station of Marazion. What could be happening?

A princess was expected—that young half-English, half-foreign princess, in whose romantic story the British public has taken such an interest, sympathising with the motherly kindness of our good Queen, with the wedding at Windsor, and the sad little infant funeral there, a year after. The Princess Frederica of Hanover, and the Baron Von Pawel-Rammingen, her father's secretary, who, like a stout mediæval knight, had loved, wooed, and married her, were coming to St. Michael's Mount on a visit to the St. Aubyns.

Marazion had evidently roused itself, and risen to the occasion. Half the town must have turned out to the beach, and the other half secured every available boat, in which



CRESWICK'S MILL IN THE ROCKEY VALLEY.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

it followed, at respectful distance, the two boats, one full of luggage, the other of human beings, which were supposed to be the royal party. People speculated with earnest curiosity, which was the princess, and which her husband, and what the St. Aubyns would do with them. Whether they would be taken to see the Land's End, and whether they would go there as ordinary tourists, or in a grand visit of state. How hard it is that royal folk can never see anything except in state, or in a certain adventitious garb, beautiful, no doubt, but satisfactorily hiding the real thing. How they must long sometimes for a Haroun Alraschid walk up and down Regent Street and Oxford Street, or

an incognito foreign tour, or even a solitary country walk, without a "lady-in-waiting."

We had no opera-glass to add to the many levelled at those two boats, so we went in—hoping host and guests would spend a pleasant evening in the lovely old rooms we knew—and spent ours in rest, and in arranging for to-morrow's flight. Also in consulting with our kindly landlady as to a possible house at Marazion for some friends whom the winter might drive southwards, like the swallows, to a climate which, in this one little bay shut out from east and north, is—they told us—during all the cruel months which to many of us means only enduring life, not living—as mild and equable almost as the Mediterranean shores. And finally, we settled with our faithful Charles, who looked quite mournful at parting with his ladies.

"Yes, it is rather a long drive, and pretty lonely," said he. "But I'll wait till the moon's up, and that'll help us. We'll get into Falmouth by daylight. I've got to do the same thing often enough through the summer, so I don't mind it."

Thus said the good fellow, putting a cheery face on it, then with a hasty "Good-bye, ladies," he rushed away. But we had taken his address, not meaning to lose sight of him. (Nor have we done so up to this date of writing; and the fidelity has been equal on both sides.)

Then, in the midst of a peal of bells which was kept up unweariedly till 10 p.m.—evidently Marazion is not blessed with the sight of a princess every day—we closed our eyes upon all outward things, and went away to the Land of Nod.

DAY THE THIRTEENTH.

Into King Arthur's land—Tintagel his birth-place, and Camelford, where he fought his last battle—the legendary region of which one may believe as much or as little as one pleases—we were going to-day. With the good common sense which we flattered ourselves had accompanied every step of our unsentimental journey, we had arranged all before-hand, ordered a carriage to meet the mail train, and hoped to find at Tintagel—not King Uther Pendragon, King Arthur or King Mark, but a highly respectable landlord, who promised us our "warmest welcome at an inn"—which we only trusted would be as warm and as kindly as that we left behind us at Marazion.

The line of railway which goes to the far west of England is one of the prettiest in the kingdom on a fine day, which we were again blessed with. It had been a wet summer, we heard, throughout Cornwall, but in all our journey, save that one wild storm at the Lizard, sunshine scarcely ever failed us. Now—whether catching glimpses of St. Ives Bay or sweeping through the mining district of Redruth, and the wooded country near Truro, Grampound, and St. Austell, till we again saw the glittering sea on the other side of Cornwall—all was brightness. Then darting inland once more, our iron horse carried us past Lostwithiel, the little town which once boasted Joseph Addison, M.P. as its representative; gave us a fleeting vision of Ristormel, one of the ancient castles of Cornwall, and on through a leafy land, beginning to change from rich green to the still richer yellows and reds of autumn, till we stopped at Bodmin Road.

No difficulty in finding our carriage, the only one there, a huge vehicle, of ancient build, the horses to match, capable of taking a whole family and its luggage any distance. We missed our compact little machine, and our brisk, kindly Charles, but soon settled ourselves in dignified, roomy state, for the twenty miles, or rather more, which lay between us and the coast. Our way lay along lonely quiet country roads and woods almost as green as when Queen Guinevere rode through them "a maying", before the dark days of her sin and King Arthur's death.

Here it occurs to me, as it did this day to a practical youthful mind, "What in the world do most people know or care about king Arthur?"

Well, most people have read Tennyson, and a few are acquainted with the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory. But, perhaps I had better briefly give the story, or as much of it as is necessary for the edification of outsiders.

Uther Pendragon, King of Britain, falling in love with Ygrayne, daughter of the duke of Cornwall, besieged them in their twin castles of Tintagel and Terrabil, slew the husband, and the same day married the wife. Unto whom a boy was born, and by advice of the enchanter Merlin, carried away, from the sea-shore beneath Tintagel, and confided to a good knight, Sir Ector, to be brought up as his own son, and christened Arthur. On the death of the king, Merlin produced the youth, who was recognized by his mother Ygrayne, and proclaimed king in the stead of Uther Pendragon. He instituted the Order of Knights of the Round

Table, who were to go everywhere, punishing vice and rescuing oppressed virtue, for the love of God and of some noble lady. He married Guinevere, daughter of King Leodegrance, who forsook him for the love of Sir Launcelot, his bravest knight and dearest friend. One by one, his best knights fell away into sin, and his nephew Mordred raised a rebellion, fought with him, and conquered him at Camelford. Seeing his end was near, Arthur bade his last faithful knight, Sir Bedevere, carry him to the shore of a mere (supposed to be Dozmare Pool) and throw in there his sword Excalibur, when appeared a boat with three queens, who lifted him in, mourning over him. He sailed away with them to be healed of his grievous wound. Some say that he was afterwards buried in a chapel near, others declare that he lives still in fairy land, and will reappear in latter days, to reinstate the Order of Knights of the Round Table, and rule his beloved England, perfect as he once tried to make it, but in vain.

Camelford of to-day is certainly not the Camelot of King Arthur—but a very respectable, common-place little town, much like other country towns; the same genteel linendrapers' and un-genteel ironmongers' shops; the same old-established commercial inn, and a few ugly, but solid-looking private houses, with their faces to the street and their backs nestled in gardens and fields. Some of the inhabitants of these said houses were to be seen taking a quiet afternoon stroll, doubtless eminently respectable and worthy folk, leading a mild provincial life like the people in Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*, or Miss Austin's *Pride and Prejudice*—of which latter quality they have probably a good share.

We let our horses rest, but we ourselves felt not the slightest wish to rest at Camelford, so walked leisurely on till we came to the little river Camel, and to Slaughter Bridge, said to be the point where King Arthur's army was routed and where he received his death-wound. A slab of stone, some little distance up the stream is still called "King Arthur's Tomb." But as his coffin is preserved, as well as his Round Table, at Winchester; where, according to mediæval tradition, the bodies of both Arthur and Guinevere were found, and the head of Guinevere had yellow hair; also that near the little village of Davidstow, is a long barrow, having in the centre a mound, which is called "King Arthur's Grave"—inquiring minds have plenty of "facts" to choose from. Possibly at last, they had better resort to fiction, and believe in his disappearance, as Tennyson makes him say,

"To the island-valley of Avillion. . .
Where I may heal me of my grievous wound."

Dozmare Pool, the scene of this, we found so far out of our route that we had to make a virtue of necessity, and imagine it all, the melancholy, moorland lake, with the bleak hill above it, and stray glimpses of the sea beyond. A ghostly spot, and full of many ghostly stories besides the legend of Arthur. Here Tregeagle, the great demon of Cornwall, once had his dwelling, until, selling his soul to the devil, his home was sunk to the bottom of the mere, and himself is heard of stormy nights, wailing round it with other ghost-demons, in which the Cornish mind still lingeringly believes. Visionary packs of hounds; a shadowy coach and horses, which drives round and round the pool, and then drives into it; flitting lights, kindled by no human hand, in places where no human foot would go—all these tales are still told by the country folk, and we might have heard them all. Might also have seen, in fancy, the flash of the "brand Excalibur"; heard the wailing song of the three queens; and pictured the dying Arthur lying on the lap of his sister Morgane la Faye. But, I forgot, this is an un-sentimental journey.

The Delabole quarries are as practical a place as one could behold. It was very curious to come suddenly upon this world of slate, piled up in enormous masses on either side the road, and beyond them hills of debris, centuries old—for the mines have been worked ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth. Houses, walls, gates, fences, everything that can possibly be made of slate, is made. No green or other colour tempers the all-pervading shade of bluish-grey, for vegetation in the immediate vicinity of the quarries is abolished, the result of which would be rather dreary, save for the cheerful atmosphere of wholesome labour, the noise of waggons, horses, steam-engines—such a contrast to the silence of the deserted tin-mines.

But, these Delabole quarries passed, silence and solitude come back again. Even the yearly-increasing influx of tourists fails to make the little village of Trevena anything but a village, where the said tourists lounge about in the one street, if it can be called a street, between the two inns and the often-painted, picturesque old post-office. Everything was so simple, so home-like, that we were amused to find we had to get ready

BOSCASTLE.

From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

for a *table d'hôte* dinner, in the only available eating-room, where the one indefatigable waitress, a comely Cornish girl, who seemed Argus and Briareus rolled into one, served us—a party small enough to make conversation general, and pleasant and intelligent enough to make it very agreeable, which does not always happen at an English hotel.

Then we sallied out to find the lane which leads to Tintagel Castle, or Castles—for one sits in the sea, the other on the opposite heights in the mainland, with power of communicating by the narrow causeway which now at least exists between the rock and the shore. This seems to confirm the legend, how the luckless husband of Ygrayne shut up him-

self and his wife in two castles, he being slain in the one, and she married to the victorious King Uther Pendragon, in the other.

Both looked so steep and dangerous in the fast-coming twilight that we thought it best to attempt neither, so contented ourselves with a walk on the cliffs and the smooth green field which led thither. Leaning against a gate, we stood and watched one of the grandest out of the many grand sunsets which had blessed us in Cornwall. The black rock of Tintagel filled the foreground; beyond, the eye saw nothing but sea, the sea which covers vanished Lyonesse, until it met the sky, a clear amber with long bars like waves, so that you could hardly tell where sea ended and sky began. Then into it there swam slowly a long low cloud, shaped like a boat, with a raised prow, and two or three figures sitting at the stern.

"King Arthur and the three queens," we declared, and really a very moderate imagination could have fancied it this. "But what is that long black thing at the bow?"

"Oh," observed drily the most practical of the three, "it's King Arthur's luggage."

Sentiment could survive no more. We fell into fits of laughter, and went home to tea and bed.

DAYS THE FOURTEENTH, FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH.

—And all Arthurian days, so I will condense them into one chapter, and not spin out the hours that were flying so fast. Yet we hardly wished to stop them; for pleasant as travelling is, the best delight of all is—the coming home.

Waking, to one more of those exquisite autumn days, warm as summer, yet with a tender brightness that hot summer never has, like the love between two old people, out of whom all passion has died—we remembered that we were at Tintagel, the home of Ygrayne and Arthur, of King Mark and Tristram and Iseult. I had to tell that story too, in the briefest form, how King Mark sent his nephew, Sir Tristram, to fetch home Iseult of Ireland for his queen, and on the voyage Bragswaine, her handmaiden, gave each a love-potion, which caused the usual fatal result; how at last Tristram fled from Tintagel into Brittany, where he married another Iseult "of the white hands," and lived peacefully, till, stricken by death, his fancy went back to his old love, whom he implored to come to him. She came, and found him dead. A tale—of which the only redeeming point is the innocence, simplicity, and dignity of the second Iseult, the unloved Breton wife, to whom none of our modern poets who have sung or travestied the vague, passionate, miserable, ugly story, have ever done full justice.

These sinful lovers, the much-wronged but brutal King Mark, the scarcely less brutal Uther Pendragon, and hapless Ygrayne—what a curious condition of morals and manners the Arthurian legends unfold! A time when might was right; when every one seized what he wanted just because he wanted it, and kept it, if he could, till a stronger hand wrenched it from him. That in such a state of society there should ever have arisen the dimmest dream of a man like Arthur—not perhaps Tennyson's Arthur, the "blameless king," but even Sir Thomas Malory's, founded on mere tradition—is a remarkable thing. Clear through all the mists of ages shines that ideal of knighthood, enjoining courage, honour, faith, chastity, the worship of God and the service of men. Also, in the very highest degree, inculcating that chivalrous love of woman—not women—which barbaric nations never knew. As we looked at that hoar ruin sitting solitary in the sunny sea, and thought of the days when it was a complete fortress, inclosing a mass of human beings, all with human joys, sorrows, passions, crimes—things that must have existed in essence, however legend has exaggerated or altered them—we could not but feel that the mere possibility of a King Arthur shining down the dim vista of long-past centuries, is something to prove that goodness, like light, has an existence as indestructible as Him from whom it comes.

We looked at Tintagel with its risky rock-path. "It will be a hot climb, and our bathing days are numbered. Let us go the other way to Bossinney Cove."

Practicality weighed against poetry!—and poor poetry always kicks the beam. We went to Bossinney.

Yet what a pretty cove it was! and how pleasant! While waiting for the tide to cover the little strip of sand, we re-mounted the winding path, and settled ourselves like seabirds on the furthermost point of rock, whence, just by extending a hand, we could have dropped anything, ourselves even, into a sheer abyss of boiling waves, dizzy to look down into, and yet delicious.

So was the bath, though a little gloomy, for the sun could barely reach the shut-in cove, and interfered with considerably by—

TINTAGEL.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

not tourists—but a line of donkeys! They were seen solemnly descending the narrow cliff-path, one by one—eleven in all—each with an empty sack over his shoulder. Lastly came a very old man, who, without taking the least notice of us, disposed himself to fill these sacks with sand. One after the other the eleven meek animals came forward and submitted each to his load, which proceeding occupied a good hour and a half. I hardly know which was the most patient, the old man or his donkeys.

We began some of us to talk to his beasts, and others to himself. "Yes, it was hard work," he said, but he managed to come down to the cove three times a day. And the asses were good asses. They all had their names; Lucy, Cherry, Sammy, Tom, Jack, Ned; each animal pricked up its long ears and turned round its quiet eyes when called. Some were young and some old, but all were very sure-footed, which was needed indeed. "The weight some of 'em would carry was wonderful."

THE OLD POST-OFFICE, TREVENA.
From a Drawing by C. NAPIER HEMY.

The old man seemed proud of the creatures, and kind to them too in a sort of way. He had been a fisherman, he said, but now was too old for that; so got his living by collecting sand.

"It makes capital garden-paths, this sand. I'd be glad to bring you some, ladies," said he, evidently with an eye to business. When we explained that this was impracticable, unless he would come all the way to London, he merely said, "Oh," and accepted the disappointment. Then bidding us a civil "Good-day," he disappeared with his laden train.

Poor old fellow! Nothing of the past knightly days, nothing of the busy existing modern present affected him, or ever would do so. He might have been own brother, or cousin, to Wordsworth's "Leech-gatherer on

the lonely moor." Whenever we think of Bossinney Cove, we shall certainly think of that mild old man and his eleven donkeys.

The day was hot, and it had been a steep climb; we decided to drive in the afternoon, "for a rest," to Boscastle.

Artists and tourists haunt this picturesque nook. A village built at the end of a deep narrow creek, which runs far inland, and is a safe shelter for vessels of considerable size. On either side is a high footpath, leading to two headlands, from both of which the views of sea and coast are very fine. And there are relics of antiquity and legends thereto belonging—a green mound, all that remains of Bottrieux Castle; and Ferrabury Church, with its silent tower. A peal of bells had been brought, and the ship which carried them had nearly reached the cove, when the pilot, bidding the captain "thank God for his safe voyage," was answered that he "thanked only himself and a fair wind." Immediately a storm arose; and the ship went down with every soul on board—except the pilot. So the church tower is mute—but on winter nights the lost bells are still heard, sounding mornfully from the depths of the sea.

As we sat, watching with a vague fascination the spouting, minute by minute, of a "blow-hole," almost as fine as the Kynance post-office—we moralised on the story of the bells, and on the strange notions people have, even in these days, of Divine punishments; imputing to the Almighty Father all their own narrow jealousies and petty revenges, dragging down God into the likeness of men, such an one as themselves, instead of striving to lift man into the image of God.

Meantime the young folks rambled and scrambled—watched with anxious and even envious eyes—for it takes one years to get entirely reconciled to the quiescence of the down-hill journey. And then we drove slowly back—just in time for another grand sunset, with Tintagel black in the forground, until it and all else melted into darkness, and there was nothing left but to

> "Watch the twilight stars come out
> Above the lonely sea."

Next morning we must climb Tintagel, for it would be our last day.

And what a heavenly day it was! How softly the waves crept in upon the beach—just as they might have done, when they laid at Merlin's feet "the little naked child," disowned of man but dear to Heaven, who was to grow up into the "stainless king."

He and his knights—the "shadowy people of the realm of dream," were all about us, as, guided by a rheumatic old woman, who climbed feebly up the stair, where generations of ghostly feet must have ascended and descended, we reached a bastion and gateway, quite pre-historic. Other ruins apparently belong to the eleventh or twelfth centuries. But to this there is no clue. It may have been the very landing-place of King Uther or King Mark, or other Cornish heroes, who held this wonderful natural-artificial fortress in the dim days of old romance.

"Here are King Arthur's cups and saucers," said the old woman, pausing in the midst of a long lament over her own ailments, to point out some holes in the slate rock. "And up there you'll find the chapel. It's an easy climb—if you mind the path—just where it passes the spring."

That spring, trickling down from the very top of the rock, and making a verdant space all round it—what a treasure it must have been to the unknown inhabitants who, centuries ago, entrenched themselves here—for offence or defence—against the main-land. Peacefully it flowed on still, with the little ferns growing, and the sheep nibbling beside it. We idle tourists alone occupied that solitary height where those long-past war-like races—one succeeding the other—lived and loved, fought and died.

The chapel—where the high altar and a little burial-ground beside it can still be traced—is clearly much later than Arthur's time. However there are so few data to go upon, and the action of sea-storms destroys so much every year, that even to the learned archæologist, Tintagel is a great mystery, out of which the imaginative mind may evolve almost anything it likes.

We sat a long time on the top of the rock—realising only the one obvious fact that our eyes were gazing on precisely the same scene, seawards and coast-wards, that all these long-dead eyes were accustomed to behold. Beaten by winds and waves till the grey of its slate formation is nearly black; worn into holes by the constant action of the tide which widens yearly the space between it and the main-land, and gnaws the rock below into dangerous hollows that in time become sea-caves, Tintagel still remains—and one marvels that so much of it does still remain—a land-mark of the cloudy time between legend and actual history.

Whether the ruin on the opposite height was once a portion of Tintagel Castle, before the sea divided it, making a promontory into an island—or whether it was the Castle Terra-

bil, in which Gorlois, Ygrayne's husband was slain—no one now can say. That both the twin fortresses were habitable till Elizabeth's time, there is evidence to prove. But since then they have been left to decay, to the silent sheep and the screeching ravens, including doubtless that ghostly chough, in whose shape the soul of King Arthur is believed still to revisit the familiar scene.

We did not see that notable bird—though we watched with interest two tame and pretty specimens of its almost extinct species walking about in a flower-garden in the village, and superstitiously cherished. We were told that to this day, no Cornishman likes to shoot a chough or a raven. So they live and breed in peace among the twin ruins, and scream contentedly to the noisy stream which dances down the rocky hollow from Trevena, and leaps into the sea at Porth Hern—the "iron gate," over against Tintagel. Otherwise, all solitude and silence.

We thought we had seen all, and come to an end, but at the hotel we found a party who had just returned from visiting some sea-caves beyond Tintagel, which they declared were "the finest things they had found in Cornwall."

It was a lovely calm day, and it was our last day. A few hours of it alone remained. Should we use them? We might never be here again. And, I think, the looser grows one's grasp of life, the greater is one's longing to make the most of it, to see all we can see of this wonderful, beautiful world. So, after a hasty meal, we found ourselves once more down at Porth Hern, seeking a boat and man—alas! not John Curgenven—under whose guidance we might brave the stormy deep.

It was indeed stormy! No sooner had we rounded the rock, than the baby waves of the tiny bay grew into perfect hills and valleys, among which our boat went dancing up and down like a sea-gull!

"Ay, there's some sea on, there always is here, but we'll be through it presently," indifferently said the elder of the two boatmen; and plied his oars, as, I think, only these Cornish boatmen can do, talking all the while. He pointed out a slate quarry, only accessible from the sea, unless the workmen liked to be let down by ropes, which sometimes had to be done. We saw them moving about like black emmets among the clefts of the rocks, and heard plainly above the sound of the sea the click of their hammers. Strange, lonely, perilous work it must be, even in summer. In winter—

"Oh, they're used to it; we're all used to it," said our man, who was intelligent enough, though nothing equal to John Curgenven. "Many a time I've got sea-fowls' eggs on those rocks there," pointing to a cliff which did not seem to hold footing for a fly. "We all do it. The gentry buy them, and we're glad of the money. Dangerous?—yes, rather, but one must earn one's bread, and it's not so bad when you take to it young."

Nevertheless, I think I shall never look at a collection of sea-birds' eggs without a slight shudder, remembering those awful cliffs.

"Here you are, ladies, and the sea's down a bit, as I said. Hold on, mate, the boat will go right into the cave."

And before we knew what was happening, we found ourselves floated out of daylight into darkness—very dark it seemed at first—and rocking on a mass of heaving waters, shut in between two high walls, so narrow that it seemed as if every heave would dash us in pieces against them; while beyond was a dense blackness, from which one heard the beat of the everlasting waves against a sort of tunnel, a stormy sea-grave from which no one could ever hope to come out alive.

"I don't like this at all," said a small voice.

"Hadn't we better get out again?" practically suggested another.

But no sooner was this done than the poetic element craved to return; and begged for "only five minutes" in that wonderful place, compared to which Dolor Ugo, and the other Lizard caves, became as nothing. They were beautiful, but this was terrible. Yet with its terror was mingled an awful delight. "Only five, nay, two minutes more!"

"Very well, just as you choose," was the response of meek despair. So, of course, Poetry yielded. The boatmen were told to row on into daylight and sunshine—at least as much sunshine as the gigantic overhanging cliffs permitted. And never, never, never in this world shall I again behold that wonderful, mysterious sea-cave.

But like all things incomplete, resigned, or lost, it has fixed itself on my memory with an almost painful vividness. However, I promised not to regret—not to say another word about it: and I will not. I did see it: and that will serve.

Two more pictures remain, the last gorgeous sunset, watched in quiet solitude, sitting on a tomb-stone by Tintagel church—a building dating from Saxon times, perched on the very edge of a lofty cliff, and with a sea-view that reaches from Trevose Head on one side to

Bude Haven on the other. Also, our last long dreamy drive; in the mild September sunshine, across the twenty-one miles of sparsely inhabited country which lie between Tintagel and Launceston. In the midst of it, on the top of a high flat of moorland, our driver turned round and pointed with his whip to a long low mound, faintly visible about half-a-mile off. "There, ladies, that's King Arthur's grave."

These varied records of the hero's last resting-place remind one of the three heads, said to be still extant, of Oliver Cromwell, one when he was a little boy, one as a young man, and the third as an old man!

But after all my last and vividest recollection of King Arthur's country is that wild sail—so wild that I wished I had taken it alone—in the solitary boat, up and down the tossing waves in face of Tintagel rock; the dark, iron-bound coast with its awful caves, the bright sunshiny land, and ever threatening sea. Just the region, in short, which was likely to create a race like that which Arthurian legend describes, full of passionate love and deadly hate, capable of barbaric virtues, and equally barbaric crimes. An age in which the mere idea of such a hero as that ideal knight

"Who reverenced his conscience as his God:
Whose glory was redressing human wrong:
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it:
Who loved one only, and who clave to her—"

rises over the blackness of darkness like a morning star.

If Arthur could "come again"—perhaps in one of the descendants of a prince who was not unlike him, who lived and died among us in this very nineteenth century—

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life—"

if this could be—what a blessing for Arthur's beloved England!

L'ENVOI.

Written more than a year after. The "old hen" and her chickens have long been safe at home. A dense December fog creeps in everywhere, choking and blinding, as I finish the history of those sixteen innocent days, calm as autumn, and bright as spring, when we three took our Unsentimental Journey together through Cornwall. Many a clever critic, like Sir Charles Coldstream when he looked into the crater of Vesuvius, may see "nothing in it,"—a few kindly readers looking a little further, may see a little more: probably the writer only sees the whole.

But such as it is, let it stay—simple memorial of what Americans would call "a good time," the sunshine of which may cast its brightness far forward, even into that quiet time "when travelling days are done."

THE END.

ROBBING A FLYCATCHER'S NEST.
Drawn by BRYAN HOOK.

THE WEASEL AND HIS FAMILY.

I.

FOR several years during which the writer of the following pages occupied apartments in a Worcestershire farmhouse, the mantel-shelf of his sitting room was adorned with the stuffed and mounted teguments of a tiny animal well-known to farmers and game-keepers, and belonging to a class usually arranged in the rustic mind under the comprehensive title of vermin.

The variety of British quadrupeds strictly *ferœ naturæ* is not so great that much uncertainty might be assumed to exist among educated persons as to the outward characteristics of the different species; but it seems that the education of schools is not that which teaches a boy to distinguish "a hawk from a hernshaw," and this is doubtless the reason why one learned visitor from the neighbouring town vaguely opined that my little chimney ornament "might be" a rat, while another, in view of its ruddy brown coat and white shirt-front, hazarded the bold guess that it was a squirrel! The learning and intelligence of both my friends were at fault; the little bright-eyed beastie was simply a weasel.

Our country cousins, whose general culture and mental acquirements we of the towns are not prone to over-value, have usually the laugh on their side when it comes to a question, not of book-learning in the common sense, but of a knowledge of the one book which lies open always, whose pages are the heath and the hedgerow, the vales and the running brooks. Animals and birds whose forms and habits have been familiar to the rustic from the time of his earliest recollection, the town-bred youth has only seen represented in pictures, or at best in the taxidermist's window. There are very many intelligent and cultivated persons who have never seen a kingfisher, a squirrel, or a dormouse in its natural haunts, though the two latter are familiar enough as domestic pets. And those zoological collections, fixed or itinerant, in which we may so often find a splendid epitome of the natural history of other lands, generally take but little account of our own. The Frenchman who undertook to prepare a dissertation on camels, could at

least betake himself to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and draw inspiration from a study of living specimens; the smaller denizens of our fields and copses are not deemed worthy to associate with foreign wonders, and must be sought in their native wilds by such as have the taste and the leisure for quiet rural pursuits.

Strange as the guesses of my urban friends appeared to me, their ignorance was perhaps not greater than might reasonably have been expected from men who had not been addicted to country life, nor to the study of natural history. To define pastern as "a horse's leg" was the mistake, not of a mere Londoner, but of a man of acute observing powers, who was not wholly unaccustomed to travelling on horseback. And Johnson may have been capable of judging a horse, as well as, according to the story, he could sum up the points of a bull-dog, without being versed in all the terms of veterinary science. His frank explanation—"ignorance, madam, sheer ignorance!"—might have been applied to several other definitions in which his zoological lore was found wanting, or in which his innate sagacity had formed no check upon the fabulous statements of others. Here, for example, is what the great lexicographer has to say concerning the tribe of *mustelidæ*.

"*Weasel*, a small animal that *eats corn* and kills mice."

"*Stoat*, a small, stinking animal."

"*Fitchew*, } a stinking little beast, that robs
"*Fitcher*, } the hen-roost and warren."

"*Polecat*, the fitchew, a stinking animal."

"*Ferret*, A KIND OF RAT, with red eyes and a long snout, used to kill rabbits."

"*Fulimart*, a kind of stinking ferret."

There is only one of these descriptions that is even passably accurate, and its accuracy relates rather to what the animal does than to what it is. It is undeniably true that the polecat robs the hen-roost and warren, but so do the weasel, stoat, and ferret, whenever they have the opportunity. The epithet *stinking*, four times repeated, might have been extended to the weasel, which, like the rest of its tribe, has the power of emitting a horrible odour when chased or angry. When not under such excitement, even the polecat, of all its race the most formidably endowed in this respect, hardly deserves to be stigmatised in such wholesale fashion. That the weasel "kills mice" is, again, perfectly true, though it is but a very small portion of the whole truth; but the statement that it eats corn is probably founded on a recollection of one of Æsop's *Fables*, in which the mouse and the weasel meet in a granary. Wherever there is corn, rats and mice may be looked for, and thus the neighbourhood of a granary supplies the weasel with a choice hunting-ground. The description of the ferret is superbly imaginative—that ruthless exterminator of rats transformed into a monster *were*-rat, with flaming eyes and far-reaching snout, endowed with fabulous powers of abducting his weaker brethren, as well as innocent rabbits. In extenuation of such lapses on the part of so laborious and conscientious a worker as Dr. Johnson, it must be borne in mind that in his time the facts of natural history had been very imperfectly investigated. The simple-minded Goldsmith was able to allege some semblance of apocryphal authority in excuse of his marvellous dictum that cows, like deer, shed their horns annually.

Notwithstanding his well-earned character for bloodthirstiness, and the detestation with which he is regarded by the men in velveteens, I confess that the weasel is to me an attractive animal: and I am not sorry to learn upon good authority that in spite of snares and guns, his numbers do not greatly diminish. To the farmer who has corn-stacks in his yard, the service rendered by the weasel in the destruction of rats and mice must far more than compensate for the occasional loss of eggs and chickens, though the slaughter of the latter, when it does occur, is too likely to be conducted upon a wholesale scale. The lithe and snake-like form, clear colouring, and agile movements of the little marauder, as it rustles through the dry autumnal leaves at the foot of the hedgerow, throwing backward glances full of saucy defiance from the security of its shelter, form a picture much more welcome to the eye of a lover of nature, than that of a barn door studded with the dead forms of jays, magpies, hawks, weasels, stoats, and other small creatures obnoxious to the prejudices of the gamekeeper—the "Countryman's Museum," as White of Selbourne quaintly phrases it.

By country people the weasel and stoat are not uncommonly regarded as one and the same animal, the name of stoat being applied indiscriminately to either. The differences, however, are strongly marked, and one of them, the longer tail always tipped with black, which the stoat possesses, is obvious even at a distant glance. Then the weasel is not much more than half the size of its congener, and the female is often so extremely diminutive as to have given rise to an impression that there was another kind of weasel,

smaller than the common one. Gilbert White, in almost the only reference to the weasel family contained in his fascinating pages, mentions the belief entertained by sundry intelligent persons in his time that this smaller animal, called locally the *cane* or *kine*, was a distinct variety; but this idea has long been exploded. It was solely attributable to the disparity in size between different specimens of the same animal, some

STOAT WITH A WOODCOCK.
Drawn by BRYAN HOOK.

female weasels not greatly exceeding in bulk the large field-mouse or vole (*arvicola arvalis*). Another distinction between the weasel and the stoat is indicated by the colour of the throat and under parts, which in the former are pure white, and in the latter a dingy yellow, fading into white sometimes during the winter months, at which period also the rest of its coat, saving only the black tip of the tail, becomes either white or pied according to the severity of the season, or from other causes not ascertained. When the authoress of *Adam Bede*, in her exquisite description of that Sunday afternoon in the time of dog-rose and honeysuckle, on which 'Thias Bede was "put into the ground," speaks of a white-throated stoat crossing the path of the Poyser children, she is hardly accurate; though the epithet would have been correctly applied to a weasel, in which the contrast of colour is much more strongly marked.

As I have already hinted, Johnson was quite within the limits of truth when he described the weasel as killing mice. These are indeed its favourite food, but rats, moles, the eggs and young of song-birds, game, and

LIFE SIZE HEADS OF A STOAT, A POLECAT, AND A WEASEL.
Drawn by BRYAN HOOK.

Almost every farmer can tell you stories of such encounters, always ending with the rabbit's death, and generally with his subsequent appropriation by the arch destroyer, man. "Poor tender-hearted things, rabbits," was the moralisation of a kindly rustic, by way of accounting for the invariable fate of poor Bunny.

As a destroyer of rats, this animal is perhaps not inferior even to the ferret. "That man only," says Waterton, "who has seen a weasel go into a corn stack, can form a just idea of the horror which its approach causes to the Hanoverians collected there for safety and plunder." If it can gain an entrance to the fowl-house, every chicken will be destroyed even though none be carried away. I lately heard of a dozen fine chickens being found in the morning with their heads nearly bitten off. The owner attributed her loss to rats, but this is not the way in which a rat goes to work. He kills one at a time and carries it away at once, leaving usually no trace of his coming and going. But the rat's nest in such a case is rarely far distant from the scene of its depredations, and is

poultry, even grown rabbits and hares of at least eight or ten times its weight and bulk, are also among the victims of this untiring little blood-sucker. The speed of the hare or the rabbit is no defence from its remorseless pursuit; neither animal seems able to avail itself of its natural swiftness by striking ahead, but, running round and round in narrowing circles,

"Pants to the place from whence at first he flew."

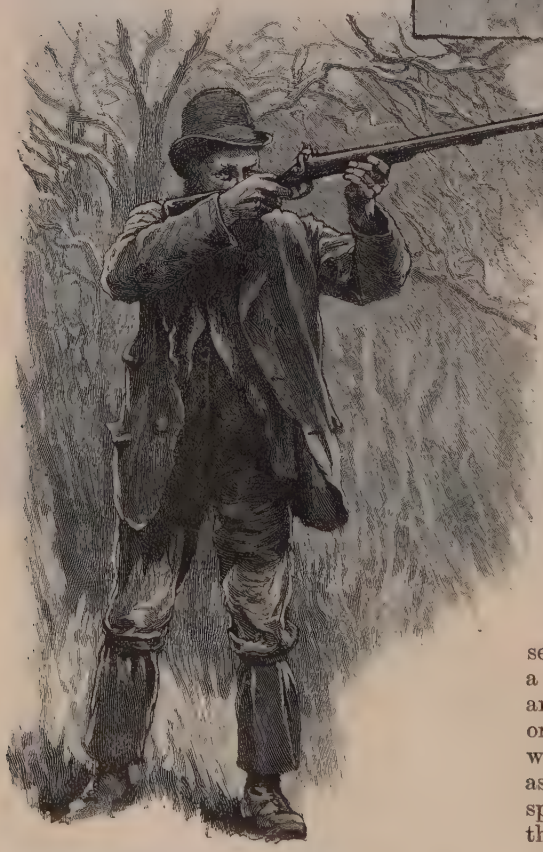
Though buck-rabbits will fight furiously with each other, they never offer any resistance to their tiny foe, but will, when hard pressed, lie down and scream, even before he overtakes them. A single bite close behind the ear is the favourite attack of the weasel and stoat. If unable to accomplish this, they will spring at any part of the neck, and try to tear open the blood vessels.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK—ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A WEASEL AND AN ADDER.
Drawn by BRYAN HOOK.

likely to be unearthed, and its occupants demolished, before a whole brood has been spirited away.

A taste for eggs led to the premature demise of the weasel mentioned at the beginning of this article. Our next-door neighbour had a duck sitting, as ducks and hens frequently will, in a hedge instead of at home. One by one the eggs disappeared, and only broken shells were found in the vicinity of the nest. A weasel had been seen for several days near the spot, and the theft was deservedly laid at his door. But the pitcher went once too often to the well. One of my landlady's hens was in the habit of laying in the kitchen, depositing her egg in a box of hay which served at times for a feline dormitory. One morning the good housewife heard from her upper regions the furious barking of the yard dog, and coming down stairs found the kitchen resounding with shrill cries and hisses, which seemed to issue from the corner sacred to Puss and Partlet. Arrived upon the scene, having first, as a precautionary measure, cut off the enemy's retreat by shutting the house door, she found the cat, a small tortoise-shell, and her half-grown kitten, holding at bay a fiery little creature unknown to her by name or appearance, but which she had no hesitation in denouncing as *varmint*. The two cats chased the intruder up stairs and down stairs, preventing its escape but failing to seize it; the weasel, as often as it was brought to bay, rising on its

haunches and bidding shrill defiance to them and to their mistress, who, as generalissimo of the forces, was regarding the fray armed with an oaken staff of mickle force. From a point of vantage on the staircase the cats drove the weasel into the parlour, when the prudent dame, shutting the door upon them, proceeded to let loose the dog, a half-bred retriever, which, on being admitted into the room, speedily determined the weasel's fate. The dog, however, had to watch for an opportunity of turning the enemy's flank, the courageous little beast showing an evident desire to fasten upon his nose. The odour emitted by the victim was not exactly like that which is said to attend the actions of the just, and windows had to be opened in order to clear the room of the intolerable stench. Thenceforward hens and ducks could lay and hatch their eggs in security; and their enemy, after a visit to the taxidermist, returned an innocuous guest to the neighbourhood of his former exploits.



THE GAMEKEEPER AND HIS MUSEUM.
Drawn by BRYAN HOOK.

Like the rest of his tribe, the weasel is an expert climber, and no marauding schoolboy has a keener eye for the tangled clump or forked bough that conceals a nest. The eggs and young of such birds as build in hedges are peculiarly subject to his attack, the hedgerow seeming to be his natural home. But full-fledged birds are not beyond his reach; the weasel has been seen to ensconce himself beneath a thistle—a plant much frequented by various birds—and spring upon a bunting which alighted on it before the bird had time to use its wings. Partridges and grouse are seized as they rise from the ground—the weasel springing to a height of two feet or more in the air to secure his prey.

The long muscular neck, and the snake-like ease with which it can be moved in any direction, render this animal a formidable antagonist even to those raptorial birds which sometimes unwarily pounce upon and carry it away. According to the stories current everywhere of this kind of adventure, the aërial voyage is always a short one. Whether the combatants are an eagle and a pine

marten, or an owl and a stoat, or a kite and a weasel, the issue is ever the same; the bird first falters in its flight, and then falls lifeless to the earth, and the quadruped makes its escape unhurt. Such anecdotes do not speak well for the intellectual powers of birds of prey. They are evidently unable to discriminate between quarry which can offer no resistance, and such as are able to take care of themselves. A young lamb, a rabbit, a pheasant, or a partridge with the talons of a kite grasping its body, is perfectly helpless; but a weasel or any of its tribe, unless seized by the head, will fasten upon the breast of its captor, and by tearing open the blood vessels slay the would-be slayer. A cat or a terrier will act with much more discretion than a feathered antagonist, always taking care to seize its foe so near to the head as to avoid any danger from the lancet-pointed teeth.

The weasel's success in bringing down its natural prey would seem to be due almost entirely to the fascination and fear inspired by its noiseless but unremitting pursuit. Hares and rabbits are affected in the same way as birds that vainly seek to elude the gaze of the snake. A few minutes of swift running in a straight line would place either hare or rabbit far beyond the reach of so diminutive and comparatively slow-footed an enemy as the weasel, while either of them can put forth upon occasion power and ferocity enough to tear so small an animal to pieces; but strength and speed alike fail them in the presence of their untiring foe. Hence the weasel can always make its attack according to its favourite method, from behind. Rats and water voles, however, when defending their young will make a stout resistance, and not seldom exemplify the truth of the maxim that fortune favours the bold. The bite of the rat is terribly severe, and so long as she can prevent the enemy from closing, she will, by a succession of assaults, inflict fearful punishment upon either weasel or ferret.[1]

It is urged by some writers that a good deal of the mischief commonly charged to the weasel is really due to the stoat, which, being both larger and swifter, must have a better chance of capturing swift-footed prey. I have already said that country people often make no distinction between the two animals, applying the name of stoat to both of them. [In Ireland the contrary mistake prevails, stoats being there called weasels.] But naturalists so competent and painstaking as Waterton and St. John are not likely to have been mistaken, and they both assert that weasels destroy full-grown rabbits and hares.[2] On the other hand it must be allowed that the weasel rids us of an immense number of moles, mice, and other small vermin which the stoat leaves untouched. And as corn, *pace* Dr. Johnson, forms no part of its diet, the farmer, if he will only take moderately good care of his hen-roosts, is likely to gain much more than he loses by having a weasel for his neighbour.

In spite of its natural ferocity, the weasel, if taken young, may be tamed so as to become an amusing and harmless household pet. An instance of its domestication by a lady is given in *Wood's Natural History*, Vol. I. The ferret, on the contrary, though semi-domesticated for many generations, is always an untrustworthy inmate, and should never for one moment be left to its own devices, but be kept in safe custody when not employed in the corn stack or the rabbit burrow.

In situations which afford the kind of shelter in which the weasel delights, such as old walls, hedges with banks, or large heaps of stones or brickbats, the little animal will form colonies, increasing and multiplying until the community becomes a formidable one to meddle with. For no sooner does the unwary stranger strike at one individual

[1] One of my neighbours, a farm bailiff, has lately lost a valuable ferret through the bite of a rat. The wound festered, and the ferret did not long survive.

[2] "On a summer's evening in the year 1815, I went over with my air-gun to my neighbour, Sir William Pilkington, in order to thin his abundant crop of rabbits; and I sat me down on a lonely bank, within thirty yards of a plantation where they had a strong settlement. A full-grown rabbit soon made its appearance. It took a circuit of nearly ten paces, and re-entered the plantation. Scarcely had it disappeared from view, when a weasel came out upon its track, and followed the scent with the sagacity of a hound. The rabbit soon came out of the wood again in violent agitation, and quickly returned to cover. Out came the weasel a second time, and followed up the track with surprising assiduity. The rabbit broke cover once more, but it was for the last time; for scarcely had it proceeded a dozen yards when I saw that all was over. It stopped short and panted for breath, as though its heart would have burst through its ribs; and then it began to squeal most piteously. It never took another step to save its life, but sat down on the grass, still continuing its wailing. The weasel bolted from the bushes and jumped upon the rabbit's back, inflicting a death-wound upon its prey by biting it just behind the ear. I was sitting quite still at the time, and could easily have despatched either the rabbit or the weasel; but I did not interfere until the affair was concluded, and then I took the rabbit for my share, and I allowed the weasel to go in search of another supper when and where it might think fit."—*Waterton's Essays, 3rd Edit.*, 1839.

with his stick, than the whole clan joins in repelling the attack, and by carrying the war into the enemy's camp, compels a "strategic movement" of retreat. As the weasels fly by instinct at the neck and throat, and their claws enable them with ease to run up the legs and body of a man, it is easy to understand that a simultaneous attack by some dozens of these little blood-suckers is an affair of no slight danger. The only security is in flight; and it is well if by buttoning up his coat collar, and using his hands to throw off his tormentors as well as he can, the fugitive escapes with no greater harm than a few bites and scratches. Stories of this kind of encounter, presenting great similarity of incident, are to be found in various works on natural history. I have never myself seen a colony of weasels, but a friend and former school-fellow of mine informs me that he once met with a numerous company of them when crossing the moors which lie between Kendal and Sedbergh. My friend wisely let the weasels alone, having heard at Sedbergh that a man had been attacked by them when walking alone across the same moors, and had with difficulty driven them off, being almost exhausted with his efforts.

That the weasel, though commonly pursuing its prey alone, will also hunt in packs, is a well-authenticated fact. The Rev. J. G. Wood mentions the case of a gentleman who seeing at a distance a number of small objects which he at first took to be partridges, crossing a field, fired and killed no less than six weasels which had come into the line of his gun. When engaged in hunting, the weasels will cry to each other after the manner of beagles, and will apparently devote a whole day to the chase. Two miles from the room in which I am writing, on a farm at Bromsgrove Lickey, belonging to Lord Windsor, a labourer saw one morning a pack numbering, as he supposed, about a dozen weasels, upon a hunting excursion. His attention was first attracted by the small shrill cries of the little beasts, as they passed the spot where he was at work. The man was tempted to strike at them, but on second thoughts preferred discretion to valour. In the afternoon he again saw the pack returning from their day's coursing.

Waterton, within whose walled park bird and beast were allowed to breed and dwell in security, is loud in his praise of weasels. To be sure, his charity extended even to the polecat, insomuch that he grievously vexed the soul of his keeper by letting one go free, which had been caught in a box-trap. Possibly his hatred of the Hanoverian rat blinded him just a little to the untoward propensities of its deadly foe. "For my own part," he says, "I offer it protection here, and I am prepared for the loss of a few hares, with the addition of a pheasant's nest or two, when I reflect that it is never-ceasing in its pursuit of the field mouse, and that in it may be found the most efficacious barrier that we can oppose to the encroachments and increase of that insatiate and destructive animal, the stranger rat from Hanover. . . . But of all people in the land, our gardeners have the most reason to protect the weasel. They have not one single word of complaint against it—not even for disturbing the soil of the flower-beds. Having no game to encourage, nor fowls to fatten, they may safely say to it, 'Come hither, little benefactor, and take up thy abode amongst us. We will give shelter to thy young ones and protection to thyself, and we shall be always glad to see thee.'"

If considerations of profit and loss are to determine, according to modern tendencies, the fate or the survival of our smaller wild birds and quadrupeds, we cannot too strongly inculcate the doctrine that nothing is really gained by destroying the balance of nature; while the extinction even of an animal so apparently insignificant as the subject of this essay would be a loss, not to be repaired by any supposed utilitarian advantage, to those who in the reverent pursuit of natural science

——"Love to view these things with curious eyes
And moralise."

BENJAMIN SCOTT.

MARTIN LIGHTFOOT'S SONG.[1]

Come hearken, hearken, gentles all,
  Come hearken unto me,
And I'll sing you a song of a Wood-Lyon
  Came swimming out over the sea.

He rangèd west, he rangèd east,
  And far and wide ranged he;
He took his bite out of every beast
  Lives under the greenwood tree.

Then by there came a silly old wolf,
  "And I'll serve you," quoth he;
Quoth the Lyon, "My paw is heavy enough,
  So what wilt thou do for me?"

Then by there came a cunning old fox,
  "And I'll serve you," quoth he;
Quoth the Lyon, "My wits are sharp enough,
  So what wilt thou do for me?"

Then by there came a white, white dove,
  Flew off Our Lady's knee;
Sang "It's I will be your true, true love,
  If you'll be true to me."

"And what will you do, you bonny white
      dove?
  And what will you do for me?"
"Oh, it's I'll bring you to Our Lady's love,
  In the ways of chivalrie."

He followed the dove that Wood-Lyon
  By mere and wood and wold,
Till he is come to a perfect knight,
  Like the Paladin of old.

He rangèd east, he rangèd west,
  And far and wide ranged he—
And ever the dove won him honour and fame
  In the ways of chivalrie.

Then by there came a foul old sow,
  Came rookling under the tree;
And "It's I will be true love to you,
  If you'll be true to me."

"And what wilt thou do, thou foul old sow?
  And what wilt thou do for me?"
"Oh, there hangs in my snout a jewel of
      gold,
  And that will I give to thee."

He took to the sow that Wood-Lyon;
  To the rookling sow took he;
And the dove flew up to Our Lady's bosom;
  And never again throve he.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[1] Supposed to be sung at Crowland Minster to Leofric, the Wake's Mass Priest, when news was received of Hereward's second marriage to Alftruda.

THE AUTHOR OF *BELTRAFFIO.*

IN TWO PARTS—PART THE SECOND.

I HAD some curious conversation the next morning with Miss Ambient, whom I found strolling in the garden before breakfast. The whole place looked as fresh and trim, amid the twitter of the birds, as if, an hour before, the housemaids had been turned into it with their dustpans and feather-brushes. I almost hesitated to light a cigarette, and was doubly startled when, in the act of doing so, I suddenly perceived the sister of my host, who had, in any case, something of the oddity of an apparition, standing before me. She might have been posing for her photograph. Her sad-coloured robe arranged itself in serpentine folds at her feet; her hands locked themselves listlessly together in front; and her chin rested upon a *cinque-cento* ruff. The first thing I did, after bidding her good morning, was to ask her for news of her little nephew—to express the hope that she had heard he was better. She was able to gratify this hope, and spoke as if we might expect to see him during the day. We walked through the shrubberies together, and she gave me a great deal of information about her brother's *ménage*, which offered me an opportunity to mention to her that his wife had told me, the night before, that she thought his productions objectionable.

"She doesn't usually come out with that so soon!" Miss Ambient exclaimed, in answer to this piece of gossip.

"Poor lady, she saw that I am a fanatic."

"Yes, she won't like you for that. But you mustn't mind, if the rest of us like you! Beatrice thinks a work of art ought to have a 'purpose.' But she's a charming woman—don't you think her charming?—she's such a type of the lady."

"She's very beautiful," I answered; while I reflected that though it was true, apparently, that Mark Ambient was mis-mated, it was also perceptible that his sister was perfidious. She told me that her brother and his wife had no other difference but this one, that she thought his writings immoral and his influence pernicious. It was a fixed idea; she was afraid of these things for the child. I answered that it was not a trifle—a woman's regarding her husband's mind as a well of corruption; and she looked quite struck with the novelty of my remark. "But there hasn't been any of the sort of trouble that there so often is among married people," she said. "I suppose you can judge for yourself that Beatrice isn't at all—well, whatever they call it when a woman misbehaves herself. And Mark doesn't make love to other people, either. I assure you he doesn't! All the same, of course, from her point of view, you know, she has a dread of my brother's influence on the child—on the formation of his character, of his principles. It is as if it were a subtle poison, or a contagion, or something that would rub off on Dolcino when his father kisses him or holds him on his knee. If she could, she would prevent Mark from ever touching him. Every one knows it; visitors see it for themselves; so there is no harm in my telling you. Isn't it excessively odd? It comes from Beatrice's being so religious, and so tremendously moral, and all that. And then, of course, we mustn't forget," my companion added, unexpectedly, "that some of Mark's ideas are—well, really—rather queer!"

I reflected, as we went into the house,

where we found Ambient unfolding the *Observer* at the breakfast-table, that none of them were probably quite so queer as his sister. Mrs. Ambient did not appear at breakfast, being rather tired with her ministrations, during the night, to Dolcino. Her husband mentioned, however, that she was hoping to go to church. I afterwards learned that she did go, but I may as well announce without delay that he and I did not accompany her. It was while the church-bell was murmuring in the distance that the author of *Beltraffio* led me forth for the ramble he had spoken of in his note. I will not attempt to say where we went, or to describe what we saw. We kept to the fields and copses and commons, and breathed the same sweet air as the nibbling donkeys and the browsing sheep, whose woolliness seemed to me, in those early days of my acquaintance with English objects, but a part of the general texture of the small, dense landscape, which looked as if the harvest were gathered by the shears. Everything was full of expression for Mark Ambient's visitor—from the big, bandy-legged geese, whose whiteness was a "note," amid all the tones of green, as they wandered beside a neat little oval pool, the foreground of a thatched and whitewashed inn, with a grassy approach and a pictorial sign—from these humble wayside animals to the crests of high woods which let a gable or a pinnacle peep here and there, and looked, even at a distance, like trees of good company, conscious of an individual profile. I admired the hedgerows, I plucked the faint-hued heather, and I was for ever stopping to say how charming I thought the thread-like footpaths across the fields, which wandered, in a diagonal of finer grain, from one smooth stile to another. Mark Ambient was abundantly good-natured, and was as much entertained with my observations as I was with the literary allusions of the landscape. We sat and smoked upon stiles, broaching paradoxes in the decent English air; we took short cuts across a park or two, where the bracken was deep and my companion nodded to the old woman at the gate; we skirted rank covers, which rustled here and there as we passed, and we stretched ourselves at last on a heathery hillside, where, if the sun was not too hot, neither was the earth too cold, and where the country lay beneath us in a rich blue mist. Of course I had already told Ambient what I thought of his new novel, having the previous night read every word of the opening chapters before I went to bed.

"I am not without hope of being able to make it my best," he said, as I went back to the subject, while we turned up our heels to the sky. "At least the people who dislike my prose—and there are a great many of them, I believe—will dislike this work most." This was the first time I had heard him allude to the people who couldn't read him—a class which is supposed always to sit heavy upon the consciousness of the man of letters. A man organised for literature, as Mark Ambient was, must certainly have had the normal proportion of sensitiveness, of irritability; the artistic *ego*, capable in some cases of such monstrous development, must have been, in his composition, sufficiently erect and definite. I will not therefore go so far as to say that he never thought of his detractors, or that he had any illusions with regard to the number of his admirers (he could never so far have deceived himself as to believe he was popular); but I may at least affirm that adverse criticism, as I had occasion to perceive later, ruffled him visibly but little, that he had an air of thinking it quite natural he should be offensive to many minds, and that he very seldom talked about the newspapers—which, by the way, were always very stupid in regard to the author of *Beltraffio*. Of course he may have thought about them—the newspapers—night and day; the only point I wish to make is that he didn't show it; while, at the same time, he didn't strike one as a man who was on his guard. I may add that, as regards his hope of making the work on which he was then engaged the best of his books, it was only partly carried out. That place belongs, incontestably, to *Beltraffio*, in spite of the beauty of certain parts of its successor. I am pretty sure, however, that he had at the moment of which I speak, no sense of failure; he was in love with his idea, which was indeed magnificent, and though for him, as (I suppose) for every artist, the act of execution had in it as much torment as joy, he saw his work growing a little every day and filling out the largest plan he had yet conceived. "I want to be truer than I have ever been," he said, settling himself on his back, with his hands clasped behind his head; "I want to give an impression of life itself. No, you may say what you will, I have always arranged things too much, always smoothed them down and rounded them off and tucked them in — done everything to them that life doesn't do. I have been a slave to the old superstitions."

"You a slave, my dear Mark Ambient? You have the freest imagination of our day!"

"All the more shame to me to have done some of the things I have! The reconciliation of the two women, in *Ginistrella,* for instance—which could never really have taken place. That sort of think is ignoble; I blush when I think of it! This new affair must be a golden vessel, filled with the purest distillation of the, actual; and oh, how it bothers me, the shaping of the vase—the hammering of the metal! I have to hammer it so fine, so smooth; I don't do more than an inch or two a day. And all the while I have to be so careful not to let a drop of the liquor escape! When I see the kind of things that Life does, I despair of ever catching her peculiar trick. She has an impudence, Life! If one risked a fiftieth part of the effects she risks! It takes ever so long to believe it. You don't know yet, my dear fellow. It isn't till one has been watching Life for forty years that one finds out half of what she's up to! Therefore one's earlier things must inevitably contain a mass of rot. And with what one sees, on one side, with its tongue in its cheek, defying one to be real enough, and on the other the *bonnes gens* rolling up their eyes at one's cynicism, the situation has elements of the ludicrous which the artist himself is doubtless in a position to appreciate better than any one else. Of course one mustn't bother about the *bonnes gens,*" Mark Ambient went on, while my thoughts reverted to his ladylike wife, as interpreted by his remarkable sister.

"To sink your shaft deep, and polish the plate through which people look into it—that's what your work consists of," I remember remarking.

"Ah, polishing one's plate—that is the torment of execution!" he exclaimed, jerking himself up and sitting forward. "The effort to arrive at a surface—if you think a surface necessary—some people don't, happily for them! My dear fellow, if you could see the surface I dream of—as compared with the one with which I have to content myself. Life is really too short for art—one hasn't time to make one's shell ideally hard. Firm and bright—firm and bright!—the devilish thing has a way, sometimes, of being bright without being firm. When I rap it with my knuckles it doesn't give the right sound. There are horrible little flabby spots where I have taken the second-best word, because I couldn't for the life of me think of the best. If you knew how stupid I am sometimes! They look to me now like pimples and ulcers on the brow of beauty!"

"That's very bad—very bad," I said, as gravely as I could.

"Very bad? It's the highest social offence I know; it ought—it absolutely ought—I'm quite serious—to be capital. If I knew I should be hanged else, I should manage to find the best word. The people who couldn't—some of them don't know it when they see it—would shut their inkstands, and we shouldn't be deluged by this flood of rubbish!"

I will not attempt to repeat everything that passed between us or to explain just how it was that, every moment I spent in his company, Mark Ambient revealed to me more and more that he looked at all things from the standpoint of the artist, felt all life as literary material. There are people who will tell me that this is a poor way of feeling it, and I am not concerned to defend my statement—having space merely to remark that there is something to be said for any interest which makes a man feel so much. If Mark Ambient did really, as I suggested above, have imaginative contact with "all life," I, for my part, envy him his *arrière pensée.* At any rate it was through the receipt of this impression of him that by the time we returned I had acquired the feeling of intimacy I have noted. Before we got up for the homeward stretch, he alluded to his wife's having once—or perhaps more than once—asked him whether he should like Dolcino to read *Beltraffio.* I think he was unconscious at the moment of all that this conveyed to me—as well, doubtless, of my extreme curiosity to hear what he had replied. He had said that he hoped very much Dolcino would read all his works—when he was twenty; he should like him to know what his father had done. Before twenty it would be useless—he wouldn't understand them.

"And meanwhile do you propose to hide them—to lock them up in a drawer?" Mrs. Ambient had inquired.

"Oh, no; we must simply tell him that they are not intended for small boys. If you bring him up properly, after that he won't touch them."

To this Mrs. Ambient had made answer that it would be very awkward when he was about fifteen, and I asked her husband if it was his opinion in, general, then, that young people should not read novels.

"Good ones—certainly not!" said my companion. I suppose I had had other views, for I remember saying that, for myself, I was not sure it was bad for them—if the novels were "good" enough. "Bad for *them,* I don't say so much!" Ambient

exclaimed. "But very bad, I am afraid, for the novel!" That oblique, accidental allusion to his wife's attitude was followed by a franker style of reference as we walked home. "The difference between us is simply the opposition between two distinct ways of looking at the world, which have never succeeded in getting on together, or making any kind of common *ménage*, since the beginning of time. They have borne all sorts of names, and my wife would tell you it's the difference between Christian and Pagan. I may be a pagan, but I don't like the name—it sounds sectarian. She thinks me, at any rate, no better than an ancient Greek. It's the difference between making the most of life and making the least—so that you'll get another better one in some other time and place. Will it be a sin to make the most of that one too, I wonder; and shall we have to be bribed off in the future state, as well as in the present? Perhaps I care too much for beauty—I don't know; I delight in it, I adore it, I think of it continually, I try to produce it, to reproduce it. My wife holds that we shouldn't think too much about it. She's always afraid of that—always on her guard. I don't know what she has got on her back! And she's so pretty, too, herself! Don't you think she's lovely? She was, at any rate, when I married her. At that time I wasn't aware of that difference I speak of—I thought it all came to the same thing; in the end, as they say. Well, perhaps it will, in the end. I don't know what the end will be. Moreover, I care for seeing things as they are; that's the way I try to show them in my novels. But you mustn't talk to Mrs. Ambient about things as they are. She has a mortal dread of things as they are."

"She's afraid of them for Dolcino," I said: surprised a moment afterwards at being in a position—thanks to Miss Ambient—to be so explanatory; and surprised even now that Mark shouldn't have shown visibly that he wondered what the deuce I knew about it. But he didn't; he simply exclaimed, with a tenderness that touched me——

"Ah, nothing shall ever hurt *him!*" He told me more about his wife before we arrived at the gate of his house, and if it be thought that he was querulous, I am afraid I must admit that he had some of the foibles as well as the gifts of the artistic temperament; adding, however, instantly, that hitherto, to the best of my belief, he had very rarely complained. "She thinks me immoral—that's the long and short of it," he said, as we paused outside a moment, and his hand rested on one of the bars of his gate; while his conscious, expressive, perceptive eyes—the eyes of a foreigner, I had begun to account them, much more than of the usual Englishman—viewing me now evidently as quite a familiar friend, took part in the declaration. "It's very strange, when one thinks it all over, and there's a grand comicality in it which I should like to bring out. She is a very nice woman, extraordinarily well behaved, upright and clever, and with a tremendous lot of good sense about a good many matters. Yet her conception of a novel—she has explained it to me once or twice, and she doesn't do it badly, as exposition—is a thing so false that it makes me blush. It is a thing so hollow, so dishonest, so lying, in which life is so blinked and blinded, so dodged and disfigured, that it makes my ears burn. It's two different ways of looking at the whole affair," he repeated, pushing open the gate. "And they are irreconcilable!" he added with a sigh. We went forward to the house, but on the walk, half way to the door, he stopped, and said to me, "If you are going into this kind of thing, there's a fact you should know beforehand; it may save you some disappointment. There's a hatred of art—there's a hatred of literature!" I looked up at the charming house, with its genial colour and crookedness, and I answered with a smile that those evil passions might exist, but that I should never have expected to find them there. "Oh, it doesn't matter, after all," he said, laughing; which I was glad to hear, for I was reproaching myself with having excited him.

If I had, his excitement soon passed off, for at lunch he was delightful; strangely delightful, considering that the difference between himself and his wife was, as he had said, irreconcilable. He had the art, by his manner, by his smile, by his natural kindliness, of reducing the importance of it in the common concerns of life, and Mrs. Ambient, I must add, lent herself to this transaction with a very good grace. I watched her, at table, for further illustrations of that fixed idea of which Miss Ambient had spoken to me; for in the light of the united revelations of her sister-in-law and her husband, she had come to seem to me a very singular personage. I am obliged to say that the signs of a fanatical temperament were not more striking in my hostess than before; it was only after a while that her air of incorruptible conformity, her tapering, monosyllabic correctness, began to appear to be themselves a cold, thin flame. Certainly, at

first, she looked like a woman with as few passions as possible; but if she had a passion at all, it would be that of Philistinism. She might have been, for there are guardian-spirits, I suppose, of all great principles—the angel of propriety. Mark Ambient, apparently, ten years before, had simply perceived that she was an angel, without asking himself of what. He had been quite right in calling my attention to her beauty. In looking for the reason why he should have married her, I saw, more than before, that she was, physically speaking, a wonderfully cultivated human plant—that she must have given him many ideas and images. It was impossible to be more pencilled, more garden-like, more delicately tinted and petalled.

If I had had it in my heart to think Ambient a little of a hypocrite for appearing to forget at table everything he had said to me during our walk, I should instantly have cancelled such a judgment, on reflecting that the good news his wife was able to give him about their little boy was reason enough for his sudden air of happiness. It may have come partly, too, from a certain remorse at having complained to me of the fair lady who sat there—a desire to show me that he was after all not so miserable. Dolcino continued to be much better, and he had been promised he should come down stairs after he had had his dinner. As soon as we had risen from our own meal Ambient slipped away, evidently for the purpose of going to his child; and no sooner had I observed this than I became aware that his wife had simultaneously vanished. It happened that Miss Ambient and I, both at the same moment, saw the tail of her dress whisk out of a doorway—which led the young lady to smile at me, as if I now knew all the secrets of the place. I passed with her into the garden, and we sat down on a dear old bench which rested against the west wall of the house. It was a perfect spot for the middle period of a Sunday in June, and its felicity seemed to come partly from an antique sun-dial which, rising in front of us and forming the centre of a small, intricate parterre, measured the moments ever so slowly, and made them safe for leisure and talk. The garden bloomed in the suffused afternoon, the tall beeches stood still for an example, and, behind and above us, a rose-tree of many seasons, clinging to the faded grain of the brick, expressed the whole character of the place in a familiar, exquisite smell. It seemed to me a place for genius to have every sanction, and not to encounter challenges and checks. Miss Ambient asked me if I had enjoyed my walk with her brother, and whether we had talked of many things.

"Well, of most things," I said, smiling, though I remembered that we had not talked of Miss Ambient.

"And don't you think some of his theories are very peculiar?"

"Oh, I guess I agree with them all." I was very particular, for Miss Ambient's entertainment, to guess.

"Do you think art is everything?" she inquired in a moment.

"In art, of course I do!"

"And do you think beauty is everything?"

"I don't know about its being everything. But it's very delightful."

"Of course it is difficult for a woman to know how far to go," said my companion. "I adore everything that gives a charm to life. I am intensely sensitive to form. But sometimes I draw back—don't you see what I mean?—I don't quite see where I shall be landed. I only want to be quiet, after all," Miss Ambient continued, in a tone of stifled yearning which seemed to indicate that she had not yet arrived at her desire. "And one must be good, at any rate, must not one?" she inquired, with a cadence apparently intended for an assurance that my answer would settle this recondite question for her. It was difficult for me to make it very original, and I am afraid I repaid her confidence with an unblushing platitude. I remember, moreover, appending to it an inquiry, equally destitute of freshness, and still more wanting perhaps in tact, as to whether she did not mean to go to church, as that was an obvious way of being good. She replied that she had performed this duty in the morning, and that for her, on Sunday afternoon, supreme virtue consisted in answering the week's letters. Then suddenly, without transition, she said to me, "It's quite a mistake about Dolcino being better. I have seen him, and he's not at all right."

"Surely his mother would know, wouldn't she?" I suggested.

She appeared for a moment to be counting the leaves on one of the great beeches. "As regards most matters, one can easily say what, in a given situation, my sister-in-law would do. But as regards this one, there are strange elements at work."

"Strange elements? Do you mean in the constitution of the child?"

"No, I mean in my sister-in-law's feelings."

"Elements of affection, of course; elements of anxiety. Why do you call them strange?"

She repeated my words. "Elements of

affection, elements of anxiety. She is very anxious."

Miss Ambient made me vaguely uneasy—she almost frightened me, and I wished she would go and write her letters. "His father will have seen him now," I said, "and if he is not satisfied he will send for the doctor."

"The doctor ought to have been here this morning. He lives only two miles away."

I reflected that all this was very possibly only a part of the general tragedy of Miss Ambient's view of things; but I asked her why she hadn't urged such a necessity upon her sister-in-law. She answered me with a smile of extraordinary significance, and told me that I must have very little idea of what her relations with Beatrice were; but I must do her the justice to add that she went on to make herself a little more comprehensible by saying that it was quite reason enough for her sister not to be alarmed that Mark would be sure to be. He was always nervous about the child, and as they were predestined by nature to take opposite views, the only thing for Beatrice was to cultivate a false optimism. If Mark were not there, she would not be at all easy. I remembered what he had said to me about their dealings with Dolcino—that between them they would put an end to him; but I did not repeat this to Miss Ambient: the less so that just then her brother emerged from the house, carrying his child in his arms. Close behind him moved his wife, grave and pale; the boy's face was turned over Ambient's shoulder, towards his mother. We got up to receive the group, and as they came near us Dolcino turned round. I caught, on his enchanting little countenance, a smile of recognition, and for the moment would have been quite content with it. Miss Ambient, however, received another impression, and I make haste to say that her quick sensibility, in which there was something maternal, argues that, in spite of her affectations, there was a strain of kindness in her. "It won't do at all—it won't do at all," she said to me under her breath. "I shall speak to Mark about the doctor."

The child was rather white, but the main difference I saw in him was that he was even more beautiful than the day before. He had been dressed in his festal garments—a velvet suit and a crimson sash—and he looked like a little invalid prince, too young to know condescension and smiling familiarly on his subjects.

"Put him down, Mark, he's not comfortable," Mrs. Ambient said.

"Should you like to stand on your feet, my boy?" his father asked.

"Oh, yes; I'm remarkably well," said the child.

Mark placed him on the ground; he had shining, pointed slippers, with enormous bows. "Are you happy now, Mr. Ambient?"

"Oh yes, I am particularly happy," Dolcino replied. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when his mother caught him up, and in a moment, holding him on her knees, she took her place on the bench where Miss Ambient and I had been sitting. This young lady said something to her brother, in consequence of which the two wandered away into the garden together. I remained with Mrs. Ambient; but as a servant had brought out a couple of chairs I was not obliged to seat myself beside her. Our conversation was not animated, and I, for my part, felt there would be a kind of hypocrisy in my trying to make myself agreeable to Mrs. Ambient. I didn't dislike her—I rather admired her; but I was aware that I differed from her inexpressibly. Then I suspected, what I afterwards definitely knew and have already intimated, that the poor lady had taken a dislike to me; and this of course was not encouraging. She thought me an obtrusive and even depraved young man, whom a perverse Providence had dropped upon their quiet lawn to flatter her husband's worst tendencies. She did me the honour to say to Miss Ambient, who repeated the speech, that she didn't know when she had seen her husband take such a fancy to a visitor; and she measured, apparently, my evil influence by Mark's appreciation of my society. I had a consciousness, not yet acute, but quite sufficient, of all this; but I must say that if it chilled my flow of small-talk, it didn't prevent me from thinking that the beautiful mother and beautiful child, interlaced there against their background of roses, made a picture such as I perhaps should not soon see again. I was free, I supposed, to go into the house and write letters, to sit in the drawing-room, to repair to my own apartment and take a nap; but the only use I made of my freedom was to linger still in my chair and say to myself that the light hand of Sir Joshua might have painted Mark Ambient's wife and son. I found myself looking perpetually at Dolcino, and Dolcino looked back at me, and that was enough to detain me. When he looked at me he smiled, and I felt it was an absolute impossibility to abandon a child who was smiling at one like that. His eyes never wandered; they attached themselves

to mine, as if among all the small incipient things of his nature there was a desire to say something to me. If I could have taken him upon my own knee, he perhaps would have managed to say it; but it would have been far too delicate a matter to ask his mother to give him up, and it has remained a constant regret for me that on that Sunday afternoon I did not, even for a moment, hold Dolcino in my arms. He had said that he felt remarkably well, and that he was especially happy; but though he may have been happy, with his charming head pillowed on his mother's breast and his little crimson silk legs depending from her lap, I did not think he looked well. He made no attempt to walk about; he was content to swing his legs softly and strike one as languid and angelic.

Mark came back to us with his sister; and Miss Ambient, making some remark about having to attend to her correspondence, passed into the house. Mark came and stood in front of his wife, looking down at the child, who immediately took hold of his hand, keeping it while he remained. "I think Allingham ought to see him," Ambient said; "I think I will walk over and fetch him."

"That's Gwendolen's idea, I suppose," Mrs. Ambient replied, very sweetly.

"It's not such an out-of-the-way idea, when one's child is ill."

"I'm not ill, papa; I'm much better now," Dolcino remarked.

"Is that the truth, or are you only saying it to be agreeable? You have a great idea of being agreeable, you know."

The boy seemed to meditate on this distinction, this imputation, for a moment; then his exaggerated eyes, which had wandered, caught my own as I watched him. "Do *you* think me agreeable?" he inquired, with the candour of his age and with a smile that made his father turn round to me, laughing, and ask, mutely, with a glance, "Isn't he adorable?"

"Then why don't you hop about, if you feel so lusty?" Ambient went on, while the boy swung his hand.

"Because mamma is holding me close!"

"Oh, yes; I know how mamma holds you when I come near!" Ambient exclaimed, looking at his wife.

She turned her charming eyes up to him, without deprecation or concession, and after a moment she said, "You can go for Allingham if you like. I think myself it would be better. You ought to drive."

"She says that to get me away," Ambient remarked to me, laughing; after which he started for the doctor's.

I remained there with Mrs. Ambient, though our conversation had more pauses than speeches. The boy's little fixed white face seemed, as before, to plead with me to stay, and after a while it produced still another effect, a very curious one, which I shall find it difficult to express. Of course I expose myself to the charge of attempting to give fantastic reasons for an act which may have been simply the fruit of a native want of discretion; and indeed the traceable consequences of that perversity were too lamentable to leave me any desire to trifle with the question. All I can say is that I acted in perfect good faith, and that Dolcino's friendly little gaze gradually kindled the spark of my inspiration. What helped it to glow were the other influences—the silent, suggestive garden-nook, the perfect opportunity (if it was not an opportunity for that, it was an opportunity for nothing), and the plea that I speak of, which issued from the child's eyes and seemed to make him say, "The mother that bore me and that presses me here to her bosom—sympathetic little organism that I am—has really the kind of sensibility which she has been represented to you as lacking; if you only look for it patiently and respectfully. How is it possible that she shouldn't have it? how is it possible that *I* should have so much of it (for I am quite full of it, dear, strange gentleman), if it were not also in some degree in her? I am my father's child, but I am also my mother's, and I am sorry for the difference between them!" So it shaped itself before me, the vision of reconciling Mrs. Ambient with her husband, of putting an end to their great disagreement. The project was absurd, of course, for had I not had his word for it—spoken with all the bitterness of experience—that the gulf that divided them was well nigh bottomless? Nevertheless, a quarter of an hour after Mark had left us, I said to his wife that I couldn't get over what she told me the night before about her thinking her husband's writings "objectionable." I had been so very sorry to hear it, had thought of it constantly, and wondered whether it were not possible to make her change her mind. Mrs. Ambient gave me rather a cold stare—she seemed to be recommending me to mind my own business. I wish I had taken this mute counsel, but I did not. I went on to remark that it seemed an immense pity so much that was beautiful should be lost upon her.

"Nothing is lost upon me," said Mrs. Ambient. "I know they are very beautiful."

"Don't you like papa's books?" Dolcino asked, addressing his mother, but still looking at me. Then he added to me, "Won't you read them to me, American gentleman?"

"I would rather tell you some stories of my own," I said. "I know some that are very interesting."

"When will you tell them—to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, with pleasure, if that suits you."

Mrs. Ambient was silent at this. Her husband, during our walk, had asked me to remain another day; my promise to her son was an implication that I had consented; and it is not probable that the prospect was agreeable to her. This ought, doubtless, to have made me more careful as to what I said next; but all I can say is that it didn't. I presently observed that just after leaving her, the evening before, and after hearing her apply to her husband's writings the epithet I had already quoted, I had, on going up to my room, sat down to the perusal of those sheets of his new book which he had been so good as to lend me. I had sat entranced till nearly three in the morning—I had read them twice over. "You say you haven't looked at them. I think it's such a pity you shouldn't. Do let me beg you to take them up. They are so very remarkable. I'm sure they will convert you. They place him in—really—such a dazzling light. All that is best in him is there. I have no doubt it's a great liberty, my saying all this; but excuse me, and *do* read them!"

"Do read them, mamma!" Dolcino repeated. "Do read them!"

She bent her head and closed his lips with a kiss. "Of course I know he has worked immensely over them," she said; and after this she made no remark, but sat there looking thoughtful, with her eyes on the ground. The tone of these last words was such as to leave me no spirit for further aggression, and after expressing a fear that her husband had not found the doctor at home, I got up and took a turn about the grounds. When I came back ten minutes later, she was still in her place watching her boy, who had fallen asleep in her lap. As I drew near she put her finger to her lips, and a moment afterwards she rose, holding the child, and murmured something about its being better that he should go up stairs. I offered to carry him, and held out my hands to take him; but she thanked me and turned away, with the child seated on her arm, his head on her shoulder. "I am very strong," she said, as she passed into the house, and her slim, flexible figure bent backwards with the filial weight. So I never touched Dolcino.

I betook myself to Ambient's study, delighted to have a quiet hour to look over his books by myself. The windows were open into the garden, the sunny stillness, the mild light of the English summer, filled the room, without quite chasing away the rich, dusky tone which was a part of its charm, and which abode in the serried shelves where old morocco exhaled the fragrance of curious learning, and in the brighter intervals where medals and prints and miniatures were suspended upon a surface of faded stuff. The place had both colour and quiet; I thought it a perfect room for work, and went so far as to say to myself that if it were mine, to sit and scribble in, there was no knowing but that I might learn to write as well as the author of *Beltraffio*. This distinguished man did not turn up, and I rummaged freely among his treasures. At last I took down a book that detained me a while, and seated myself in a fine old leather chair by the window, to turn it over. I had been occupied in this way for half an hour—a good part of the afternoon had waned—when I became conscious of another presence in the room, and, looking up from my quarto, saw that Mrs. Ambient, having pushed open the door in the same noiseless way that marked—or disguised—her entrance the night before, had advanced across the threshold. On seeing me she stopped; she had, not, I think, expected to find me. But her hesitation was only of a moment; she came straight to her husband's writing-table, as if she were looking for something. I got up and asked her if I could help her. She glanced about an instant, and then put her hand upon a roll of papers which I recognised, as I had placed it in that spot in the morning, on coming down from my room.

"Is this the new book?" she asked, holding it up.

"The very sheets, with precious annotations."

"I mean to take your advice." And she tucked the little bundle under her arm. I congratulated her cordially, and ventured to make of my triumph, as I presumed to call it, a subject of pleasantry. But she was perfectly grave, and turned away from me, as she had presented herself, without a smile; after which I settled down to my quarto again, with the reflection that Mrs. Ambient was a queer woman. My triumph, too, suddenly seemed to me rather vain. A woman who couldn't smile in the right place would never understand Mark Ambient. He

came in at last in person, having brought the doctor back with him. "He was away from home," Mark said, "and I went after him—to where he was supposed to be. He had left the place, and I followed him to two or three others, which accounts for my delay." He was now with Mrs. Ambient, looking at the child, and was to see Mark again before leaving the house. My host noticed, at the end of ten minutes, that the proof-sheets of his new book had been removed from the table, and when I told him, in reply to his question as to what I knew about them, that Mrs. Ambient had carried them off to read, he turned almost pale for an instant with surprise. "What has suddenly made her so curious?" he exclaimed; and I was obliged to tell him that I was at the bottom of the mystery. I had had it on my conscience to assure her that she really ought to know of what her husband was capable. "Of what I am capable? *Elle ne s'en doute que trop!*" said Ambient with a laugh; but he took my meddling very good-naturedly, and contented himself with adding that he was very much afraid she would burn up the sheets, with his emendations, of which he had no duplicate. The doctor paid a long visit in the nursery, and before he came down I retired to my own quarters, where I remained till dinner-time. On entering the drawing-room at this hour, I found Miss Ambient in possession, as she had been the evening before.

"I was right about Dolcino," she said as soon as she saw me, with a strange little air of triumph. "He is really very ill."

"Very ill! Why, when I last saw him, at four o'clock, he was in fairly good form."

"There has been a change for the worse—very sudden and rapid—and when the doctor got here he found diphtheritic symptoms. He ought to have been called, as I knew, in the morning, and the child oughtn't to have been brought into the garden."

"My dear lady, he was very happy there," I answered, much appalled.

"He would be happy anywhere. I have no doubt he is happy now, with his poor little throat in a state——" She dropped her voice as her brother came in, and Mark let us know that, as a matter of course, Mrs. Ambient would not appear. It was true that Dolcino had developed diphtheritic symptoms, but he was quiet for the present, and his mother was earnestly watching him. She was a perfect nurse, Mark said, and the doctor was coming back at ten o'clock. Our dinner was not very gay; Ambient was anxious and alarmed, and his sister irritated me by her constant tacit assumption, conveyed in the very way she nibbled her bread and sipped her wine, of having "told me so." I had had no disposition to deny anything she told me, and I could not see that her satisfaction in being justified by the event made poor Dolcino's throat any better. The truth is that, as the sequel proved, Miss Ambient had some of the qualities of the sibyl, and had therefore, perhaps, a right to the sibylline contortions. Her brother was so preoccupied that I felt my presence to be an indiscretion, and was sorry I had promised to remain over the morrow. I said to Mark that, evidently, I had better leave them in the morning; to which he replied that, on the contrary, if he was to pass the next days in the fidgets my company would be an extreme relief to him. The fidgets had already begun for him, poor fellow, and as we sat in his study with our cigars after dinner, he wandered to the door whenever he heard the sound of the doctor's wheels. Miss Ambient, who shared this apartment with us, gave me at such moments significant glances; she had gone up stairs before rejoining us, to ask after the child. His mother and his nurse gave a tolerable account of him; but Miss Ambient found his fever high and his symptoms very grave. The doctor came at ten o'clock, and I went to bed after hearing from Mark that he saw no present cause for alarm. He had made every provision for the night, and was to return early in the morning.

I quitted my room at eight o'clock the next day, and, as I came down stairs, saw, through the open door of the house, Mrs. Ambient standing at the front gate of the grounds, in colloquy with the physician. She wore a white dressing-gown, but her shining hair was carefully tucked away in its net, and in the freshness of the morning, after a night of watching, she looked as much "the type of the lady" as her sister-in-law had described her. Her appearance, I suppose, ought to have reassured me; but I was still nervous and uneasy, so that I shrank from meeting her with the necessary question about Dolcino. None the less, however, was I impatient to learn how the morning found him; and, as Mrs. Ambient had not seen me, I passed into the grounds by a roundabout way, and, stopping at a further gate, hailed the doctor, just as he was driving away. Mrs. Ambient had returned to the house before he got into his gig.

"Excuse me—but as a friend of the family, I should like very much to hear about the little boy."

The doctor, who was a stout, sharp man, looked at me from head to foot, and then he said, "I'm sorry to say I haven't seen him."

"Haven't seen him?"

"Mrs. Ambient came down to meet me as I alighted, and told me that he was sleeping so soundly, after a restless night, that she didn't wish him disturbed. I assured her I wouldn't disturb him, but she said he was quite safe now and she could look after him herself."

"Thank you very much. Are you coming back?"

"No, sir; I'll be hanged if I come back!" exclaimed Dr. Allingham, who was evidently very angry. And he started his horse again with the whip.

I wandered back into the garden, and five minutes later Miss Ambient came forth from the house to greet me. She explained that breakfast would not be served for some time, and that she wished to catch the doctor before he went away. I informed her that this functionary had come and departed, and I repeated to her what he had told me about his dismissal. This made Miss Ambient very serious—very serious indeed—and she sank into a bench, with dilated eyes, hugging her elbows with crossed arms. She indulged in many ejaculations, she confessed that she was infinitely perplexed, and she finally told me what her own last news of her nephew had been. She had sat up very late—after me, after Mark—and before going to bed had knocked at the door of the child's room, which was opened to her by the nurse. This good woman had admitted her, and she had found Dolcino quiet, but flushed and "unnatural," with his mother sitting beside his bed. "She held his hand in one of hers," said Miss Ambient, "and in the other—what do you think?—the proof-sheets of Mark's new book! She was reading them there, intently: did you ever hear of anything so extraordinary? Such a very odd time to be reading an author whom she never could abide!" In her agitation Miss Ambient was guilty of this vulgarism of speech, and I was so impressed by her narrative that it was only in recalling her words later that I noticed the lapse. Mrs. Ambient had looked up from her reading with her fingers on her lips—I recognised the gesture she had addressed to me in the afternoon—and, though the nurse was about to go to rest had not encouraged her sister-in-law to relieve her of any part of her vigil. But certainly, then, Dolcino's condition was far from reassuring—his poor little breathing was most painful; and what change could have taken place in him in those few hours that would justify Beatrice in denying the physician access to him? This was the moral of Miss Ambient's anecdote—the moral for herself at least. The moral for me, rather, was that it *was* a very singular time for Mrs. Ambient to be going into a novelist she had never appreciated and who had simply happened to be recommended to her by a young American she disliked. I thought of her sitting there in the sick-chamber in the still hours of the night, after the nurse had left her, turning over those pages of genius and wrestling with their magical influence.

I must relate very briefly the circumstances of the rest of my visit to Mark Ambient—it lasted but a few hours longer—and devote but three words to my later acquaintance with him. That lasted five years—till his death—and was full of interest, of satisfaction, and, I may add, of sadness. The main thing to be said with regard to it, is that I had a secret from him. I believe he never suspected it, though of this I am not absolutely sure. If he did, the line he had taken, the line of absolute negation of the matter to himself, shows an immense effort of the will. I may tell my secret now, giving it for what it is worth, now that Mark Ambient has gone, that he has begun to be alluded to as one of the famous early dead, and that his wife does not survive him; now, too, that Miss Ambient, whom I also saw at intervals during the years that followed, has, with her embroideries and her attitudes, her necromantic glances and strange intuitions, retired to a Sisterhood, where, as I am told, she is deeply immured and quite lost to the world.

Mark came into breakfast after his sister and I had for some time been seated there. He shook hands with me in silence, kissed his sister, opened his letters and newspapers, and pretended to drink his coffee. But I could see that these movements were mechanical, and I was little surprised when, suddenly he pushed away everything that was before him, and with his head in his hands and his elbows on the table, sat staring strangely at the cloth.

"What is the matter, *fratello mio?*" Miss Ambient inquired, peeping from behind the urn.

He answered nothing, but got up with a certain violence and strode to the window. We rose to our feet, his sister and I, by a common impulse, exchanging a glance of some alarm, while he stared for a moment into the garden. "In Heaven's name, what has got possession of Beatrice?" he cried at

last, turning round with an almost haggard face. And he looked from one of us to the other; the appeal was addressed to me as well as to his sister.

Miss Ambient gave a shrug. "My poor Mark, Beatrice is always—Beatrice!"

"She has locked herself up with the boy—bolted and barred the door—she refuses to let me come near him!" Ambient went on.

"She refused to let the doctor see him an hour ago!" Miss Ambient remarked, with intention, as they say on the stage.

"Refused to let the doctor see him? By Heaven, I'll smash in the door!" And Mark brought his fist down upon the table, so that all the breakfast-service rang.

I begged Miss Ambient to go up and try to have speech of her sister-in-law, and I drew Mark out into the garden. "You're exceedingly nervous, and Mrs. Ambient is probably right," I said to him. "Women know—women should be supreme in such a situation. Trust a mother—a devoted mother, my dear friend!" With such words as these I tried to soothe and comfort him, and, marvellous to relate, I succeeded, with the help of many cigarettes, in making him walk about the garden and talk, or listen at least to my own ingenious chatter, for nearly an hour. At the end of this time Miss Ambient returned to us, with a very rapid step, holding her hand to her heart.

"Go for the doctor, Mark, go for the doctor this moment!"

"Is he dying—has she killed him?" poor Ambient cried, flinging away his cigarette.

"I don't know what she has done! But she's frightened, and now she wants the doctor."

"He told me he would be hanged if he came back!" I felt myself obliged to announce.

"Precisely—therefore Mark himself must go for him, and not a messenger. You must see him and tell him it's to save your child. The trap has been ordered—it's ready."

"To save him? I'll save him, please God!" Ambient cried, bounding with his great strides across the lawn.

As soon as he had gone I felt that I ought to have volunteered in his place, and I said as much to Miss Ambient; but she checked me by grasping my arm quickly, while we heard the wheels of the dog-cart rattle away from the gate. "He's off—he off—and now I can think! To get him away—while I think—while I think!"

"While you think of what, Miss Ambient?"

"Of the unspeakable thing that has happened under this roof!"

Her manner was habitually that of such a prophetess of ill that my first impulse was to believe I must allow here for a great exaggeration. But in a moment I saw that her emotion was real. "Dolcino *is* dying then—he is dead?"

"It's too late to save him. His mother has let him die! I tell you that because you are sympathetic, because you have imagination," Miss Ambient was good enough to add, interrupting my expression of horror. "That's why you had the idea of making her read Mark's new book!"

"What has that to do with it? I don't understand you—your accusation is monstrous."

"I see it all—I'm not stupid," Miss Ambient went on, heedless of the harshness of my tone. "It was the book that finished her—it was that decided her!"

"Decided her? Do you mean she has murdered her child?" I demanded, trembling at my own words.

"She sacrificed him—she determined to do nothing to make him live. Why else did she lock herself up—why else did she turn away the doctor? The book gave her a horror, she determined to rescue him—to prevent him from ever being touched. He had a crisis at two o'clock in the morning. I know that from the nurse, who had left her then, but whom, for a short time, she called back. Dolcino got much worse, but she insisted on the nurse's going back to bed, and after that she was alone with him for hours."

"Do you pretend that she has no pity—that she's insane?"

"She held him in her arms—she pressed him to her breast, not to see him; but she gave him no remedies—she did nothing the doctor ordered. Everything is there, untouched. She has had the honesty not even to throw the drugs away!"

I dropped upon the nearest bench, overcome with wonder and agitation: quite as much at Miss Ambient's terrible lucidity as at the charge she made against her sister-in-law. There was an amazing coherency in her story, and it was dreadful to me to see myself figuring in it as so proximate a cause. "You are a very strange woman, and you say strange things."

"You think it necessary to protest—but you are quite ready to believe me. You have received an impression of my sister-in-law, you have guessed of what she is capable."

I do not feel bound to say what concession, on this point, I made to Miss Ambient, who

went on to relate to me that within the last half-hour Beatrice had had a revulsion; that she was tremendously frightened at what she had done; that her fright itself betrayed her; and that she would now give heaven and earth to save the child. "Let us hope she will!" I said, looking at my watch and trying to time poor Ambient; whereupon my companion repeated, in a singular tone, "Let us hope so!" When I asked her if she herself could do nothing, and whether she ought not to be with her sister-in-law, she replied, "You had better go and judge; she is like a wounded tigress!" I never saw Mrs. Ambient till six months after this, and therefore cannot pretend to have verified the comparison. At the latter period she was again the type of the lady. "She'll treat him better after this," I remember Miss Ambient saying, in response to some quick outburst (on my part) of compassion for her brother. Although I had been in the house but thirty-six hours, this young lady had treated me with extraordinary confidence, and there was therefore a certain demand which, as an intimate, I might make of her. I extracted from her a pledge that she would never say to her brother what she had just said to me; she would leave him to form his own theory of his wife's conduct. She agreed with me that there was misery enough in the house, without her contributing a new anguish, and that Mrs. Ambient's proceedings might be explained, to her husband's mind, by the extravagance of a jealous devotion. Poor Mark came back with the doctor much sooner than we could have hoped, but we knew, five minutes afterwards, that they arrived too late. Poor little Dolcino was more exquisitely beautiful in death than he had been in life. Mrs. Ambient's grief was frantic; she lost her head and said strange things. As for Mark's—but I will not speak of that. *Basta*, as he used to say. Miss Ambient kept her secret—I have already had occasion to say that she had her good points—but it rankled in her conscience like a guilty participation, and, I imagine, had something to do with her retiring ultimately to a Sisterhood. And, *à propos* of consciences, the reader is now in a position to judge of my compunction for my effort to convert Mrs. Ambient. I ought to mention that the death of her child in some degree converted her. When the new book came out—it was long delayed—she read it over as a whole, and her husband told me that a few months before her death—she failed rapidly after losing her son, sank into a consumption, and faded away at Mentone—during those few supreme weeks she even dipped into *Beltraffio*.

HENRY JAMES.

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE FIRTH OF FORTH.
From a Drawing by TRISTRAM ELLIS.

HOW A BONE IS BUILT.[1]

IF you look at an ordinary marrow-bone, such as you find at the thick end of a leg of mutton, or sticking out from the middle of a round of beef, you may note two things about it.

First of all—the middle part of the bone is hollow, and its walls are hard and dense: it is in fact a somewhat thick-walled *tube*.

Secondly—if you follow the bone to either end of it, to a joint as it is called, the tube-form seems to be lost: the outer surface spreads into irregular knobs and bosses, the inside instead of being hollow is filled up with a continuous mass of apparently irregular fibres and plates.

This marrow-bone, which anatomists name the *femur* or thigh-bone, we may take as the type of all marrow-bones, or long bones, as they are sometimes called. Long bones have a shank or shaft which is hollow and tube-like, and ends which are—not exactly solid—but continuous or "spongy" in texture. They are thus distinguished from short bones, which have no hollow shank, but are built up entirely of continuous spongy substance, like the ends of a long bone. We may take the heel-bone or *calcaneum* as the type of a short bone.

Coming back to our first observation—that the shanks of the long bones are tube-like—it is to be noted that this is true in the case not only of man, and the sheep, and the ox, but of all birds and beasts. It is a constant feature in all animals that have long bones at all. We naturally ask whether there is any common principle underlying this common form. Why are the thigh-bones, that have like pillars to bear up the weight of the whole body, made hollow? Might we not have expected solidity where strength is so much to be desired? To answer these questions, and to make you see the why and the wherefore of the answer, will be the first part of my task.

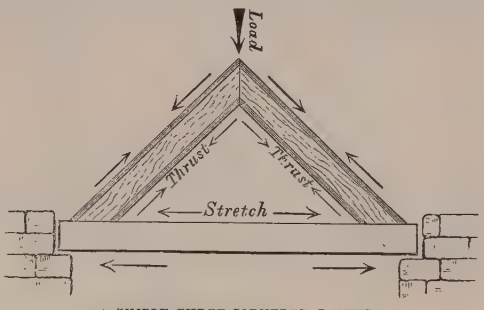
We made a second remark—namely that the short bones, and the ends of the long bones, seem to be built on another and different plan. They are not hollow but continuous. Their substance consists of seemingly irregular fibres and plates. The substance has been called "spongy"; and at first sight it looks a mere confused porous mass. But when pains are taken to cleanse the bone of the shreds of membrane and marrow that fill its pores, a very remarkable and very beautiful order and regularity takes the place of the confusion. The porous mass might more fitly be likened to a network or a honeycomb than to a sponge. Its plates and bars run straight and clear from point to point, cutting each other in true right angles,

[1] Delivered as a lecture.

and enclosing little square meshes as dainty and as sharply defined as the meshes in some fine piece of lace. The comparison of the structure to a sponge is thus misleading; and it is now common to speak of this variety of bony substance as *cancellous*. (*Cancelli*, you may remember, is Latin for bars or lattice-work. The chancel of a church is the part behind the lattice or screen. The chancellor was formerly an officer of a court who stood at the bars or screen below the bench to receive petitions for the judge.) And as we find that the shanks of long bones are always built according to the plan of the tube, so we find that the pattern of the cancellous parts also is wonderfully constant and stands in very definite relation to the shape and purpose of the bone. It will be the second part of my task to describe to you the nature of this pattern, and to make clear the principles on which it depends. We shall see that the distinction between the dense compact bone of the shank and the loose cancellous bone of the ends is more apparent than real; that when we see clearly the meaning of the one we are not far from understanding the other.

Imagine a rafter of the simplest kind such as I have here in wood. Two sloping beams jointed at the apex, with the lower ends notched into a horizontal beam stretched between them. When I place a weight upon the apex you will see, on a moment's reflexion, that the different parts of the rafter are strained in different ways. The two sloping beams are bearing a *thrust*, they are squeezed or compressed, they are liable to be *crushed* if the weight is too great. I shall indicate this by colouring them black. Parts that are under pressure, that are exposed to crushing-stress as it is sometimes called, shall be black. The engineer speaks of such "black" beams as *struts*. The horizontal beam is in a different state as regards strain. It is clearly being *stretched* or pulled, it is under tension, it is liable to be *torn* asunder. I shall indicate parts that are under tension, that are exposed to tearing-stress, by leaving them white. Such "white" beams the engineer speaks of as *ties*. A little consideration will enable you even in a somewhat complex framework, such as the rafters supporting the roof of a great railway-station, to distinguish the struts from the ties, the black parts from the white. I commend to you the exercise as an instructive pastime when you are waiting for a train.

Now it is plainly necessary that every strut in such a framework should be strong enough to bear the thrust that is put upon it, and that every tie should be strong enough to bear the pull that is put upon it. Moreover it is desirable that no part should be much stronger (beyond a certain margin of safety) than is necessary to bear its share of the stress. If any part is disproportionately strong we have not only waste of material, but we have unnecessary weight for the other parts to bear, and so *they* must be made unnecessarily strong also. To design well we must therefore discover first of all the strength of our material. If the material is to be fashioned into a strut, we must know what is the utmost pressure it will bear, what is its *crushing-limit* as we may say; and we must see that the greatest actual stress to which the strut may be exposed is sufficiently within this crushing-limit. So for ties also: we must know the *tearing-limit* of their material, its limit of tenacity, and keep well on the safe side of that limit. Now it happens that different materials differ



A SIMPLE THREE-CORNERED RAFTER.

greatly with regard to the relative magnitude of these two limits—the crushing-limit and the tearing-limit. Here is a little table bringing out this singular fact, from which several important practical consequences will follow.

Material.	Tearing-limit.	Crushing-limit.
Cast-steel . . .	102	145
Wrought-iron .	41	22
Cast-iron . . .	13	73
Bone	9 to 12	13 to 16

The numbers denote kilogrammes per square millimetre and refer to average specimens.

Thus steel is, as you might expect, the strongest material, but it is not quite so strong to resist tearing as to resist crushing. Wrought-iron is just the other way; it is decidedly better for ties than for struts. Cast-iron differs again, but in the opposite direction, it is nearly six times as strong for pressure as for tension: a good material, therefore, for struts and pillars and thrust-bearing or "black" parts. But you mustn't

put a cast-iron strut on the stretch, you mustn't change its colour from black to white, unless you make it some six times as massive as before. Lastly, bone comes out well in the comparison. Its figures (though of course smaller) resemble those of steel; it is almost as strong to resist tearing as to resist crushing. And we shall see presently what an advantage this is in bone-building, and how good it is for all of us that bone is not even as cast-iron.

Having said so much for the strength of our building-material—bone, whether it forms part of the compact wall of the tubular shank or one of the lattice-bars in the cancellous end, let us come back to the question of the *form* in which this steel-like material is arranged. The strength of a complex structure as a whole depends to a very great extent on the way in which the material in it is put together. If you arrange the parts unwisely, without regard to their mutual relations, you may pile up material in the most lavish way and yet get less strength on the whole than can be obtained from a scanty supply of material wisely disposed. Here is a homely illustration: you see two bars of wood of the same size and shape, cut, in fact, from the same plank. I make a bridge of one and press on it with all my weight; it bends, but bears the stress perfectly well. I do exactly the same with the other; it snaps across. You see the reason at once; the one bar is of "long wood," the other of "cross wood." The bars are in fact complex structures built up of innumerable woody fibres. There is the same amount of fibre in each bar, but in one it is arranged wisely—for the purpose in view; in the other it is arranged unwisely—and hence the catastrophe. The wise way to dispose the fibres is to lay them lengthwise; as the carpenter puts it, "the grain must run the right way, and the right way is the long way." That is a principle worth remembering, for it is one that is beautifully carried out in the building of bones. The "grain" of the bone always runs the "right way."

Suppose then we are given a pound of bone, and suppose it so plastic that we can fashion it into any shape we like. We want to make the most of it as an upright weight-bearing pillar of a given height. Say we want to make the best possible shank for a thigh-bone, leaving the ends out of account for the present. The world of shapes is before us whence to choose, but a little consideration will induce us to see the advantage of making our bone round. The question of round-and-solid or round-and-hollow has then to be discussed. In books of engineering you may find formulæ which will enable you to calculate the strength of these two forms. To save time I have made the calculations, and here are the results, roughly. The numbers are simply relative.

Snapping-limit.	Crushing-limit.	Diameter.
10	1,000	100
17	2,125	125 Inner diameter 75.

The first column indicates the stress required to snap the bone across when it is used as a horizontal beam. The second that required to crush it when it is upright and loaded on the top. The third gives the diameter (or the girth) of the two bones. The area of cross-section is the same in the two cases.

You will see that while the girth of the bone increases by only one-fourth from the solid to the hollow form, the strength against snapping increases by nearly three-fourths, and the strength against crushing is more than doubled. Already you begin to see the gain of arranging our bone in the tube-form. This again will come out perhaps more clearly if we look at the matter from another point of view. Suppose we determine to have our bone of a given girth as well as a given length: let us compare the strength of a solid bone, a thick-walled hollow bone, and a thin-walled hollow bone. Here are the figures.

Snapping-limit.	Crushing-limit.	Mass of bone.	Diameters.	
			out.	in.
8	1,000	100	100	0
7	870	64	100	60
4·8	590	36	100	80

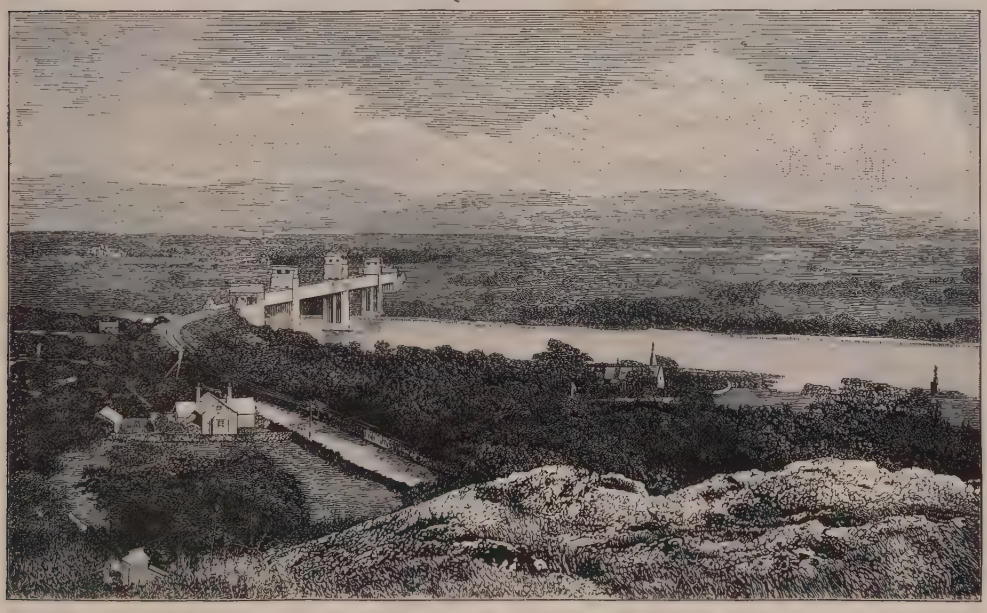
The third column gives the mass of bone-substance used. The fourth column gives the outer and inner diameters.

We notice that the strength of the bone diminishes as its substance is less; but nowise in the same proportion. The thick tube has only two-thirds of the substance of the solid bone, but it has no less than seven-eighths of the strength. The thin tube has

only about one-third of the substance of the solid, but its strength is reduced only by one-half. You can, in fact, scoop out the centre of a bone till you have removed half its substance, but you will not have scooped away anything like half its strength. To put it strongly one might say—that the strength of the bone lies in its outside.

And here appears a beautiful adaptation, which I will simply mention without moralising on it. As people begin to go down the hill of life, and their muscles get somewhat feeble, their weight diminishes at the same time. The bones get lighter with the mere shell of bone covering a cancellous mesh-work. I have another thigh-bone of like form and size, if anything it looks somewhat smaller than the other, but it is in its prime as a bone. It weighs some ten ounces, while the old thigh-bone weighs a trifle over four ounces. The substance is gone, but gone in such a way as to leave behind it a very adequate proportion of the strength.

The advantage of the tube-form is admirably shown in the quill of a feather. You know what a surprising amount of stiffness and strength such a quill possesses—so long as its tube-form remains intact. One might

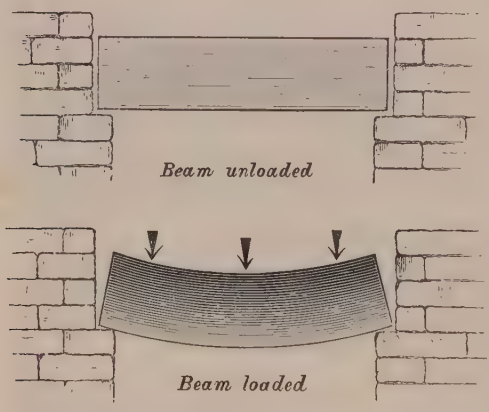


THE BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE MENAI STRAIT.
From a Photograph by FRITH.

other parts, but they are lightened by gradual absorption from within. Their outward shape and size remain pretty much as in early life. Now as the bones grow lighter and thinner they of course grow weaker, but by no means so much weaker as they are lighter. They preserve the greater part of their strength even though they have lost the greater part of their substance. I have a thigh-bone that once belonged to a person reputed to be 103 years of age. It preserves its outward form and size, and is still in every way a serviceable bone. Yet it is so thinned out within that it is reduced to a almost say that in it the minimum of substance was combined with the maximum of strength. And so the stalks of corn and grasses and plants of all kinds—straws and reeds and canes and bamboos, whatever is remarkable for lightness combined with strength—all are fashioned on the principle of the tube. And in engineering, in building, in mechanism, you will see examples of the principle at every turn. The great Britannia Tubular Bridge that spans a strait of the sea shows it on the largest scale. The great Forth Bridge now in process of building is not a tubular bridge in the technical sense,

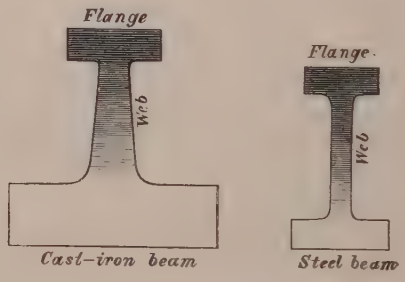
but it is to be built of a regular lattice-work of component tubes. It may be said to represent the cancellous type of construction, but the component fibres, the struts and ties, are steel or iron tubes. The back-bones of our bicycles and tricycles are tubes. I have just read of a new tricycle in which not only the back-bone but all the essential parts are made of hollow steel: and it is described as a miracle of lightness and strength. In making his machine of a material like steel, and in making all its bones hollow tubes, the builder has merely realised in metal the plan on which the human skeleton has been built for some thousands of years.

How comes it then that, weight for weight, a hollow bone is so much stronger than a solid one? Why are quills, and reeds, and back-bones of bicycles, and great railway-bridges, made hollow? Can we see any kind of mechanical reason for the principle? Let us try.



Consider, first of all, a square beam resting cross-wise on two supports at its ends (see above). We may imagine it to be made up of fibres laid lengthwise on each other and fastened securely at the ends, which remain square when the beam is loaded. Suppose now a load put upon the beam, so that it is slightly bent into a curved form. The square ends tilt inwards, the lower surface is bent into an arc, the upper surface into another but smaller arc. The under side is, in fact, *longer* than before—it is stretched a little; the upper side is *shorter* than before—it is squeezed a little. If the load becomes too great the under side will give way by tearing—the upper side will give way by crushing. According to our old device we make the upper fibre black and the under fibre white. One is supporting pressure, the other tension.

Consider now the fibre above the lowest: it is clearly *less* lengthened; and therefore less stretched, less under tension—it is not quite so white. The fibre above that is strained still less, and so as we go upwards the elongation and therefore the tension of the successive fibres steadily diminish. Starting in like manner from the black uppermost fibre, we find the fibre next below less shortened and therefore less compressed, contributing less to the supporting of the pressure, less intensely black in fact. And so as we descend the fibres are less and less compressed, that is, are sustaining less and less pressure. When we reach the fibre where the white region and the black region meet, we cannot say that it is either stretched or squeezed. It is a line, or a band, of grey—a *neutral* line. So far as pressure or tension is concerned it is all the same to the neutral line whether there is a load on the beam or not. But if that be the case the neutral line cannot be



doing much towards bearing the load. If the neutral fibre is unaffected by the presence of the load, it is only fair that the load should be unaffected by the absence of the neutral fibre. If we could preserve the connexion of the upper part of the beam with the lower, we might remove the material immediately around the neutral line, and the beam would bear the load almost as well as before. If we go further and remove the material a little above and a little below the neutral line we shall after all only remove parts that are slightly strained by the load. We shall save a considerable amount of material—which we can put to better use if we please—and the loss of strength will not be great in comparison. In fact, we might remove all but the top stratum and the bottom stratum, and if we could arrange matters so that they kept their places and did not fall together, we might thus make a "skeleton beam," having but little substance indeed, but yet possessing a large share of strength for load-bearing. The lattice-girders that support railway-bridges are practically

skeleton beams: the top and bottom flanges are the black and white elements respectively, and the lattice-work keeps these in their places, and gives the combination the same efficiency as a simple solid beam.

It is instructive here to look at a beam of cast-iron as compared with one of steel. We know that cast-iron can bear a stress tending to crush it about six times as well as it can bear a stress tending to tear it. If we want to make our beam of cast-iron economically we must keep this fact in mind. If we make the top flange and the bottom flange alike, then by the time we have made the bottom strong enough to bear the tearing-stress caused by the load, the top will be far stronger than it need be to bear the corresponding crushing-stress. To avoid this waste, cast-iron beams are made like the letter I in section, but with the lower flange some six times as massive as the upper flange. The black stratum, being six times stronger for pressure than the white stratum is for tension, may be made of one-sixth the substance. Steel you will remember shows no such difference in its two kinds of strength, and accordingly in a steel beam the black and white flanges are made much more nearly equal. And as bone in this point resembles steel, a bone girder—if such things were made to order—would also be made with its flanges nearly symmetrical.

We have hitherto supposed our beam liable to bend in only one way—in one particular plane. If we turn it on its side and load it at right angles to the old plane, our framework of top and bottom flanges will no longer serve us. Such a skeleton beam might have little or no strength if used in this new way. If, therefore, the beam is to be exposed to cross-stresses in various planes, or "all round," we must clearly carry the principle of the top-and-bottom fibre all round also. In other words we must make the beam into a *tube*. And when such a tube is used as a beam, you will see that the lattice-work, or "web," or other device for keeping the top and bottom flanges in their places is no longer needed. The sides of the tube not under strain will keep in place the top and bottom "meridians" that are under strain. Our "all-round" beam is thus a hollow empty tube—like the shank of a bone.

Suppose next that the tube is made of cast-iron: how will the peculiar character of the material affect us? Take the I-shaped cast-iron beam and turn it upside down. The thick flange is now under compression—it is changed from white to black: if the load is no greater than before, this flange can well bear all the pressure put upon it, it is indeed inordinately strong. The case is sadly different with the thin flange: it is now on the stretch, and stretching is what it can ill bear. Clearly if the beam was only just strong enough for its load before, it will now be rent asunder from beneath. So that if we want to make an all-round tubular beam of cast-iron capable of bearing load in any plane, we must make it as thick all round as if it had to bear stretching only. In other words the measure of the thickness of the tube is according to that of the *thick* flange of the beam, not that of the thin one. And you see that the result would not be very economical of material.

In the case of a steel tube no such excessive weight of metal is required. The steel beam would be about equally strong whichever flange was uppermost. And so in the steel tube the upper side need not be made more massive than the load demands merely on the chance that some day the upper side may be the under. And the case is the same with bone. From an engineering point of view bone is an admirable substance to make tubes of. The fact that its strength for tension is of the same order as its strength for pressure, allows us all to possess bone tubes that are capable of bearing cross-stresses in all directions, and that without any unwieldy massiveness.

But I spoke above of the strength of hollow bones against crushing-stresses as well as against snapping-stresses. I have supposed them to be tested as upright pillars and not merely as cross-beams. Does their hollowness help them when they are loaded endwise, as when they are loaded crosswise? When an upright pillar of any length is loaded until it gives way, it is found that it begins to yield by bending or bulging towards one side or another. It is thus put into a state of strain like that of the cross-beam we have already considered. It has a squeezed or black side, a stretched or white side, and a neutral or grey line. The old reasoning therefore applies here also, and the lesson is the same: we shall use our material better by massing it on the outside, where the load-bearing stresses are greatest, than by distributing it uniformly throughout as in a solid pillar.

Thus the first part of our task is accomplished. The tube-like shank of a long bone is admirably adapted for its purpose, and bone is an admirable material to make it of. Both as to form and as to substance the shank of a common marrow-bone is fashioned after the ideal type of the engineer—it

yields "the greatest strength with the least material."

We have next to inquire into the structure of the *ends* of the marrow-bone. These have no central hollow like the shank, and yet they are built on what is essentially the same plan. The material is massed along the lines where it is of greatest service—that is along the lines where the stresses are greatest. It is withdrawn from the parts where it would be of less service—from the parts that correspond to the neutral region in the straight beam.

CANCELLOUS STRUCTURE OF THE HEAD OF THE THIGH BONE.
From a Photograph by ZAAIJER.

The problem of building up the ends of the bones is in form somewhat different from that which we had to solve in the case of the shank—and for this reason. The ends are not simply the extremities of the straight shank. They are notably expanded, and curve and overhang in various ways. The head of the thigh-bone is a good example; it hangs over the shaft like the head of a great crane. These projecting overhanging parts are liable not so much to be simply crushed or torn as to be *shorn* off, the broken surfaces tending to part company by sliding over each other. It is in this way that a bar of metal is divided when it is cut with the powerful shears you may see in a machine-builder's shop. The bar rests on the lower fixed blade of the machine, with its end overhanging. Down comes the upper blade (not a thin knife-like plane, but a thick and substantial bevelled block) forcing the overhanging part of the bar to slide over the remaining part, and so *shears* it off. When any part of a structure tends to give way by the sliding of its parts on each other—and not by direct severance as in tearing, or by direct bulging or crushing—we say that it is exposed to shearing-stress, or that it has a tendency to shear. Those of you who know something of geology will know what a "fault" is. At a fault two portions of the same set of strata have become "dislocated" without giving rise to any visible gap or chasm. The faulted surfaces have slid upon each other under the action of some vast shearing-stress. Now in building of cranes and brackets and such-like structures in which there are parts that not only overhang, but overhanging have to bear a load, the engineer has to see to it that the overhanging part does not shear off under the stress. He has so to arrange and to strengthen the various parts that the risk of shearing, or faulting as the geologist might call it, is reduced to a minimum or done away altogether. And if we are to build the best possible thigh-bone with its crane-like head, we must do likewise, and use like means.

Now we saw in considering the strains in a simple cross-beam that there were lines in the beam which were subject to greater pres-

sure than their neighbours, and other lines subject to greater tension: lines blacker or whiter than the rest. And in the simple three-sided rafter we might say there were two sets of blacker lines, namely those running down each sloping strut; and one set of whiter lines, namely those in the cross-tie. If we have, not a skeleton rafter, but a solid three-cornered block used for the same purpose, it is easy to see how the black lines will run down each sloping side, getting gradually fainter as they lie more and more sparsely towards the middle of the block; and how the white lines will run across at the base, getting greyer as they rise higher. And as before we shall have in the middle part a three-cornered neutral or grey region where it would seem a waste to bestow good material. In Cambridge when a heavy man is put into a boat and proves an indifferent oar, we say that he is not "rowing his weight;" as a passenger he retards the boat more than he helps it on as a rower. The result is generally that he is turned out of his place. And the material in the middle of our three-cornered block that is not bearing its full share of the load may in like manner be turned out of its place with advantage. In the simple rafter the middle is left vacant: the carpenter knows that the three outside beams will give him all the strength he needs—he doesn't waste wood in filling up the neutral region.

We have drawn these black and white lines by the light of nature, as we may say. But I need not tell you that there are mathematical rules according to which such lines can be laid down with accuracy in the case of any given structure loaded in a given way. Such lines we may call, in general, *stress-lines;* when they are white we may call them *tension-lines,* and when they are black *pressure-lines.* A tension-line is distinguished by this property—that all the component particles or elements of the material through which it runs tend to be stretched in the direction of the tension-line more than in any other direction. So also the particles lying in the course of any pressure-line tend to be squeezed in that direction more than in any other. A little reflexion will convince you that when a white line and a black line run through the same particle, so that the particle is being most stretched along the one line and most squeezed along the other, these two lines must be at right angles to each other. When I squeeze this little block of india-rubber between my thumb and forefinger it becomes elongated or stretched at right angles to the direction in which I squeeze it. If the little block were part of an india-rubber structure a black stress-line would run through it and through the middle of my finger and thumb nails, and a white stress-line would run through it between and across my finger and thumb; the two lines thus crossing at right angles. The stress-lines then are the lines of maximum tension and maximum pressure, and when they meet they cut each other at right angles.

But they have another property which is perhaps more remarkable still. Along these stress-lines, whether black or white, the structure has no tendency to shear. So long as the structure preserves its shape and loading no one of these lines can ever be a line of "fault." If I were to take a fine saw and divide the structure in two along one of the white lines, nothing would happen. The structure would be as strong as before. The pressures in the black lines all bearing down at right angles on the sawn surfaces would press the surfaces together just as they were pressed together when they formed one whole. They would not slide on each other, they would keep their places without glue. By massing the material of the structure about those lines we shall thus be able to make a skeleton framework that shall bear the load as well as if it were solid and continuous, and with far less material. We shall put the material where it is most wanted, and in so doing we shall do more, for we shall evade the danger of shearing.

Having mastered these principles of engineering we are ready to unravel the complexity of cancellous structure. Take first a short bone in which there is nothing else but cancelli. The heel-bone or *calcaneum* is perhaps the easiest to understand. It is roughly triangular, and has three bearing surfaces. The uppermost receives the weight of the body from the ankle-bone. This surface is therefore subject to intense downward pressure, and black pressure-lines will start from it. The under surface rests on the ground, and of course is pressed upon by the ground. Black pressure-lines will therefore spring from this surface and run upwards to meet those from the ankle-bone. This leash of pressure-lines corresponds to one of the sloping struts in our rafter. The anterior bearing surface is in contact with the bones of the arch of the foot and transmits pressure forwards to them from the ankle. We have therefore a second system of pressure-lines running obliquely forwards, and matching the second sloping strut of the rafter. But to prevent these two diverging struts from giving way by "splaying," or diverging still more, we must have a tie-system of strong tension-lines linking their lower ends to-

gether. These correspond to the cross-tie of the rafter, and to the rope which joins the lower end of the ladder and the prop in an ordinary pair of steps. In the photographed section of the heel-bone you cannot fail to be struck with the beautiful way in which the bars of the lattice-work run in the lines which theory requires. The tension-lines especially are developed in singular perfection. You see how densely they are massed at the under surface where the tendency to tear the bone asunder is the greatest; and how they rise diverging like the lines of a fan, backward to the surface of attachment of the great tendon of Achilles through which the calf-muscles act, and forward to the anterior part to meet the short anterior pressure-lines. And everywhere the meshes formed by the crossing lines are truly rectangular, in itself a proof that the lines are true stress-lines and nothing else. Lastly you will note the presence of a roughly three-cornered region where the bone is wanting or represented only by a few shreds. Our previous reasoning helps us to see that this is a neutral region, any mass of bone placed there would not "row its weight;" and it has been "turned out."

CANCELLOUS STRUCTURE OF THE HEEL BONE.
From a Photograph by ZAAIJER.

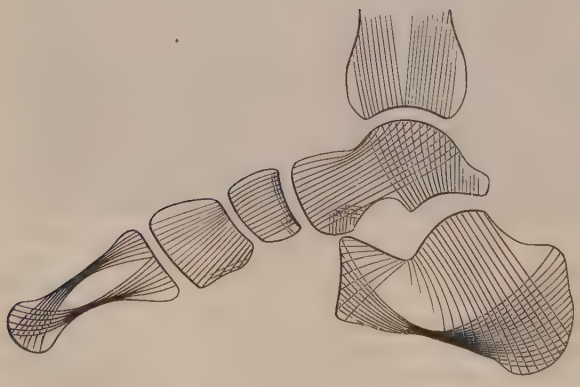


DIAGRAM SHOWING SOME OF THE STRESS-LINES IN THE ARCH OF THE FOOT.
From a Drawing by PROF. HERMANN MEYER.
The diagram is not strictly a section, and the stress-lines are not all in one plane. The heel bone is below to the right; the ankle bone is above it; the leg bone highest of all.

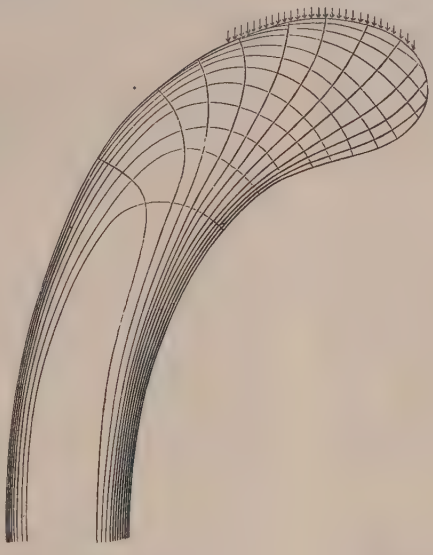
We are now ready to attack our last and most complex problem—the problem of the overhanging crane, and the head of the thigh-bone, which for our purpose is pretty much the same thing. On the opposite page is the design for a crane of simple form, such as you sometimes see at the docks. The design was made not by an anatomist, but by a well-known professor of engineering and mechanism. The crane is supposed to be loaded so that the pressure on the top is distributed over the part sown with little down-pointing arrows. The lines in the drawing you already recognise. You know beforehand that pressure-lines must start downward from the surface pressed on by the little arrows. You know, moreover, that pressure-lines must run upward along the squeezed or concave side of the shaft of the crane. You see in the drawing how these two systems of pressure-lines are in reality but one. The close-packed lines along the inner side of the shaft rise diverging in beautiful spreading curves like the branches of an oak, and visibly bear up the load above. And in like manner the tension-lines which run upward, "hugging" the stretched or convex border of the shaft, droop as they open out like the branches of a weeping willow, stooping as it were to lift the overhanging head of the crane. You will note that the lines intersect everywhere at right angles. They enclose little rectangular meshes which are empty, and which grow larger as you pass down from the head, till at length

you come to one large mesh which occupies all the middle of the shaft. This is nothing more than our old friend the central hollow of the tube, and you will now see with your eyes what I asked you before to believe on my word—that the principle of the shaft and of the ends is one. If a crane were made of bars and ties following the run of these intersecting lines in the head of the drawing, the head could be made just as stiff and as strong as if the whole were solid, exactly in the same way as the shaft which is fashioned into a tube can be made as strong as a solid column; and in each case with far less material. Moreover the risk of shearing would be entirely evaded. The only lines in the elevation which would be represented in metal are lines of no shear. In the crane as built in three dimensions there would be no surface along which a *fault* could occur. Why, then, are not our cranes oftener built on this plan, instead of appearing as simple solid castings, or, if of lattice-work at all, of lattice-work whose lines are not true stress-lines? The answer, I suppose, is that material is cheaper than skilled labour—that it is easier to pile together unnecessary masses of metal than to find the skill to arrange it exactly where it is wanted, to guide the metal along the true lines, to fit and frame it together into the ideal lattice-work.

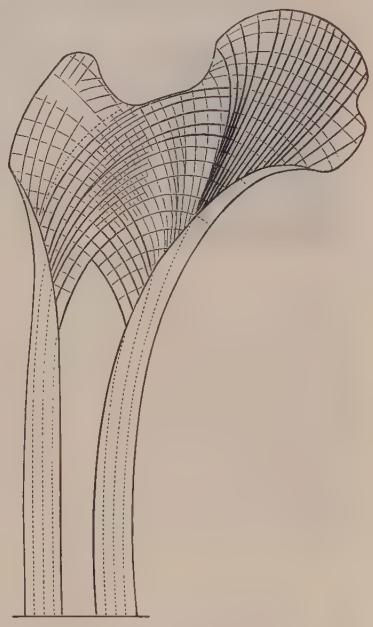
But in bone-making perfection in framing *is* possible and is attained. Here is a careful drawing of the cancelli of the head of the thigh-bone made from a study of thin sections of the bone. The form of the head is less simple than that of our crane, but everywhere the ideal principles of construction are exquisitely illustrated. The strong pressure-lines descending from the chief weight-bearing surface to the inner border of the shaft: the overarching tension-lines rising from the outer border, and lifting up the overhanging head: the secondary set of pressure-lines springing from the concave border and going to sustain the second protuberance (technically called the *great trochanter*) with its secondary loading: the central hollow of the shaft: the square-meshed lattice-work of the cancellous ends: all are shown and all become vivid with meaning. What the scientific engineer conceives—but with present tools and present material cannot yet embody—has been exquisitely embodied in the structure of a common marrow-bone ever since bones came into fashion.

When men first began to understand the construction of the human eye and the human hand they were filled with wonder, and felt that in these admirable instruments they had evidence of what was called direct or immediate design. The evidence is nowadays interpreted in a different and perhaps grander sense, while the wonder remains and increases. In this brief and hurried sketch I have perforce slurred over some things and assumed the simplicity of others that deserved more elaborate treatment. But even so you may now be inclined to acknowledge that—avoiding all teleology and using the phrase in its simple architectural sense—a marrow-bone is well designed.

DONALD MACALISTER.



STRESS-LINES IN THE HEAD OF A CRANE.
From a Design by PROF. CULMAN.



STRESS-LINES IN THE HEAD OF THE THIGH BONE.
From a Drawing by DR. JULIUS WOLFF.
The weight-bearing head of the bone is to the right, the great trochanter to the left.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER XIX.—*continued.*

ALDONZA'S beautiful and peculiar contour of head and face rose among the round chubby English faces like a jessamine among daisies, and at that moment she was undertaking, with an exquisite smile, the care of the gown that Giles laid at her feet, ere making his venture.

"There!" said Perronel. "Mark that look on her face! I never see it save for that same youngster. The children are simple and guileless thus far, it may be. I dare be sworn that she is, but they wot not where they will be led on."

"You are right, dame; you know best, no doubt," said Tib, in helpless perplexity. "I wot nothing of such gear. What would you do?"

"Have the maid wedded at once, ere any harm come of it," returned Perronel, promptly. "She will make a good wife—there will be no complaining of her tongue, and she is well instructed in all good housewifery."

"To whom then would you give her?" asked Tibble.

"Ay, that's the question. Comely and good she is, but she is outlandish, and I fear me 'twould take a handsome portion to get her dark skin and Moorish blood o'erlooked. Nor hath she aught, poor maid, save yonder gold and pearl earrings, and a cross of gold that she says her father bade her never part with."

"I pledged my word to her father," said Tibble, "that I would have a care of her. I have not cared to hoard, having none to come after me, but if a matter of twenty or five-and-twenty marks would avail——"

"Wherefore not take her yourself?" said Perronel, as he stood aghast. "She is a maid of sweet obedient conditions, trained by a scholar even like yourself. She would make your chamber fair and comfortable, and tend you dutifully."

"Whist, good woman. 'Tis too dark to see, or you could not speak of wedlock to such as I. Think of the poor maid!"

"That is all folly! She would soon know you for a better husband than one of those young featherpates, who have no care but of themselves."

"Nay, mistress," said Tibble, gravely; "your advice will not serve here. To bring that fair young wench hither, to this very court mind you, with a mate loathly to behold as I be, and with the lad there ever before her, would be verily to give place to the devil."

"But you are the best sword-cutler in London. You could make a living without service."

"I am bound by too many years of faithful kindness to quit my master or my home at the Dragon," said Tibble. "Nay, that will not serve, good friend."

"Then what can be done?" asked Perronel, somewhat in despair. "There are the young sparks at the Temple. One or two of them are already beginning to cast eyes at her, so that I dare not let her help me carry home my basket, far less go alone. 'Tis not the wench's fault. She shrinks from men's eyes more than any maid I ever saw, but if she bide long with me, I wot not what may come of it. There be rufflers there who would not stick to carry her off!"

Tibble stood considering, and presently said, "Mayhap the Dean might aid thee in this matter. He is free of hand and kind of heart, and belike he would dower the maid, and find an honest man to wed her."

Perronel thought well of the suggestion,

and decided that after the mass on All Souls' Day, and the general visiting of the graves of kindred, she would send Aldonza home with Dennet, whom they were sure to meet in the Pardon Churchyard, since her mother, as well as Abenali and Martin Fulford lay there: and herself endeavour to see Dean Colet, who was sure to be at home, as he was hardly recovered from an attack of the prevalent disorder.

Then Tibble escaped, and Perronel drew near to the party round the fire, where the divination of the burning of nuts was going on, but not successfully, since no pair hitherto put in would keep together. However, the next contribution was a snail, which had been captured on the wall, and was solemnly set to crawl on the hearth by Dennet, "to see whether it would trace a G or an H."

However the creature proved sullen or sleepy, and no jogging of hands, no enticing would induce it to crawl an inch, and the alderman, taking his daughter on his knee, declared that it was a wise beast, who knew her hap was fixed. Moreover, it was time for the rere supper, for the serving-men with the lanterns would be coming for the young folk.

London entertainments for women or young people had to finish very early unless they had a strong escort to go home with, for the streets were far from safe after dark. Giles's great desire to convoy her home, added to Perronel's determination, and on All Souls' Day, while knells were ringing from every church in London, she roused Aldonza from her weeping devotions at her father's grave, and led her to Dennet, who had just finished her round of prayers at the grave of the mother she had never known, under the protection of her nurse, and two or three of the servants. The child who had thought little of her mother while her grandmother was alert, and supplied the tenderness and care she needed, was beginning to yearn after counsel and sympathy, and to wonder, as she told her beads, what might have been had that mother lived. She took Aldonza's hand, and the two girls threaded their way out of the crowded churchyard together, while Perronel betook herself to the Deanery of St. Paul's.

Good Colet was always accessible to the meanest, but he had been very ill, and the porter had some doubts about troubling him respecting the substantial young matron whose trim cap and bodice, and full petticoats, showed no tokens of distress, but when she begged him to take in her message that she prayed the Dean to listen to her touching the child of the old man who was slain on May Eve, he consented, and she was at once admitted to an inner chamber, where Colet, wrapped in a gown lined with lambskin, sat by the fire, looking so wan and feeble that it went to the good woman's heart, and she began by an apology for troubling him.

"Heed not that, good dame," said the Dean, courteously, "but sit thee down and let me hear of the poor child."

"Ah, reverend sir, would that she were still a child——" and Perronel proceeded to tell her difficulties, adding that if the Dean could of his goodness promise one of the dowries which were yearly given to poor maidens of good character, she would inquire among her gossips for some one to marry the girl. She secretly hoped he would take the hint, and immediately portion Aldonza himself, perhaps likewise find the husband. And she was disappointed that he only promised to consider the matter and let her hear from him. She went back and told Tibble that his device was nought, an old scholar with one foot in the grave knew less of women than even he did!

However it was only four days later that as Mrs. Randall was hanging out her collars to dry, there came up to her from the Temple stairs a figure whom for a moment she hardly knew, so different was the long, black garb, and short gown of the lawyer's clerk from the shabby old brown suit that all her endeavours had not been able to save from many a stain of printer's ink. It was only as he exclaimed, "Good aunt, I am fain to see thee here!" that she answered. "What, thou Ambrose! What a fine fellow thou art! Truly I knew not thou wast of such good mien! Thou thrivest at Chelsea!"

"Who would not thrive there?" said Ambrose. "Nay, aunt, tarry a little, I have a message for thee that I would fain give before we go in to Aldonza."

"From his reverence the Dean? Hath he bethought himself of her?"

"Ay, that hath he done," said Ambrose. "He is not the man to halt when good may be done. What doth he do, since it seems thou hadst speech of him, but send for Sir Thomas More, then sitting at Westminster, to come and see him so soon as the Court brake up, and I attended my master. They held council together, and by and by they sent for me to ask me of what conditions and breeding the maid was, and what I knew of her father?"

"Will they wed her to thee? That were rarely good, so they gave thee some good office!" cried his aunt."

"Nay, nay," said Ambrose. "I have much to learn and understand ere I think of a wife—if ever. Nay! But when they had heard all I could tell them, they looked at one another, and the Dean said, 'The maid is no doubt of high blood in her own land—scarce a mate for a London butcher or currier.'

"'It were matching an Arab mare with a costard monger's colt,' said my master, 'or Angelica with Ralph Roisterdoister.'"

"I'd like to know what were better for the poor outlandish maid than to give her to some honest man," put in Perronel.

"The end of it was," said Ambrose, "that Sir Thomas said he was to be at the palace the next day, and he would strive to move the Queen to take her country-woman into her service. Yea, and so he did, but though Queen Katharine was moved by hearing of a fatherless maid of Spain, and at first spake of taking her to wait on herself, yet when she heard the maid's name, and that she was of Moorish blood, she would none of her. She said that heresy lurked in them all, and though Sir Thomas offered that the Dean, or the Queen's own chaplain should question her on the faith, it was all lost labour. I heard him tell the Dean as much, and thus it is that they bade me come for thee and for the maid, take boat, and bring you down to Chelsea, where Sir Thomas will let her be bred up to wait on his little daughters till he can see what best may be done for her. I trow his spirit was moved by the Queen's hardness! I heard the Dean mutter, '*Et venient ab Oriente et Occidente.*'"

Perronel looked alarmed. "The Queen deemed her heretic ingrain! Ah! She is a good wench, and of kind conditions. I would have no ill befall her, but I am glad to be rid of her. Sir Thomas—he is a wise man, ay, and a married man, with maidens of his own, and he may have more wit in the business than the rest of his kind. Be the matter instant?"

"Methinks Sir Thomas would have it so, since this being a holy day, the courts be not sitting, and he is himself at home, so that he can present the maid to his lady. And that makes no small odds."

"Yea, but what the lady is makes the greater odds to the maid, I trow," said Perronel anxiously.

"Fear not on that score. Dame Alice More is of kindly conditions, and will be good to any whom her lord commends to her; and as to the young ladies, never saw I any so sweet or so wise as the two elder ones, specially Mistress Margaret."

"Well-a-day! What must be must!" philosophically observed Perronel. "Now I have my wish, I could mourn over it. I am loth to part with the wench; and my man, when he comes home, will make an outcry for his pretty Ally; but 'tis best so. Come, Alice, girl, bestir thyself. Here's preferment for thee."

Aldonza raised her great soft eyes in slow wonder, and when she had heard what was to befall her, declared that she wanted no advancement, and wished only to remain with Mother Perronel. Nay, she clung to the kind woman, beseeching that she might not be sent away from the only motherly tenderness she had ever known, and declaring that she would work all day and all night rather than leave her, but the more reluctance she showed, the more determined was Perronel, and she could not but submit to her fate, only adding one more entreaty that she might take her jackdaw, which was now a spruce grey-headed bird. Perronel said it would be presumption in a waiting-woman, but Ambrose declared that at Chelsea there were all manner of beasts and birds, beloved by the children and by their father himself, and that he believed the daw would be welcome. At any rate, if the lady of the house objected to it, it could return with Mistress Randall.

Perronel hurried the few preparations, being afraid that Giles might take advantage of the holiday to appear on the scene, and presently Aldonza was seated in the boat, making no more lamentations after she found that her fate was inevitable, but sitting silent, with downcast head, now and then brushing away a stray tear as it stole down under her long eyelashes.

Meantime Ambrose, hoping to raise her spirits, talked to his aunt of the friendly ease and kindliness of the new home, where he was evidently as thoroughly happy as it was in his nature to be. He was much in the position of a barrister's clerk, superior to that of the mere servants, but inferior to the young gentlemen of larger means, though not perhaps of better birth, who had studied law regularly, and aspired to offices or to legal practice.

But though Ambrose was ranked with the three or four other clerks, his functions had more relation to Sir Thomas's literary and diplomatic avocations than his legal ones. From Lucas Hansen he had learnt Dutch and French, and he was thus available for copying and translating foreign correspondence. His knowledge of Latin and smattering of Greek enabled him to be employed in

copying into a book some of the inestimable letters of Erasmus which arrived from time to time, and Sir Thomas promoted his desire to improve himself, and had requested Mr. Clements, the tutor of the children of the house, to give him weekly lessons in Latin and Greek.

Sir Thomas had himself pointed out to him books calculated to settle his mind on the truth and catholicity of the Church, and had warned him against meddling with the fiery controversial tracts which, smuggled in often through Lucas's means, had set his mind in commotion. And for the present at least beneath the shadow of the great man's intelligent devotion, Ambrose's restless spirit was tranquil.

Of course, he did not explain his state of mind to his aunt, but she gathered enough to be well content, and tried to encourage Aldonza, when at length they landed near Chelsea church, and Ambrose led the way to an extensive pleasaunce or park, full of elms and oaks, whose yellow leaves were floating like golden rain in the sunshine.

Presently children's voices guided them to a large chestnut tree. "Lo you now, I hear Mistress Meg's voice, and where she is, his honour will ever be," said Ambrose.

And sure enough, among a group of five girls and one boy, all between fourteen and nine years old, was the great lawyer, knocking down the chestnuts with a long pole, while the young ones flew about picking up the burrs from the grass, exclaiming joyously when they found a full one.

Ambrose explained that of the young ladies, one was Mistress Middleton, Lady More's daughter by a former marriage, another a kinswoman. Perronel was for passing by unnoticed; but Ambrose knew better; and Sir Thomas, leaning on the pole, called out, "Ha, my Birkenholt, a forester born, knowst thou any mode of bringing down yonder chestnuts, which being the least within reach, seem in course the meetest of all."

"I would I were my brother, your honour," said Ambrose, "then would I climb the tree."

"Thou shouldst bring him one of these days," said Sir Thomas. "But thou hast instead brought us a fair maid. See, Meg, yonder is the poor young girl who lost her father on Ill May Day. Lead her on and make her good cheer, while I speak to this good dame."

Margaret More, a slender, dark-eyed girl of thirteen, went forward with a peculiar gentle grace to the stranger, saying, "Welcome, sweet maid, I hope we shall make thee happy," and seeing the mournful countenance, she not only took Aldonza's hand, but kissed her cheek.

Sir Thomas had exchanged a word or two with Perronel, when there was a cry from the younger children, who had detected the wicker cage which Perronel was trying to keep in the background.

"A daw! a daw!" was the cry. "Is't for us?"

"Oh, mistress," faltered Aldonza, "'tis mine—there was one who tamed it for me, and I promised ever to keep it, but if the good knight and lady forbid it, we will send it back."

"Nay now, John, Cicely," was Margaret saying, "'tis her own bird! Wot ye not our father will let us take nought of them that come to him. Yea, Al-don-za—is not that thy name?—I am sure my father will have thee keep it."

She led up Aldonza, making the request for her. Sir Thomas smiled.

"Keep thy bird. Nay, that thou shalt. Look at him, Meg, is he not in fit livery for a lawyer's house? Mark his trim legs, sable doublet and hose, and grey hood—and see, he hath the very eye of a councillor seeking for suits, as he looketh at the chestnuts John holdeth to him. I warrant he hath a tongue likewise. Canst plead for thy dinner, bird?"

"I love Giles!" uttered the black beak, to the confusion and indignation of Perronel.

The perverse bird had heard Giles often dictate this avowal, but had entirely refused to repeat it, till, stimulated by the new surroundings, it had for the first time uttered it.

"Ah! thou foolish daw, crow that thou art! Had I known thou hadst such a word in thy beak, I'd have wrung thy neck sooner than have brought thee," muttered Perronel. "I had best take thee home without more ado."

It was too late, however, the children were delighted, and perfectly willing that Aldonza should own the bird, so they might hear it speak, and thus the introduction was over. Aldonza and her daw were conveyed to Dame Alice More, a stout, good-tempered woman, who had too many dependents about her house to concern herself greatly about the introduction of another.

And thus Aldonza was installed in the long, low, two-storied red house which was to be her place of home-like service.

CHAPTER XX.

CLOTH OF GOLD ON THE SEAMY SIDE.

"Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say
Till this time pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself."—SHAKESPEARE.

IF Giles Headley murmured at Aldonza's removal, it was only to Perronel, and that discreet woman kept it to herself.

In the summer of 1519 he was out of his apprenticeship, and though Dennet was only fifteen, it was not uncommon for brides to be even younger. However, the autumn of that year was signalised by a fresh outbreak of the sweating sickness, apparently a sort of influenza, and no festivities could be thought of. The King and Queen kept at a safe distance from London, and escaped, so did the inmates of the pleasant house at Chelsea, but the Cardinal, who, as Lord Chancellor, could not entirely absent himself from Westminster, was four times attacked by it, and Dean Colet, a far less robust man, had it three times, and sank at last under it. Sir Thomas More went to see his beloved old friend, and knowing Ambrose's devotion, let the young man be his attendant. Nor could those who saw the good man ever forget his peaceful farewells, grieving only for the old mother who had lived with him in the Deanery, and in the ninetieth year of her age, thus was bereaved of the last of her twenty-one children. For himself, he was thankful to be taken away from the evil times he already beheld threatening his beloved St. Paul's, as well as the entire Church, both in England and abroad; looking back with a sad, sweet smile to the happy Oxford days when he, with More and Erasmus

"Strained the watchful eye
If chance the golden hours were nigh
By youthful hope seen gleaming round her walls."

"But," said he, as he laid his hand in blessing for the last time on Ambrose's head, "let men say what they will, do thou cling fast to the Church, nor let thyself be swept away. There are sure promises to her, and grace is with her to purify herself even though it be obscured for a time. Be not of little faith, but believe that Christ is with us in the ship, though He seem to be asleep."

He spoke as much to his friend as to the youth, and there can be no doubt that this consideration was the restraining force with many who have been stigmatised as half-hearted Reformers, because though they loved truth, they feared to lose unity.

He was a great loss at that especial time, as a restraining power, trusted by the innovators and a personal friend both of King and Cardinal, and his preaching and catechising were sorely missed at St. Paul's.

Tibble Steelman, though thinking he did not go far enough, deplored him deeply; but Tibble himself was laid by for many days. The epidemic went through the Dragon court, though some had it lightly, and only two young children actually died of it. It laid a heavy hand on Tibble, and as his distaste for women rendered his den almost inaccessible to Bet Smallbones, who looked after most of the patients, Stephen Birkenholt, whose nursing capacities had been developed in Newgate, spent his spare hours in attending him, sat with him in the evenings, slept on a pallet by his side, carried him his meals, and often administered them, and finally pulled him through the illness and its effects, which left him much broken and never likely to be the same man again.

Old Mistress Headley, who was already failing, did not have the actual disease severely, but she never again left her bed, and died just after Christmas, sinking slowly away with little pain, and her memory having failed from the first.

Household affairs had thus slipped so gradually into Dennet's hands that no change of government was perceptible, except that the keys hung at the maiden's girdle. She had grown out of the child during this winter of trouble, and was here, there, and everywhere, the busy nurse and housewife, seldom pausing to laugh or play except with her father, and now and then to chat with her old friend and playfellow, Kit Smallbones. Her childish freedom of manner had given way to grave discretion, not to say primness in her behaviour to her father's guests, and even the apprentices. It was, of course, the unconscious reaction of the maidenly spirit, aware that she had nothing but her own modesty to protect her. She was on a small scale, with no pretensions to beauty, but with a fresh, honest, sensible young face, a clear skin, and dark eyes that could be very merry when she would let them, and her whole air and dress were trimness itself, with an inclination to the choicest materials permitted to an alderman's daughter.

Things were going on so smoothly that the alderman was taken by surprise when all the good wives around began to press on him that it was incumbent on him to lose no time in

marrying his daughter to her cousin, if not before Lent, yet certainly in the Easter holidays.

Dennet looked very grave thereon. Was it not over soon after the loss of the good grandmother? And when her father said, as the gossips had told him, that she and Giles need only walk quietly down some morning to St. Faith's and plight their troth, she broke out into her girlish wilful manner, "Would she be married at all without a merry wedding? No, indeed! She would not have the thing done in a corner! What was the use of her being wedded, and having to consort with the tedious old wives instead of the merry wenches? Could she not guide the house, and rule the maids, and get in the stores, and hinder waste, and make the pasties, and brew the possets? Had her father found the crust hard, or missed his roasted crab, or had any one blamed her for want of discretion? Nay, as to that she was like to be more discreet as she was, with only her good old father to please, than with a husband to plague her."

On the other hand Giles's demeanour was rather that of one prepared for the inevitable than that of an eager bridegroom; and when orders began to pour in for accoutrements of unrivalled magnificence for the King and the gentlemen who were to accompany him to Ardres, there to meet the young King of France just after Whitsuntide, Dennet was the first to assure her father that there would be no time to think of weddings till all this was over, especially as some of the establishment would have to be in attendance to repair casualties at the jousts.

At this juncture there arrived on business Master Tiptoff, husband to Giles's sister, bringing greetings from Mrs. Headley at Salisbury, and inquiries whether the wedding was to take place at Whitsuntide, in which case she would hasten to be present, and to take charge of the household, for which her dear daughter was far too young. Master Tiptoff showed a suspicious alacrity in undertaking the forwarding of his mother-in-law and her stuff.

The faces of Master Headley and Tib Steelman were a sight, both having seen only too much of what the housewifery at Salisbury had been. The alderman decided on the spot that there could be no marriage till after the journey to France, since Giles was certainly to go upon it; and lest Mrs. Headley should be starting on her journey, he said he should despatch a special messenger to stay her. Giles, who had of course been longing for the splendid pageant, cheered up into great amiability, and volunteered to write to his mother that she had best not think of coming till he sent word to her that matters were forward. Even thus, Master Headley was somewhat insecure. He thought the dame quite capable of coming and taking possession of his house in his absence, and therefore resolved upon staying at home to garrison it; but there was then the further difficulty that Tibble was in no condition to take his place on the journey. If the rheumatism seized his right arm, as it had done in the winter, he would be unable to drive a rivet, and there would be every danger of it, high summer though it were, for though the party would carry their own tent and bedding, the knights and gentlemen would be certain to take all the best places, and they might be driven into a damp corner. Indeed it was not impossible that their tent itself might be seized, for many a noble or his attendants might think that beggarly artisans had no right to comforts which he had been too improvident to afford, especially if the alderman himself were absent.

Not only did Master Headley really love his trusty foreman too well to expose him to such chances, but Tibble knew too well that there were brutal young men to whom his contorted visage would be an incitement to contempt and outrage, and that if racked with rheumatism, he would only be an incumbrance. There was nothing for it but to put Kit Smallbones at the head of the party. His imposing presence would keep off wanton insults, but on the other hand, he had not the moral weight of authority possessed by Tibble, and though far from being a drunkard, he was not proof against a carouse, especially when out of reach of his Bet and of his master, and he was not by any means Tib's equal in fine and delicate workmanship. But on the other hand, Tib pronounced that Stephen Birkenholt was already well skilled in chasing metal and the difficult art of restoring inlaid work, and he showed some black and silver armour that was in hand for the King which fully bore out his words.

"And thou thinkst Kit can rule the lads?" said the alderman, scarce willingly.

"One of them at least can rule himself," said Tibble. "They have both been far more discreet since the fright they got on Ill May Day; and, as for Stephen, he hath seemed to me to have no eyes nor thought save for his work of late."

"I have marked him," said the master, "and have marvelled what ailed the lad. His merry temper hath left him. I never hear him singing to keep time with his

hammer, nor keeping the court in a roar with his gibes. I trust he is not running after the new doctrine of the hawkers and pedlars. His brother was inclined that way."

"There be worse folk than they, your worship," protested Tib, but he did not pursue their defence, only adding, "but 'tis not that which ails young Stephen. I would it were!" he sighed to himself, inaudibly.

"Well," said the good natured alderman, "it may be he misseth his brother. The boys will care for this raree-show more than thou or I, Tib! We've seen enough of them in our day, though verily they say this is to surpass all that ever were beheld!"

The question of who was to go had not been hitherto decided, and Giles and Stephen were both so excited at being chosen that all low spirits and moodiness were dispelled, and the work which went on almost all night was merrily got through. The Dragon court was in a perpetual commotion with knights, squires, and grooms, coming in with orders for new armour, or for old to be furbished, and the tent-makers, lorimers, mercers, and tailors had their hands equally full. These lengthening mornings heard the hammer ringing at sunrise, and in the final rush, Smallbones never went to bed at all. He said he should make it up in the waggon on the way to Dover. Some hinted that he preferred the clang of his hammer to the good advice his Bet lavished on him at every leisure moment to forewarn him against French wine-pots.

The alderman might be content with the party he sent forth, for Kit had hardly his equal in size, strength, and good humour. Giles had developed into a tall, comely young man, who had got rid of his country slouch, and whose tall figure, light locks, and ruddy cheeks looked well in the new suit which gratified his love of finery, sober-hued as it needs must be, more than the old apprentices' garb, to which Stephen was still bound, though it could not conceal his good mien, the bright sparkling dark eyes, crisp black hair, healthy brown skin, and lithe active figure. Giles had a stout roadster to ride on, the others were to travel in their own waggon, furnished with four powerful horses, which, if possible they were to take to Calais, so as to be independent of hiring. Their needments, clothes, and tools, were packed in the waggon, with store of lances, &c. A carter and Will Wherry, who was selected as being supposed to be conversant with foreign tongues, were to attend on them; Smallbones, as senior journeyman, had the control of the party, and Giles had sufficiently learnt subordination not to be likely to give himself dangerous airs of mastership.

Dennet was astir early to see them off, and she had a little gift for each. She began with her oldest friend. "See here, Kit," she said, "here's a wallet to hold thy nails and rivets. What wilt thou say to me for such a piece of stitchery?"

"Say, pretty mistress? Why this!" quoth the giant, and he picked her up by the slim waist in his great hands, and kissed her on the forehead. He had done the like many a time nine or ten years ago, and though Master Headley laughed, Dennet was not one bit embarrassed, and turned to the next traveller. "Thou art no more a prentice, Giles, and canst wear this in thy bonnet," she said, holding out to him a short silver chain and medal of St. George and the Dragon.

"Thanks, gentle maid," said Giles, taking the handsome gift a little sheepishly. "My bonnet will make a fair show," and he bent down as she stood on the step, and saluted her lips, then began eagerly fastening the chain round his cap, as one delighted with the ornament.

Stephen was some distance off. He had turned aside when she spoke to Giles, and was asking of Tibble last instructions about the restoration of enamel; when he felt a touch on his arm, and saw Dennet standing by him. She looked up in his face, and held up a crimson silken purse, with S. B. embroidered on it within a wreath of oak and holly leaves.

With the air that ever showed his gentle blood, Stephen put a knee to the ground, and kissed the fingers that held it to him, whereupon Dennet, a sudden burning blush overspreading her face under her little pointed hood, turned suddenly round and ran into the house. She was out again on the steps when the waggon finally got under way, and as her eyes met Stephen's, he doffed his flat cap with one hand, and laid the other on his heart, so that she knew where her purse had taken up its abode.

(To be continued.)

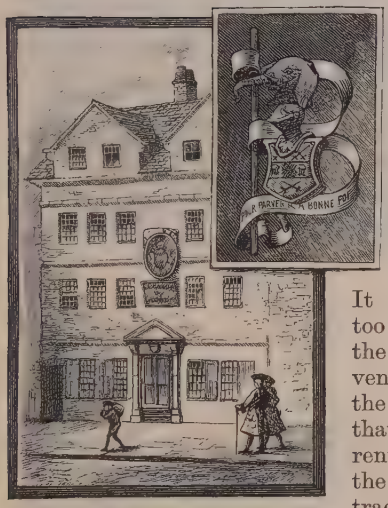
DAWN.

Engraved by Balecz István, *from the Picture by* E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

AUGUST, 1884.

CUTLERY AND CUTLERS AT SHEFFIELD.



THE OLD CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

"LACK but comely." Such is Sheffield, as nearly as three short words can describe it. It is much too late in the day to venture on the demurrer that the parent home of the steel-trade is not so black as it is painted, by a good many coats. The world has quite made up its mind about it. Railway travellers have whirled through the blinding smoke-fog that darkens the valley of the Don, and have murmured to each other a devout thanksgiving that *their* lot has at least been cast in a transparent air. Adventurous visitors have stood for five minutes under the porticos of the railway stations (both of which unceremoniously discharge their crowds into the most unpromising of localities), and have turned and fled. So the bad name has been given, and the dog has been hanged, and there's an end of him. But while two blacks do not make a white, half-a-dozen might very fairly be held to reduce a capital charge to a petty offence; and if there are not six other towns in England with Brightsides and Attercliffes as sooty in their habits and as Cimmerian in their aspect as Sheffield's brawny pair of arms, then the story that the ancient emporium of steel has forfeited large slices of its trade to the enterprise of younger rivals is a weak invention of the enemy, and "Steelopolis" will, with joy and pride, wear the stigma as a garland. The main peculiarity of Sheffield is that she turns her seamy side to the world and belches nine-tenths of her smoke in the faces of those who pass over the great trunk lines, instead of planting her industrial Inferno at a respectful distance from the railway-king's highway.

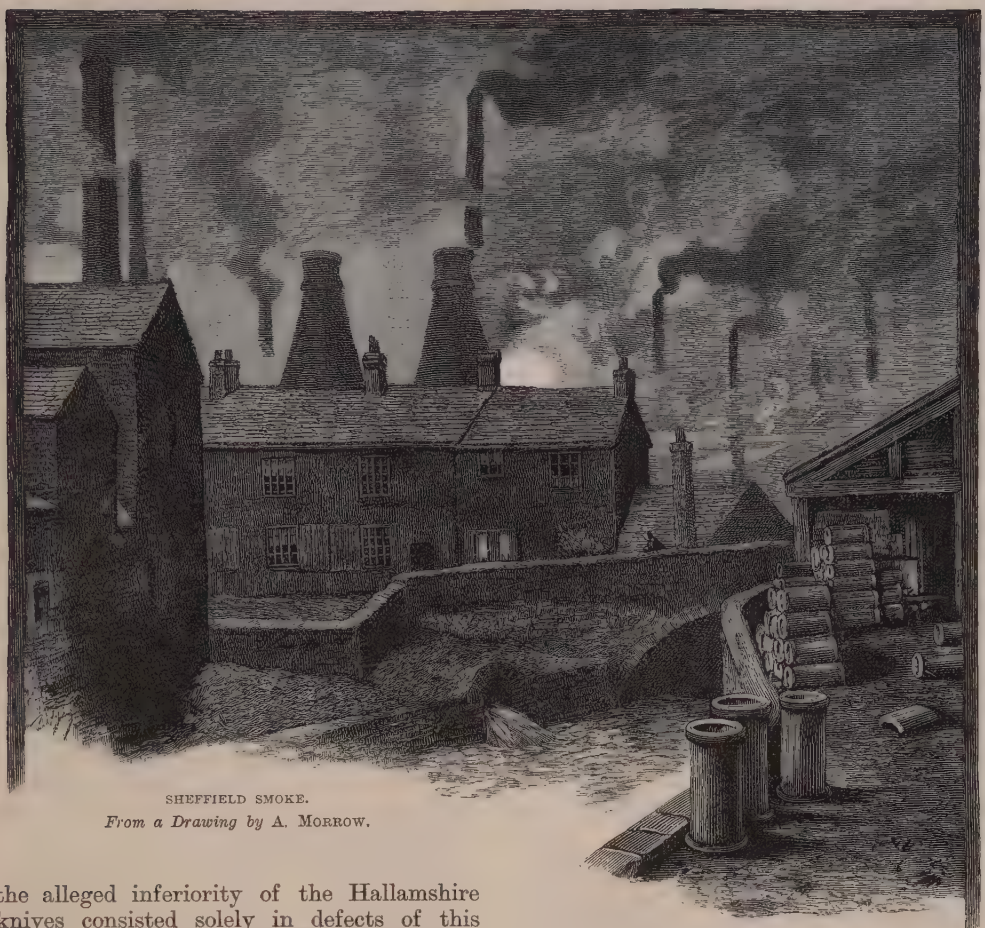
Let it be settled, then, that the picture is vulgarly, unpardonably dirty; and that (since Doré is dead, and we have no apostle ready to resent the popular idea that railside Sheffield is, like waterside London, an "ugly place") there is nothing inspiring, nothing weirdly picturesque, in a sombre valley dashed with the fitful glow of a thousand naked fires. Let the Rembrandt tone go; perhaps the Turneresque aspect of Sheffield will please. The dirty picture is but a tiny panel after all—the centre-piece of a vast area of frame full of light and grace. The site of Sheffield is one of the fairest outposts of the Peak, from the noble base of which it is only separated by a few miles of slanting moorland, down which the bracing western breezes course briskly into the town. It is the "Hillsborough" of *Put Yourself in His Place*, which Mr. Reade describes as lying "in a basin of delight and beauty: noble slopes, broad valleys, watered by rivers and brooks of singular beauty, and fringed by fair woods." It is no great tax on the imagination to divest the Sheffield of to-day of its furnaces, its rumbling rolling-mills, and its brick and mortar, and to clothe its

sharp crests and undulating hollows with their primæval timber and pristine verdure. The very streets, stone-faced and smoke-stained as they are, lend the fancy a helping hand, for they are at least still romantic in their declivity, and picturesque in their unconventional variations of width and direction. Save where the highway follows the bed of a valley, it is a matter of long search to light upon half a mile of level road, recalling, to a roving mind, Jerrold's *jeu d'esprit* that, if Britannia really ruled the waves, it was "a pity she didn't rule them a little straighter." Which, in turn, reminds us that the subject of this paper is the staple industry of Sheffield, and not its scenic charms, nor the pedestrian penalties thereof.

Though the term "staple industry" is primarily applied to the manufacture of cutlery, the remarkable developments of the steel trade have long pushed the historic craft from its stool of honour, and the anachronism is countenanced here mainly in recognition of the fact that the cutlery trade is the industry upon which the prosperity of Sheffield was built, and which has been most constant to the town. Indigenous to the soil, jealously nursed and perfected within the manor of Hallamshire, the craft remains, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the practical monopoly of Sheffield; while more ambitious industries which have sprung into being within the present century, and done so much to make the town the sixth largest in England, have taken to themselves wings and fled away. In the infancy of the cutlery trade Sheffield had more competitors in the home market than it has now, since, besides London, which still makes a pretence of rivalry, the making of knives was carried on at Salisbury, at Woodstock, and at Godalming; and as arrow-heads, for the arming of the levies of the civil wars, then formed a large item in the trade, it is quite possible that the centres of production were more numerous still. The arrow-heads made in the Sheffield district, indeed, probably had much to do with determining that survival of the fittest which we witness to-day, for the Sheffield weapons were largely purchased for the use of the English forces in the wars with France, and there is credible evidence that the victors of Bosworth Field were armed with Sheffield arrows of "a very superior make, being longer, sharper, and better ground" than the common weapons. In the Poll Tax documents of the 14th century for the West Riding, arrows are specifically mentioned with knives and scythes as among the leading productions of this part of the Riding, and the representatives of the branch are designated "arrow-smiths."

The manufacture of cutting instruments in some form or other in the Sheffield district, probably dates back to the time of the Roman settlement, but the first historical reference to the existence of the iron trade is contained in a grant made about the middle of the 12th century to the monks of Kirkstead for iron-working at Kimberworth, near Rotherham; and the earliest identification of Sheffield with cutlery itself appears to be in connection with a list of articles issued from the Privy wardrobe at the Tower in 1341, which contains the entry "cultellum de Shefeld." Before 1400, the "Shefeld thwytel," or whittle, was famous all the country over, as Chaucer testifies; the "thwytel" which the immortal miller "bare in his hose," probably being something between a dirk and the domestic table-knife. Sheffield was at that time rather the centre of a district engaged in the production of cutlery than the sole place of manufacture, the area including Rotherham, and Ecclesfield, and extending as far as Chesterfield, one of the streets of which still bears the name of Knifesmithgate; and, as Mr. S. O. Addy has lately pointed out in the *Yorkshire Archæological Journal*, Sheffield, although somewhat larger, was then distinctly inferior to Rotherham in social importance.

For several centuries London remained a formidable competitor with Sheffield in *fine* cutlery, but the special reputation of the metropolis in this respect has long passed entirely into the surgical instrument trade, in the more delicate sections of which London is still supreme. According to the historian Stow, "Richard Mathews, on Flete Bridge, was the first Englishman who attained perfection in making fine knives and knife hafts, and in the fifth year of Elizabeth he obtained a prohibition against all strangers and others from bringing any knives into England from beyond seas, which, until that time, were brought into this land by shippers lading from Flanders and other places." Again after an allusion to the importation of cutlery in the time of Henry VIII., the same "honest chronicler" says:—"Albeit at that time, and for many hundred years before, there were made in divers parts of the kingdom many coarse and uncomely knives, and at this day the best and finest knives in the world are made in London." It is quite consistent with the traditions of Sheffield workmanship that finish and appearances should have been subordinated to utility at this time, and it is more than likely that



SHEFFIELD SMOKE.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

the alleged inferiority of the Hallamshire knives consisted solely in defects of this nature. Even as recently as fifty years ago, if we may believe McCulloch, the same idea prevailed with regard to the relative merits of London and Sheffield cutlery, and, whether from actual necessity, or by way of bolstering up the metropolitan reputation, in the reign of George III. an act was passed menacing persons who sold cutlery marked "London" or "London made," which had been manufactured outside a radius of twenty miles from the capital, with a heavy penalty. Whatever might have been the exact truth then, Sheffield manufacturers to-day "smile at the claims of long descent" preferred by the successors of Richard Mathews, and the unrepealed Georgian Act is an object of gay derision, and a nuisance to London tradesmen to boot. While every country ironmonger can have his name and full address stamped on his blades, the metropolitan shopkeeper is perforce compelled to be content with "Smith, Regent Street," "Brown, Strand," or "Jones, Cheapside," as the case may be.

By far the most engrossing aspect of the cutlery trade of Sheffield is its history: and its history is enthralling, not because it records any remarkable vicissitudes of the industry as a craft, for its course has been singularly even and natural; not because of any dramatic developments in processes, for practically cutlery is made at this moment in the same primitive way as when the clang of the smith's hammer startled Lord Shrewsbury's deer; but for the light which the record throws upon the formation of the character, the habits of thought, and the economic theories of a body of artisans who have figured rather unfortunately in our industrial annals and to whom full justice has never quite been done. Sheffield and trades unionism will probably always be bracketed together with a sinister suggestiveness; but the theories which exploded so disastrously with their own gunpowder twenty years ago, though narrow and unsound, were not new. They had a long, and even distinguished, pedigree, for they were the lineal descendants

of the doctrines laid down under the inspiration of those great lords of the Sheffield manor who were good enough to take the infant industry under their care. The idea that the main body of the members of a trade had an inherent right to dictate to all concerned in it the terms upon which the craft should be followed had its inception in the fifteenth century, and was transmitted from generation to generation as a code of honour to be maintained at any risk and in spite of every blandishment. As time rolled on the execution of the trust grew more and more difficult. In exact proportion, indeed, as the gospel of individual liberty progressed, the difficulties of the trades unionists increased. The "black sheep" multiplied, and speckled the flock at an alarming rate. Invitations to conform to the ordinances of the trade were openly flouted. Polite appeals gave place to heated argument, argument to menace, menace to murder. And then the bubble burst; and the world lifted up its hands and said what wicked men Broadhead, and Crookes, and Hallam, and the other leading actors in the policy of assassination were, which was all painfully true; but there was nothing in the circumstances that was specially new, except that contumacy had for the first time reached such a daring pitch as to invoke the "extreme penalty" of an unwritten law three or four hundred years old.

Under the Shrewsbury *régime*, which extended from 1406 to 1617, a trades union was formed in the cutlery trade more tyrannous and more subversive of the best interests of the craft than anything ever dreamed of by the most despotic of demagogues of the Broadhead type. By the enactments of this institution (which, with the addition of a jury of twelve cutlers was co-existent with the court-leet of the manor), it was ordained that for twenty-eight days after August 8th in every year no work whatever should be done, nor from Christmas to the 23rd of January; that every apprentice should serve seven years before he could exercise his trade on his own account; that no person should be allowed to have more than one apprentice; that no grinding should be done during the holiday months; that no grinder should reside out of the district, within which he must have been instructed; that neither haft nor blade should be made or sold out of the liberties; that every journeyman should be at least twenty years old; that five pounds should be paid before any person entered into business—one half to go to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the other to relieve the poor in the corporation. Wages, prices, and production were also regulated under the same paternal system. The twelve cutlers already mentioned were appointed to see that these and other rules were "strictly carried out." For a time, fines, and a wholesome fear of the mighty lord of the manor, were sufficient to ensure obedience to these ordinances, but after the last of the Shrewsburys had been laid in his grave it was found necessary (in 1624) to obtain from parliament the charter of incorporation under which the Cutlers' Company was constituted. The preamble of the Act declared that many of the cutlery workers refused to submit to the ordinances of the trade; that they persisted in taking as many apprentices and for such a term of years as they chose, whereby it was feared that the calling would be "overthrown;" and that the workmen, owing to the absence of proper authority, "are thereby emboldened and do make such deceitful unworkmanlike wares and sell the same in divers parts of the kingdom, to the great deceit of his Majesty's subjects and scandal of the cutlers of Hallamshire, and disgrace and hindrance of the sale of cutlery and iron and steel wares there made, and to the great impoverishment, ruin, and overthrow of multitudes of poor people." In some respects the regulations enforced under parliamentary sanction exceeded in stringency the locally made laws, as under them the "searchers" (a section of the officials of the company) were empowered to enter houses and seize "deceitful, unworkmanlike wares," and only a certain number per year of fresh hands (and those freemen) were permitted to enter the trade.

It will be remarked that the trades unionism of this period consisted of a combination of masters and not of workmen; which is quite true, but the master cutlers of the time were themselves working artisans, only employing an apprentice or two and occasionally a journeyman, while the aims of the old and the modern unions are practically identical. One of the worthiest and most remarkable of Sheffield's old citizens, the late Mr. Samuel Roberts, describing the condition of the town in the middle of the last century, says that up to that time "Sheffield and the Sheffield cutler were but a mean place and a poor man. To be 'as rich as a man of a hundred a year' was proverbially to be in the highest rank." It was not until the latter half of the eighteenth century that the trade began to shake off its self-imposed fetters, and that, under the impetus of the discovery of silver-plating and the crucible steel process, of the manufacture of Britannia metal, the opening of the Don for navigation,

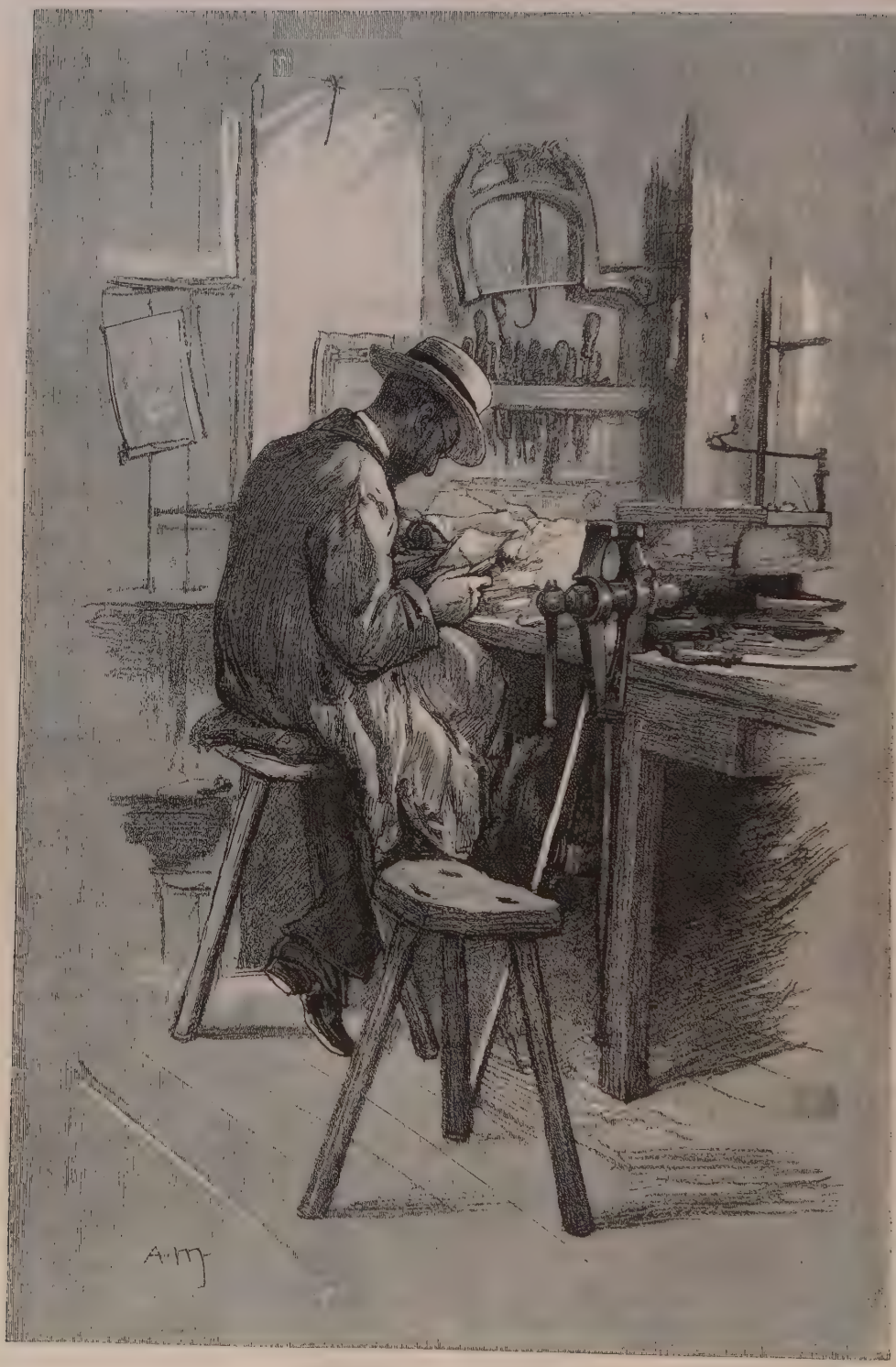
and the cultivation of foreign trade, the prosperity of the town began to move at anything like a decent rate. The spell of feudalism to which Goldsmith's lines have been applied:

"Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so,"

was not broken till long after the potent authors thereof had ceased to rock the cradle of the craft. By the early years of the present century a new social system had taken shape, and a wide gulf was disclosed between manufacturers and artisans. The wealth which had brought the masters social dignity also brought them more enlightened views of the interests of the town, and in 1814 they very wisely obtained an Act repealing the restrictive clauses of their charter and throwing the trade open to freemen and non-freemen alike. Equally natural, if not equally wise, was it that the men should take up the bearing rein where the masters had dropped it; and although, for some years before, the artisans had more or less clandestinely entered into combinations on their own account, the year 1814 marks the open adoption by them of the restrictive policy which their employers had relinquished. On this point Mr. Frank Hill, who presented an elaborate report on the trade combinations of Sheffield to the Social Science Association in 1860 (seven years before the exposure by the Outrage Commission), remarking on the action of the Cutlers' Company in 1814 says: "Henceforth the policy of exclusion and protection which the masters had for some time been gradually relaxing, and had now finally abandoned, was adopted by the artisans. The workmen began to attempt by combinations, not merely to secure what they deemed fair, or at any rate practicable, advances in wage, and to resist unnecessary or avoidable reductions, but to aim at regulating, by minute and stringent legislation, the conduct of their respective trades." It is easy to see, if not to excuse, how a class of men placed in much the same position (but without the legal authority) as the authors of the Shrewsbury "rules and ordinances," of the same temper, the same traditions, the same want of education, but, above all, with such a venerable and illustrious example before them, should be tempted to keep alive a policy which seemed to have been discarded to enrich men already rich, and to impoverish those already poor, and should endeavour to enforce its provisions with the only means at their command, although from the lengths to which those means ultimately went the great mass of Sheffield unionists recoiled with horror and shame. It may be remembered that the chief culprits unearthed by the Commission were not representatives of the cutlery trade proper, some of the worst outrages having been directed against saw grinders, sickle makers, and fender grinders; but all manufacturers of tools having a cutting edge have long been admitted to the Cutlers' Company, and the traditions and customs of the parent calling pervade all the branches of the local iron and steel trade.

In January, 1860, an attempt was made to blow up the works of a firm who had introduced new machinery for grinding straight saws, and the members of the firm were so alarmed by threatening letters sent to their wives that "after consulting with the saw-grinders' secretary" (Broadhead himself) they determined to withdraw the machines. Mark how the whirligig of time brought its revenge for this small success! Seven years later, Broadhead, the dictator, quivering like an aspen leaf before the Royal Commissioners, was shouting to his tool and accomplice, Crookes, in the witness-box "Tell all, Sam!" Later still, the man who blew up the saw-grinding machines was himself grinding saws by machinery only fifty yards away from the scene of his exploit, and to-day the Saw-grinders Union is the feeblest and most harmless of all the existing combinations.

With all his primitive prejudices and his economic heresies the typical Sheffield cutler (using the term in its broad and obsolete sense of a craftsman in cutlery), is the best workman in the world, and his heart is as sound as his workmanship. It is no light testimony to his worth that he has won the special affection of Mr. Ruskin, who placed his matchless museum in Sheffield solely for his behoof. "I am frequently asked," said the Professor, in a statement respecting the St. George's Guild recently published, "why I chose Sheffield for it, rather than any other town. The answer is a simple one—that I acknowledge ironwork as an art always necessary and useful to man; and English work in iron as masterful of its kind. . . . Not for this reason only, however, but because Sheffield is in Yorkshire; and Yorkshire is yet, in the main temper of its inhabitants, old English, and capable, therefore, yet of the ideas of honesty and piety by which old England lived." One great factor in this fascination which Sheffield possesses over the fervent apostle of the dignity of manual labour is doubtless to be found in the fact that it has been the lot of



FINISHING KNIFE HANDLES.

From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

the cutlery trade to give machinery, as a manufacturing agent, the cold shoulder. Every blade that is worth anything is forged upon the anvil—beaten out of the steel rod by the power of human muscle, shaped by the human eye, hardened and tempered by the human judgment, and ground upon a stone over which the workman bends low with all the laborious application of an artist adding a few delicate touches to his work. It is doubtful whether any other trade of the same magnitude has derived so little

A BLADE-FORGING SHOP.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

advantage from mechanical agency in essential requirements, and to this happy chance may be ascribed the survival in the Sheffield cutler of that hearty interest and wholesome pride in his work which are seldom found in workmen whose intelligence has been discounted by a precise mechanism.

Upon the maintenance of this pride the maintenance of Sheffield's supremacy in the manufacture of cutlery largely depends. The best knives are, and probably always will be, made by hand, and the qualities which are necessary to this system are in Sheffield hereditary. In dexterity of handling, rapidity of execution, perception of results, and honest zest, the Hallamshire forger and grinder are unapproached by any foreign workmen in the trade. With the latter the moral motive force is generally the bare necessity of earning bread and cheese; with the former there is the same incentive *plus* an inspiring local patriotism. Wherever foreign competitors have chipped Sheffield trade the end has been accomplished by adapting machinery to common work, as in America, or by stooping to the wholesale production of cutlery that won't cut, as in Germany. The German grinder a few years ago had a certain reputation for "hollow-grinding" razors, a tedious system which was well in keeping with the slow, laborious method of Teutonic workmanship; but his Sheffield *confrère* was not long in wresting this exotic laurel from the Hamburgher, and when the latter comes to Hallamshire and ventures to put himself in competition with the Sheffield

workmen he starves. The American grinder is not on good terms with his stone, and works perfunctorily, as one condemned to sit out so many hours per day. The ex-mayor of Sheffield, Mr. Michael Hunter, jun., when in the States a few years ago, looked in at a grinding "hull." He found the workmen sitting bolt upright on their horsings, grinding "under the robin" as it is called, that is to say, holding their blades end-wise, and pointing downward, much as a youth "rides" upon a walking-stick. "Why don't you 'finger' it?" exclaimed the English visitor; but "their disdain was their reply." By "fingering" his blade the Sheffield grinder effects all those dainty touches and delicate gradations which no machine, nor no man using a machine, can impart. In France the grinding is done with the stone revolving towards the workman, who prostrates himself at full length over his work. Except in scythe-grinding, the stone turns *from* the English grinder, who, by merely bending over it, is enabled to throw all the weight of his shoulders into the friction. This point of the outward revolution of the stone enabled a "swarff"-stained Sheffield grinder not long ago to become a very effective art critic. A well-known local artist had painted the interior of a "hull." A couple of working men stopped before the window in which it was exhibited. One passed a complimentary remark on the performance; the other paused critically and then derisively rejoined, "Ay, but stone's runnin' t'wrong road!" The stream of sparks which had betrayed the blunder was promptly reversed.

The knife-grinder has, after all, a story to tell, and a very dismal one it is. He is environed by dangers, as completely as he is saturated with the wet "swarff" (powdered stone) which dyes him a deep saffron colour from head to toe. He sits over a tool which at any moment may send him through the roof with all the suddenness and velocity of dynamite, and he works in an attitude and (especially if he be a "dry" grinder) inhales a dust which he knows will shorten his life by ten, twenty, or even thirty years as constitution and fortune may serve him. The sharp crack of a breaking stone is an appalling sound to the occupants of a grinding-hull. A bang in a trough, a crash in the roof, and a piteous moan, and all is over. If the victim be alive he is hurried to the hospital; if dead, his crushed body is reverently carried away. No vigilance in the master, no care in the workman, seems able to avert these periodical catastrophes. The insidious water-rot, the hidden flaw, and the unequal grain do their fatal work in spite of all precautions. To meet the destitution arising from these calamities a Grinders' Misfortune Society was established in Sheffield in 1804, and at the annual festival of the members a by no means festive song, entitled *The Grinders' Hardships*, used to be regularly called for. The following is a verse thereof:—

"There seldom comes a day but our dairy-maid goes wrong,
And if that does not happen, perhaps we break a stone,
Which may wound us for life, or give us our final blow,
For there's few that brave such hardships as we poor grinders do."

The "dairy-maid" was the slang of the hull for the water-wheel, which, though still an important source of power in the outlying districts, was at the time the song was written an apparatus of the first importance. As to the unhealthy character of the grinder's occupation, some idea may be gathered from the following statistics which were published in a pamphlet on *The Mortality, Suffering, and Diseases of Grinders*, by the late Dr. Calvert Holland in 1842. Since that date, however, much has been done to mitigate the evils of the calling by the use of fans and ventilation. The figures in this case relate only to the pen-knife grinders: "160 out of 1,000 deaths above 20 years of age die in the United Kingdom between 20 and 29; in Sheffield 184; but in this branch 402. In the next period, between 30 and 39, in the kingdom at large the deaths are 136; in this town 164; but in this branch 329. The deaths under 50 years of age in the kingdom are 422; and among the pen blade grinders 640." The consequence of this state of things was that, in an age when to an illiterate and naturally convivial artisan the sophistry of "a short life and a merry one" seemed to be the only true philosophy, the grinders as a body acquired a reputation for improvidence and debauchery from which they have not yet fully recovered. There were many other inducements of a negative character to relieve the peculiar hardships of the grinder's lot with liquor, such as forced delays "when the dairy-maid went wrong," and when work was scarce or tardily given out, the independent terms upon which nearly all the Sheffield artisans work, and the impulses of a companionship in which all were of one order and of one mind. So extravagant were the excesses of the men in this direction that even their fellow towns-

THE GRINDING ROOM.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

men came to place them on a lower plane of the human species, and to speak of a group of persons as consisting of "three men and two grinders." As a class, however, they are rapidly improving, and there are in Sheffield to-day many striking examples of cultivated and prosperous men who have emancipated themselves from the thraldom of evil habits, and while following the trade have followed at the same time the behests of the "still small voice" within them.

The most interesting branch of cutlery manufacture, as a process, is the initial business of forging. For articles in which there is no welding to be done, such as scissors and pocket knives, a single hand is sufficient, but the forging of table-blades is a "double-handed" affair, the forger himself being assisted by a striker. The visitor to Sheffield will hear the ring of the forger's hammer not merely in the neighbourhood of the great manufactories, but in places where he least expects it. He will come across a "hearth" sandwiched between private dwellings in a quiet residential street, and he will sometimes catch the rasp of the cutler's file in the dwelling house itself. It may be as well to explain here that the term "cutler," now that the division of labour has given a specific title to every branch, is used in the trade in the restricted sense of a "putter together," that is, the man who fits the blade to the handle and produces the finished article. The solitary forger's hearth, discovered in a tranquil thoroughfare, might at first sight be easily mistaken for a small stable which had suffered a severe gunpowder explosion, but a second glance reveals the simple materials required to produce all that is essential in a good knife—a rod of steel, fire, hammer, water. Such are the elements out of which Mr. Ruskin's "masterful" magician will in a few moments present you with a table-blade, perfect in shape and symmetry, hard as adamant as to edge,

A RURAL GRINDING MILL.
From a Drawing by A. MORROW.

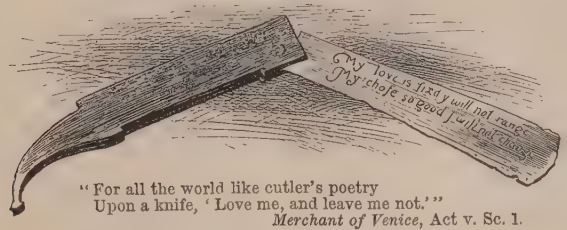
pliable as a cane as to temper, and requiring only the grinder's touch and the cutler's hafting to be fit for the table. The forger's first operation is moulding ("mooding" as he calls it) or shaping, which is done before the length of blade required is severed from the strip of steel which he holds in his hand. The steel in a table knife ends at the base of the blade; at that point a small strip of wrought iron is welded to the steel, and forms what is called the "bolster"—that is the shoulder cap which meets the handle—and the "tang," or tail, which runs down the centre of the haft. Every person given to after-dinner meditation must have noticed at the base of the blade of his knife a shaded outline like a large thumb mark. This mark indicates the union of the iron with the steel, a process which is called "shooting," and is performed jointly by the forger and his assistant. The next stage is "tanging," and consists in shaping the bolster and tang by the aid of small dies and appliances with which the anvil is fitted. The blade is now complete in shape, but has to be straightened, marked (with the manufacturer's name or other brand), hardened, and tempered, the whole operation being comprehensively called "smithing."

The straightening and marking are simple matters, but in the operation of hardening and tempering hand and eye have to be brought into delicate co-operation. Hardening is the process by which the steel blade is changed from the nature of lead to that of glass, from an obedient ductility to a petulant

brittleness. This change is effected by plunging the heated blade into the vessel of dirty water which stands near the anvil. The operation appears ridiculous in its simplicity, but upon its performance in the right way and at the right time depends the value of your knife. For this you have to rely upon the trained judgment of the forger. Some tools will warp, or "skeller," if they are not plunged into the water in a certain way. Tools of one shape must cut the water like a knife; those of another must stab it like a dagger. Some implements, such as files, must be hardened in an old-standing solution of salt; others in a stream of running water; others again, like saws and scythes, in whale oil. The non-success of our American cousins in this mystery of hardening led some of them to the conclusion that Sheffield water was as necessary to the production of good cutlery as that of Burton is to the brewing of good beer. So a few years ago a party of enterprising persons went out to the West armed with several barrels of the mystic liquid of Sheffield and set up a razor manufactory at Bridgeport. But, alas! the precious virtue of the water evaporated in the strange land, the manufactory was closed, and Brother Jonathan, with characteristic fiscal logic, consoled himself by putting an extra 15 per cent. duty on Sheffield razors last July. As a matter of chemical analysis there is nothing more mysterious about the Sheffield water than an unusual deficiency of lime and an excessive proportion of iron, the one peculiarity being painfully obvious in the prevalence of bow legs in the town, and the other being indicated in the suggestive abundance of examples of the dentist's "dreadful trade." To return to the forge, the immersion of the knife into water is only momentary. When it is withdrawn the blade would snap like cast metal. A table-knife is required to bend like a hand-saw, and this property is obtained by "tempering," or passing the blade slowly over the fire until the elasticity required is achieved. The degrees of ductility acquired are successively indicated by the changing colours produced on the blade, these colours appearing consecutively as follows: straw, gold, chocolate, purple, violet, and blue. The bluish sheen to be observed on a table knife shows that the maximum temper is required for table-cutlery, but it may be noted that elasticity is always obtained at the expense of the hardness of the steel.

Much more might be said in a longer article than can be permitted here, of the cutlery trade of Sheffield, which, although at least six centuries old, may, if its custodians are wise, outlive six centuries more. "You may depend upon it," said Mr. Henry Seebohm, a leading Sheffield steel manufacturer, to an assembly which included Sir Henry Bessemer himself, in the London Cutlers' Hall on March 2nd, 1881, "there is nothing so dear as cheap steel;" and the same thing may be said of cheap cutlery. Sheffield has been forced into producing cheap cutlery, because the world abounds in persons who labour under the hallucination that because they can buy German scissors for sixpence a pair they have been scandalously cheated in being charged a shilling for the same article from Sheffield. But the great Sheffield firms can give all comers a long start in the competition for the permanent demand of the world for sterling cutlery. If proof were wanted, where could it be more conclusive than in the fact that America, which competes keenly in some of the neutral markets for common knives, is herself content to come to Sheffield for all her first-class cutlery and to pay a tax varying from 35 to 50 per cent. into the bargain?

HENRY J. PALMER.



"For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'"
Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1.

IN THE MARSHES.
Engraved from a Water-Colour Drawing by JAMES WARD.

JAMES WARD.[1]

STUDY OF AN EAGLE'S HEAD. *By* JAMES WARD.

THE 4th of March, 1854: —"You mentioned that you were still industriously painting, and I suppose you will send to the R.A., not perhaps as many as you did last year, but enough to let the world know that you are still busy. The pictures are, I see, to be sent in on the 3rd and 4th April.

"Can you tell me how it comes that Millais, a pre-Raphaelite, has been elected an A.R.A.? I am told, too, that the young gentleman is not more than two or three-and-twenty at the most!"

I have before me a budget of letters which passed thirty years ago between two old cronies. They are full of the art gossip of those days, and I take almost at random an extract from one of them to serve as a stepping stone from the present to the past; from the present, when the young pre-Raphaelite Associate has reached the summit of his fame; from the present, when one old crony has long been called away from his patronage of art, when memories of the other, the painter, are fast fading away; to the past—past time even to the old art patron in his cosy library in Chapel Street West, Mayfair, addressing the folded letter-sheet to his friend, James Ward, long since retired to the happy seclusion of Round Croft Cottage at Chesthunt; to the past, when Morland lived, and the influence of his erratic genius had just begun to be felt by the 'prentice engraver, his young brother-in-law.

Thirty years ago the Academicians of today are boys almost; Millais, the youngest Associate, has joined the company of Elmore, Cooper, E. M. Ward, Pickersgill, Foley, and Goodall. Of the Academicians, Mulready and Maclise are painting, Grant is busy at his portraits, Frith at his crowded canvases, and Landseer is at the height of his popularity. James Ward is the father of the Academy, he is eighty-six, and "still working as industriously as ever." "Last year" he exhibited no less than seven pictures, one of which, *The Old Dutch Cow*, was almost in the vigorous style of his mature powers. This year, 1854, *Mr. Rudall* alone hangs upon the Academy walls, interesting only from the fact that it was the last painting the veteran artist ever exhibited—the last of a series which had extended over more than half a century.

Twenty years farther into the past, and another group of painters throng the studios —Wilkie, Chantrey, Etty, Constable, Clarkson Stanfield, and Turner, the professor of perspective. Landseer has been an Academician three or four years, Ward three-and-twenty years.

Another ten years, Wilkie, Turner, Etty, Beechey, and Stothard are the principal

[1] From letters and a manuscript autobiography. The sketches reproduced from Mrs. E. M. Ward's collection.

workers under the gentle sway of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Constable has not long been admitted Associate. Ward has just emerged from his Waterloo allegory troubles, and is exhibiting his famous portraits of the celebrated chargers of the day.

Another twenty years and we are back at the beginning of the century; Benjamin West is President of the Academy, and is forming a close friendship with the rising memorable in the annals of art; for not only was the strength of unity given to what has since been fittingly honoured with the title of the British School, but a man was born who was destined through a long life of ninety years to exercise a very purifying influence on that school, not only in his special character as animal painter, but in the marvellous versatility of his powers. We of the present generation have looked on the

STUDY OF SHEEP.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

animal painter; around him is an illustrious group: Lawrence, Smirke, Shee, Wyatt, Hoppner, Opie, Copley, Stothard, Angelica Kauffman, Flaxman, Bartolozzi, and Fuseli.

Fifteen or twenty years into last century, while Reynolds, Gainsborough, Copley, West, and Cosway, are best known of the Academy, James Ward is just emerging from his engraving apprenticeship into public notice.

One last step back; it is the year 1769; the Academy has opened its doors for the first time, with much apology to the public on account of the charge for admission, which was intended "to prevent the room being filled by improper persons." Those "for whom the exhibition is apparently intended" were invited to see some of the best works of Reynolds, West, Richard Wilson, Cotes, Gainsborough of Bath, Angelica Kauffman, Bartolozzi, and a host of others whose names are almost unremembered now. In that year, on the 23rd October, James Ward was born in Thames Street, near Dowgate Hill—a year charming delineation of the graceful but dignified features of his mother, a grand old lady of eighty, which, when it was exhibited at the Winter Exhibition in 1880, set the critics wondering whether there had not been a second James Ward: the "old Ward" they knew, and truth to say, did not over much admire, was surely but a painter of beasts' hides and allegories.

There are possibly some critics who still hold to this opinion, and who would be disposed to dispute the claim that has been put forward on his behalf. But in any case there is ample excuse for recalling memories of the central figure of a family so long and so honourably associated with art in this country. His brother was William Ward, A.R.A., engraver; his sisters married George Morland, H. B. Chalon, and Williams, whose children are not unknown in the world of art. His daughter married John Jackson, R.A., the portrait painter. His son, George Raphael Ward, became famous as an engraver. The daughter of G. R. Ward married—curi-

ously enough—another of the same name, though in no way related to the family (although the *Times* art critic in 1880 discovered a family likeness between E. M. Ward and his step-grandmother). The works of both Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward are known in every cottage home, not only in England, but abroad and across the Atlantic; and the spirit has descended to the third generation, infusing itself into "Spy's" amusing cartoons.

William Ward, the elder brother, was at an early age bound apprentice to T. R. Smith, an engraver, who attained some celebrity last century; and when he was about eleven or twelve years old, Smith, who had found a clever and industrious pupil in William, offered to teach the younger brother James engraving. The offer was accepted, and the boy was bound 'prentice, but the future Academician, instead of learning to draw, was employed in sweeping out the shop, cleaning the windows, and running errands. Writing of this time many years afterwards, he says: "So far from teaching me anything leading to my profession, Smith would not allow me chalks and paper, and the only time I had for drawing was the cessation from fatigue in running about, and the only paper I could get was waste paper, or the back of unfinished proofs of mezzotinto, the paper of which was rendered so rotten to print mezzotintos that they would not take the chalk."

Smith and Ward were engraving at this time many of Fuseli's paintings, and "it happened one day that an arm that I suppose he was correcting struck me forcibly, and after he was gone I took a bit of white chalk, and from memory drew it upon the front of a print. My brother saw it and asked who had done it, and when I told him I had, and from memory, he would not at first believe it, but being convinced he kept it to himself: from this he felt that I should do something, and wished to get me to himself." A violent quarrel with Smith saved his talents from being entirely swallowed up, as his brother's had been, by the master's covetousness, and we next find the boy employed by his brother for some time laying mezzotinto grounds, "a most tiresome employment, with no operation of the mind, and a most awkward and unhealthy one of the body." In after years, when at the age of nearly thirty he began to learn to draw, he looked back with feelings of bitter regret to the profitless occupation which filled up the period when he should have been studying at the Academy.

So time went on, and pointed to no more noble career for some years to come than that of an engraver's assistant. But the peaceful monotony of James's life, and the dull monotony of his work were soon broken in upon by the introduction to the family circle of George Morland, "who, taking a liking to one of my sisters, and my brother to one of Morland's sisters, came and lived a considerable time under the same roof with us, and confusion was soon the consequence." Poor George Morland brilliant, eccentric genius! his name is a household

STUDY OF A DOG.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

word to some of us. Even now, the poachers and gipsies that were the delight of our forefathers charm us still, and all the wild stories, the questionable drawings, are buried with the age that revelled in them. The rapidity and vigour of Morland's work could not fail to exercise a powerful influence on young Ward's mind, eager to pick up every scrap of artistic knowledge that came within his reach, and in his studies at this time he trod faithfully in his brother-in-law's footsteps. His early rustic figures are not to be distinguished from Morland's best work, except perhaps that they show a more delicate workmanship, and perhaps a little more instinctive knowledge of the human form; but of such knowledge, alas, both were at this time painfully ignorant. When Ward was nearly twenty, and approaching the last year of his apprenticeship, an accident served to bring his latent powers a second time under his brother's notice. William had one of Copley's pictures to engrave, and by some mischance a hole was knocked through it. "My brother was much distressed, and as desirous to keep it secret. I undertook to repair it; and getting a palette of colours (I think from Morland), I completed the cure, and having the palette in my hand I felt as if I could paint a picture, and took up an old canvas, the result of my experiment is in my son's possession. My brother seeing the effort, urged me to go on, and gave me a commission for two little pictures."

The apprentice has developed artistic powers which bid fair to rival, if not to excel, those of the fashionable painter of the day: and the growth of these gifts, which afterwards worked out on very different lines a system and style wholly original and independent, is so interesting that we cannot refrain from dwelling yet a little longer on these early pictures. "I painted a third, a white horse in a storm, and I also made a copy from one of Morland's which I now have—a group of travellers—and which when Morland saw, he inquired of my brother where he had found that picture, taking it for his own, when from the smiles of myself and brother, he went and looked into it and made the discovery. I had determined to pursue painting, although I had served nine years' apprenticeship to engraving, so I offered to put myself under him for two or three years, and to this he could not say no, yet declined it, and being asked the reason by one of his friends, he replied, 'Jemmy will get too forward for me.' Thus I was left to myself." And here too must we leave his early years. Trained to be an engraver, and having shown promise of rising to eminence in that profession, before he is twenty-one he has discovered the greater charm and power of the brush over the graving-tool; and now "the difficulty was to find time for the practice of both arts. I could not at that time paint by lamplight, but I could engrave as well as by daylight." So he paints all day,

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MORLAND.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

having found a purchaser for his work in one Simpson of St. Paul's Churchyard, and far into the night he continues the engraving for his brother; then goes to rest with a cord round one foot which a porter will pull to wake him in the early dawn to resume his painting. The few years which this first period covered were spent in studying gipsies and beggars wherever they were to be found, the beasts at the Tower, the sea-coast at Ramsgate; thus laying the foundation of that versatility for which he was afterwards so remarkable. So his life passed quietly on, till the whole of Europe was awakened by the shriek of the French Revolution. Few

STUDY FOR THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

things escaped the blight that seemed to fall upon the world in the gloomy years which closed the eighteenth century. Art, ever the tenderest of plants, withered; that branch of it which affected Ward most particularly —the print market, of which France had formed the mainspring—was entirely closed; and thus from necessity as well as from inclination, he had to look to painting for a living, rejoicing in his heart that the double path had been opened for him, and that he had had courage to pursue both.

Unhappily, however, the style of art which he had hitherto cultivated was no longer in demand. The popularity of his master, George Morland, was already waning, and the class of subjects which had gained for his art a questionable reputation had ceased to find a ready sale. Even in the case of those delightful rustic scenes that still keep his name fresh among the lovers of what is characteristic in English painting, there was a growing feeling that the execution lacked force and solidity. The connoisseurs of the day began to ask for more careful elaboration, for greater finish in detail. And so it happened that the younger artist, whose work the dealers had so often passed off as Morland's, suffered in the same way. But by the failure of the master the genius of the pupil was set free. The imitative period of Ward's career was brought suddenly to a close and henceforth he had to trust to his own originality.

"From Morland," he says, "I had learned little but harmony of colour and freedom of execution. I never had a hint from him, and indeed, having no principle himself, he could give me nothing in that way. I found also that I could get no reputation, for my best were passed for his, and his inferior ones stated for mine, and my ideas were said to be only imitations of his subjects." One great struggle Ward made at this time to be free; he exhibited at the Academy in 1797

the *Bull-bait*, "a picture containing such a multitude of figures as Morland had never attempted." It seems to have been well hung, and to have attracted a considerable amount of attention; but the effort was in vain, the crowd was such as Morland had never grouped, the animation of the scene was such as Morland had never breathed into his rustic figures, but the painter had used the well-known palette, and the hand was the hand of Morland. "'That is painted by a pupil of Morland,' said one to the other. And knowing that not to be the truth, I felt the necessity of looking out for a style of my own, and was therefore quite at a loss, for I found that I had a fresh foundation to lay, and to begin at the bottom of the hill."

So at eight-and-twenty Ward has to begin all over again. The prosperous man of many commissions in both branches of his art, the "painter to the Prince of Wales" makes a drawing, and, to the astonishment of the Council, presents it to the Royal Academy, in order that he may be admitted as a student in the antique school. Benjamin West encourages him and he is admitted to the Academy. Not satisfied with this he becomes also a life-student at Brook's, the famous anatomical school in Blenheim Street, where he carefully studies the structure of every form of animal life. Fresh disaster however, awaits him; the Academy school is too full, and the Council determine to turn all the students out, and hold a re-election. Ward had no favour shewn him; he, like the rest, must submit another drawing, and again be found among the chosen. "At this time, having acquired a reputation as a painter, and being considered among the first as an engraver, I could not stoop to this, but made up my mind to wait until I became a member either as painter or engraver."

This was altogether a season of discouragement for the young painter. Ward had long been contemplating great improvements in soft ground, and with one William Barnard passed whole nights in experimenting. They succeeded, and were about to publish a set of drawings, when they found out that "another person had been exercising his ingenuity in the discovery of lithography, and his success in that threw soft ground entirely into the background."

A period of great depression soon followed, and the once prosperous artist found himself without a single commission either in painting or engraving. But he worked on, giving away some pictures, and selling others for a few shillings. After a short retirement to Hornsey, his friend, Dr. Daw, induced him to return to Paddington; and soon afterwards he married his first wife, curiously enough a Miss Ward. Daw proved a good friend, for he introduced him to the two brothers Garle, retired sugar-bakers, who became at once Ward's constant patrons, and continued his warm friends to the end of their lives. Under the genial influence of these two excellent old gentlemen the clouds of depression began to clear away, the fainting courage to revive. Leisure hours were now spent on horseback riding through Epping and Hainault Forests to and from Walthamstow, whither his new patrons had retired; leisure moments in

A STUDY.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

studying some of the most charming of English forest-scenes, which formed the subjects of many pictures.

The story of their genial patronage is worthy of the brothers Cheeryble. They formed a gallery of the portraits of their friends. Year by year the artist, once more rising into notice, spent his holidays in Essex, and year by year the face of some friend, old or new, was added to the collection. The old man looked back gratefully to this time, to the friendship and encouragement which continued uninterruptedly "till their children were grown up around them, and myself at

eighty-one years of age." British art owes an immense debt of gratitude to these kindly old gentlemen, and under their influence the second and great period of Ward's artistic career began.

He was at this time engaged by Bryan to furnish illustrations to the *Lives of the Painters*, and afterwards to engrave some of the pictures in the Orleans collection. Among these were Dietricy's *Crucifixion, Diana and her Nymphs*, and *Cornelius sending his Servants to Joppa to find Peter*. When he could get away from the engraving he passed his time in the Pall Mall Gallery, studying and copying the paintings themselves. He rapidly developed remarkable power as a copyist, about which he tells a curious story:—"At this time Lord Lowther had determined to weed out his collection of pictures, and gave them into Mr. Bryan's hands to dispose of for him, but he not being able to do so so soon as to meet his lordship's impatience, he proposed to Mr. Bryan to purchase them all on speculation, which Mr. Bryan did. One of them was a Titian—*Venus, Adonis, and Cupid*. After some time he said to Brooks (the man who cleaned and repaired his pictures), 'Here is this dirty picture doing nothing; we must take it up and clean it, and see what it may turn out.' This they did, and were surprised to find what they had brought it to. Mr. Bryan put it into a rich frame, and a mahogany case with a green silk curtain and then showed it to Lord Lowther. He would scarcely believe it was the same picture, and told Mr. Bryan that he had discovered that it was an heirloom, and wished to have it back again. Mr. Bryan observed that it was himself that had made it what it was, and if his lordship wanted it back it must be by purchase. This he refused to do, and entered an action against Mr. Bryan, who then asked me if I thought I could make a copy of it. I did so, and so successfully, that Mr. Bryan observed one of the pleas brought forward in court was that Titian could never be copied, for his secret was lost. 'Now,' he said, 'I will do away with that by offering Lord Lowther to take which of the two pictures he pleases, and I care not which;' and this brought matters to a conclusion."

A STUDY.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

In 1795 Ward had been made painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales, and at the beginning of the next century he was much employed in the royal stables, painting favourite chargers; at the same time he was busy engraving portraits after Sir William Beechey, Northcote, and Hoppner: thus at thirty he "was still battling between engraving and painting;" but he decides soon, amid much opposition, in favour of the latter. The opposition came from the painters for whom he had been engraving, and Ward always thought the advice they gave was sincere, and yet it was very different from the counsel he had received from his early master five or six years previously. "You are right to give up engraving and stick to painting," Smith had told him.

"Your husband," wrote Hoppner to Mrs. Ward, "is for giving up engraving in favour of painting. I think him very foolish; he is the first engraver; he has done something that has not been done before, and we all want him to engrave our works; he will command everything, and will make a fortune, and what can he want more? And for painting, taking it up at his time of life, he never can expect to overtake or even to make

a stand with the painters; we shall therefore all oppose him in the one, as we shall encourage him in the other. I shall oppose him, for what shall I do?—I shall lose the first engraver I want, and I shall be encouraging a poor painter that we do not want."

Ward, however, conscious of his power, went his own way. During one of his excursions to Ramsgate he received a commission from Sir John Sinclair, the President of the New Agricultural Society, to paint a picture of a young Alderney cow for a large cattle work which was then being projected. This picture formed the turning point of his career, and caused him to concentrate all his energies on animal painting, to find in an unexpected manner the subject and style of his own, for which, since he had put off his Morland manner, he had been seeking, and which the antique school of the Academy had failed to procure for him. The Alderney cow gave immense satisfaction. Sir John Sinclair at once plunged him into the very midst of this great cattle work, with most extensive commissions, which involved a journey throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. There were to be accurate engravings and descriptions of all the original breeds of every sort of agricultural animal. The Agricultural Society required scientific exactitude, the distinguished patrons —the king, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Somerville—insisted that the scientific measurements should be clothed with art. Who so capable in the eyes of the Society to undertake this work as the painter-engraver, James Ward. Who so capable of mastering the scientific details, and taking the innumerable measurements with scrupulous care as the student of Brooke's anatomical school? Who so capable of endowing the exact presentment of those dull cattle with artistic life, and of losing none of that life in reproducing the delicate touches of the brush with the graving tool, as the man who had vanquished the difficulties of both arts. So James Ward was chosen, and, the plan of operations being settled, he started in a gig on his travels through the country in the depth of winter. As may be imagined, the measuring was attended with considerable danger, and many are the hairbreadth escapes which he narrates: at times his palette was covered with snow, at others the effluvium of the slaughterhouse had to be endured. But all the difficulties were overcome; and his endurance was amply rewarded, for he made many friends during these travels, and his diaries testify to the great hospitality he received on all sides. But the great undertaking collapsed in 1805, owing to mismanagement and want of funds. Ward's loss seems to have been considerable; but on the other hand he had secured many patrons, among whom were the Duke of Bedford, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. Vernon and Mr. Beckford. The undertaking had also a most important influence on his after career. From a financial point of view, it established his reputation as a cattle-painter, and for many years he derived a large income from painting portraits of prize bulls, staying in country houses in all parts of the kingdom. He must have painted some hundreds of these pictures. To the farmer of to-day they have lost much of their interest, for he tells us that the outline of a shapely bull has altered much since Ward's time. To the layman, however, one bull is very like another bull, whether it fed our forefathers during the reign of good King George, or whether it will feed our children to-morrow; to him too these cattle-portraits have but little interest. But the artist cannot fail to recognise in them the complete mastery of animal form.

So too from an artistic point of view the great cattle undertaking influenced his career. His knowledge of animal life and structure was completed, and from this time forward he was acknowledged as the first animal painter of the century. Curiously enough, however, these cattle pictures served to damage rather than to increase Ward's reputation in the eyes of the generation of critics who immediately succeeded him: from the enormous quantity of them they thought he was but a painter of hides, and thus refusing to acknowledge their merit they generalised from the particular, and denounced him on all occasions.

As an animal painter he is best known; but the age in which he lived loved allegory. The influence of this taste on his imaginative mind and his study of Rubens gave him almost a passion for allegorical art. It was the blemish of his artistic career; at one time, indeed, it bid fair to ruin it altogether, but much of his work has found a well-merited oblivion. The present generation has not so much as heard of the Waterloo allegory; but Ward's life was almost wrecked by it.

The directors of the now defunct British Institution thought fit to offer a premium of one thousand pounds to the artists of Great Britain for a sketch worthily to commemorate the triumph of 1815. There was some sort of hint that a commission to paint the successful sketch on a large scale would follow. Here was a chance for Ward; an alle-

gorical triumph was designed, and was successful: the big picture was begun, but there seems great doubt whether it was ordered, or whether Ward, fired with the success of his darling, undertook it merely on a promise to be allowed to exhibit it. Thirty-six feet of canvas, were stretched and primed: after five years of unremitting labour all the square inches were covered with a design the most extravagant that even allegory had ever dreamed. The Great Duke was the central figure, and had honoured the artist with several sittings: an elaborate book of descriptions of the figures and symbols was published: a room was taken for the exhibition; royalty, nobles, and artists thronged the private view. Royalty expressed itself charmed, so did the nobles; but the artists were grieved at their brother's eccentricities and the fatal encouragement he was receiving. The public were invited, but, alas, it was 1823, seven years after Waterloo; and the pleasure, or, as some say, bitterness even, of 1823, was not the ecstatic triumph of 1815; besides, one Belzoni also invited the public to come and see some Egyptian tombs in a neighbouring room. Waterloo was stale, the Egyptians quite too delightfully new, or old—what did it matter? Belzoni made a small fortune. Ward, who had spent almost all his thousand pounds on materials, had to roll his vast canvas up and send it to Chelsea Hospital; and there was nobody there to unroll it. Then some one came and hung it on the great staircase with the blazing sunshine streaming in at the back of it; then some one came and rolled it up again; then—why then a stable big enough to hold it had to be found. And so let us leave this huge allegorical nightmare. His first great animal work was painted after he had given up the degree of associate engraver in order to qualify for that of associate painter. The subject was a boa constrictor seizing a man and a horse: the sketch in oil was bought for fifty guineas by the Marquis of Stafford, and West approving of the sketch advised the picture being painted life size. "Thus encouraged, I went boldly into this great picture, and having a principle of my own I determined to prime my own canvas." After some disasters with the seam the priming was accomplished satisfactorily; he relates how the curiosity among the artists was so great that he was obliged to lock his door to secure himself from interruption: but when it was finished and sent to the Academy it remained in the hall with all the rejected pictures. West assured him it had been rejected on account of its size, and consoled him by pointing to Romney's example; "he is the wisest man I know; he made his own private connection and made a fortune. Don't trouble yourself, the Royal Academy don't feel your powers." Crowds, however, came to see the rejected picture, and among the rest came old Barry late R.A., who was sour with the R.A.'s; he observed that he did not wonder at its not being taken in, for it would cut them all to pieces. "After this I withdrew myself, and several years passed away, but my friends in the R.A. came about me, and urged me to come forward again, feeling I had been ill-used, and assuring me that I should be elected. I did exhibit again, and put my name down as a candidate, and was chosen immediately, and as soon (1811) made a full Academician."

STUDY OF A CALF.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

On the staircase of the National Gallery hangs the great picture by which Ward is best known—*The Bull, Cow, and Calf*. The purchase by the nation, at the instance of

the Royal Academy, of this great work in 1856, before he died, was a fitting acknowledgment of the devotion of a long life to art. This work was undertaken at the suggestion of Benjamin West when President, in a spirit of rivalry with Paul Potter's *Bull* at the Hague. Comparisons of the two pictures have been frequently made: West himself seems to have thought that the Dutch picture was much overrated—whether he went so far as to say it was ill drawn seems doubtful. Ward, however, asserted that the horns were not set right on the bull's head, and that he detected many anatomical faults. Sir W. Ross, R.A., thus wrote of Ward's work :—

"If the choice of one of the first specimens of that grand and picturesque animal, the bull, for representation on canvas; if correct drawing, rich deep harmonious colouring, and that quality technically called texture, are desirable, they are found in this matchless picture to perfection."

Everybody knows the picture, everybody has criticised it, everybody will recognise the sketch of the black cow in the foreground. Ward himself writes :—

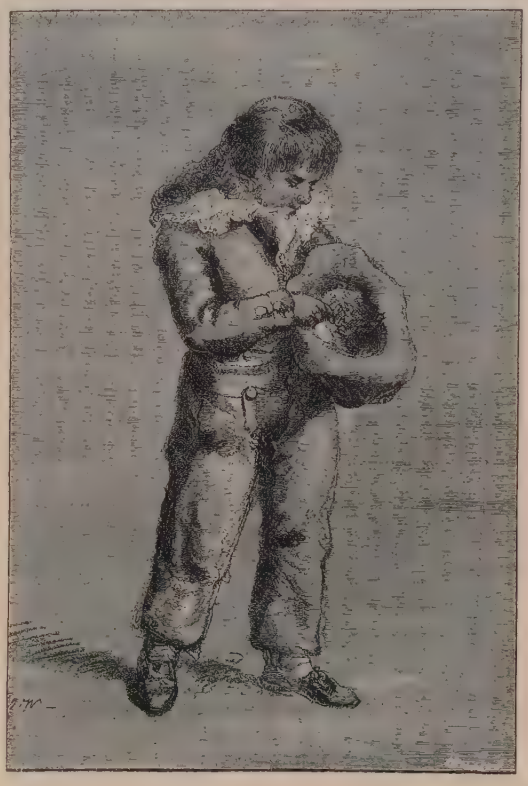
"After being so long employed upon a picture the size of thirty-six feet by twenty-one, my cattle picture was but as a plaything, but so fearful was I of the size being against the sale, that at first my canvas only took in the cattle; but when Sir Thomas Lawrence saw it at my house, he said, 'Well, as you have gone so far, I would make it complete; and have more canvas joined to it.' This I did and made it what it is; but by this I had it so long with me that it was rolled up for some years, until a gentleman took it to America, and made an exhibition of it at New York, and by which it so far established my reputation there that they declared that I had reached the acme of perfection."

It was not till 1848 that it was seen in England: it was in that year purchased by his son George, who exhibited it at the Smithfield Cattle Show. In December of that year the old man wrote to his son :—

"Your increased receipts are very gratifying, as is also Edwin Landseer's opinion. When you see him express to him my warmest feelings in every particular, and add that I feel his opinion as a host."

His great anxiety now was to see what the critics said about his work: every letter contains some reference to papers already sent and desire for more. On December 13 he wrote to say how much pleased he was "at the last three papers, particularly the *Athenæum*. The critic has gone largely into it:" he was anxious to make his best acknowledgements to him. On the 22nd :—

"I have anxiously expected to hear how the exhibition goes on, or if any more papers. I trust you carefully keep all the criticisms. So many on one work is a curiosity, and tends to prove how impossible it is for a painter to attempt to suit the critics, as you will find that those I have seen directly oppose each other as to the faults and beauties. I could give a reply to each and a reason for everything I have introduced, but then I must be writer as well as painter."



THE YOUNG BIRDNESTER.
From a Drawing by JAMES WARD.

And he did not rest until he had found leisure to demolish some of the adverse critics to his own satisfaction.

ROUND CROFT, *Jany.* 2, 1849.

DEAR GEORGE,

Having a little time on my hands I send you some observations upon my picture, the critics, &c. One of them remarks that I have expressed all the mannerisms without descending to trivialities. Another, who has gone largely into the picture (for which I am obliged), complains that I have gone into them too minutely, and remarks upon the spots on the butterfly's wings. This puts me in mind of Hogarth in his picture of

Paul before Felix—"Felix trembled." He actually began that picture and painted Felix's hand like the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion, he made the hand with a great number of indistinct fingers parallel to each other to express trembling, until his brother artists laughed him out of it, and he reduced the hands to ten fingers. The critic complains of the sky being artificial—the cow not perfect—the group not a group—the calf not being infantine, &c.—and the goats no business there—and the flowers, &c., too much like flowers, and too much made out. If he had observed he would have found a little mob of gnats fluttering about the bull's head, and a "woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree," and a robin redbreast above it. I wonder if he would find the same fault with Paul Potter's frog—and which I have heard is the greatest excellence in that work [Paul Potter's *Bull*]. Now in the first place, how was an object flying near the eye to be described but by making it very like, and giving it action only by its appropriate form in what it is doing? Secondly, how was the grandeur of the bull, &c., to be harmonised by a commonplace, poor, and matter-of-fact sky, when skies take all forms and colour? And how was that sky to be supported and kept up but by the grand display of branches, &c., in the top of the beech trees by which it throws that bold sky into its place, and at the same time forms a balance of power of rich forms to prevent the group being in effect spotty and all on one side of the picture, as well as to show the source of sunlight by which the whole is illuminated? As to the cow not being perfect, he must mark its imperfections and prove himself a competent judge of drawing superior to the artist. And for the group not being a group, the fault is in the critic and not in the picture. As to the calf, it was in the painter to determine what was the best age to express a beautiful calf old enough to take a beautiful form, and account for the comparative leanness of its mother, and capable to observe an object without understanding what it is. The teats prove the cow to be a good milker; when a calf is first dropped it is shapeless, and so weak that sometimes it is at first held up at the cow to suck, and scarce able to stand, and on that account it is termed by the cowherds "a staggering Bob." The critic gives no credit for this superior knowledge. Next the goats, &c. Sheep, from the nature of the wool, affords no forcible light and shadow, and it was a daring act to bring them immediately into the foreground, and the difficulty was how to bring them there The goats force them forward as well by their strong contrast of colour as by an equal contrast of form, and chasten and add to the simplicity and tenderness of expression in the sheep. And for the flowers, grass, weeds, &c.,—where should objects be made out but where they are close to the eye? Look at the weeds, &c., in Claude's foreground; with all the great masters, none more than Titian, I have heard from those who have seen Titian's *Peter Martyr* upon the ground (a picture larger than life) that the weeds in the foreground are finished with the carefulness of a flower painter, and the flowers in his picture of *Bacchus* (in the National Gallery) are as highly worked if not as delicate as are Van Huysum's. I had something better in view than painting weeds or flowers in the foreground; I wanted a mass of light there (that weed is called cow-parsley) and a mass of positive yellow in the dandelion with all the rich admixture of cool and warm colour, as without which how could I have ventured on the vigour with which the distance and group of cattle are painted and yet keep their place. As to the objects being separate studies and brought together it is true, but those studies were made for the picture, and not the picture made for the studies. I cannot understand what he means by their not being a group. Thus we see how little consideration is given to the picture, or how erroneous the judgment of some critics. I perceive that I must go on endeavouring to please myself.—Your affectionate father,

JAMES WARD.

Has the indulgent reader had patience to read through the artist's long defence of his great work? It may lend a charm to the picture in his eyes the next time he walks up the National Gallery staircase; it will assuredly make him eager to see the studies when they are collected and brought before the public, for the studies are even greater in their kind than the finished masterpiece.

We have used the word masterpiece, and yet, fine as the work is, a finer exists; it was seen for the first time at the Winter Exhibition of the Old Masters in 1879, and is a picture painted in 1828 of a flea-bitten grey Arab. It hangs now in Mrs. Ward's studio. Nothing can equal the perfection to which the drawing and colouring are brought in this wonderful production: every sinew, every muscle, every hair, is there; the eye is full of fire; the whole body almost quivers with elastic life; the painting of the mouth where the black and white meet has never been surpassed; well might the critic say of it, "it is a piece of consummate animal painting." There is but one place worthy of it—the National Gallery.

F. T. PIGGOTT

A MASTER BUILDER.

ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE, WINCHESTER.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

PERHAPS few travellers who alight at Winchester fully realise the long historical story possessed by this old town; still in the minds of most people the name of William of Wykeham at once rises, with more or less distinctness, when they make their way to the cathedral—bearing on the whole of its long nave the impress of his mind—and to the college, which owes its existence to him.

The more we study the life and character of this great English architect, ecclesiastic, and statesman, the more we are amazed, not only at the genius of his intellect, but also at his purity of soul. In him there were no splendid passions to counteract the splendid virtues, no sordid ambition to nullify the Christian humility of one who besides being "an overseer" was bound to be an "ensample to the flock." So much is the city of Winchester connected with this master builder, that it may be well to picture to ourselves his life and times, though five centuries separate him from us.

The parents of William were poor, the father a yeoman, the mother—Sibyl Bowade—somewhat above her husband in rank. They certainly were not proud, their very surname has remained doubtful, but probably it was Aas or As, without any noble prefix or broad acres to hand it down to future generations in the quiet little village of Wickham. Indeed, the country folk about there barely know the name of their great William, and certainly are not stirred by its mention; one old villager when lately "interviewed" by a stranger bent on collecting traditions, admitted that he had heard of him, but "he'd never zeed the man who could tell 'en anything about 'en, and 'twas funny if he lived there that nobody seemed to know nothing consarnin 'en"!

Certainly had any one foretold to Sibyl that the little son to whom she gave birth in the autumn of 1324 would one day be the most powerful man in the realm after "my lord the king," she would have laughed to scorn the idea; most likely her highest ambition for him was that he should grow up a God-fearing man, and follow worthily the footsteps of his father. But William was evidently a clever boy, and Sir John de Scures, lord of the manor of Wickham, struck by his ability, fancied he would do no discredit to the priory school at Winchester, with which he himself was well acquainted from being also constable of the great castle in that town. This castle, which in Wykeham's time had already stood, at least in part, for over three hundred years, had sustained more than one siege, had been the prison of many important personages, and had lodged many a king within its walls. Something of its grandeur we may imagine when, having walked up the High Street and turned to the left by the west gate, we come upon its only relic—the Great Hall—altered indeed to some extent in Wykeham's time, yet now substantially the same as when

he was a boy; the place where kings have feasted, justice has been administered, and Parliaments of England have sat.

The site of "the Great Grammar School of Winchester," as William's school was called, was probably about five minutes' walk from the present college, just outside the west wall of the priory inclosure; and his masters, the worthy brethren of St. Swithun's, were prepared to teach him logic, canon law, arithmetic, and geometry, all doubtless in a foreign tongue. That they had "to construe their lessons and their things in French" (probably the French of Stratford atte Bow) we learn from a contemporary writer, for not yet was the language of England's former conquerors superseded by the mother tongue. The boy was an apt pupil, and from the versatility of his genius in after life we are inclined to fancy that he soon outdid his teachers. Every day William would repair to the cathedral to hear mass, this, most likely, being part of the monks' daily routine for their scholars, and either he would enter by the west front, then very different to the present one, or by the south door now blocked up. If by the latter, he would, with permission of the prior, have passed through the gate of the close, and near the pointed arches now seen at the entrance of the Deanery, though possibly they were then hidden by some of the conventual buildings; he would have looked with respectful awe at the outside of the priors' hall, the predecessor of that now existing, and he would have walked along the cloisters, of which not a stone now remains, before he entered the great Norman church. Not far from that entrance Richard Pekis, one of the Benedictine monks of St. Swithun's who served the cathedral, said mass daily before an altar placed against a pillar over which stood an image of the Blessed Virgin. Little William took a great liking for this spot, and never forgot the youthful fervour of his prayers to the Holy Mother, and it was here that probably he dedicated himself specially to her as his patron saint (as we gather from the names of both his colleges) and here in after years was to be his chantry and his tomb.

To have an idea of the cathedral as he saw it when a boy we must not stand where Wykeham prayed, but in the north or south transept where the comparatively rude masonry, round-headed arches arranged in symetrical triplets, massive piers and flat roof, take us back to the time of William the Conqueror, if not, as some still think, to a yet earlier period. The whole nave and choir were in this Norman style, and the yeoman's son, coming straight from his village home, must have looked upon it all with wonder and amazement.

The old foundation of St. Cross, not a mile from Winchester, must also have been well known to William, though the church was then more entirely in the style we have been describing than it is at present. There was no Beaufort Gateway, no long cloister, and the brethren lived probably on the opposite side of the quadrangle to that which they occupy at present. Some of the poorer scholars of the "Great Grammar School" daily took the walk to St. Cross and dined in the "Hundred Men's Hall," but we do not know whether William was one of these.

It must have been on rare occasions that the schoolboy was allowed to visit the town itself, but when he did so, it presented a much more picturesque appearance than in these days of red brick and slated roofs. The five great arched gateways had each its chapel over it or near by, the city walls were in fairly good preservation, and the low thatched houses were interspersed with many more churches and chapels even than there are now. The High Street was in its present position, indeed, but with a stream of water flowing down the centre of its lower part, whilst the "Brooks" which still give their names to the side streets, were far less hidden than in these days. Where now the Mechanics' Institute stands was the "Guild Hall" or "Woollen Hall," there probably the various craft-guilds met, these having superseded the original merchant-guild of early times, and by means of them the ordinance was enforced that each merchant should deal in only one kind of merchandise —a law which seems to us now curiously obsolete!

The Winchester of that day was a very busy trading-place. The great wool-trade carried on with Flanders necessitated the establishment of staples, and this was one of ten favoured staple towns, a fact which is still commemorated by a narrow lane, north of the High Street, rejoicing in the name of "Staple Gardens," where once stood the warehouse for wool, and where all questions of weight were decided by the king's beam. On the great fair days or at the yearly sale of wool, the town must have swarmed with Flemish merchants in their quaint garb and high peaked hats, who would bargain over the wool sacks, and leave their strange coins in exchange for English commodities—coins sometimes still picked up when any digging takes place. On these same fair days would be seen a curious med-

SOUTH SIDE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

ley of knight and yeoman, citizen and trader, serf and ecclesiastic, the dress of each much more sharply dividing class from class than it does now.

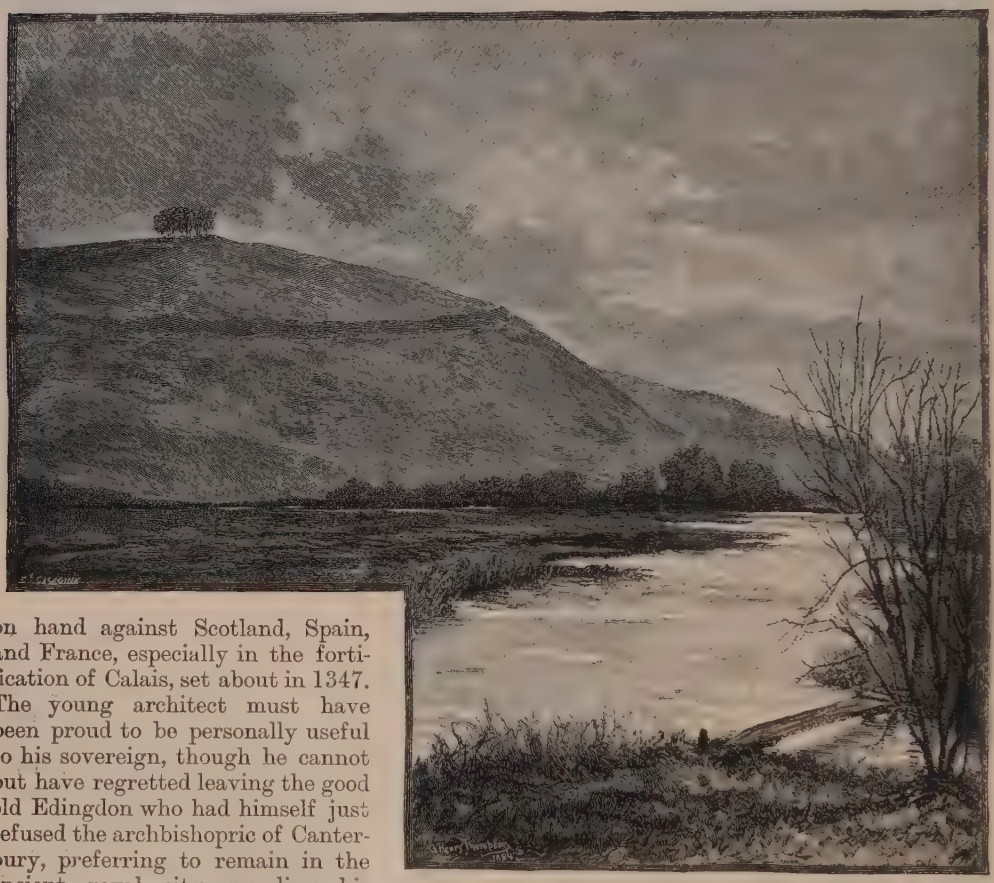
The natural features of the place were of course much the same. East and west the hills (though then unspoilt by buildings) rose above the town, then as now the Itchen divided the low flat water meadows with many a silver thread, and then as now, St. Catherine's Hill—a spur from the long down—looked like an isolated sentry keeping guard outside the ancient capital lest any foe should come up the valley from Southampton Water, only, instead of being covered with a clump of trees, it was then consecrated by a small chapel whose foundation we can discern on the uneven grass around, but which, disendowed by Cardinal Wolsey, was in the 17th century allowed to fall into decay.

But to return to the youthful scholar, who on leaving school, became secretary to his patron, and was then—De Scures finding him capable of better things—recommended to the notice of the Bishop of Winchester. Bishop Edingdon was glad enough to avail himself of the talent of young Wykeham, who was known to have a great genius for architecture, and there must have been plenty of work for him in a town so full of convents and churches, with its two castles, royal and episcopal; and besides, the bishop was meditating considerable alteration in the west front of the cathedral. On entering this way we may notice that two windows on the north side, and one on the south, are different to their fellows. This is the first change wrought by Edingdon from the Norman to the Perpendicular; by and by his secretary was to continue his work and transform the whole nave into what we now see.

William was but twenty-two when a great event befell him—his first introduction to royalty, for the city of Winchester received a visit from Edward III., of famous memory. This was doubtless an honour to his late treasurer, the bishop, and certainly an ex-

pense, for receiving kings was no small thing in that time of unbounded hospitality; the banquets to the sovereign and all the retinue was most sumptuous, and the entertainment lasted for several days.

At once the youthful secretary seems to have attracted the attention of the king, perhaps the latter had heard of his engineering powers and was anxious to test them in the many warlike operations which he had on hand against Scotland, Spain, and France, especially in the fortification of Calais, set about in 1347. The young architect must have been proud to be personally useful to his sovereign, though he cannot but have regretted leaving the good old Edingdon who had himself just refused the archbishopric of Canterbury, preferring to remain in the ancient royal city spending his money on the cathedral, beautifying, as he deemed, the heavy Norman work by the lighter style of his own day.



ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

Money indeed must have been sorely needed, for shortly after Wykeham's departure the dreadful pestilence known as the "Black Death" reached Europe and swept over the whole of that continent. In England the towns suffered terribly, and half the inhabitants of the country died from its effects. Description fails before the reality of this awful plague. Winchester, with its narrow, over-crowded streets, where crows were the only scavengers, was decimated; moreover its wool trade was ruined, for the mortality extended to the beasts, so that shepherd and sheep alike perished; and such was the terror engendered that the commonest ties of humanity were snapped by the fear of contagion and death.

King Edward had no lack of employment for Wykeham, or Sir William de Wykeham as he was soon called, he was made surveyor of the royal works, and that his talents became fully appreciated, such buildings as the Chapel of St. Stephen at the Palace of Westminster, and the castles at Dover and Queensborough, show. In 1356 he was put in charge of the castle of Windsor, the birthplace of the king, who desired to beautify it by various additions. It was no small labour to be the director of the 300 workmen here employed; all being finished, he must have felt relieved no less than satisfied, when, following the custom of the

day, he wrote on one of the towers *Hoc fecit Wykeham*—words which inverted would have been equally true, as that tower at Windsor certainly made the fortune of the designer. In 1539 he became warden of all the king's castles, and soon after sub-dean of the church of St. Martin's le Grand, in which office, though, as a layman, he could not officiate, yet he could repair, and he therefore, at his own expense, rebuilt a part of it—little guessing that the whole site would be occupied in the future by the General Post Office!

Wykeham was also taken into council about the most important events of the time, and once at least he went over to Calais with the king; as we know that he was present in the capacity of public notary at the signing of the Treaty of Bretigny—a treaty which gave some breathing-time to his exhausted country, wearied with long war.

So much royal favour might have spoilt many a man, but there is not a hint of this being the case with Wykeham; on the contrary, we find his mind turned now more definitely to religious subjects. The desolation of the country after the Black Death was so great that many churches were shut up from the scarcity of priests to minister in them. Whether this made Wykeham feel that not only could he build up God's temples, but that he might also strengthen the souls of His people, we cannot tell, but surely there is something touching in the fact of this great architect presenting himself to his old master, Bishop Edingdon, and praying for the laying on of hands. In December, 1361, he was therefore made an acolyte, in the following March sub-deacon, and in the June of the same year priest.

And now a new field of work and honour lay before the king's favourite, who yet was so little elated that he could himself re-echo St. Paul's words, "If I pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Edward III. appointed him keeper of the privy seal, secretary to the king, then chief of the privy council, and proceeded to heap benefices upon him, many of which he retained till he was offered a mitre.

A few more years and Edingdon was laid to rest in his cathedral, where the bishop's figure in his chantry (to the eastward of that of his former secretary) bears marks of the rough usage it received, probably from Parliamentary soldiers in the 17th century. Then came the question—who was to succeed? This was not so easily settled in those days as it is now, when the prime minister may consult his sovereign, but never consults the cathedral chapter, nor seeks the approbation of the pope! *Then*, king, monks, and pope had all to agree, at least if high words were not to pass, or indeed, as was sometimes the case, rough deeds as well. King Edward desired his favourite Wykeham to succeed, and for once the monks of St. Swithun's were of the same mind, and had no wish to suggest any other than him who both as boy and man was well known to the town. The pope, however, though not objecting personally to Wykeham, was unwilling to ratify the election, because though (by the Statute of Provisors passed in 1352) he could appoint to no ecclesiastical office below that of a bishop, yet as to this last he still had a voice. This right he wished to maintain; nevertheless it was not safe to offend Edward III., or the powerful priest of whom Froissart writes in these words:—"Or en ce teps regnait un Prêtre: qu'o apeloit messire Guillaume de Wican; Iceling Messire Guillaume de Wican était si bien en la grace du Roy d'Angleterre que par luy estait tout fait ne say luy on ne faisait rien." At last, the Duke de Bourbon, who was a hostage for the King of France, was told that if he could obtain Wykeham's nomination from the pope, he should be set free. With this reward in view the duke hastened to Avignon where the papal court still sat, and by fair words obtained the boon.

In the year 1367 the new bishop was consecrated at St. Paul's to the see of Winchester, and remembering to what he owed his good fortune, he still kept for his coat of arms—quartered with those of the episcopate—the two *chevronels*, or carpenter's couples, between two roses, and adopted the motto "Manners maketh man," dear to every Wykehamist since his time. Already before his enthronement the priest had reached the highest office in the state, he was made Chancellor of England; this office he held for four years and though it must have kept him much occupied away from his see, yet he was not unmindful of the wants of his flock. On his presentation to the bishopric, he said humbly to the king, "Sire, I am unworthy, but wherein I am wanting myself, that will I supply by a brood of more scholars than all the prelates of England ever showed;" and this idea he soon put into execution, though the entire scheme was many years in being matured.

There was a great stir in the old city of Winchester when the day of Wykeham's enthronement arrived. It was the 9th of July, and the town would be looking especially beautiful in its bower of trees; an outrider had announced the bishop before he

entered the city, probably by the north gate, and either here or at the entrance of the close he was met by the Archdeacon of Northampton, William Athey by name, who was commissioned to enthrone him; having saluted, the archdeacon alighted from his palfrey, which according to the custom at that time was with all its trappings taken possession of by this ecclesiastic. The bishop now made his way towards the cathedral; previously to entering, however, he had to change his riding apparel, and his coat, gloves, hat, and boots fell to the share of the archdeacon, who had also a large allowance of wine and wax-candles, a most precious article in those days, besides being entertained free of cost during his stay.

The bishop's robing most likely took place at the priory close by, from whence the procession, forming in the cloisters under the direction of Hugo de Basyng, prior of St. Swithun's, would pass to the west door, where it would be joined by the heads of the other monasteries in and near Winchester — Thomas de Pechy, abbot of Hyde, holding highest rank amongst them. Next would follow long lines of monks clad in their robes of brown, black, white, or grey, according to their order, and then many a layman, gathered in from the country round to do honour to both Church and State on this occasion. The great procession, gorgeous with embroidered cope and many a rich vestment, with episcopal staff and crozier both of prior and abbot carried aloft, must have formed an imposing spectacle as it filed up the long nave of the cathedral, thronged, doubtless, to overflowing by many citizens—for unusual interest would be evinced by Winchester in this enthronement of one long known to them, now Chancellor of England and certainly, next to the king and archbishop, the greatest man in the country.

After the ceremony there was a feast in the priory hall; the bishop's table was at the upper end, and the archdeacon with the invited guests (most likely Wykeham's parents among them) had a table spread for them on the right. The new bishop drank to the archdeacon in a cup of silver, which was then handed to the latter, he receiving this also as a perquisite. Certainly the archdeacon was amply recompensed for his part in the labours of the day! The feast on such occasions, if we may judge by a bill of fare at a similar banquet, included delicacies not often seen in these times, such as buzzards, doves and goats!

Now that Wykeham was Bishop of Winchester, he thought it prudent to obtain from the king an assurance that in all his many and various posts he had done his duty, and the king immediately gave him "full acquittance." Most likely this forethought saved the statesman from greater disgrace than that which afterwards befell him. At present, royal favour still shone on Wykeham, and lands and benefices were heaped upon him; in 1366 we know that he held, at least, twenty ecclesiastical offices, and the custom of the time must be pleaded as the only excuse for the undoubted fact of Wykeham's having been such a great pluralist! His advice was taken in the wars that followed against France and Scotland; but after four years of office, the anti-clerical spirit of the day prompted a petition from the Commons that the chief state offices might be given to able laymen, and not to ecclesiastics, whom it was, they said, "difficult to bring to account." Upon this, Wykeham, with great good sense, tendered his resignation, and by his presence at the inauguration of his successor, Sir Robert Thorpe, showed that he was not offended at the tone which the Commons had taken.

The bishop had now time to devote to his diocese, and dismissing his commissary-general he turned his whole attention to it. His various palaces and manor-houses had to be repaired, money had to be expended on the cathedral (though not yet was Edingdon's work in the nave to be continued), and the predecessors of the Winchester scholars had to be settled in the little house on St. Giles's Hill. If we walk down Winchester High Street, and over the bridge before which once stood the east gate, into that part of the town formerly known as the "Soke," we shall come into the parish of St. John, and in a somewhat steep and winding street, where centuries ago Roman conquerors had their burial grounds, we shall find one of the most interesting churches of the town. It was on the hill in St. John's parish that Wykeham lodged certain poor scholars, and on every Sunday and festival, if not also daily, they attended service at the same St. John's church, until such times as he could give them fitting buildings and a chapel of their own.

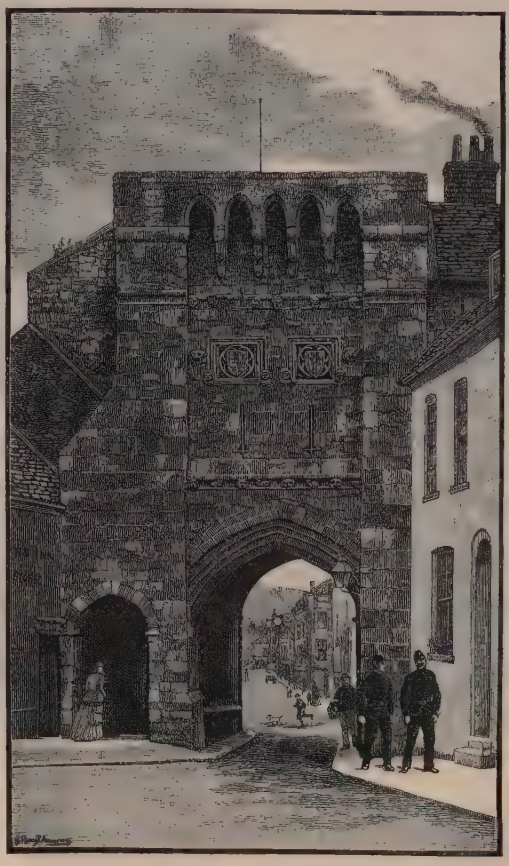
Besides all this, there was need of the bishop's searching eye and wise judgment as visitor of the many religious houses with which his episcopal city abounded. Alas! the Church had much need of reform; the extortions of Rome raised everywhere a feeling of bitterness; the mendicant friars, though once a blessing to the land, had become its curse; whilst they and the monks

were, as a body, ignorant and vicious. The ballad poetry of the time is full of invectives against the friars, and if half of what they are accused was true, they must have been a very plague spot on the face of the land. Jack Upland exclaims :

> "Frier, what charity is this,
> To the people to lie,
> And say that ye follow Christ in povertie
> More than other men done?
> And yet in curious and costly housing,
> And fine and precious clothing,
> And delicious and likely feeding,
> And in treasure and jewels,
> And rich ornaments,
> Freers passen lords
> And other rich worldly men."

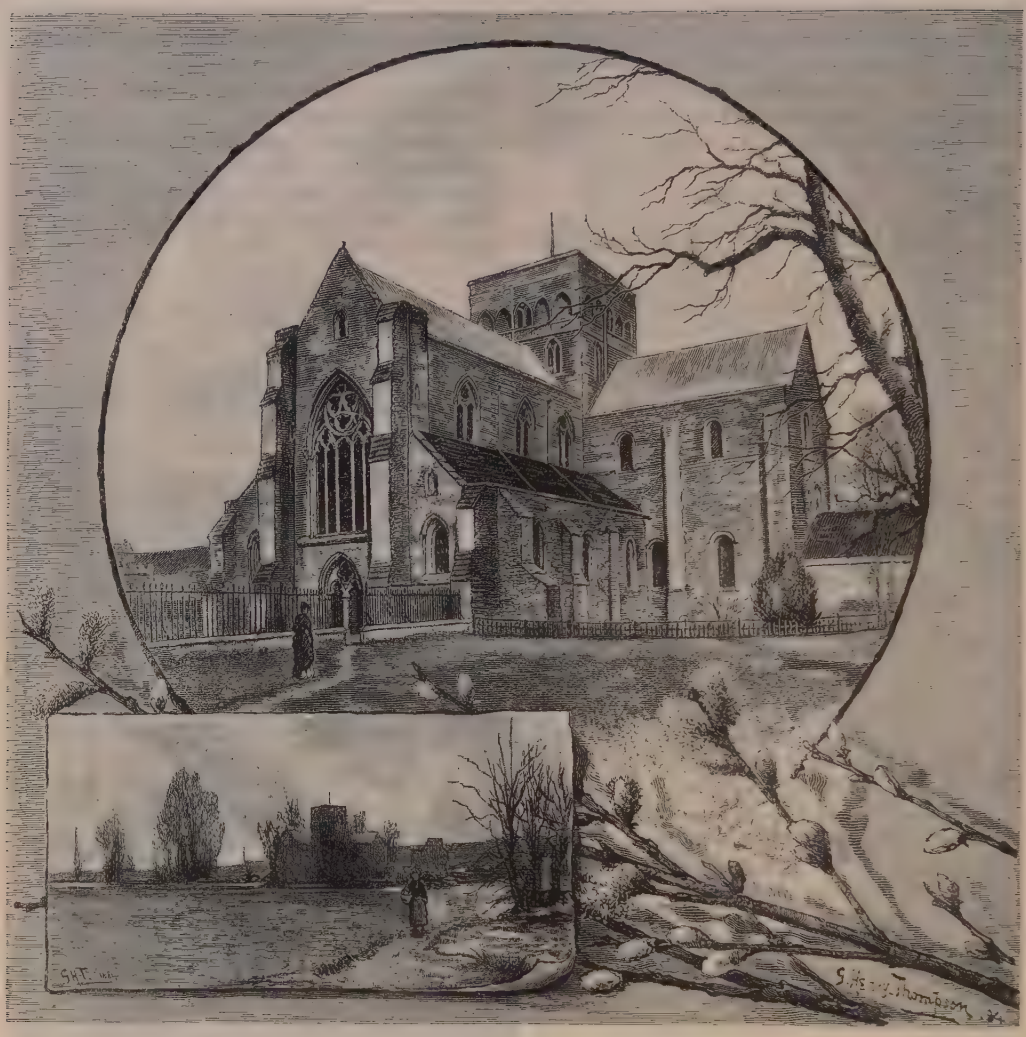
No wonder that the voice of the people was beginning to make itself heard against them, that Wicliff, who by "Friar Daw Topias" is called *that wickede worme*, was trying to urge a holier life, a life where none need interfere between the soul and God, and that Geoffry Chaucer and others were soon with their eagerly read poems to assist a much needed reformation. The reform movement was, however, mixed—we find it so in most cases—with a political tendency to freedom. Many peasant labourers, serfs, or villeins, as they were called, were struggling to gain their freedom—by manumission, by payment, or by flight—from bondage to the land on which and to which they had been born. The Black Death had disorganised labour still more, and caused a class of "landless men" to wander over the country in search of work. Then was passed the Statute of Labourers—a law which to us in this independent age seems even more amazing than unjust. A fierce spirit of resistance was now aroused, and through town and country it spread—forerunner of all chartist and socialist movements yet to come—setting workman against master, low born against high, poor against rich, lollard against priest.

There is no doubt that Wykeham must have seen all this plainly enough, and with many of the social grievances and many of Wicliff's criticisms he must have sympathised, for though on the one hand we find him condemning the reformer's doctrine at Black Friars, yet on the other he pleads boldly on behalf of some friend of Wicliff's who was likely to get hard usage from the archbishop. It was evidently also from a feeling of dissatisfaction with the priests and religious orders of his day that he wished to found a college for the purpose of rearing up men not professing ignorance as did the friars, not given up to seclusion as were some of the monks, or merely luxurious landowners as were others, but learned and pure-minded youths who should take a noble view of the clerical profession. From this arose the colleges of Winchester and Oxford; Winchester, though founded last, being intended as the stepping stone for Oxford.



WEST GATE, WINCHESTER.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

But before the master builder began his work, he was to experience disgrace and loss of kingly favour. The Black Prince, whom Wykeham had loved and been loved by, was dying from a wasting illness contracted in Spain, his father King Edward was also failing both in body and mind, and his ambitious brother, John of Gaunt, himself hoping for the crown, took the lead in public affairs, and helped his father's mistress, the notorious Alice Perrers, to tyrannise over



ST. CROSS.

From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

the old king in his dotage. In August of the year 1376 Parliament met, and the Black Prince was carried into Westminster Palace to give his countenance to the reforms now to be attempted. Wykeham was there also, and they both joined in the attack on the king's officials for having badly managed the revenue, and for having allowed Alice Perrers to obtain such great influence. The "good" Parliament triumphed, and a council of reform was appointed, Wykeham being in it, but immediately afterwards the Black Prince died, and John of Gaunt, who cared for nothing but power, was now able to avenge himself upon the council, and especially upon Wykeham. Eight articles were brought forward against the ex-chancellor, chiefly on the ground of his having misappropriated moneys; only in a matter of 40*l.* (and that a perfectly open arrangement on his part) was any excuse found for convicting him, but by the judgment given, all the temporalities of the see of Winchester were seized, and Wykeham forbidden to come within twenty miles of the court. The good bishop now retired to Waverly Abbey, the picturesque ruins of which can still be seen near Farnham, overlooked by heath-clad hills and woods of fir and oak. Here in monastic seclusion Wykeham must have meditated much on the fickleness of fortune and on his educational schemes which now seemed

indefinitely postponed, yet for him there was no bitter sorrow—as for Wolsey in after years—that his service to his king had come before that due to his God.

The king's jubilee came, and pardon was held out to all offenders, but special exception was made to "Sire William de Wykeham;" the Church, however, was not going to allow her most respected bishop to suffer unjustly, and when at the next meeting of Convocation the king asked the clergy for money, Courtenay, Bishop of London, stood up and declared that unless Wykeham were restored to favour they would give none. No answer came to this, and consequently no money from the clergy; but before a month had passed the pressing need of funds made the king send off a messenger to Waverly and beg the bishop to return to his house at Southwark. Very soon after this the dignified figure of Wykeham entered the Chapter House of St. Paul's, and, amid the welcome of his friends, he joined in the vote for a subsidy.

This did not mean a return of the temporalities however, as they had been settled on the little heir-apparent, Richard, whom the nation looked to as their future king. But the populace now took up Wykeham's cause. John of Gaunt's life was threatened, and he received this peremptory message, "Tell my lord the duke that we will have the Bishop of Winton and Sir Peter de la Mare judged before their peers according to the laws of England." This settled matters, and on June 18, 1377, in the presence of the boy Richard, his uncle, and the king's council, Wykeham promised to fit out three galleys for sea, in return for which his temporalities were given back to him. Two days later Edward III. died at Shene, forsaken by his unworthy mistress and his servants, having estranged from him the one man who had served him faithfully for so long.

Le roy est mort, vive le roy! Such is the fate of monarchs—in a month's time the bishop was attending the new king's coronation, where trumpeters, men-at-arms, heralds with embroidered coats, abbots and bishops in full canonicals, assembled at Westminster to do honour to Edward's grandson. Wykeham, now again one of the greatest at court, had learnt too much of life's uncertainties to be elated by his present position, though he was doubtless glad when, a few days later, his fines were remitted and he was declared innocent of every charge that had been laid at his door.

It must have been a relief to Wykeham to turn from the increasing troubles of Richard's reign, which even he could not counteract, to the realisation of the wish of his life. By the foundation of "St. Marie's College of Winchester at Oxenford," as was its full title, soon to become in common parlance "New College," he had provided a place where his scholars should finish their education; and now he could carry out his scheme for Winchester, a scheme which was in reality the foundation of the public school system of which England is justly proud. Hitherto schools had been under, or in connection with, some monastery, and probably only day-schools; now they were to be foundations of their own, with priests indeed as masters, but priests secular, not religious.

The bishop, with no small trouble, sought for suitable ground for his buildings in Winchester. At last he either bought or had granted to him the present site, with a road on the northern side, a stream guarding it on the east, and a wall on the north and south. On the 26th March, 1387, he laid the first stone of the chapel, and for six years the citizens could watch the busy workmen raising chapel, hall, and chambers in the massive style and beautiful proportion which exist to our own day. But during that time many political events called the bishop's attention elsewhere. In 1389 Richard took the reins of government, and after much persuasion prevailed upon Wykeham once more to accept the chancellorship, and to his advice is due the comparative quiet of the next seven years, though he only actually retained office for two.

And now the great day arrived when Wykeham's work was sufficiently completed to allow of the first "seventy faithful boys" to be received within its walls. On March 28th, 1393, all the good folk of Winchester, both lay and clerical, assembled to witness the opening of the college and to see the little band of scholars, headed by their master, come down from St. Giles's Hill, chanting psalms as they entered into possession of their promised land.

Since that time both dress and fashion have changed more than the stone walls, but standing in the almost unaltered quadrangle we can picture to ourselves the fourteenth century crowd who, partly from curiosity, partly from admiration of their bishop's work, would be pressing forward on that spring day to share in the proceedings—the poor in their rough untanned shoes, leathern breeches (galligaskins as they were called), and their smock frocks of *russet* or undyed wool; the richer citizens, though clad much in the same fashion, had finer material, whilst those in longer dresses looked much like the "Blue-

NORTH TRANSEPT, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

coat" scholars of our own day. Somewhat apart from the villeins and tradespeople stood the knights and nobles, decked in silk and velvet, their *cotte hardie* or tight-fitting vests (from the sleeves of which hung long strips of cloth) partly hidden by a bright coloured mantle fastened jauntily at the shoulder. A few had hats with feathers in them, that fashion having just come in; others wore small hoods tied under the chin and ornamented with jewels or gold. Below their parti-coloured hose their very conspicuous long shoes were noticeable, some with toes bending upward like the claws of a bird, and looped with chains of gold or silver to the knees, sadly impeding the movement of their owners. The ballad poetry of the day did not spare these extravagant nobles, and laughed at the way they enlarged their shoulders artificially and made themselves look broader "than God made them," and at their wide collars which caused their necks to appear as if prepared for the axe! Probably during the prayers offered up at the opening of the college, there were some who, when others knelt, were forced to "stand on their heels not able to bend their legs" for the tightness of their hose. It was the knowledge of these follies in dress which made Wykeham lay down such strict rules for his

boys, and especially mention that they were to have no *peaked shoes* or *knotted hoods;* their education both of spirit and intellect was to fit them to teach God's word to others and in no way to render them luxurious, like—

"Ye prowd galonttes hertless
With your hyghe cappes witlesse
And youre schort gownys thriftlesse
Have brought this londe in gret hevynesse.

"With youre longe peked shone,
Therefor youre thrifte is almost don,
And with youre long here into your eyen
Has brought this londe to gret pyne."

We must now turn to the building inside which the crowd was gathered.

Through the archway we enter the first or outer court of the college; here the brew-house is just the same, but on the left where formerly there was an open space, is the warden's house, having absorbed into itself the old bakehouse, slaughterhouse and butcher's room, which all bordered the stream —for such an establishment could not then be dependent on outside assistance for obtaining the necessaries of life. Over the second archway stand on either side three figures: the Virgin Mother in the centre, with Gabriel, the angel of the annunciation, on her right, and Wykeham kneeling on her left. Here used to be rooms for the warden, who could thence obtain a good view of all who came in and out. To the right were chambers for the masters (there being originally only two) which have since been heightened, and form the second master's house: the scholars, the chaplains, and the choristers lived within the inner quadrangle, the northern side of which is formed by the chapel and the refectory. Of the original character of the chapel, except as to proportion, and the beautiful fan-groining of its roof, we can hardly judge, defaced as it was in the 17th century, and restored as it has been in the 19th, with a perfectly new reredos, and destitute of that warmth of colour which once probably relieved the blank whiteness of its walls. The refectory has been almost untouched, except for the addition of panelling; the roof enriched with carved wood-work, the coloured heads of kings and bishops, and the great stone mullioned windows all show how strength and beauty were combined by the master builder. Over the buttery, reached by a winding stone staircase, we come to the audit-room, hung with ancient tapestry, where formerly the rents were paid, and where in a corner stands a huge chest, shown as Wykeham's money-box! The original schoolroom at the basement (now a bedroom) is somewhat dark according to our modern ideas, but those were not days when personal comfort was much considered. The chantry, the beautiful cloisters around it, and the chapel tower were all built after Wykeham's death. He only provided a wooden bell-tower, which stood separate from the chapel, so that the vibration of the bells should not injure the main building.

It was several years before the whole scheme both as to building and organisation was complete, and pending this the bishop was not idle, for he made a special visitation of St. Swithun's Monastery, where the monks, now reduced from sixty to forty-six, complained of their scanty provisions, caused by their priors having of late appropriated the funds. Then almost immediately he turned his attention to the cathedral, where Edingdon's west end must have looked very incongruous with the rest, and, threescore years and ten though he was, the old architect determined at once to use all his engineering skill in turning the flat-roofed Norman nave into what we now have. The prior seems to have been of one mind with the bishop about the work, for he gladly promised to help with materials from the convent property. Perfect as was the transformation from the one style into another, there is yet stonework remaining which tells plainly of the change, for near the choir-screen are two short massive pillars, unchanged from Norman time. In Wykeham's day these pillars were hidden by a wide vestibule extending from north to south at the entrance of the choir, over which probably stood the cross of Stigand, the Saxon archbishop, and paintings of Bible scenes. Outside the cathedral, the contrast is great between the plain bare wall of the south side with the buttresses and pinnacles of the north—but here too we must remember that along the former ran the cloister, the absolute destruction of which Wykeham could never have imagined possible.

During the early part of this time the country was much agitated by the troubles which beset Richard, who could no longer hold his own against his powerful cousin, Henry Bolingbroke. Wykeham was present, when, before the assembled Parliament, the deposed king read his own resignation, which was greeted by shouts of joy; and six days later the Bishop of Winchester again took part in the ceremony when Henry IV. was proclaimed sovereign. Wykeham's name, however, does not appear amongst those who sentenced Richard to perpetual imprison-

ment, for though he could not but acknowledge the bad use which the last king had made of his power, yet was he not the son of his former friend, and grandson of his early patron and benefactor? What lay in his power the kind-hearted bishop did, for he sheltered in Waverly Palace, Richard's confessor, who, ruined and driven away from court, had no other refuge.

Wykeham once more took part in a state ceremony, for he attended the coronation banquet, and then his political career ended,

WYKEHAM'S TOMB.
From a Drawing by G. H. THOMPSON.

save when he celebrated the king's marriage with Joan of Navarre in his nearly completed cathedral, where the aged bishop may have pointed out his own beautiful chantry, feeling that before long he would be laid to rest within it.

And the end soon came, for the next sight which the people of Winchester witnessed was the funeral of their great master builder. It was in his palace at Bishop's Waltham, where of late years he had chiefly lived, that he lay down to die. Though his body was weak, yet his mind was clear; until four days before his death he received his stewards and his clergy and he made and signed his will, leaving out of those riches "which the mercy of the Saviour had bestowed upon him" innumerable gifts and legacies to all manner of persons. His debts were to be discharged in full, "without let or hindrance, controversy or delay." He must even have pictured the crowds of poor who would flock to his funeral, for every one seeking a bounty that day was to have 4*d.* "for the love of God and his soul's health." Especially he provided money for the completion of the cathedral, giving to it besides many rich vestments and other precious things, amongst them a golden cross, encased within which was a piece of the "Tree of the Lord." Even the king was not forgotten—Henry IV. was forgiven a debt of 500*l.* and was to receive a pair of silver-gilt basins engraved with double roses—a present possibly from Edward III. when his favourite was building and repairing his castles and his palaces.

But to return to the upper chamber where the bishop lay. At eight o'clock in the morning of Sept. 27th, a change passed over the noble features, very quietly the eyes closed, having given their last look upon the crucifix held up by a chaplain, the hand, once so skilful, relaxed, but there was a smile on the lips which, as far as was possible to man, had known no guile, then the great soul departed from the earthly temple, for the master builder had gone to a mansion prepared for him by Divine Hands.

The funeral procession along the ten miles from Bishop's Waltham to Winchester moved through crowds of people sorrowing as for the loss of a father, and at his own episcopal town, all the citizens thronged towards the cathedral, where the prior was waiting at the entrance to receive the procession into the building. Here the prelate was laid in the beautiful chantry he had made ready for himself. The inscription on the tomb tells us of his works, but Wykeham will want no inscription as long as his "two fair colleges" stand, and as long as the cathedral which owes so much to him still towers above the watered valley of the Itchen.

"Nations and thrones and reverend laws have
melted like a dream,
Yet Wykeham's works are green and fresh
beside the crystal stream."

The Authors of *Historic Winchester.*

A BALLAD OF SARK.

High beyond the granite portal arched across
Like the gateway of some godlike giant's hold
Sweep and swell the billowy breasts of moor and moss
East and westward, and the dell their slopes enfold
Basks in purple, glows in green, exults in gold.
Glens that know the dove and fells that hear the lark
Fill with joy the rapturous island, as an ark
Full of spicery wrought from herb and flower and tree.
None would dream that grief even here may disembark
On the wrathful woful marge of earth and sea.

Rocks emblazoned like the mid shield's royal boss
Take the sun with all their blossom broad and bold.
None would dream that all this moorland's glow and gloss
Could be dark as tombs that strike the spirit acold
Even in eyes that opened here, and here behold
Now no sun relume from hope's belated spark
Any comfort, nor may ears of mourners hark
Though the ripe woods ring with golden-throated glee,
While the soul lies shattered, like a stranded bark
On the wrathful woful marge of earth and sea.

Death and doom are they whose crested triumphs toss
On the proud plumed waves whence mourning notes are tolled.
Wail of perfect woe and moan for utter loss
Raise the bride-song through the graveyard on the wold
Where the bride-bed keeps the bridegroom fast in mould,
Where the bride, with death for priest and doom for clerk,
Hears for choir the throats of waves like wolves that bark,
Sore anhungered, off the drear Eperquerie,
Fain to spoil the strongholds of the strength of Sark
On the wrathful woful marge of earth and sea.

Prince of storm and tempest, lord whose ways are dark,
Wind whose wings are spread for flight that none may mark,
Lightly dies the joy that lives by grace of thee.
Love through thee lies bleeding, hope lies cold and stark,
On the wrathful woful marge of earth and sea.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

DOUGHTOWN SCRIP.

PERHAPS I ought to begin by mentioning that this is not a "City Article." Nor am I either a broker or a jobber, although I do propound the question—Does any reader ardently burn to possess himself of some Doughtown scrip? If so, I am prepared to supply a considerable parcel of the same.

It behoves me to explain, first, what "Doughtown scrip" is, and secondly, how I came to be a holder of it. It is necessary to begin by being geographical.

Nearly the whole of the west coast of the Middle Island of New Zealand is auriferous. Fifteen years ago the diggings there were perhaps the richest in the world. It seemed as if you could hardly go wrong. A ship's boat disembarked you on the black sand of the sea-shore. You need have gone no further, but simply have shovelled the black sand into your dish, washed it in the sea-water, and lo! there was a rich golden residuum. Ten thousand diggers—you could not call them miners—were delving in the black sand of a long strip of beach sixty miles south of Hokitika. On the low ridge behind the sand was a long row of canvas drinking-shops and canvas dance-houses. It was the same on the beach between Hokitika and Greymouth. Inland for miles the valley of every creek swarmed with toiling diggers. Hokitika to-day moulders along with a population of some 2,000 souls, and a digger on the "bend" in its quiet decorous public-houses would be regarded as a strange curiosity. Fifteen or sixteen years ago there was gathered in and about it a population of some 30,000 able-bodied adults, with no thought in any mind but of gold. Teeming steamers arrived twice a week from Melbourne, and discharged their living cargoes to increase the busy, light-hearted throng. These were the halcyon days of "the Speckled Hen," the "Murrumbidgee Barge," "Topping Annie," and other gay allegorical persons of light heart and lighter manners, who looked scornfully at little nuggets, and thought poorly of the economist who called for a single bottle of champagne, after a couple of circuits in the waltz's giddy maze. The region had something amazingly like a civil war all to itself; when a small army of gentlemen of the Irish persuasion broke open the gates of the cemetery, and when a serried battalion of six hundred Scotch Highland miners marched into the town with pick handle on each brawny shoulder, and in a quiet business-like fashion tendered their services to the warden, "to drive the Fenians into the sea." A strong, wise, masterfully discreet man, Mr. Bonner ruled the storm and assuaged it, but not until he had locked up a revolutionary priest, and exercised martial law carried out at the pistol muzzle by volunteers who had rallied to his support. It was a great triumph for him to be able to decline the offer the colonial government made him of a battalion of regulars to help him keep the peace. He knew the men he had to deal with, and to have had the soldiers would have been to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard.

Gold-mining is still an industry of this remote, isolated coast-line. But there is hardly any "surface" work now. A "rush" occurs occasionally, but it is a very mild "rush," with no feature of the old buoyant, reckless, wicked rushes. "Kentuck" after a brief acquaintance with the "Luck" for whom and with whom he died with so tender a manhood, knew more about baby-ways

than the mass of the New Zealand miners of the old days. A decent woman in a mining camp was a phenomenon in petticoats. Now gold-mining is a settled industry. The miner is married, has a wonderful genius for a large small family, and as like as not, owns his cottage. When he migrates to a new rush, he takes his live belongings with him. The track through the tree-stumps among which are dotted about the tents and the shingle huts, swarms with children. There is a school in gear before the temporary settlement is a fortnight old. Mrs. Miner brings her man his dinner in a basin out to the hole in which he is at work, or sends it by one of the bairns; when he drops work for the day he comes home to the domestic tea, and to his own fireside if it be winter time—to the family mosquitoes in the summer. There is no dance-house now on all the west coast. "The Speckled Hen" as the wife of a mining manager, is the "leader of society" in an outlying mining township. "Topping Annie" is the sedate widow of a local government functionary, and has the reputation of devoutness and considerable wealth. Altogether the region has long since ranged itself, abjured sack—I won't say whisky—and taken to live in a cleanly decorous fashion.

I suppose that this "Westland" as the province is called, is the most universally gold-impregnated region in the world. You may "wash" anywhere you please within ten or twelve miles of the sea, and you will not fail to get "colour," only the proportion of gold to soil is not everywhere sufficient to make gold getting profitable: nor is an adequate supply of water uniformly procurable. But there is gold everywhere. The region is overlooked by Mount Cook, a huge snow-capped mountain some 17,000 feet high. A soaring genius proposed to assail Mount Cook bodily on the hydraulic principle, by directing on it vast compressed jets of water raised from out old ocean's bed. He has not yet carried out his neat little project; but if he ever does he will have locally stolen a march on the day specified by prophecy as that on which the mountain tops shall be overwhelmed in the great deep. But although Mount Cook stands yet scatheless, the jet of water from the nozzle of the gold-miner's simple hydraulic apparatus is eating shrewdly into banks and ridges of a more humble altitude. The process is simple enough. The water must be plenteously forthcoming. The stream from the nozzle of a huge hose is directed dead on the auriferous "face." Everything comes away under the remorseless play of this fierce douche—soil, boulders, the spreading root-stools of felled trees. The chaotic torrent rushes downward, along a compressed channel, in the bottom of which are the long narrow boxes wherein the particles of gold fall and lie, partly because of their weight, partly because intercepted by roughnesses and holes that act as traps. Some of these hydraulic enterprises are on a large scale, and pay steady and increasing dividends.

It was not as a gold-miner that I visited Westland in a recent March—that is the autumn season in New Zealand—but as a lecturer. With all its roughness, there is hardly any more intelligent chance aggregation of humanity in the world than a gold-mining community. It is sure to possess in its curious mixture that would perhaps be more accurately defined as a jumble, an exceptional number of educated men who retain their taste for reading. Out of the world by force of their conditions, gold-miners retain a keen interest in the world, especially the world of action. They follow the story of a campaign with engrossed interest. They take sides while Britain is not in the arena; in that case they are all on one side with a grand fervour. They stand with Chard and Bromhead inside the frail stronghold of Rorke's Drift, and in fancy, with flushed faces and sparkling eyes they charge home with the big troopers at Kassassin. It was, as I suppose, because the plain blunt stories I tried to tell on the lecturing platform were tales of campaign and battle-field that they sent to tell me they wanted me to go among them.

The message came to me at Christchurch just as I was making ready to make a reluctant departure from beautiful, hospitable New Zealand. I took it as among the best compliments that ever had been paid me, and postponing my departure, proceeded to obey the summons. Then came the question how to get from Christchurch to Westland. Christchurch is close to the east coast of the island, the capital of the province of Canterbury, the most fertile and the most socially charming region of all New Zealand. Westland lies on the opposite coast of the same island. But between the inhabited portions of the two provinces there stretches a lofty range of rugged precipitous mountains, with snow-covered summits and glacier-clad sides. Through the ravines of these there has been made a road, compared with which, in dizzy boldness of engineering, any road-making of which I have had experience, whether in the Alps. the Carpathians, the

Balkans, or the Himalayas, is tame and prosaic. A coach traverses this road three times a week. On this coach I booked myself for a box-seat. My Christchurch friends cheerfully asked me where my will was, in case of accidents, warned me to sit tight, and if I got nervous to shut my eyes; and away I went by train across the fertile Canterbury plains to Springfield, the village at the foot of the mountains where the railway ends and the coach begins.

It was a staring red vehicle—was the coach—hung in the American plan on long leather bands from front to rear. The team consisted of a pair of wheelers, and three leaders harnessed abreast. The coachman was a quiet self-contained man, a friendly companion, and apparently not bothered with any nerves. It was a pleasant ride until the gloaming. There had been awkward descents done at a hand-gallop, that suggested unpleasant speculations as to the vehicle's, not to say the passengers' ultimate destination if a wheel should come off. But there had been nothing very trying, and much that had been very beautiful. The gaunt mountain tops all around, the lovely lakes down in the basins, whose deep blue waters we had skirted; the long pale green stretches of upland; the romantic wooded valleys into which we had plunged so abruptly and emerged with equal abruptness; the cheery wayside taverns, lonely in the midst of the solitude, whose succulent mountain mutton we had eaten with appetite whetted by the pure keen mountain air—all went to make up an exceptionally pleasant and indeed memorable experience. We had lost time somewhere, and the short southern gloaming was about us, when the driver quietly muttered, as we turned sharp round a corner, "I don't like the Waimakariri gorge after sundown." It is with every emphasis that I record my assent to this expression; and yet when it was all over, I was not sorry that the experience had befallen us. We went at a hand-gallop on a track just wide enough and no more, for our three leaders abreast. About five hundred feet sheer below—sheer except in places where the cruel jagged crags reared their horrid heads—roared and boiled the furious torrent of the Waimakariri river. One could just discern through the gathering gloom, the deep blackness of sullen gloomy pool alternating with the dingy white of the tortured rapids writhing their vexed course through the rocks that impeded the river-bed. Above us towered a beetling crag-wall as high, where the eye could catch its sky-line, as the drop on the side next the river was deep. But this was only in places, for the most part it actually overhung us, and the narrow road was notched out of its looming face. It overhung worst at the sharp bends of the road, as it followed the curves, the projections, and the indentations of that serrated precipice. Not once, but often, the leaders as they galloped round a turn were clean out of our sight, and there was but the point of the pole projecting over the profound, ere as yet the wheelers, urged close to the verge that the wheels might clear the projecting buttress, complied with the sharp bend, borne round on their haunches by the driver's strong left arm. His attention was concentrated on his work, but once he spoke, and I would rather he had held his tongue. "Do you see those dim white specks on the flat top of that crag below us? Those are the bleached bones of some horses. They were pasturing on the upland above us, when a sudden scare sent them over the precipice. They fell clear outside the road without touching it, and brought up where you see their bones down there."

It was full dark ere we got through the gorge. Then the moon rose as we galloped across the upland flat, and drew up in front of "The Bealey" Hotel, the half-way house. "The Bealey" is a sort of hospice several thousand feet above the sea-level. All around it hang the everlasting glaciers. From their smooth, cruel, cold blue faces, we saw the moonbeams refracted inhospitably. But there was no inhospitality inside "The Bealey." A great log fire blazed in the ample chimney of the old-fashioned panelled parlour, and how good was that juicy slice of mountain mutton eaten with the great floury potatoes! The landlord gave me a posy of edelweiss that he had culled the same day on the glacier edge behind the house; he had tried the plant in his garden, but it would not thrive. The thin ice was on the bath-tub next morning, and it was cruel cold when, long before sun-up, the coach renewed its journey. A long heavy stage in the shingle bed of the Bealey river, where we saw the wreck of a coach that had been caught in a freshet and whirled down a few miles ere it had brought up, led to a steep climb on to a bare saddle whose summit was the highest point of the journey. Then followed the abrupt tortuous descent into the dismal Gehenna of the Otara gorge.

I remember nothing so weird. Whatever lay before us beyond the summit of the saddle lay unrevealed and mysterious in a veil of dense white mist. Into this vagueness we plunged

at a gallop, whirling with startlingly sharp twists down a steep zigzag. From out the hidden mist-wrapped depths rose an ominous roaring turmoil. There were fleeting glimpses of sheer precipice, its lip just grazed by the coach-wheels. Down and yet down, till in a sudden wheel, one looked dizzily over the edge to see white water tearing and struggling far below. Then cataracts dashed from the rocks above us sheer down into the water below us, leaving road and the wayfarers on it dry behind their feathery spray that sparkled in the early sun which was fighting with the fog. Stretches of road down in the gorge here were laid on tree trunks that bridged the spaces from projection to projection. Places were worn to a slant by the torrents that battled and foamed their way across the track, and here and there the outer edge of the road crumbled and gave under the coach wheels. One final sharp wriggle, we had darted across a wooden bridge hanging above the foaming torrent; and then the Otara gorge was behind us, and we were pulling up outside the lonely breakfast house. We were in Westland.

A few miles further, and we were in the "twelve mile avenue." Surely there is no avenue under the sun to compare with this wondrous natural arcade! High overhead the tall pines interlace their dark green branches, their sombre stiffness diversified by the tenderer tint of beech leaves and by the long graceful pendulous sprays of the weeping birches. This is the roof of this glorious aisle of nature's cathedral; but of it, and of the sunlight struggling down through it, you catch mere glimpses. For the aisle has a lower roofing of green lace. The avenue is lined by the boles of tree-ferns, up whose brown bark the delicate ivy and the flowering creepers twine; and the arching fern fronds, springing gracefully in wide curves from each stem-top, meet and interweave droopingly overhead. In this fairy avenue it is always cool and shady. There is ever the sound of lazily dripping water from some hidden rill percolating through the lavish tangled undergrowth. The greenery oppresses you with no sense of monotony. For clambering out on every branch, and clinging to every frond stem, the creeping rata expands its wild wealth of crimson blossoms. If there be a break in the avenue for an instant, there is a glimpse of the mountain face opposite, its lower slopes hazily purple with the flush of rhododendron blossom; higher up the cold blue glacier, and above everything, towering into the azure sky, the fantastic snowy peaks. This avenue is simply a dream of beauty twelve miles long. Were there no pink terraces in New Zealand, were there no Sydney Harbour, with its lovely picturesque indentations, were there no Mount Macedon in Victoria, no Blue Mountains in New South Wales, no Mount Lofty in South Australia, no Hawkesbury, no Fitzroy, no water-sheen from Rangitoto, no Sounds between Nelson and Picton more picturesque than any Norwegian fjord, were there no more scrap of scenery in all the Australasias, the soft mystic beauty of this avenue would repay the pains of a journey across the world.

But it is not yet—at the end of the "twelve miles avenue" where Doughtown is to be found. Emerging from the avenue the coach has to ford the Takamakow river. Even in the quietest time this is no easy feat, for the boulders in the river bed are big and shifting, and the deep current flows swift. This river comes down in the most strangely sudden freshets. It is told of a flock of sheep that it was driven from Canterbury to Westland without crossing the Takamakow. That happened thus. At night the shepherd drove his flock across an old dry bed of the stream on to a grassy patch that had once been an island. There was rain during the night up in the mountains. In the morning when the shepherd went on with intent to ford the river, he found no river to ford, only a bed in which some pools still lingered. While he slept the river had come down in flood, and carved its way back into the old bed! From the Takamakow the coach whirls on through the Kumara mining township, and beyond through others till it reaches its destination, in moist, quiet, sleepy Hokitika.

The day after a lecture night in Hōkitika, on which occasion necessity compelled the use of a "property" monument as a reading desk, the cover of which of course fell off at the most enthralling passage, and disclosed, amid the cheers of the audience, an inscription which described the monument as "sacred to the memory of the sainted Maria," some friends were kind enough to drive me out to look at the "Humphrey's Gully" gold mining claim. It was a pleasant drive, through picturesque country, in which nestled quaint mining hamlets that already had taken on a strangely old world aspect. Everywhere were ferns such as would have given ecstasies to a British fancier; and over the fern-verdure waved the tall sombre pines. A broad placid river flowed gently down to the sea, margined by paddocks whose grass had the greenness of the old country. And above the flowing

water, clinging on the slopes between the river-meadows and the ferns, there were pretty picturesque cottages over whose porches and gables trailed the roses and honeysuckles. About ten miles from Hokitika we pulled up at a lone public-house where we were to leave the vehicle; for the rest of the way to where Humphrey's nozzle played on the "face" of his Gully was to be done only on foot, and not very easily thus, as I had occasion to discover.

As we halted, there emerged from the bar of the public-house, a man. He wore the long boots and the woollen jumper of a miner, but he had accentuated his mission by accoutring himself with a tall hat considerably the worse for wear. This article of attire he took off, and deliberately set down on the stoop under the public-house veranda. From its depths he produced a voluminous blue pocket handkerchief which he used with effusion and replaced. Then he accosted the inmates of the vehicle.

He set forth, using grotesquely the longest words he could unearth, that he was a delegate from Doughtown, which he explained was across the swamp and beyond the ridge. Doughtown had heard that I was being brought out to visit Humphrey's Gully, and had sent its representative to beg with all respect, but with vehement urgency, that I should pay a visit to Doughtown, and favour the inhabitants of that camp with a lecture. It was a young and sequestered place, was Doughtown, he explained; still chiefly in the canvas stage of development. He had been appointed town clerk in advance of the town; and he spoke therefore with some official position. If I consented, he would immediately return to Doughtown with the news, whereupon a deputation should betake itself to where we now were, to await our return from Humphrey's Gully, and escort me across to Doughtown in worthy and seemly fashion.

There was only one reply possible to so flattering a request. The delegate reinstated his hat, and diffidently offered to "shout" for drinks round; he was told, he explained, to spare no expense, only he wished to avoid seeming presumptuous. We walked on into the Gully; he started across the swamp for Doughtown. Of the Gully I will only say that it was very rugged, very slippery, and not a little damp. But even in the remote recesses of Humphrey's Gully, civilisation was justified of her children. We had "afternoon tea" with a miner's wife in a shanty whose canvas walls were lined with pictures from the *Illustrated News* and *Graphic*. The good lady had some children, but professed concern about her eldest son, a live youth of twelve. She could not get him to mind his books, for there was no minute of any day that he did not spend in assiduous prospecting. The young gentleman took me aside later on, and tried to open a negotiation in relation to a claim which he averred would beat the Humphrey's Gully into fits.

As we appoached "Webster's Corner," on the return journey, the Doughtown deputation were visible, lounging under the verandah. We were greeted with a cheer as we drove up, and every member of it, duly introduced by the "town clerk," who by this time was himself rather limp although his tall hat retained its aggressive stiffness, solemnly shook hands. They were a fine manly-like set of fellows, those Doughtown men; strapping, upright, bearded, with heads well up, and frank honest eyes. The speech bewrayed that most of them were Scots. They had a final drink round, and then we set out for the two miles' trudge to Doughtown. There was no cart road to that place, and no wheeled vehicle had ever been nearer it than "Webster's." The "town clerk" hilariously led the way; we followed in a posse; and a lone man in the rear trudged with a big stone jar slung by a strap over his shoulder. When we got into the swamp, the miners insisted on carrying me on a "king's cushion." With interclasped hands two abreast made a sort of seat on which I sat with an arm round the neck of each of my bearers. I was not in robust health, and they had somehow come to know this: they all but resorted to physical force to ensconce me in the living chair in which I sat. Then we climbed a low green-ridge, and lo, Doughtown lay at our feet.

As regards looks, Doughtown had no great pretensions. There was a higgledy-piggeldy of tents and shanties among the stumps, and all around was the oozy stunted sour-looking forest. Some holes there were, and hillocks of sweaty soil, and here and there a "whim," and yonder a windlass with a bucket close up to the cross-bar. The population, numbering about two hundred able-bodied men, a good many women, and a large assortment of children, had clustered in the foreground, and welcomed our appearance in the distance with vehement cheering and a desultory gunfire. A few flags waved in the damp languid wind. As we drew near, Doughtown came out to meet us. A grey-bearded man was in advance; him the "town clerk" introduced under the high-sounding title of

"the reeve of Doughtown." Then with indiscriminate hand-shaking we passed on, until the reeve halted in front of a central shanty which I assumed was the Guildhall and Mansion House of Doughtown all in one. We—my Hokitika friends had accompanied me—were invited inside, where the brown jar made good its appearance, and where, after formal introduction to the conscript fathers, the health was enthusiastically drunk of the person whom the worthy reeve was so good as to call "our distinguished visitor." After those preliminaries, the formal business commenced on the stoop outside.

Modesty needs that I bury in oblivion the flattering expressions which his worship permitted himself in introducing me to the Doughtown audience. It was necessary for me to explain that having been taken by surprise, I could only speak from memory. But the excellent folks of Doughtown were not exacting. Any pause that occurred from a lapse in ready words they filled up with applause. One longer interval than usual they melodiously utilised by singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," right through to the bitter end. When I had made an end of speaking, "God save the Queen" was sung, partly as a finale, partly as introduction to the speeches in which a vote of thanks was proposed. Then it became time for us to go. But I must not go empty-handed as it seemed.

I had noticed the "town clerk" with his hat in his hand, dodging about among the audience, standing there out in the open. Presently he came up on to the stoop and whispered to the reeve. That civic chief spread his red cotton handkerchief on the table which had been brought outside, and the "town clerk" emptied into the handkerchief the contents of his hat. It was a curious collection. There was a sovereign, several half sovereigns, one threepenny piece at least, and quite a number of little nuggets. And this miscellaneous assortment of metal the reeve announced was Doughtown's contribution in requital of my lecture. He wished, said he, he was sure all wished, that the collection had been four times as lavish, but "things," he explained, "are just now rather quiet with us." Of course I could not take the offering—that was out of the question. I declined with some expression of full satisfaction in the compliment that had been paid to me, the pleasant memory of which any recompense would utterly mar. I picked out a small nugget which I would have set in a shirt pin as a souvenir, and concluded by wishing success to Doughtown.

But the authorities were obviously not fully satisfied with this arrangement. There was a consultation between the reeve and the "town clerk." The latter went inside, and came back with a small packet which he handed to his worship. Then his worship commanded silence, and spoke thus:—

"Sir, to-day will be memorable in Doughtown annals. It marks the first step in Doughtown's intellectual career. You, sir, have come among us. We are a remote community, but we have energy, perseverance and industry. You can tell the old country when you go back to it, that in becoming New Zealand colonists, we have not ceased to be Britons. You have heard us, sir, sing 'God Save the Queen,' and that with us, sir, was no unmeaning chant; it came from out our very hearts. We are a peaceful folk. You have described battles to us, and I am sure you had no listener who was not glad that his lot has not been cast in such scenes. But there is no man of us who would not brave all the dangers and horrors you told us of, on behalf of queen and country. You will do us a good turn if you will let that be known at home. And, sir, you decline to take any recompense for the trouble you have given yourself this day on our account. But we may beg of you to take away with you such a souvenir as may give you an interest in the fortunes of Doughtown. Some of our citizens have just united their mining interests into a company, the prospects of which, it is true, are still in embryo, but in which we allow ourselves firmly to believe. I hold in my hand, sir, the scrip of two hundred shares in the 'Doughtown United Gold Mining Company, Limited,' and of that scrip, sir, in the name of the community of Doughtown, I respectfully request your acceptance. For the present you will find it unsaleable at any price; but the time may come, sir, when, in the words of Dr. Johnson, it may 'enrich you beyond the dreams of avarice.' Your acceptance, sir, will give Doughtown a fresh incentive to make the enterprise a success!"

I took the scrip. One share I have pasted into my album as a souvenir. The rest I do not care particularly about holding. The rumour of an imminent call has reached me. Perhaps I should mention that there is a liability of fifteen shillings on each share. The worthy reeve did not mention this petty circumstance, and of course I could not look the gift-horse in the mouth. Are there any applicants then for 199 shares of the "Doughtown United"?

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

BAB.

I.

HER STORY.

"CLARE," I said, "I wish that we had brought some better clothes, if it were only one frock. You look the oddest figure."

And she did. She was lying head to head with me on the thick moss that clothed one part of the river bank above Breistolen near the Sogn Fiord. We were staying at Breistolen, but there was no moss thereabouts, nor in all the Sogn district, I often thought, so deep and soft, and so dazzling orange and white and crimson as that particular patch. It lay quite high upon the hills, and there were great grey boulders peeping through the moss here and there, very fit to break your legs if you were careless. Little more than a mile higher up was the watershed, where our river, putting away with reluctance a first thought of going down the farther slope towards Bysberg, parted from its twin brother who was thither bound with scores upon scores of puny green-backed fishlets; and instead, came down our side gliding and swishing and swirling faster and faster, and deeper and wider every hundred yards to Breistolen, full of red-speckled yellow trout all half-a-pound apiece, and very good to eat.

But they were not so sweet or toothsome to our girlish tastes as the tawny-orange cloudberries which Clare and I were eating as we lay. So busy was she with the luscious pile we had gathered that I had to wait for an answer. And then, "Speak for yourself," she said. "I'm sure you look like a short-coated baby. He is somewhere up the river too." Munch, munch, munch!

"Who is, you impertinent, greedy little chit?"

"Oh, you know," she answered. "Don't you wish you had your grey plush here, Bab?"

I flung a look of calm disdain at her; but whether it was the berry juice which stained our faces that took from its effect, or the free mountain air which papa says saps the foundations of despotism, that made her callous, at any rate she only laughed scornfully and got up and went off down the stream with her rod, leaving me to finish the cloud-berries, and stare lazily up at the snow patches on the hillside—which somehow put me in mind of the grey plush—and follow or not as I liked.

Clare has a wicked story of how I gave in to papa, and came to start without anything but those rough clothes. She says he said—and Jack Buchanan has told me that lawyers put no faith in anything that he says she says, or she says he says, which proves how much truth there is in this—that if Bab took none but her oldest clothes, and fished all day and had no one to run upon her errands—he meant Jack and the others, I suppose—she might possibly grow an inch in Norway. Just as if I wanted to grow an inch! An inch indeed! I am five feet one and a half high, and papa, who puts me an inch shorter, is the worst measurer in the world. As for Miss Clare, she would give all her inches for my eyes. So there!

After Clare left it began to be dull and chilly. When I had pictured to myself how nice it would be to dress for dinner again, and chosen the frock I would wear upon the first evening, I grew tired of the snow patches, and started up stream, stumbling and falling into holes, and clambering over rocks, and only careful to save my rod and my face. It was no occasion for the grey plush, but I had made up my mind to reach a pool which lay, I knew, a little above me, having filched a yellow-bodied fly from Clare's hat with a view to that particular place.

Our river did the oddest things hereabouts —pleased to be so young, I suppose. It was not a great churning stream of snow water foaming and milky, such as we had seen in some parts, streams that affected to be always in flood, and had the look of forcing the rocks asunder and clearing their path even while you watched them with your fingers in your ears. Our river was none of these: still it was swifter than English rivers are wont to be, and in parts deeper, and transparent as glass. In one place it would sweep over a ledge and fall wreathed in spray into a spreading lake of black, rock-bound water. Then it would narrow again until, where you could almost jump across, it darted smooth and unbroken down a polished shoot with a swoop like a swallow's. Out of this it would hurry afresh to brawl along a gravelly bed, skipping jauntily over first one and then another ridge of stones that had silted up weir-wise and made as if they would bar the channel. Under the lee of these there were lovely pools.

To be able to throw into mine, I had to walk out along the ridge on which the water was shallow, yet sufficiently deep to cover my boots. But I was well rewarded. The "forellin"—the Norse name for trout, and as pretty as their girls' wavy fair hair—were rising so merrily that I hooked and landed one in five minutes, the fly falling from its mouth as it touched the stones. I hate taking out hooks. I used at one time to leave the fly in the fish's mouth to be removed by papa at the weighing house; until Clare pricked her tongue at dinner with an almost new, red tackle, and was so mean as to keep it, though I remembered then what I had done with it, and was certain it was mine—which was nothing less than dishonest of her.

I had just got back to my place and made a fine cast, when there came—not the leap, and splash, and tug which announced the half-pounder—but a deep, rich gurgle as the fly was gently sucked under, and then a quiet, growing strain upon the line which began to move away down the pool in a way that made the winch spin again and filled me with mysterious pleasure. I was not conscious of striking or of anything but that I had hooked a really good fish, and I clutched the rod with both hands and set my feet as tightly as I could upon the slippery gravel. The line moved up and down, and this way and that, now steadily and as with a purpose, and then again with an eccentric rush that made the top of the rod spring and bend so that I looked for it to snap each moment. My hands began to grow numb, and the landing-net, hitherto an ornament, fell out of my waist-belt and went I knew not whither. I suppose I must have stepped unwittingly into deeper water, for I felt that my skirts were afloat, and altogether things were going dreadfully against me, when the presence of an ally close at hand was announced by a cheery shout from the far side of the river.

"Keep up your point! Keep up your point!" some one cried briskly. "That is better!"

The unexpected sound—it was a man's voice—did something to keep my heart up. But for answer I could only shriek, "I can't! It will break!" watching the top of my rod as it jigged up and down, very much in the fashion of Clare performing what she calls a waltz. She dances as badly as a man.

"No, it will not," he cried back, bluntly. "Keep it up, and let out a little line with your fingers when he pulls hardest."

We were forced to shout and scream. The wind had risen and was adding to the noise of the water. Soon I heard him wading behind me. "Where's your landing net?" he asked, with the most provoking coolness.

"Oh, in the pool! Somewhere about. I am sure I don't know," I answered, wildly.

What he said to this I could not catch, but it sounded rude. And then he waded off to fetch, as I guessed, his own net. By the time he reached me again I was in a sad plight, feet like ice, and hands benumbed, while the wind, and rain, and hail, which had come down upon us with a sudden violence, unknown, it is to be hoped, anywhere else, were mottling my face all sorts of unbecoming colours. But the line was taut. And wet and cold went for nothing five minutes later, when the fish lay upon the bank, its prismatic sides slowly turning pale and dull, and I knelt over it half in pity and half in triumph, but wholly forgetful of the wind and rain.

"You did that very pluckily, little one," said the on-looker; "but I am afraid you will suffer for it by and by. You must be chilled through."

Quickly as I looked up at him, I only met a good-humoured smile. He did not mean to be rude. And after all, when I was in such a mess it was not possible that he could see what I was like. He was wet enough himself. The rain was streaming from the brim of the soft hat which he had turned down to shelter his face, and trickling from his chin, and turning his shabby Norfolk jacket a darker shade. As for his hands, they looked red and knuckly enough, and he had been wading almost to his waist. But he looked,

I don't know why, all the stronger and manlier and nicer for these things, because, perhaps, he cared for them not one whit. What I looked like myself I dared not think. My skirts were as short as short could be, and they were soaked: most of my hair was unplaited, my gloves were split, and my sodden boots were out of shape. I was forced, too, to shiver and shake from cold; which was provoking, for I knew it made me seem half as small again.

"Thank you, I am a little cold, Mr.——, Mr.——," I said, grave, only my teeth would chatter so that he laughed outright as he took me up with—

"Herapath. And to whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"I am Miss Guest," I said, miserably. It was too cold to be frigid to advantage.

"Commonly called Bab, I think," the wretch answered. "The walls of our hut are not sound-proof, you see. But come, the sooner you get back to dry clothes and the stove, the better, Bab. You can cross the river just below, and cut off half-a-mile that way."

"I can't," I said, obstinately. Bab, indeed! How dared he?

"Oh yes, you can," with intolerable good-temper. "You shall take your rod and I the prey. You cannot be wetter than you are now."

He had his way, of course, since I did not foresee that at the ford he would lift me up bodily and carry me over the deeper part without a pretence of asking leave, or a word of apology. It was done so quickly that I had no time to remonstrate. Still I was not going to let it pass, and when I had shaken myself straight again, I said, with all the haughtiness I could assume, "Don't you think, Mr. Herapath, that it would have been more—more—"

"Polite to offer to carry you over, child? No, not at all. It will be wiser and warmer for you to run down the hill. Come along!"

And without more ado, while I was still choking with rage, he seized my hands and set off at a trot, lugging me through the sloppy places much as I have seen a nurse drag a fractious child down Constitution Hill. It was not wonderful that I soon lost the little breath his speech had left me, and was powerless to complain when we reached the bridge. I could only thank heaven that there was no sign of Clare. I think I should have died of mortification if she had seen us come down the hill hand-in-hand in that ridiculous fashion. But she had gone home, and at any rate I escaped that degradation.

A wet stool-car and wetter pony were dimly visible on the bridge; to which, as we came up, a damp urchin creeping from some crevice added himself. I was pushed in as if I had no will of my own, the gentleman sprang up beside me, the boy tucked himself away somewhere behind, and the little "teste" sat off at a canter, so deceived by the driver's excellent imitation of "Pss," the Norse for "Tchk," that in ten minutes we were at home.

"Well, I never!" Clare said, surveying me from a respectful distance, when at last I was safe in our room. "I would not be seen in such a state by a man for all the fish in the sea!"

And she looked so tall, and trim, and neat, that it was the more provoking. At the moment I was too miserable to answer her, and had to find comfort in promising myself, that when we were back in Bolton Gardens I would see that Fraulein kept Miss Clare's pretty nose to the grindstone though it were ever so much her last term, or Jack were ever so fond of her. Papa was in the plot against me, too. What right had he to thank Mr. Herapath for bringing "his little girl" home safe? He can be pompous enough at times. I never knew a stout Queen's Counsel—and papa is stout—who was not, any more than a thin one, who did not contradict. It is in their patents, I think.

Mr. Herapath dined with us that evening—if fish and potatoes and boiled eggs, and sour bread and pancakes, and claret and coffee can be called a dinner—but nothing I could do, though I made the best of my wretched frock and was as stiff as Clare herself, could alter his first impression. It was too bad: he had no eyes! He either could not or would not see any one but the draggled Bab—fifteen at most and a very tom-boy—whom he had carried across the river. He styled Clare, who talked Baedeker to him in her primmest and most precocious way, Miss Guest, and once at least during the evening dubbed me plain Bab. I tried to freeze him with a look then, and papa gave him a taste of the pompous manner, saying coldly that I was older than I seemed. But it was not a bit of use: I could see that he set it all down to the grand airs of a spoiled child. If I had put my hair up, it might have opened his eyes, but Clare teased me about it and I was too proud for that.

When I asked him if he was fond of dancing, he said good-naturedly, "I don't

visit very much, Miss Bab. I am generally engaged in the evening."

Here was a chance. I was going to say that that no doubt was the reason why I had never met him, when papa ruthlessly cut me short by asking, "You are not in the law?"

"No," he replied. "I am in the London Fire Brigade."

I think that we all upon the instant saw him in a helmet sitting at the door of the fire station by St. Martin's Church. Clare turned crimson and papa seemed on a sudden to call his patent to mind. The moment before I had been as angry as angry could be with our guest, but I was not going to look on and see him snubbed when he was dining with us and all. So I rushed into the gap as quickly as surprise would let me with "Good gracious, how nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

It made matters—my matters—worse, for I could have cried with vexation when I read in his face next moment that he had looked for their astonishment; while the ungrateful fellow set down my eager remark to mere childish ignorance.

"Some time I will," he said with a quiet smile *de haut en bas*; "but I do not often attend one in person. I am Captain ——'s private secretary, aide-de-camp, and general factotum."

And it turned out that he was the son of a certain Canon Herapath, so that papa lost sight of his patent box altogether, and they set to discussing Mr. Gladstone, while I slipped off to bed feeling as small as I ever did in my life and out of temper with everybody. It was a long time since I had been used to young men talking politics to papa, when they could talk—politics—to me.

Possibly I deserved the week of vexation which followed; but it was almost more than I could bear. He—Mr. Herapath, of course—was always about fishing or lounging outside the little white posting-house, taking walks and meals with us, and seeming heartily to enjoy papa's society. He came with us when we drove to the top of the pass to get a glimpse of the Sulethid peak; and it looked so brilliantly clear and softly beautiful as it seemed to float, just tinged with colour, in a far-off atmosphere of its own beyond the dark ranges of nearer hills, that I began to think at once of the drawing-room in Bolton Gardens with a cosy fire burning, and afternoon tea coming up. The tears came into my eyes, and he saw them before I could turn away from the view; and said to papa that he feared his little girl was tired as well as cold—and so spoiled all my pleasure. I looked back afterwards as papa and I drove down: he was walking by Clare's carcole and they were laughing heartily.

And that was the way always. He was such an elder brother to me—a thing I never had and do not want—that a dozen times a day I set my teeth viciously together and said to myself that if ever we met in London—but what nonsense that was, because, of course, it mattered nothing to me what he was thinking, only he had no right to be so rudely familiar. That was all; but it was quite enough to make me dislike him.

However, a sunny morning in the holidays is a cheerful thing, and when I strolled down stream with my rod on the day after our expedition, I felt I could enjoy myself very nearly as much as I had before his coming spoiled our party. I dawdled along, now trying a pool, now clambering up the hill sides to pick raspberries, and now counting the magpies that flew across, feeling altogether very placid and good and contented. I had chosen the lower river because Mr. Herapath usually fished the upper part, and I would not be ruffled this nice day. So I was the more vexed to come suddenly upon him fishing; and fishing where he had no right to be. Papa had spoken to him about the danger of it, and he had as good as said he would not do it again. Yet there he was, thinking, I dare say, that we should not know. It was a spot where one bank rose into quite a cliff, frowning over a deep pool at the foot of some falls. Close to the cliff the water still ran with the speed of a mill-race, so fast as to endanger a good swimmer. But on the far side of this current there was a bit of slack water which was tempting enough to have set some one's wits to work to devise means to fish it, which from the top of the cliff was impossible. Just above the water was a ledge, a foot wide, perhaps, which might have done only it did not reach to this end of the cliff. However, that foolhardy person had espied this, and got over the gap by bridging the latter with a bit of plank, and then had drowned himself or gone away, in either case leaving his board to tempt others to do likewise.

And there was Mr. Herapath fishing from the ledge. It made me giddy to look at him. The rock overhung the water so much that he could not stand upright; the first person who got there must surely have learned to curl himself up from much sleeping in Norwegian beds, which were short for me. I thought of this oddly enough as I watched him, and laughed, and was for going on. But when I

had walked a few yards, meaning to pass round the rear of the cliff, I began to fancy all sorts of foolish things would happen. I felt sure that I should have no more peace or pleasure if I left him there. I hesitated. Yes, I would. I would go down, and ask him to leave the place; and, of course, he would do it.

I lost no time, but ran down the slope smartly and carelessly. My way lay over loose shale mingled with large stones, and it was steep. It is wonderful how quickly an accident happens; how swiftly a thing that cannot be undone is done, and we are left wishing—oh, so vainly—that we could put the world, and all things in it, back by a few seconds. I was checking myself near the bottom, when a big stone on which I stepped moved under me. The shale began to slip in a mass, and the stone to roll. It was all done in a moment. I stayed myself, that was easy enough, but the stone took two bounds, jumped sideways, struck the piece of board which was only resting lightly at either end, and before I could take it all in the little bridge plunged end first into the current, which swept it out of sight in an instant.

He threw up his hands in affright, for he had turned, and we both saw it happen. He made indeed as if he would try to save it, but that was impossible; and then, while I cowered in dismay, he waved his arm to me in the direction of home—again and again. The roar of the falls drowned what he said, but I guessed his meaning. I could not help him myself, but I could fetch help. It was three miles to Breistolen, rough rocky ones, and I doubted whether he could keep his cramped position with that noise deafening him, and the endless whirling stream before his eyes, while I was going and coming. But there was no better way I could think of; and even as I wavered, he signalled to me again imperatively. For an instant everything seemed to go round with me, but it was not the time for that yet, and I tried to collect myself, and harden my heart. Up the bank I went steadily, and once at the top set off at a run homewards.

I cannot tell at all how I did it; how I passed over the uneven ground, or whether I went quickly or slowly save by the reckoning papa made afterwards. I can only remember one long hurrying scramble; now I panted uphill, now I ran down, now I was on my face in a hole, breathless and half-stunned, and now I was up to my knees in water. I slipped and dropped down places I should at other times have shrunk from, and hurt myself so that I bore the marks for months. But I thought nothing of these things: all my being was spent in hurrying on for his life, the clamour of every cataract I passed seeming to stop my heart's beating with very fear. So I reached Breistolen and panted over the bridge and up to the little white house lying so quiet in the afternoon sunshine, papa's stool-car even then at the door ready to take him to some favourite pool. Somehow I made him understand in broken words that Herapath was in danger, drowning already, for all I knew, and then I seized a great pole which was leaning against the porch, and climbed into the car. Papa was not slow either; he snatched a coil of rope from the luggage, and away we went, a man and boy whom he had hastily called running behind us. We had lost very little time, but so much may happen in so little time.

We were forced to leave the car a quarter of a mile from that part of the river, and walk or run the rest of the way. We all ran, even papa, as I had never known him run before. My heart sank at the groan he let escape him when I pointed out the spot. We came to it one by one and we all looked. The ledge was empty. Jem Herapeth was gone. I suppose it startled me. At any rate I could only look at the water in a dazed way, and cry quietly without much feeling that it was my doing; while the men shouting to one another in strange hushed voices searched about for any sign of his fate—"Jem! Jem Herapeth!" So he had written his name only yesterday in the travellers' book at the posting-house, and I had sullenly watched him from the window, and then had sneaked to the book and read it. That was yesterday, and now! Oh, Jem, to hear you say "Bab" once more!

"Bab! Why, Miss Bab, what is the matter?"

Safe and sound! Yes, there he was when I turned, safe, and strong, and cool, rod in hand, and a quiet smile in his eyes. Just as I had seen him yesterday, and thought never to see him again; and saying "Bab" exactly as of old, so that something in my throat—it may have been anger at his rudeness, but I do not think it was—prevented me saying a word until all the others came round us, and a babel of Norse and English, and something that was neither, yet both, set in.

"But how is this?" objected my father when he could be heard, "you are quite dry, my boy?"

"Dry! Why not, sir? For goodness sake, what is the matter?"

"The matter! Didn't you fall in, or something of the kind?" papa asked, bewildered by this new aspect of the case.

"It does not look like it, does it? Your daughter gave me a very uncomfortable start by nearly doing so."

Every one looked at him for an explanation. "How did you manage to get from the ledge?" I said feebly. Where was the mistake? I had not dreamed it.

"From the ledge? Why by the other end to be sure, so that I had to walk back round the hill. Still I did not mind for I was thankful that it was the plank and not you that fell in.

"I—I thought—you could not get from the ledge," I muttered. The possibility of getting off at the other end had never occurred to me, and so I had made such a simpleton of myself. It was too absurd, too ridiculous. It was no wonder that they all screamed with laughter at the fool's errand they had come upon, and stamped about and clung to one another. But when *he* laughed too—and he did until the tears came into his eyes—there was not an ache or pain in my body—and I had cut my wrist to the bone against a splinter of rock—that hurt me one-half as much. Surely *he* might have seen another side to it. But he did not; and so I managed to hide my bandaged wrist from him, and papa drove me home. There I broke down entirely, and Clare put me to bed, and petted me, and was very good to me. And when I came down next day, with an ache in every part of me, he was gone.

"He asked me to tell you," said Clare, not looking up from the fly she was tying at the window, "that he thought you were the bravest girl he had ever met."

So he understood now, when others had explained it to him. "No, Clare," I said coldly, "he did not say that exactly; he said 'the bravest little girl.'" For indeed, lying up stairs with the window open I had heard him set off on his long drive to Laerdalsören. As for papa he was half-proud and half-ashamed of my foolishness, and wholly at a loss to think how I could have made the mistake.

"You've generally some common-sense, my dear," he said that day at dinner, "and how in the world you could have been so ready to fancy the man was in danger, I—can—not—imagine!"

"Papa," put in Clare, suddenly, "your elbow is upsetting the salt."

And as I had to move my seat just then to avoid the glare of the stove which was falling on my face, we never thought it out.

II.

HIS STORY.

I WAS not dining out much at that time, partly because my acquaintance in town was limited, and something too because I cared little for it. But these were pleasant people, the old gentleman witty and amusing, the children, lively girls, nice to look at and good to talk with. The party had too a holiday flavour about them wholesome to recall in Scotland Yard: and as I had thought, play-time over, I should see no more of them, I was proportionately pleased to find that Mr. Guest had not forgotten me, and pleased also—shrewdly expecting that we might kill our fish over again—to regard his invitation to dinner at a quarter-to-eight as a royal command.

But if I took it so, I was sadly wanting in the regal courtesy to match. What with one delay owing to work that would admit of none, and another caused by a cabman strange to the ways of town, it was twenty-five minutes after the hour named, when I reached Bolton Gardens. A stately man, so like the Queen's Counsel, that it was plain upon whom the latter modelled himself, ushered me straight into the dining-room, where Guest greeted me very kindly, and met my excuses by apologies on his part—for preferring, I suppose, the comfort of eleven people to mine. Then he took me down the table, and said, "My daughter," and Miss Guest shook hands with me and pointed to the chair at her left. I had still, as I unfolded my napkin, to say "Clear, if you please," and then I was free to turn and apologise to her, being a little shy, and, as I have said, a somewhat infrequent diner out.

I think that I never saw so remarkable a likeness—to her younger sister—in my life. She might have been little Bab herself, but for her dress and some striking differences. Miss Guest could not be more than eighteen, in form almost as fairy-like as the little one, with the same child-like, innocent look on her face. She had the big, grey eyes, too, that were so charming in Bab; but in her they were more soft and tender and thoughtful, and a thousand times more charming. Her hair too was brown and wavy: only, instead of hanging loose or in a pig-tail anywhere and anyhow in a fashion I well remembered, it was coiled in a coronal on the shapely little head, that was so Greek, and in its gracious, stately, old-fashioned pose, so unlike Bab's. Her dress, of some creamy,

gauzy stuff, revealed the prettiest white throat in the world, and arms decked in pearls, and, so far, no more recalled my little fishing-mate than the sedate self-possession and assured dignity of this girl, as she talked to her other neighbour, suggested Bab making pancakes and chattering with the landlady's children in her strangely and wonderfully acquired Norse. It was not Bab in fact: and yet it almost might have been: an etherealised, queenly, womanly Bab. Who presently turned to me—

"Have you quite settled down after your holiday?" she asked, staying the apologies I was for pouring into her ear.

"I had until this evening, but the sight of your father is like a breath of fiord air. I hope your sisters are well."

"My sisters?" she murmured wonderingly, her fork half-way to her pretty mouth and her attitude one of questioning.

"Yes," I said, rather puzzled. "You know they were with your father when I had the good fortune to meet him. Miss Clare and Bab."

"Eh?" dropping her fork on the plate with a great clatter.

"Yes, Miss Guest, Miss Clare and Miss Bab."

I really began to feel uncomfortable. Her colour rose, and she looked me in the face in a half-proud, half-fearful way as if she resented the inquiry. It was a relief to me, when, with some show of confusion, she at length stammered, "Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, of course they were! How very foolish of me. They are quite well, thank you," and so was silent again. But I understood now. Mr. Guest had omitted to mention my name, and she had taken me for some one else of whose holiday she knew. I gathered from the aspect of the table and the room that the Guests saw a good deal of company, and it was a very natural mistake, though by the grave look she bent upon her plate it was clear that the young hostess was taking herself to task for it: not without, if I might judge from the lurking smile at the corners of her mouth, a humorous sense of the slip, and perhaps of the difference between myself and the gentleman whose part I had been unwittingly supporting. Meanwhile I had a chance of looking at her unchecked; and thought of Dresden china, she was so frail and pretty.

"You were nearly drowned, or something of the kind, were you not?" she asked, after an interval during which we had both talked to others.

"Well, not precisely. Your sister fancied I was in danger, and behaved in the pluckiest manner—so bravely that I can almost feel sorry that the danger was not there to dignify her heroism."

"That was like her," she answered in a tone just a little scornful. "You must have thought her a terrible tomboy."

While she was speaking there came one of those dreadful lulls in the talk, and Mr. Guest overhearing, cried, "Who is that you are abusing, my dear? Let us all share in the sport. If it's Clare, I think I can name one who is a far worse hoyden upon occasion."

"It is no one of whom you have ever heard, papa," she answered, archly. "It is a person in whom Mr.—Mr. Herapath—" I had murmured my name as she stumbled —"and I are interested. Now tell me did you not think so?" she murmured, graciously leaning the slightest bit towards me, and opening her eyes as they looked into mine in a way that to a man who had spent the day in a dusty room in Great Scotland Yard was sufficiently intoxicating.

"No," I said, lowering my voice in imitation of hers. "No, Miss Guest, I did not think so at all. I thought your sister a brave little thing, rather careless as children are apt to be, but likely to grow into a charming girl."

I wondered, marking how she bit her lip and refrained from assent, whether, impossible as it must seem to any one looking in her face, there might not be something of the shrew about my beautiful neighbour. Her tone when she spoke of her sister seemed to impart no great goodwill."

"So that is your opinion?" she said, after a pause. "Do you know," with a laughing glance, "that some people think I am like her."

"Yes?" I answered, gravely. "Well, I should be able to judge, who have seen you both and yet am not an old friend. And I think you are both like and unlike. Your sister has very beautiful eyes"—she lowered hers swiftly—"and hair like yours, but her manner and style were very different. I can no more fancy Bab in your place than I can picture you, Miss Guest, as I saw her for the first time—and on many after occasions," I added, laughing as much to cover my own hardihood as at the queer little figure I had conjured up.

"Thank you, Mr. Herapath," she replied, with coldness, though she had blushed darkly to her ears. "That I think must be enough of compliments, for to-night—as you are not an old friend." And she turned away, leaving me to curse my folly in saying so

much, when our acquaintance was as yet in the bud, and as susceptible to over-warmth as to a temperature below zero.

A moment later the ladies left us. The flush I had brought to her cheek still lingered there, as she swept past me with a wondrous show of dignity in one so young. Mr. Guest came down and took her place, and we talked of the "land of berries," and our adventures there, while the rest—older friends—listened indulgently or struck in from time to time with their own biggest fish and deadliest flies.

I used to wonder why women like to visit dusty chambers; why they get more joy—I am fain to think they do—out of a scrambling tea up three pairs of stairs in Pump Court, than from the very same materials—and comfort withal—in their own house. I imagine it is for the same reason that the bachelor finds a singular charm in a lady's drawing-room, and there, if anywhere, sees her with a reverent mind. A charm and a subservience which I felt to the full in the Guests' drawing-room — a room rich in subdued colours and a cunning blending of luxury and comfort. Yet it depressed me. I felt alone. Mr. Guest had passed on to others and I stood aside, the sense that I was not of these people troubling me in a manner as new as it was absurd: for I had been in the habit of rather despising "society." Miss Guest was at the piano, the centre of a circle of soft light, which showed up also a keen-faced, dark-whiskered man leaning over her with the air of one used to the position. Every one else was so fully engaged that I may have looked, as well as felt, forlorn, and meeting her eyes could have fancied she was regarding me with amusement—almost triumph. It must have been mere fancy, bred of self-consciousness, for the next moment she beckoned me to her, and said to her cavalier:

"There, Jack, Mr. Herapath is going to talk to me about Norway now, so that I don't want you any longer. Perhaps you won't mind stepping up to the schoolroom—Fraulein and Clare are there—and telling Clare, that —that—oh, anything."

There is no piece of ill-breeding so bad to my mind as for a man who is at home in a house to flaunt his favour in the face of other guests. That young lawyer's manner as he left her, and the smile of perfect intelligence which passed between them were such a breach of good manners as would have ruffled any one. They ruffled me—yes, me, although it was no concern of mine what she called him, or how he conducted himself—so that I could do nothing but stand by the piano and sulk. One bear makes another, you know.

She did not speak; and I, content to watch the slender hands stealing over the keys would not, until my eyes fell upon her right wrist. She had put off her bracelets and so disclosed a scar upon it, something about which—not its newness—so startled me that I said abruptly, "That is very strange! Pray tell me how you did it?"

She looked up, saw what I meant, and stopping hastily, put on her bracelets; to all appearance so vexed by my thoughtless question, and anxious to hide the mark, that I was quick to add humbly, "I asked because your sister hurt her wrist in nearly the same place on the day when she thought I was in trouble, and the coincidence struck me."

"Yes, I remember," looking at me I thought with a certain suspicion, as though she were not sure that I was giving the right motive. "I did this much in the same way. By falling, I mean. Isn't it a hateful disfigurement?"

No, it was no disfigurement. Even to her, with a woman's love of conquest it must have seemed anything but a disfigurement had she known what the quiet, awkward man at her side was thinking, who stood looking shyly at it and found no words to contradict her, though she asked him twice, and thought him stupid enough. A great longing to kiss that soft, scarred wrist was on me—and Miss Guest had added another to the number of her slaves. I don't know now why that little scar should have so touched me any more than I then could guess why, being a commonplace person, I should fall in love at first sight, and feel no surprise at my condition, but only a half consciousness (seeming fully to justify it) that in some former state of being I had met my love, and read her thoughts, and learned her moods; and come to know the bright womanly spirit that looked from her frank eyes as well as if she were an old, old friend. And so vivid was this sensation, that once or twice, then and afterwards, when I would meet her glance, another name than hers trembled on my tongue and passed away before I could shape it into sound.

After an interval, "Are you going to the Goldmace's dance!"

"No," I answered her, humbly. "I go out so little."

"Indeed," with an odd smile not too kindly; "I wish—no I don't—that we could say the same. We are engaged, I think—" she paused, her attention divided between

myself and Boccherini's minuet, the low strains of which she was sending through the room—"for every afternoon—this week—except Saturday. By the way, Mr. Herapath—do you remember what was the name—Bab told me you teased her with?"

"Wee bonnie Bab," I answered absently. My thoughts had gone forward to Saturday. We are always dropping to-day's substance for the shadow of to-morrow; like the dog—a dog was it not?—in the fable."

"Oh, yes, wee bonnie Bab," she murmured softly. "Poor Bab!" and suddenly cut short Boccherini's music and our chat by striking a terrific discord and laughing merrily at my start of discomfiture. Every one took it as a signal to leave. They all seemed to be going to meet her again next day, or the day after that; they engaged her for dances, and made up a party for the law courts, and tossed to and fro a score of laughing catch-words, that were beyond my comprehension. They all did this, except myself.

And yet I went away with something before me—that call upon Saturday afternoon. Quite unreasonably I fancied I should see her alone. And so when the day came and I stood outside the opening door of the drawing-room, and heard voices and laughter within, I was hurt and aggrieved beyond measure. There was quite a party, and a merry one, assembled, who were playing at some game as it seemed to me, for I caught sight of Clare whipping off an impromptu bandage from her eyes, and striving by her stiffest air to give the lie to a pair of flushed cheeks. The black-whiskered man was there, and two men of his kind, and a German governess, and a very old lady in a wheel-chair, who was called "grandmamma," and Miss Guest herself looking, in the prettiest dress of silvery plush, to the full as bright and fair and graceful as I had been picturing her each hour since we parted.

She dropped me a stately courtesy. "Will you play the part of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, Mr. Herapath, while I act honest Burchell, and say "Fudge!" or will you burn nuts and play games with neighbour Flamborough? You will join us, won't you? Clare does not so misbehave every day, only it is such a wet afternoon and so cold and wretched, and we did not think there would be any more callers—and tea will be up in five minutes."

She did not think there would be any more callers! Something in her smile belied the words and taught me that she had thought—she had known—that there would be one more caller—one who would burn nuts and play games with her, though Rome itself were afire, and Tooley Street and the Mile End Road to boot.

It was a simple game enough, and not likely, one would say, to afford much risk of that burning the fingers, which gave a zest to the Vicar of Wakefield's nuts. One sat in the middle blind-folded, while the rest disguised their own or assumed each other's voices, and spoke one by one some gibe or quip at his expense. When he succeeded in naming the speaker, the detected satirist put on the poke, and in his turn heard things good—if he had a conceit of himself—for his soul's health. Now this *rôle* unhappily soon fell to me, and proved a heavy one, because I was not so familiar with the other's voices as were the rest; and Miss Guest—whose faintest tones I thought to have known—had a wondrous knack of cheating me, now taking off Clare's voice, and now—after the door had been opened to admit the tea—her father's. So I failed again and again to earn my release. But when a voice behind me cried with well-feigned eagerness—

"How nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

Though no fresh creaking of the door had reached me, nor warning been given of an addition to the players, I had not the smallest doubt who was the speaker; but exclaimed at once, "That is Bab! Now I cry you mercy. I am right this time. That was Bab!"

I looked for a burst of applause and laughter, such as had before attended a good thrust home, but none came. On the contrary, with my words so odd a silence fell upon the room that it was clear that something was wrong, and I pulled off my handkerchief in haste, repeating, "That was Bab, I am sure."

But if it was, I could not see her. What had come over them all? Jack's face wore a provoking smile, and his friends were clearly bent upon sniggering. Clare looked horrified, and grandmamma gently tittilated, while Miss Guest, who had risen and half turned away towards the windows, seemed to be in a state of proud confusion. What was the matter?

"I beg every one's pardon by anticipation," I said, looking round in a bewildered way: "but have I said anything wrong?"

"Oh, dear no," cried the fellow they called Jack, with a familiarity that was in the worst taste—as if I had meant to apologise to him! "Most natural thing in the world!"

"Jack, how dare you?" exclaimed Miss Guest, stamping her foot.

"Well it seemed all right. It sounded very natural, I am sure."

"Oh, you are unbearable! Why don't you say something, Clare?"

"Mr. Herapath, I am sure that you did not know that my name was Barbara."

"Certainly not," I cried. "What a strange thing!"

"But it is, and that is why grandmamma is looking so shocked, and Mr. Buchanan is wearing threadbare an old friend's privilege of being rude. I freely forgive you if you will make allowance for him. And you shall come off the stool of repentance and have your tea first, since you are the greatest stranger. It is a stupid game after all!"

She would hear no apologies from me. And when I would have asked why her sister bore the same name, and thus excused myself, she was intent upon tea-making, and the few moments I could with decency add to my call gave me scant opportunity. I blush to think how I eked them out, by what subservience to Clare, by what a slavish anxiety to help even Jack to muffins—each piece I hoped might choke him. How slow I was to find hat and gloves, calling to mind with terrible vividness, as I turned my back upon the circle, that again and again in my experience, an acquaintance begun by a dinner, had ended with the consequent call. And so I should have gone—it might have been so here—but that the door-handle was stiff, and Miss Guest came to my aid, as I fumbled with it. "We are always at home on Saturdays, if you like to call, Mr. Herapath," she murmured carelessly, not lifting her eyes—and I found myself in the street.

So carelessly she said it, that with a sudden change of feeling I vowed I would not call. Why should I? Why should I worry myself with the sight of those other fellows parading their favour? With the babble of that society chit-chat, which I had so often scorned, and—and still scorned, and had no part or concern in. They were not people to suit me, or do me good. I would not go, I said, and repeated it firmly on Monday and Tuesday; on Wednesday only so far modified it that I thought at some distant time to leave a card—to avoid discourtesy;—on Friday preferred an earlier date as wiser and more polite, and on Saturday walked shame-faced down the street and knocked and rang, and went upstairs—to taste a pleasant misery. Yes, and on the next Saturday too, and the next, and the next; and that one on which we all went to the theatre, and that other one on which Mr. Guest kept me to dinner. Ay, and on other days that were not Saturdays, among which two stand high out of the waters of forgetfulness—high days indeed—days like twin pillars of Hercules, through which I thought to reach, as did the seamen of old, I knew not what treasures of unknown lands stretching away under the setting sun. First that one on which I found Barbara Guest alone and blurted out that I had the audacity to wish to make her my wife; and then heard, before I had well—or badly—told my tale, the wheels of grandmamma's chair outside.

"Hush!" the girl said, her face turned from me. "Hush, Mr. Herapath. You don't know me, indeed. You have seen so little of me. Please say nothing more about it. You are completely under a delusion."

"It is no delusion that I love you, Barbara!" I cried.

"It is, it is," she repeated, freeing her hand. "There, if you will not take an answer—come—come at three to-morrow. But mind, I promise you nothing—I promise nothing," she added feverishly, and fled from the room, leaving me to talk to grandmamma as best, and escape as quickly as, I might.

I longed for a great fire that evening, and failing one, tired myself by tramping unknown streets of the East-end, striving to teach myself that any trouble to-morrow might bring was but a shadow, a sentiment, a thing not to be mentioned in the same breath with the want and toil of which I caught glimpses up each street and lane that opened to right and left. In the main, of course I failed: but the effort did me good, sending me home tired out, to sleep as soundly as if I were going to be hanged next day, and not—which is a very different thing—to be put upon my trial.

"I will tell Miss Guest you are here, sir," the man said. I looked at all the little things in the room which I had come to know well—her work-basket, the music upon the piano, the table-easel, her photograph, and wondered if I were to see them no more, or if they were to become a part of my every-day life. Then I heard her come in, and turned quickly, feeling that I should learn my fate from her greeting.

"Bab!" The word was wrung from me perforce. And then we stood and looked at one another, she with a strange pride and defiance in her eyes, though her cheek was dark with blushes, and I with wonder and

perplexity in mine. Wonder and perplexity that quickly grew into a conviction, a certainty that the girl standing before me in the short-skirted brown dress with tangled hair and loose neck-ribbon was the Bab I had known in Norway; and yet that the eyes—I could not mistake them now, no matter what unaccustomed look they might wear—were Barbara Guest's!

"Miss Guest—Barbara," I stammered, grappling with the truth, "why have you played this trick upon me?"

"It is Miss Guest and Barbara now," she cried, with a mocking courtesy. "Do you remember, Mr. Herapath, when it was Bab? When you treated me as a kind of toy, and a plaything, with which you might be as intimate as you liked; and hurt my feelings—yes, it is weak to confess it, I know—day by day, and hour by hour?"

"But surely, that is forgiven now?" I said, dazed by an attack so sudden and so bitter. "It is atonement enough that I am at your feet now, Barbara!"

"You are not," she retorted hotly. "Don't say you have offered love to me, who am the same with the child you teased at Breistolen. You have fallen in love with my fine clothes, and my pearls and my maid's work! not with me. You have fancied the girl you saw other men make much of. But you have not loved the woman who might have prized that which Miss Guest has never learned to value."

"How old are you?" I said, hoarsely.

"Nineteen!" she snapped out. And then for a moment we were both silent.

"I begin to understand now," I answered slowly as soon as I could conquer something in my throat. "Long ago when I hardly knew you, I hurt your woman's pride; and since that you have plotted——"

"No, you have tricked yourself!"

"And schemed to bring me to your feet that you might have the pleasure of trampling on me. Miss Guest, your triumph is complete, more complete than you are able to understand. I loved you this morning above all the world—as my own life—as every hope I had. See, I tell you this that you may have a moment's keener pleasure when I am gone."

"Don't! Don't!" she cried, throwing herself into a chair and covering her face.

"You have won a man's heart and cast it aside to gratify an old pique. You may rest content now, for there is nothing wanting to your vengeance. You have given me as much pain as a woman, the vainest and the most heartless, can give a man. Good-bye."

And with that I was leaving her, fighting my own pain and passion, so that the little hands she raised as though they would ward off my words were nothing to me. I felt a savage delight in seeing that I could hurt her, which deadened my own grief. The victory was not all with her lying there sobbing. Only where was my hat? Let me get my hat and go. Let me escape from this room wherein every trifle upon which my eye rested awoke some memory that was a pang. Let me get away, and have done with it all.

Where was the hat? I had brought it up. I could not go without it. It must be under her chair by all that was unlucky, for it was nowhere else. I could not stand and wait, and so I had to go up to her, with cold words of apology upon my lips, and being close to her and seeing on her wrist, half hidden by fallen hair, the scar she had brought home from Norway, I don't know how it was that I fell on my knees by her and cried:

"Oh, Bab, I loved you so! Let us part friends."

For a moment, silence. Then she whispered, her hand in mine, "Why did you not say Bab to begin? I only told you that Miss Guest had not learned to value your love."

"And Bab?" I murmured, my brain in a whirl.

"Learned long ago, poor girl!"

And the fair, tear-stained face of my tyrant looked into mine for a moment, and then came quite naturally to its resting-place.

"Now," she said, when I was leaving, "you may have your hat, sir."

"I believe," I replied, "that you sat upon this chair on purpose."

And Bab blushed. I believe she did.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.

CHAPTER XX.—*Continued.*

OF the Field of the Cloth of Gold not much need be said. To the end of the lives of the spectators, it was a tale of wonder. Indeed without that, the very sight of the pavilions was a marvel in itself, the blue dome of Francis spangled in imitation of the sky, with sun, moon, and stars; and the feudal castle of Henry, a three months' work, each surrounded with tents of every colour and pattern which fancy could devise, with the owner's banners or pennons floating from the summit, and every creature, man, and horse, within the enchanted precincts, equally gorgeous. It was the brightest and the last full display of magnificent pseudo chivalry, and to Stephen's dazzled eye seeing it beneath the slant rays of the setting sun of June, it was a fairy tale come to life. Hal Randall, who was in attendance on the Cardinal, declared that it was a mere surfeit of jewels and gold and silver, and that a frieze jerkin or leathern coat was an absolute refreshment to the sight. He therefore spent all the time he was off duty in the forge far in the rear, where Smallbones and his party had very little but hard work, mending, whetting, furbishing, and even changing devices. Those six days of tilting when "every man that stood showed like a mine," kept the armourers in full occupation night and day, and only now and then could the youths try to make their way to some spot whence they could see the tournament.

Smallbones was more excited by the report of fountains of good red and white wines of all sorts flowing perpetually in the court of King Henry's splendid mock castle, but fortunately one gulp was enough for an English palate nurtured on ale and mead, and he was disgusted at the heaps of country folk, men-at-arms, beggars and vagabonds of all kinds who swilled the liquor continually, and, in loathsome contrast to the external splendours, lay wallowing on the ground so thickly that it was sometimes hardly possible to move without treading on them.

"I stumbled over a dozen," said the jester, as he strolled into the little staked inclosure that the Dragon party had arranged round their tent for the prosecution of their labours, which were too important to all the champions not to be respected. "Lance and sword have not laid so many low in the lists as have the doughty Baron Burgundy and the heady knight Messire Sherris Sack."

"Villain Verjuice and Varlet Vinegar is what Kit there calls them," said Stephen, looking up from the work he was carrying on over a pan of glowing charcoal.

"Yea," said Smallbones, intermitting his noisy operations, "and the more of swine be they that gorge themselves on it. I told Jack and Hob that 'twould be shame for English folk to drown themselves like French frogs or Flemish hogs."

"Hogs!" returned Randall. "A decent Hampshire hog would scorn to be lodged as many a knight and squire and lady too is now, pigging it in styes and hovels and haylofts by night, and pranking it by day with the best!"

"Sooth enough," said Smallbones. "Yea, we have had two knights and their squires, beseeching us for leave to sleep under our waggon! Not an angel had they got among the four of them either, having all their year's income on their backs, and more too.

I trow they and their heirs will have good cause to remember this same Field of Gold."

"And what be'st thou doing, nevvy," asked the jester. "Thy trade seems as brisk as though red blood were flowing instead of red wine."

"I am doing my part towards making the King into Hercules," said Stephen, "though verily the tailor hath more part therein than we have; but he must needs have a breast-plate of scales of gold, and that by to-morrow's morn. As Ambrose would say, 'if he will be a pagan god, he should have what's his name, the smith of the gods, to work for him.'"

"I heard of that freak," said the jester. "There be a dozen tailors and all the Queen's tirewomen frizzling up a good piece of cloth of gold for the lion's mane, covering a club with green damask with pricks, cutting out green velvet and gummed silk for his garland! In sooth, these graces have left me so far behind in foolery that I have not a jest left in my pouch! So here I be, while my Lord Cardinal is shut up with Madame d'Angoulême in the castle—the real old castle, mind you—doing the work, leaving the kings and queens to do their own fooling."

"Have you spoken with the French King, Hal," asked Smallbones, who had become a great crony of his, since the anxieties of May Eve.

"So far as I may when I have no French, and he no English! He is a comely fellow, with a blithe tongue and a merry eye, I warrant you a chanticleer who will lose nought for lack of crowing. He'll crow louder than ever now he hath given our Harry a fall."

"No! hath he?" and Giles, Stephen, and Smallbones, all suspended their work to listen in concern.

"Ay marry, hath he! The two took it into their royal noddles to try a fall, and wrestled together on the grass, when by some ill hap, this same Francis tripped up our Harry so that he was on the sward for a moment. He was up again forthwith, and in full heart for another round, when all the Frenchmen burst in gabbling, and though their King was willing to play the match out fairly, they wouldn't let him, and my Lord Cardinal said something about leaving ill blood, whereat our King laughed and was content to leave it. As I told him, we have given the French falls enough to let them make much of this one."

"I hope he will yet give the mounseer a good shaking," muttered Smallbones.

"How now, Will! Who's that at the door? We are on his grace's work and can touch none other man's were it the King of France himself, or his Constable, who is finer still."

By way of expressing "No admittance except on business," Smallbones kept Will Wherry in charge of the door of his little territory, which having a mud wall on two sides, and a broad brook with quaking banks on a third, had been easily fenced on the fourth, so as to protect tent, waggon, horses, and work from the incursions of idlers, Will however answered, "The gentleman saith he hath kindred here."

"Ay!" and there pushed in past the lad a tall lean form, with a gay but soiled short cloak over one shoulder, a suit of worn buff, a cap garnished with a dilapidated black and yellow feather, and a pair of gilt spurs. "If this be as they told me, where Amourer Headley's folk lodge—I have here a sort of a cousin. Yea, yonder's the brave lad who had no qualms at the flash of a good Toledo in a knight's fist. How now, my nevvy! Is not my daughter's nevvy—mine?"

"Save your knighthood!" said Smallbones. "Who would have looked to see you here, Sir John! Methought you were in the Emperor's service!"

"A stout man-at-arms is of all services," returned Fulford. "I'm here with half Flanders to see this mighty show, and pick up a few more lusty Badgers at this encounter of old comrades. Is old Headley here?"

"Nay, he is safe at home, where I would I were," sighed Kit.

"And you are my young master his nephew, who knew where to purvey me of good steel," added Fulford, shaking Giles's hand. "You are fain, doubtless, you youngsters, to be forth without the old man. Ha! and you've no lack of merry company."

Harry Randall's first impulse had been to look to the right and left for the means of avoiding this encounter, but there was no escape, and he was moreover in most fantastic motley, arrayed in one of the many suits provided for the occasion. It was in imitation of a parrot, brilliant grass-green velvet, touched here and there with scarlet, yellow, or blue. He had been only half disguised on the occasion of Fulford's visit to his wife, and he perceived the start of recognition in the eyes of the Condottiere, so that he knew it would be vain to try to conceal his identity.

"You sought Stephen Birkenholt," he said. "And you've lit on something nearer, if so

be you'll acknowledge the paraquito that your Perronel hath mated with."

The Condottiere burst into a roar of laughter so violent that he had to lean against the mud wall, and hold his sides. "Ha, ha! that I should be father-in-law to a fool!" and then he set off again. "That the sober, dainty little wench should have wedded a fool! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Sir," cried Stephen hotly, "I would have you to know that mine uncle here, Master Harry Randall, is a yeoman of good birth, and that he undertook his present part to support your own father and child! Methinks you are the last who should jeer at and insult him!"

"Stephen is right," said Giles. "This is my kinsman's tent, and no man shall say a word against Master Harry Randall therein."

"Well crowed, my young London game-birds," returned Fulford, coolly. "I meant no disrespect to the gentleman in green. Nay, I am mightily beholden to him for acting his part out and taking on himself that would scarce befit a gentleman of a company—*impedimenta*, as we used to say in the grammar school. How does the old man?—I must find some token to send him."

"He is beyond the reach of all tokens from you save prayers and masses," returned Randall, gravely.

"Ay? You say not so? Old gaffer dead?" And when the soldier was told how the feeble thread of life had been snapped by the shock of joy on his coming, a fit of compunction and sorrow seized him. He covered his face with his hands and wept with a loudness of grief that surprised and touched his hearers; and presently began to bemoan himself that he had hardly a mark in his purse to pay for a mass, but therewith he proceeded to erect before him the cross hilt of poor Abenali's sword, and to vow thereupon that the first spoil and the first ransom that it should please the saints to send him should be entirely spent in masses for the soul of Martin Fulford. This tribute apparently stilled both grief and remorse, for looking up at the grotesque figure of Randall, he said, "Methought they told me, master son, that you were in the right quarters for beads and masses and all that gear—a varlet of Master Butcher, Cardinal's, or the like—but mayhap 'twas part of your fooling."

"Not so," replied Randall. "'Tis to the Cardinal that I belong," holding out his sleeve, where the scarlet hat was neatly worked, "and I'll brook no word against his honour."

"Ho! ho! Maybe you looked to have the hat on your own head," quoth Fulford, waxing familiar, "if your master comes to be Pope after his own reckoning. Why, I've known a Cardinal get the scarlet because an ape had danced on the roof with him in his arms!"

"You forget! I'm a wedded man," said Randall, who certainly, in private life, had much less of the buffoon about him than his father-in-law.

"*Impedimentum* again," whistled the knight. "Put a halter round her neck and sell her for a pot of beer."

"I'd rather put a halter round my own neck for good and all," said Hal, his face reddening; but among other accomplishments of his position, he had learnt to keep his temper, however indignant he felt.

"Well—she's a knight's daughter, and preferments will be plenty. Thou'lt make me captain of the Pope's guard, fair son—there's no post I should like better Or I might put up with an Italian earldom or the like. Honour would become me quite as well as that old fellow, Prosper Colonna, and the Badgers would well become the Pope's scarlet and yellow liveries."

The Badgers, it appeared, were in camp not far from Gravelines, whence the Emperor was watching the conference between his uncle-in-law and his chief enemy, and thence Fulford, who had a good many French acquaintance, having once served under Francis I., had come over to see the sport. Moreover, he contrived to attach himself to the armourer's party, in a manner that either Alderman Headley himself, or Tibble Steelman, would effectually have prevented; but which Kit Smallbones had not sufficient moral weight to prevent, even if he had had a greater dislike to being treated as a boon companion by a knight who had seen the world, could appreciate good ale, and tell all manner of tales of his experiences.

So the odd sort of kindred that the captain chose to claim with Stephen Birkenholt was allowed, and in right of it, he was permitted to sleep in the waggon, and thereupon his big raw-boned charger was found sharing the fodder of the plump broad-backed cart horses, while he himself, whenever sport was not going forward for him, or work for the armourers, sat discussing with Kit the merits or demerits of the liquors of all nations either in their own court or in some of the numerous drinking booths that had sprung up around.

To no one was this arrangement so distasteful as to quipsome Hal, who felt himself in

some sort the occasion of the intrusion, and yet was quite unable to prevent it, while everything he said was treated as a joke by his unwelcome father-in-law. It was a coarse time, and Wolsey's was not a refined or spiritual establishment, but it was decorous, and Randall had such an affection and respect for the innocence of his sister's young son, that he could not bear to have him exposed to the company of one habituated to the licentiousness of the mercenary soldier. At first the jester hoped to remove the lads from the danger, for the brief remainder of their stay, by making double exertion to obtain places for them at any diversion which might be going on when their day's work was ended, and of these, of course, there was a wide choice, subordinate to the magnificent masquing of the kings and queens. On the last midsummer evening, while their majesties were taking leave of one another, a company of strolling players was exhibiting in an extemporary theatre, and here Hal incited both the youths to obtain seats. It was one of the ordinary and frequent topics of that, as of all other times, and the dumb show and gestures were far more effective than the words, so that even those who did not understand the language of the comedians, who seemed to be Italians, could enter into it, especially as it was interspersed with very expressive songs.

An old baron insists on betrothing his daughter and heiress to her kinsman freshly knighted. She is reluctant, weeps, and is threatened, singing afterwards her despair (of course she really was a black-eyed boy). That song was followed by a still more despairing one from the baron's squire, and a tender interview between them followed.

Then came discovery, the baron descending as a thunderbolt, the banishment of the squire, the lady driven at last to wed the young knight, her weeping and bewailing herself under his ill-treatment, which extended to pulling her about by the hair, the return of the lover, notified by a song behind the scenes, a dangerously affectionate meeting, interrupted by the husband, a fierce clashing of swords, mutual slaughter by the two gentlemen, and the lady dying of grief on the top of her lover.

Such was the argument of this tragedy, which Giles Headley pronounced to be very dreary pastime, indeed he was amusing himself with an exchange of comfits with a youth who sat next him all the time—for he had found Stephen utterly deaf to aught but the tragedy, following every gesture with eager eyes, lips quivering, and eyes filling at the strains of the love songs, though they were in their native Italian, of which he understood not a word. He rose up with a heavy groan when all was over, as if not yet disenchanted, and hardly answered when his uncle spoke to him afterwards. It was to ask whether the Dragon party were to return at once to London, or to accompany the Court to Gravelines, where, it had just been announced, the King intended to pay a visit to his nephew, the Emperor.

Neither Stephen nor Giles knew, but when they reached their own quarters they found that Smallbones had received an intimation that there might be jousts, and that the offices of the armourers would be required. He was very busy packing up his tools, but loudly hilarious, and Sir John Fulford, with a flask of wine beside him, was swaggering and shouting orders to the men as though he were the head of the expedition.

Revelations come in strange ways. Perhaps that Italian play might be called Galeotto to Stephen Birkenholt. It affected him all the more because he was not distracted by the dialogue, but was only powerfully touched by the music, and in the gestures of the lovers felt all the force of sympathy. It was to him like a kind of prophetic mirror, revealing to him the true meaning of all he had ever felt for Dennet Headley, and of his vexation and impatience at seeing her bestowed upon a dull and indifferent lout like her kinsman, who not only was not good enough for her, but did not even love her or accept her as anything but his title to the Dragon court. He now thrilled and tingled from head to foot with the perception that all this meant love—love to Dennet; and in every act of the drama he beheld only himself, Giles, and Dennet. Watching at first with a sweet fascination, his feelings changed, now to strong yearning, now to hot wrath, and then to horror and dismay. In his troubled sleep after the spectacle, he identified himself with the lover, sang, wooed, and struggled in his person, woke with a start of relief, to find Giles snoring safely beside him, and the watch-dog on his chest instead of an expiring lady. He had not made unholy love to sweet Dennet nor imperilled her good name, nor slain his comrade. Nor was she yet wedded to that oaf, Giles! But she would be in a few weeks, and then! How was he to brook the sight, chained as he was to the Dragon court—see Giles lord it over her, and all of them, see her missing the love that was burning for her elsewhere. Stephen lost his boyhood on that evening, and though force of habit kept

him like himself outwardly, he never was alone, without feeling dazed, and torn in every direction at once.

CHAPTER XXI.

SWORD OR SMITHY.

"Darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?"—SHAKESPEARE.

TIDINGS came forth on the parting from the French King that the English Court was about to move to Gravelines to pay a visit to the Emperor and his aunt, the Duchess of Savoy. As it was hoped that jousts might make part of the entertainment, the attendance of the Dragon party was required. Giles was unfeignedly delighted at this extension of holiday, Stephen felt that it deferred the day—would it be of strange joy or pain?—of standing face to face with Dennet, and even Kit had come to tolerate foreign parts more with Sir John Fulford to show him the way to the best Flemish ale!

The knight took upon himself the conduct of the Dragons. He understood how to lead them by routes where all provisions and ale had not been consumed, and he knew how to swagger and threaten so as to obtain the best of liquor and provisions at each *kermesse*—at least so he said, though it might be doubted whether the Flemings might not have been more willing to yield up their stores to Kit's open, honest face and free hand.

However, Fulford seemed to consider himself one with the party, and he beguiled the way by tales of the doings of the Badgers in Italy and Savoy, which were listened to with avidity by the lads, distracting Stephen from the pain at his heart, and filling both with excitement. They were to have the honour of seeing the Badgers at Gravelines, where they were encamped outside the city to serve as a guard to the great inclosure that was being made of canvas stretched on the masts of ships to mark out the space for a great banquet and dance.

The weather broke however just as Henry, his wife and his sister, entered Gravelines; it rained pertinaciously, a tempestuous wind blew down the erection, and as there was no more time to set it up again, the sports necessarily took place in the castle and town hall. There was no occasion for the exercise of the armourer's craft, and as Charles had forbidden the concourse of all save invited guests, everything was comparatively quiet and dull, though the entertainment was on the most liberal scale. Lodgings were provided in the city at the Emperor's expense, and wherever an Englishman was quartered each night, the imperial officers brought a cast of fine manchet bread, two great silver pots with wine, a pound of sugar, white and yellow candles, and a torch. As Randall said, Charles gave solid pudding where Francis gave empty praise!

Smallbones and the two youths had very little to do, save to consume these provisions and accept the hospitality freely offered to them at the camp of the Badgers, where Smallbones and the Ancient of the troop sat fraternising over big flagons of Flemish ale, which did not visibly intoxicate the honest smith, but kept him in the dull and drowsy state which was his idea of the *dolce far niente* of a holiday. Meanwhile the two youths were made much of by the warriors, Stephen's dexterity with the bow and back-sword were shown off and lauded, Giles's strength was praised, and all manner of new feats were taught them, all manner of stories told them, and the shrinking of well-trained young citizens from these lawless men "full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard," and some very truculent-looking, had given way to judicious flattery, and to the attractions of adventure and of a free life, where wealth and honour awaited the bold.

Stephen was told that the gentleman in him was visible, that he ought to disdain the flat cap and blue gown, that here was his opportunity, and that among the Badgers he would soon be rich, famous, glorious, and wonder that he had ever tolerated the greasy mechanical life of a base burgher. Respect to his oaths to his master—Sir John laughed the scruple to scorn; nay, if he were so tender, he could buy his absolution the first time he had his pouch full of gold.

"What shall I do?" was the cry of Stephen's heart. "My honour and my oath they bind me. *She* would weep. My master would deem me ungrateful, Ambrose break his heart. And yet who knows but I should do worse if I stayed, I shall break my own heart if I do. I shall not see—I may forget. No, no, never! but at least I shall never know the moment when the lubber takes the jewel he knows not how to prize! Marches—sieges—there shall I quell this wild beating! I may die there. At least it will allay this present frenzy of my blood."

And he listened when Fulford and Will Marden, a young English man-at-arms with

whom he had made friends, concerted how he should meet them at an inn—the sign of the Seven Stars—in Gravelines, and there exchange his prentice's garb for the buff coat and corslet of a Badger, with the Austrian black and yellow scarf. He listened, but he had not promised. The sense of duty to his master, and honour to his word, always recurred like "first thoughts," though the longing to escape, the restlessness of hopeless love, the youthful eagerness for adventure and freedom, swept it aside again and again.

He had not seen his uncle since the evening of the comedy, for Hal had travelled in the Cardinal's suite, and the amusements being all within doors, jesters were much in request, as indeed Charles V. was curious in fools, and generally had at least three in attendance. Stephen, moreover, always shrank from his uncle when acting professionally. He had learnt to love and esteem the *man* during his troubles, but this only rendered the sight of his buffoonery more distressing, and as Randall had not provided himself with his home suit, they were the more cut off from one another. Thus there was all the less to counteract or show the fallacy of Fulford's recruiting blandishments.

The day had come on the evening of which Stephen was to meet Fulford and Marden at the Seven Stars and give them his final answer, in time to allow of their smuggling him out of the city, and sending him away into the country, since Smallbones would certainly suspect him to be in the camp, and as he was still an apprentice, it was possible, though not probable, that the town magistrates might be incited to make search on inquiry, as they were very jealous of the luring away of their apprentices by the Free Companies, and moreover his uncle might move the Cardinal and the King to cause measures to be taken for his recovery.

Ill at ease, Stephen wandered away from the hostel where Smallbones was entertaining his friend the Ancient. He had not gone far down the street when a familiar figure met his eye, no other than that of Lucas Hansen, his brother's old master, walking along with a pack on his back. Grown as Stephen was, the old man's recognition was as rapid as his own, and there was a clasp of the hand, an exchange of greeting, while Lucas eagerly asked after his dear pupil Ambrose.

"Come in hither, and we can speak more at ease," said Lucas, leading the way up the common staircase of a tall house, whose upper stories overhung the street. Up and up, Lucas led the way, to a room in the high peaked roof, looking out at the back. Here Stephen recognised a press, but it was not at work, only a young friar was sitting there engaged in sewing up sheets so as to form a pamphlet. Lucas spoke to him in Flemish to explain his own return with the English prentice.

"Dost thou dwell here, sir?" asked Stephen. "I thought Rotterdam was thine home."

"Yea," said Lucas, "so it be, but I am sojourning here to aid in bearing about the seed of the Gospel, for which I walk through these lands of ours. But tell me of thy brother, and of the little Moorish maiden?"

Stephen replied with an account of both Ambrose and Aldonza, and likewise of Tibble Steelman, explaining how ill he had been in the winter, and that therefore he could not be with the party.

"I would I had a token to send him," said Lucas; "but I have nought here that is not either in the Dutch or the French, and neither of those tongues doth he understand. But thy brother, the good Ambrose, can read the Dutch. Wilt thou carry him from me this fresh tractate, showing how many there be that make light of the Apostle Paul's words not to do evil that good may come?"

Stephen had been hearing rather listlessly, thinking how little the good man suspected how doubtful it was that he should bear messages to Ambrose. Now on that sore spot in his conscience that sentence darted like an arrow, the shaft finding "mark the archer little meant," and with a start, not lost on Lucas, he exclaimed "Saith the holy Saint Paul that?"

"Assuredly, my son. Brother Cornelis, who is one whose eyes have been opened, can show you the very words, if thou hast any Latin."

Perhaps to gain time, Stephen assented, and the young friar, with a somewhat inquisitive look, presently brought him the sentence "*Et non faciamus mala ut veniant bona.*"

Stephen's Latin was not very fresh, and he hardly comprehended the words, but he stood gazing with a frown of distress on his brow, which made Lucas say, "My son, thou art sorely bestead. Is there aught in which a plain old man can help thee, for thy brother's sake? Speak freely. Brother Cornelis knows not a word of English. Dost thou owe aught to any man?"

"Nay, nay — not that," said Stephen, drawn in his trouble and perplexity to open

his heart to this incongruous confidant, "but, sir, sir, which be the worst, to break my pledge to my master, or to run into a trial which—which will last from day to day, and may be too much for me—yea, and for another—at last."

The colour, the trembling of limb, the passion of voice, revealed enough to Lucas to make him say, in the voice of one who, dried up as he was, had once proved the trial, "'Tis love, thou wouldst say?"

"Ay, sir," said Stephen, turning away, but in another moment bursting forth, "I love my master's daughter, and she is to wed her cousin, who takes her as her father's chattel! I wist not why the world had grown dark to me till I saw a comedy at Ardres, where as in a mirror 'twas all set forth—yea, and how love was too strong for him and for her, and how shame and death came thereof."

"Those players are good for nought but to wake the passions!" muttered Lucas.

"Nay, methought they warned me," said Stephen. "For, sir,"—he hid his burning face in his hands as he leant on the back of a chair—"I wot that she has ever liked me better, far better than him. And scarce a night have I closed an eye without dreaming it all, and finding myself bringing evil on her, till I deemed 'twere better I never saw her more, and left her to think of me as a forsworn runagate rather than see her wedded only to be flouted, and maybe do worse."

"Poor lad!" said Lucas, "and what wouldst thou do?"

"I had not pledged myself—but said I would consider of—service among Fulford's troop," faltered Stephen.

"Among those ruffians—godless, lawless men!" exclaimed Lucas.

"Yea, I know what you would say," returned Stephen, "but they are brave men, better than you deem, sir."

"Were they angels or saints," said Lucas, rallying his forces, "thou hast no right to join them. Thine oath fetters thee. Thou hast no power to break it and do a sure and certain evil to avoid one that may never befall! How knowest thou how it may be? Nay, if the trial seemed to thee too great, thine apprenticeship will soon be at an end."

"Not for two years."

"Or thy master, if thou spakest the whole truth, would transfer thine indentures. He is a good man, and if it be as thou sayest, would not see his child tried too sorely. God will make a way for the tempted to escape. They need not take the devil's way."

"Sir," said Stephen, lifting up his head, "I thank you. This was what I needed. I will tell Sir John Fulford that I ought never to have heeded him."

"Must thou see him again?"

"I must. I am to give him his answer at the Seven Stars. But fear not me, Master Lucas, he shall not lead me away." And Stephen took a grateful leave of the little Dutchman, and charged himself with more messages for Ambrose and Tibble than his overburdened spirit was likely to retain.

Lucas went down the stairs with him, and as a sudden thought, said at the foot of them, "'Tis at the Seven Stars thou meetest this knight. Take an old man's counsel. Taste no liquor there."

"I am no ale bibber," said Stephen.

"Nay, I deemed thee none—but heed my words—captains of landsknechts in *kermesses* are scarce to be trusted. Taste not."

Stephen gave a sort of laugh at the precaution, and shook himself loose. It was still an hour to the time of meeting, and the Ave-bell was ringing. A church door stood open, and for the first time since he had been at Gravelines, he felt that there would be the calm he needed to adjust the conflict of his spirits, and comprehend the new situation, or rather the recurrence to the old one. He seemed to have recovered his former self, and to be able to perceive that things might go on as before, and his heart really leapt at finding he might return to the sight of Dennet and Ambrose and all he loved.

His wishes were really that way, and Fulford's allurements had become very shadowy when he made his way to the Seven Stars, whose vine-covered window allowed many loud voices and fumes of beer and wine to escape into the summer evening air.

The room was perhaps cleaner than an English one would have been, but it was reeking with heat and odours, and the forest-bred youth was unwilling to enter, but Fulford and two or three Badgers greeted him noisily and called on him to partake of the supper they had ready prepared.

"No, sir knight, I thank you," said Stephen. "I am bound for my quarters, I came but to thank you for your goodness to me, and to bid you farewell."

"And how as to thy pledge to join us, young man?" demanded Fulford sternly.

"I gave no pledge," said Stephen. "I said I would consider of it."

"Faint-hearted! ha! ha!" and the English Badgers translated the word to the Germans, and set them shouting with derision.

"I am not faint-hearted," said Stephen;

"but I will not break mine oath to my master."

"And thine oath to me? Ha!" said Fulford.

"I sware you no oath, I gave you no word," said Stephen.

"Ha! Thou darest give me the lie, base prentice! Take that!"

And therewith he struck Stephen a crushing blow on the head, which felled him to the ground. The host and all the company, used to pot-house quarrels, and perhaps playing into his hands, took little heed; Stephen was dragged insensible into another room, and there the Badgers began hastily to divest him of his prentice's gown, and draw his arms into a buff coat. Fulford had really been struck with his bravery, and knew besides that his skill in the armourer's craft would be valuable, so that it had been determined beforehand that he should—by fair means or foul—leave the Seven Stars a Badger.

"By all the powers of hell, you have struck too hard, sir. He is sped," said Marden anxiously.

"Ass! tut!" said Fulford. "Only enough to daze him till he be safe in our quarters—and for that the sooner the better. Here, call Anton to take his heels. We'll get him forth now as a fellow of our own."

"Hark! What's that?"

"Gentlemen," said the host hurrying in, "here be some of the gentlemen of the English Cardinal, calling for a nephew of one of them, who they say is in this house."

With an imprecation, Fulford denied all connection with gentlemen of the Cardinal; but there was evidently an invasion, and in another moment, several powerful-looking men in the crimson and black velvet of Wolsey's train, had forced their way into the chamber, and the foremost, seeing Stephen's condition at a glance, exclaimed loudly, "Thou villain! traitor! kidnapper! This is thy work!"

"Ha! ha!" shouted Fulford, "whom have we here? The Cardinal's fool a masquing! Treat us to a caper, quipsome sir?"

"I'm more like to treat you to the gyves," returned Randall. "Away with you! The watch are at hand. Were it not for my wife's sake, they should bear you off to the city jail, and the Emperor should know how you fill your ranks."

It was quite true. The city guard were entering at the street door, and the host hurried Fulford and his men, swearing and raging, out at a back door provided for such emergencies. Stephen was beginning to recover by this time. His uncle knelt down, took his head on his shoulder, and Lucas washed off the blood and administered a drop of wine. His first words were: "Was it Giles? Where is she?"

"Still going over the play!" thought Lucas. "Nay, nay, lad. 'Twas one of the soldiers who played thee this scurvy trick! All's well now. Thou wilt soon be able to quit this place."

"I remember now," said Stephen, "Sir John said I gave him the lie when I said I had given no pledge. But I had not!"

"Thou hast been a brave fellow, and better broken head than broken troth," said his uncle.

"But how came you here," asked Stephen, "in the nick of time?"

It was explained that Lucas, not doubting Stephen's resolution, but quite aware of the tricks of landsknecht captains with promising recruits in view, had gone first in search of Smallbones, but had found him and the Ancient so deeply engaged in potations from the liberal supply of the Emperor to all English guests, that there was no getting him apart, and he was too much muddled to comprehend if he could have been spoken with.

Lucas then in desperation betook himself to the convent where Wolsey was magnificently lodged. Ill May Day had made him, as well as others, well acquainted with the relationship between Stephen and Randall, though he was not aware of the further connection with Fulford. He hoped, even if unable to see Randall, to obtain help on behalf of an English lad in danger, and happily he arrived at a moment when State affairs were going on, and Randall was refreshing himself by a stroll in the cloister. When Lucas had made him understand the situation, his dismay was only equalled by his promptitude. He easily obtained the loan of one of the splendid suits of scarlet and crimson, guarded with black velvet a hand broad, which were worn by the Cardinal's secular attendants—for he was well known by this time in the household to be very far from an absolute fool, and indeed had done many a good turn to his comrades. Several of the gentlemen, indignant at the threatened outrage on a young Englishman, and esteeming the craftsmen of the Dragon, volunteered to accompany him, and others warned the watch.

There was some difficulty still, for the burgher guards, coming up puffing and blowing, wanted to carry off the victim and keep him in ward to give evidence against the

mercenaries, whom they regarded as a sort of wolves, so that even the Emperor never durst quarter them within one of the cities. The drawn swords of Randall's friends however settled that matter, and Stephen, though still dizzy, was able to walk. Thus leaning on his uncle, he was escorted back to the hostel.

"The villain!" the jester said on the way, "I mistrusted him, but I never thought he would have abused our kindred in this fashion. I would fain have come down to look after thee, nevvy, but these kings and queens are troublesome folk. The Emperor—he is a pale, shame-faced, solemn lad. Maybe he museth, but he hath scarce a word to say for himself. Our Hal tried clapping on the shoulder, calling him fair coz, and the like, in his hearty fashion. Behold, what doth he but turn round with such a look about the long lip of him as my Lord of Buckingham might have if his scullion made free with him. His aunt, the Duchess of Savoy, is a merry dame, and a wise! She and our King can talk by the ell, but as for the Emperor, he speaketh to none willingly save Queen Katharine, who is of his own stiff Spanish humour, and he hath eyes for none save Queen Mary, who would have been his empress had high folk held to their word. And with so tongue-tied a host, and the rain without, what had the poor things to do by way of disporting themselves with but a show of fools. I've had to go through every trick and quip I learnt when I was with old Nat Fire-eater. And I'm stiffer in the joints and weightier in the heft than I was in those days when I slept in the fields, and fasted more than ever Holy Church meant! But, heigh ho! I ought to be supple enough after the practice of these three days. Moreover, if it could loose a fool's tongue to have a king and queen for interpreters, I had them—for there were our Harry and Moll catching at every gibe as fast as my brain could hatch it, and rendering it into French as best they might, carping and quibbling the while underhand at one another's renderings, and the Emperor sitting by in his black velvet, smiling about as much as a felon at the hangman's jests. All his poor fools moreover, and the King's own, ready to gnaw their baubles for envy! That was the only sport I had! I'm wearier than if I'd been plying Smallbones' biggest hammer. The worst of it is that my Lord Cardinal is to stay behind and go on to Bruges as ambassador, and I with him, so thou must bear my greetings to thy naunt, and tell her I'm keeping from picking up a word of French or Flemish lest this same Charles should take a fancy to me and ask me of my master, who would give away his own head to get the Pope's fool's cap."

"*Wer da? Qui va là?*" asked a voice, and the summer twilight revealed two figures with cloaks held high and drooping Spanish hats; one of whom, a slender, youthful figure, so far as could be seen under his cloak, made inquiries, first in Flemish, then in French, as to what ailed the youth. Lucas replied in the former tongue, and one of the Englishmen could speak French. The gentleman seemed much concerned, asked if the watch had been at hand, and desired Lucas to assure the young Englishman that the Emperor would be much distressed at the tidings, asked where he was lodged, and passed on.

"Ah ha!" muttered the jester, "if my ears deceive me now, I'll never trust them again! Mynheer Charles knows a few more tricks than he is fain to show off in royal company. Come on, Stevie! I'll see thee to thy bed. Old Kit is too far gone to ask after thee. In sooth, I trow that my sweet father-in-law set his Ancient to nail him to the wine pot. And Master Giles I saw last with some of the grooms. I said nought to him, for I trow thou wouldst not have him know thy plight! I'll be with thee in the morning ere thou partest, if kings, queens, and cardinals roar themselves hoarse for the quipsome."

With this promise Hal Randall bestowed his still dulled and half-stunned nephew carefully on the pallet provided by the care of the purveyors. Stephen slept dreamily at first, then soundly, and woke at the sound of the bells of Gravelines to the sense that a great crisis in his life was over, a strange wild dream of evil dispelled, and that he was to go home to see, hear, and act as he could, with a heart-ache indeed, but with the resolve to do his best as a true and honest man.

Smallbones was already afoot—for the start for Calais was to be made on that very day. The smith was fully himself again, and was bawling for his subordinates, who had followed his example in indulging in the good cheer, and did not carry it off so easily. Giles, rather silent and surly, was out of bed, shouting answers to Smallbones and calling on Stephen to truss his points. He was in a mood not easy to understand, he would hardly speak, and never noticed the marks of the fray on Stephen's temple—only half hidden by the dark curly hair. This was of course a relief, but Stephen could not help suspecting that he had been last night engaged in some revel about which he desired no inquiries.

Randall came just as the operation was completed. He was in a good deal of haste, having to restore the groom's dress he wore by the time the owner had finished the morning toilet of the Lord Cardinal's palfreys. He could not wait to inquire how Stephen had contrived to fall into the hands of Fulford, his chief business being to put under safe charge a bag of coins, the largesse from the various princes and nobles whom he had diverted—ducats, crowns, dollars, and angels all jingling together—to be bestowed wherever Perronel kept her store, and that Hal was content not to know, though the pair cherished a hope some day to retire on it from fooling.

"Thou art a good lad, Steve," said Hal. "I'm right glad thou leavest this father of mine behind thee. I would not see thee such as he—no, not for all the gold we saw on the Frenchmen's backs."

This was the jester's farewell, but it was some time before the waggon was under weigh, for the carter and one of the smiths were missing, and were only at noon found in an alehouse, both very far gone in liquor, and one with a black eye. Kit discoursed on sobriety in the most edifying manner as at last he drove heavily along the street, almost the last in the baggage train of the king and queens—but still in time to be so included in it as to save all difficulty at the gates. It was, however, very late in the evening when they reached Calais, so that darkness was coming on as they waited their turn at the drawbridge, with a cart full of scullions and pots and pans before them, and a waggon-load of tents behind. The warders in charge of the gateway had orders to count over all whom they admitted, so that no unauthorised person might enter that much-valued fortress. When at length the waggon rolled forward into the shadow of the great towered gateway on the outer side of the moat, the demand was made, who was there? Giles had always insisted, as leader of the party, on making reply to such questions, and Smallbones waited for his answer, but none was forthcoming. Therefore Kit shouted in reply, "Alderman Headley's wain and armourers. Two journeymen, one prentice, two smiths, two waggoners."

"Seven!" rejoined the warder. "One—two—three—four—five. Ha! your company seems to be lacking."

"Giles must have ridden on," suggested Stephen, while Kit, growling angrily, called on the lazy fellow, Will Wherry, to wake and show himself. But the officials were greatly hurried, and as long as no dangerous person got into Calais, it mattered little to them who might be left outside, so they hurried on the waggon into the narrow street.

It was well that it was a summer night, for lodgings there were none. Every hostel was full and all the houses besides. The earlier comers assured Kit that it was of no use to try to go on. The streets up to the wharf were choked, and he might think himself lucky to have his waggon to sleep in. But the horses! And food? However, there was one comfort—English tongues answered, if it was only with denials.

Kit's store of travelling money was at a low ebb, and it was nearly exhausted by the time, at an exorbitant price, he had managed to get a little hay and water for the horses, and a couple of loaves and a hunch of bacon among the five hungry men. They were quite content to believe that Master Giles had ridden on before and secured better quarters and viands, nor could they much regret the absence of Will Wherry's wide mouth.

Kit called Stephen to council in the morning. His funds would not permit waiting for the missing ones, if he were to bring home any reasonable proportion of gain to his master. He believed that Master Headley would by no means risk the whole party loitering at Calais, when it was highly probable that Giles might have joined some of the other travellers and embarked by himself.

After all, Kit's store had to be well-nigh expended before the horses, waggon, and all, could find means to encounter the miseries of the transit to Dover. Then, glad as he was to be on his native soil, his spirits sank lower and lower as the waggon creaked on under the hot sun towards London. He had actually brought home only four marks to make over to his master; and although he could show a considerable score against the King and various nobles, these debts were not apt to be promptly discharged, and what was worse, two members of his party and one horse were missing. He little knew how narrow an escape he had had of losing a third!

(To be continued.)

The English Illustrated Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

THE TOUR OF COVENT GARDEN.

LION'S HEAD LETTER-BOX.
From Button's Coffee-house.

WHO would imagine that Covent Garden, with its shady, many-scented arcade, with its Babel of voices and crush of baskets, its flowers "a-growing and a-blowing," its curious mixed atmosphere of town and country—who would now imagine that this had once been an "Enclosure or Pasture," "browsed by deep-udder'd kine," and where, maybe, the nightingale,

"in April suddenly,
Brake from a coppice gemm'd with green and red"?

Yet so it was. Covent Garden or "Convent Garden," lying between Long Acre and the Strand, originally formed part of the grounds of the ancient Abbey of Westminster. There is still extant a document, "written in very choice Italian" (if so one may term law Latin), in which it is described as "*le Covent Garden* . . . nuper pertinens Monasterio Sancti Petri Westmonasteriensis." Under Edward the Sixth it was granted by that king to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset. At Somerset's attainder it reverted to the Crown, and then, "with seven acres called Long Acre," was re-granted by patent to John Earl of Bedford. This was in May, 1552. Upon part of the "terre et pasture" so acquired, the earl built the old semi-wooden structure known as Bedford House, which looked into the Strand, and the long wall of whose garden at the back corresponded to what is now the south side of the market. Under Francis Duke of Bedford, *circa* 1631, the square was laid out, and the arcades or piazzas erected. Then came St. Paul's Church; and Bow Street, Charles Street, Russell Street, Henrietta Street, and King Street followed in quick succession. For some years after this the square was little more than a gravelled space, and the market was confined to a grove of trees which ran along the before-mentioned wall of Bedford House garden. In the centre of the square stood a tall dial, with four gnomons, and having a gilt ball at the top, a capital representation of which was to be seen at Burlington House, some few years ago, in a picture ascribed to Joseph Nollekens, father of the sculptor. In 1671, the market rising in importance, Charles II. granted it to William Earl of Bedford. Then, gradually, as Bedford House was pulled down, and Tavistock Row built, the market people began to creep further into the body of the square; and by the middle of the eighteenth century had begun to be largely supplemented by parasitic bakers, cooks, retailers of Geneva, and other personages—only Arcadian in one sense—who haunted the upper chambers of their sheds and booths, much to the detriment of the neighbouring householders. The doubtful reputation thus acquired clung long to the locality, and seems to have increased with prosperity. But in 1830 the present Market House was built, and in the last fifty years the general appearance of

VIEW IN THE GREAT PIAZZA, AT THE CORNER OF JAMES STREET.
From a Water-colour by T. SANDBY *in the British Museum.*

the place has little altered, while its character has improved. If, as is not impossible, its present owner should sell it, many of its traditional associations may be expected to disappear. Other buildings in the towering modern taste will replace its "brown old taverns," and "fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history," and the Covent Garden so dear to Addison and Steele, to Smollett and Fielding, to Dickens and Thackeray, will have vanished as a tale that is told. We propose, therefore, while it retains something of its ancient aspect, to make a brief tour of this time-honoured precinct.

The old church of St. Paul's, the portico of which forms a convenient starting place, still looks much the same as it does in Hogarth's *Morning*, where the withered prototype of Bridget Allworthy—

"With bony and unkerchiefed neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies;
And sails with lappet head and mincing airs
Duly at chink of bell to morning pray'rs."

As a matter of fact, however, it is not the same. The "handsomest barn in England," which Inigo Jones built about 1633, for Francis Duke of Bedford, was burnt down in September 1795 by the carelessness of some workmen who were repairing the roof; but it was re-erected on the old plan and proportions by John Hardwick. Many persons of distinction lie within its walls or enclosure. Butler, the author of *Hudibras*

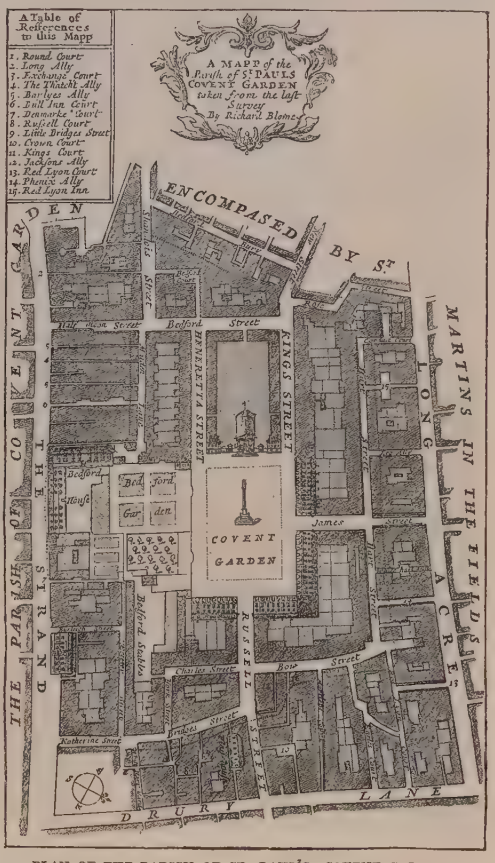
("Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave!")

was buried here at the charges of an admirer, while Steele's friend, Dick Estcourt, Kynaston, Macklin, Cibber's partner Wilks, Lely, Gibbons, Strange the engraver, and "Peter Pindar" (Dr. Wolcot) are all somewhere in the vicinity. And there are small as well as great. In the church or churchyard lie Charles the First's diminutive favourites, the dwarf Richard Gibson and his wife—that fortunate couple, whose epithalamium was written by Waller:—

"Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust, and jealousy:
Secured in as high extreme
As if the world held none but them."

Both lived to threescore years and ten, and (say the chroniclers) "had nine children of a proper size." In front of St. Paul's the members for Westminster were elected, and here, in 1780, 1796, 1808, and 1816, took place those fierce and protracted party riots of which Mr. Charles Green, not long ago, gave us an animated picture.

Passing from St. Paul's to the left, we come to King Street. At the corner of this, old plans show the Swan Tavern, perhaps the very hostelry which, in Hogarth's (reversed) print, is distinguished by a jug upon a post. In King Street dwelt Edward Arne, the "Political Upholsterer" of the *Tatler*, No. 155, father of Arne the musician, and Mrs. Cibber the tragic actress. At Edward Arne's house, the "Two Crowns and Cushions," lodged the Iroquois "Indian Kings," who came to England in 1710 to assure themselves that the subjects of Her Majesty Queen Anne were not mere vassals of France, a fiction which had been carefully instilled into their "untutored minds" by the Jesuits. Garrick and Rowe also lived in King Street,—Rowe, indeed, died in it.[1] Just where King Street ends and Covent Garden begins, stands, at right angles to the *façade* of St. Paul's, the Falstaff Club, once known to the amateurs of hot suppers and "*Integer vitæ*" as Evans's Hotel, or Evans's. The old house, one of the most prominent objects in the market, has a long and chequered history. Among the earlier residents were Denzill Holles, and Sir Kenelm Digby of the "Sympathetic Powder," who, says Aubrey, had here his laboratory. A later tenant was



PLAN OF THE PARISH OF ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN.
From a Survey by R. BLOME, 1686.

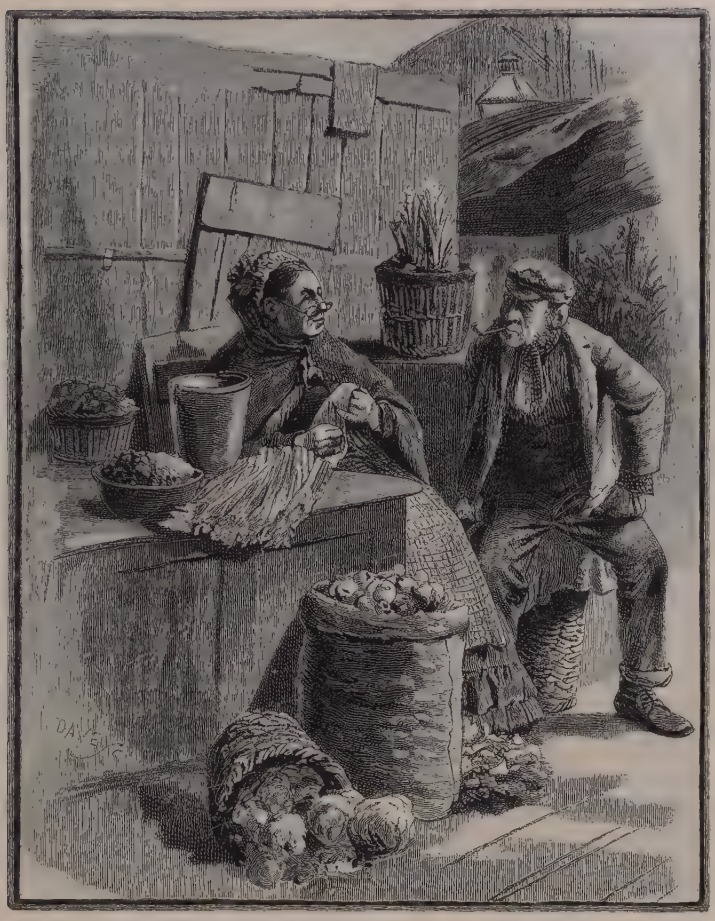
the Lord Bishop of Durham, at whose door it seems to have been the pious but surely objectionable custom to lay all the foundlings of the parish. Early in the century the house was re-built by Russell, Earl of Orford, the

[1] In these vagrant memories of the past the shadows jostle the realities. It was "at Mr. Smith's, a glove shop in King Street," where "stockings, ribbons, snuff, and perfumes" were also sold, that, under the name of "Mrs. Rachel Clark," Clarissa Harlowe lay in hiding from Lovelace; and it was while coming from morning prayers at St. Paul's, out of "the door fronting Bedford Street," that she was carried by the sheriff's officers to the spunging house.

famous admiral who beat the French off La Hogue. To his seafaring repute it must be attributed that the *façade* was long held to represent the stern of a vessel, to which it bears a slight resemblance. This, however, as Mr. George Scharf has pointed out, is simply a feature it has in common with many Dutch houses, some of which probably served for its model. Lord Russell died in 1727, and the house passed to Lord Archer of Umberslade, who had married his grand-niece Catherine. Towards the middle of the last century Lady Archer's stately figure was well known in the market, and may be discovered in more than one contemporary picture. To the Archers succeeded James West, President of the Royal Society, and a notable bibliographer, whose library, rich in Caxtons, Pynsons, and Wynkyn de Wordes, was here sold in 1773. Subsequently, the house was opened by one David Lowe as a "family hotel," the first of its kind in London, and an hotel it continued to be until its present transformation into a club. Next door to Lord Orford's once lived William Hunter, John Hunter's elder brother, the "famous anatomist of Covent Garden," whom Fielding sent for on his last journey to Lisbon. Hunter's house was afterwards known as "Richardson's Hotel," the proprietor of which, besides being celebrated for his excellent wine, was, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "a diligent collector of everything relative to the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden." But we are already in the Piazzas.

The Piazzas of to-day extend from Lord Orford's house along the northern and eastern sides of the market as far as Russell Street. The northern side was known as the Great, the eastern as the Little, Piazza. Formerly they went the whole length of the eastern side to Bedford House garden; but the portion south of Russell Street was burnt down in 1769. "At about five o'clock in the morning (March 17)," says the *Annual Register*, "a fire broke out at a distiller's in Great Russell Street, which entirely consumed all the houses up to the piazzas." Among the buildings burned, according to the same record, were Mr. Rigg's Hummums, two peruke-makers, "and great part of the Bedford-Arms tavern; all under the piazzas.

VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN, FROM THE SOUTH EAST, SHOWING LORD ARCHER'S HOUSE.
From a Water-colour, undated, in the British Museum.



COVENT GARDEN—A QUIET CORNER.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

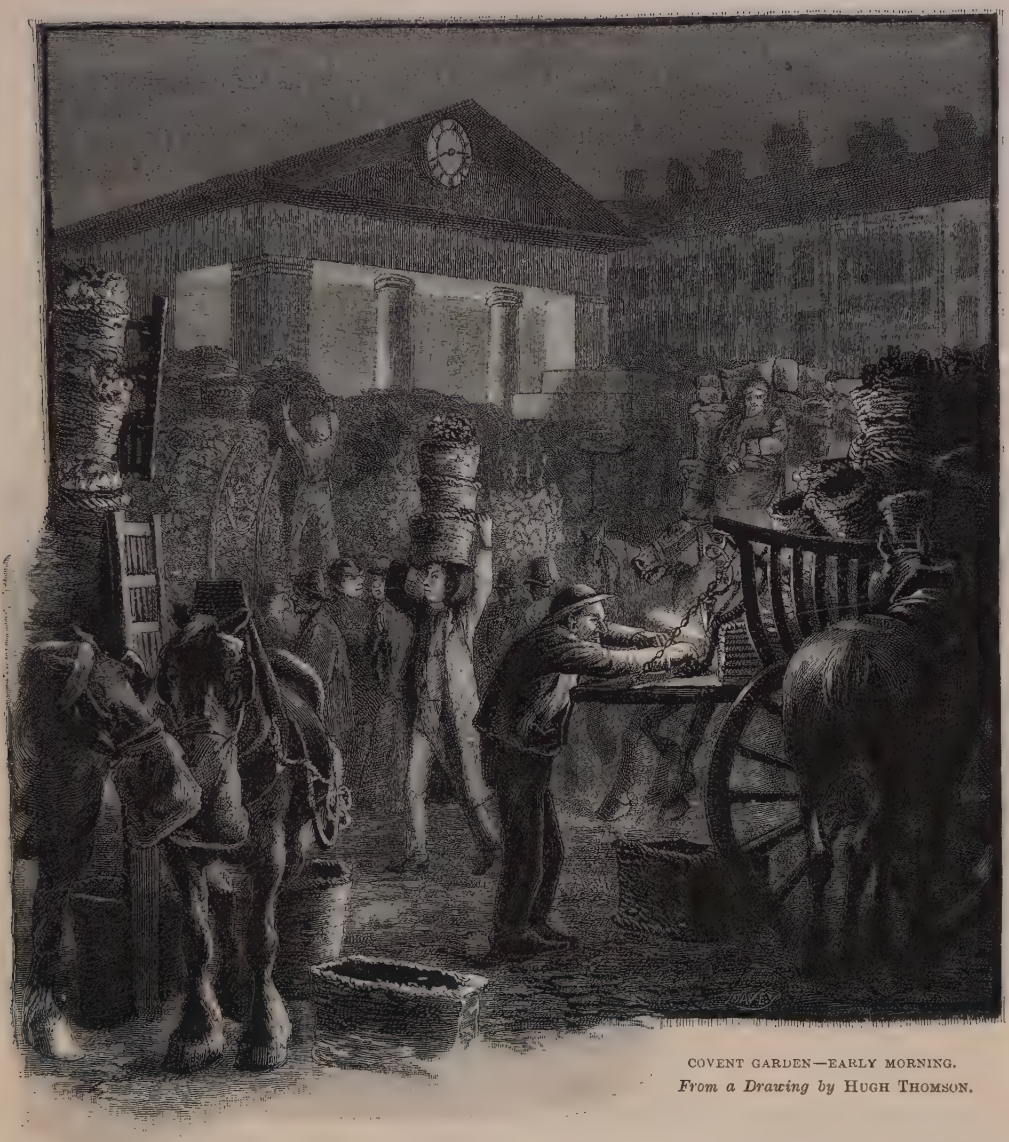
The whole front of the said piazza fell down, about eight o'clock, with the most terrible concussion." The Piazza at this point was never restored, but the Hummums was rebuilt, and still exists at the corner of Russell Street. It was at this house that Johnson's relative, Parson Ford, the "fortem validumque combibonem Lætantem super amphora repleta" of Vincent Bourne and the "Midnight Modern Conversation," ended his dissolute life; and here also his ghost appeared, appropriately haunting the cellar. Johnson himself told the story to Boswell. "Sir"—said he—"it was believed. A waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again, he met him a second time. When he came up, he asked some of the people of the house what Ford could be doing there. They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some women from Ford; but he was not to tell what, or to whom. He walked out; he was followed, but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered the message, and the women exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone.' Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and he said the evidence was irresistible."

But the Hummums are in the eastern corner of Covent Garden, and we have not yet gone further than Richardson's Hotel. Between this and James Street, where once, in the brave days when "the best red port" was 5*s.* a gallon, stood the famous "Bumper

Tavern," there seems to have been no resident of note, unless, indeed it be Lady Muskerry, the dancing "Princess of Babylon" who figures (not very worshipfully) in Grammont's *Memoirs*, and, says Cunningham, lived "in the north-west angle of James Street." In James Street itself once dwelt Sir Humphry Davy. If, however, the 'north-west angle of the Piazza' has but few memories, the north-east angle is crowded with them. The second house eastward from James Street was Sir James Thornhill's, an ungrateful world. In the front apartments of Cock's, and in convenient proximity to his favourite house of call, the "Constitution" in Bedford Street, lodged Richard Wilson. Zoffany seems also to have resided in this house, afterwards Longford's, and later George Robins's, and here he painted the picture of Foote as Major Sturgeon, which Boydell's engraving has made familiar. Here, too, according to "Rainy Day Smith," the second Beef Steak Club held its meetings, when it migrated from Covent Garden

COVENT GARDEN, DURING THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION.
From an Aquatint by PUGIN *and* ROWLANDSON, 1808.

where, from 1724 to 1734, he held his academy for drawing, and whence in all probability William Hogarth carried off his handsome daughter Jane. Somewhere hard by, at an earlier date, lived the wit Tom Killigrew, in a house afterwards occupied by Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford. Near this again were the famous sale rooms of Cock, whom Fielding introduced into the *Historical Register* as "Mr. Auctioneer Hen;" and here, *circa* 1745, the *Marriage à la Mode* was exhibited *gratis* to Theatre. Next the auction rooms was Mother Thornton's of *Pamela* notoriety, and next this the establishment of the lady who served Foote as model for "Mrs. Cole" of the "Minor." Another house, of which it is difficult to fix the exact position, must also have been in the immediate neighbourhood. This was the tavern which Macklin, the actor, opened in March 1754, and which, with the nondescript "Grand Inquisition," in Hart Street, "on Eloquence and the Drama," brought him in a brief space to the brink of



COVENT GARDEN—EARLY MORNING.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

ruin. In the advertisements Macklin's ordinary is stated to have been in the Grand Piazza, and the author of his life says it was "next door to the playhouse" (*i.e.*, the Piazza entrance to Covent Garden). While it continued, it must have been a good speculation for every one but Macklin. The price was 3*s.*, which included port, claret, or whatever liquor the guest preferred. The proceedings were of the most impressive character. Ten minutes after the hour fixed—which was four o'clock—the doors were shut punctually. Then Macklin, in full dress, himself brought in the first dish, with a napkin slung across his left arm. Placing it on the table, "he made a low bow, and retired a few paces back towards the side-board, which was laid out in very superb style. . . . Two of his principal waiters stood beside him, and one, two, or three more, as occasion required. . . . . Thus was dinner entirely served up, and attended to, on the side of the house, all in dumb show. When dinner was over, and the bottles and glasses all laid upon the table, Macklin, quitting his former situation, walked gravely up to the front of the table, and hoped 'that all things were found agreeable;' after which he passed the bell-rope round the back of the chair of the person who happened to sit at the head of the table, and making

a low bow at the door, retired. . . . The company generally consisted of wits, authors, players, Templars, and lounging men of the town." Excellent, however, as was the entertainment at this "temple of luxury" as Fielding called it, it could not last. State ordinaries at four, lectures in Hart Street afterwards, and suppers into the small hours, were too much even for the energies of the eccentric projector. Moreover, he was robbed right and left by his servants; and in January 1755, Charles Macklin, of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, figured in the *London Gazette*. He paid twenty shillings in the pound; but he was poorer by some thousands for his nine

à boire that might have delighted the heart of Walter Map himself :—

"Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine, awhile, drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again."

Rich's house came next the Bedford. It must have been in the Little Piazza, too, that Lely lived, and after him Kneller, whose garden ran back as far as Dr. Radcliffe's

VIEW OF COVENT GARDEN FROM RUSSELL STREET, WITH THE CARRIAGE OF ROCK, THE QUACK-DOCTOR, IN THE FOREGROUND.
From a Print by J. MAURIR, 1751.

months' experiences as "Vintner, Coffeeman, and Chapman."

In the angle of the Great and Little Piazza, with Rich's old theatre at its back, stood the Shakespeare Tavern, whose sign was painted by Clarkson, the artist of the picture of Henry VII. in Merchant Taylors' Hall. Next door to the Shakespeare was the Bedford, long used by Quin, Murphy, Garrick, Foote, and others. "This coffee-house," says the *Connoisseur* in 1754, "is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit." Later it was the home of the Beef Steak Club, whose laureate in the Sheridan era was Captain Charles Morris, of the "late Life Guards," and the musical "Toper's Apology," a *chanson*

house in Bow Street, and gave rise to an oft-told anecdote. "As there was great intimacy between him (Kneller) and the physician" (says Walpole) "he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Ratcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door. Ratcliffe replied peevishly, 'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it!' 'And I,' answered Sir Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but physic.'"[1] It was Radcliffe whose conversational powers

[1] Anecdote, like history, repeats itself. Mead, Radcliffe's successor, had a duel with Dr. Woodward. Woodward slipped, and fell. "Take your life!" said Mead, magnanimously. "Anything but *your physic*," returned the ungrateful Woodward.

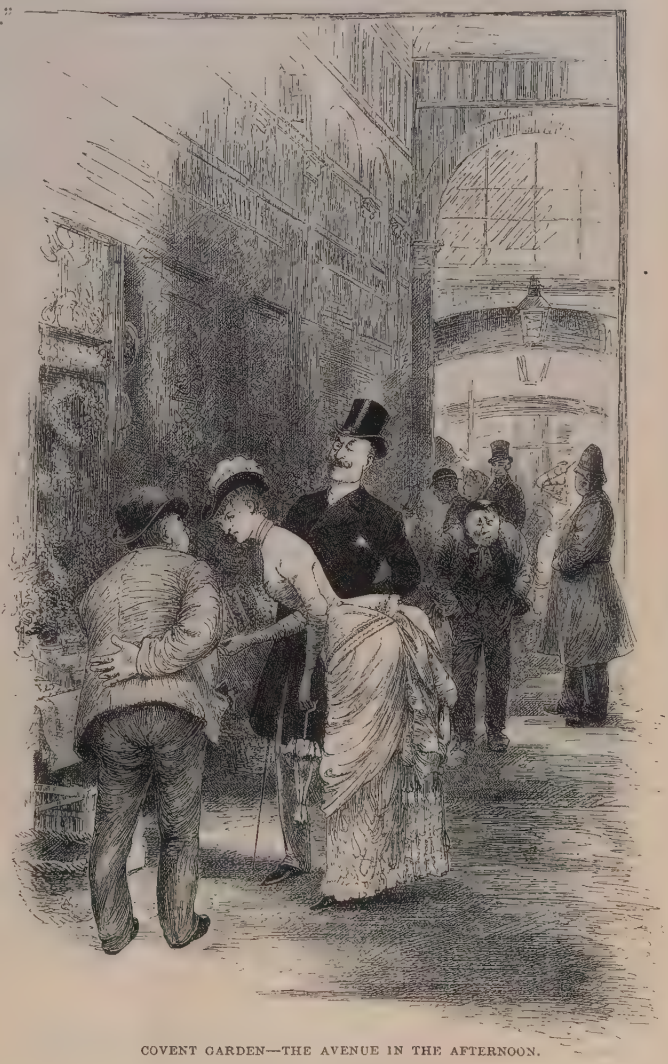
occasioned Prior's verses—*The Remedy worse than the Disease*:—

"I sent for Ratcliffe: was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

"But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my physician."

The author of *Alma*, however, was not the man to spare his friend and spoil his epigram; and it is probable that he was unjust to Radcliffe, who has the reputation of being a brilliant rather than a tedious talker. He was, besides, a man of more than ordinary mark. The medical profession is indebted to him for the Radcliffe Library; and in a glass case at the College of Physicians is still preserved his historical "gold-headed cane," the adventures of which have recently been edited by Dr. Munk. It bears his arms, together with those of Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie, to each of whom it in turn descended.

Russell Street, which turns out of Covent Garden at the end of the Little Piazza, extends as far as Drury Lane, passing Drury Lane Theatre. It would take us beyond the limits of this paper to give any detailed account of its many illustrious residents. But, in the short portion of it which lies between Covent Garden and Bow Street were no less than three of those famous old coffee-houses of the Augustan and Georgian eras, the names of which can never be dissociated from the market. At No. 17, on the left, two doors from the piazza, was Tom's (not to be confounded with Tom's in the Strand or Tom's in Cornhill). "Here," says Defoe, in 1722, "you will see blue and green ribbons and Stars sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home." Tom's survived until 1814. In the latter part of the eighteenth century it was frequented by Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Philip Francis, and a host of notabilities, literary and otherwise. From a water-colour by Shepherd in the British Museum, dated 1857, it was then a tea and colonial warehouse, occupied by one Allen. Over against Tom's was Button's, established in 1712. Daniel Button, the first proprietor, was an old servant of Addison, who, with his "little senate"—Carey, Philips, Budgell, Tickell, and the rest—patronised the



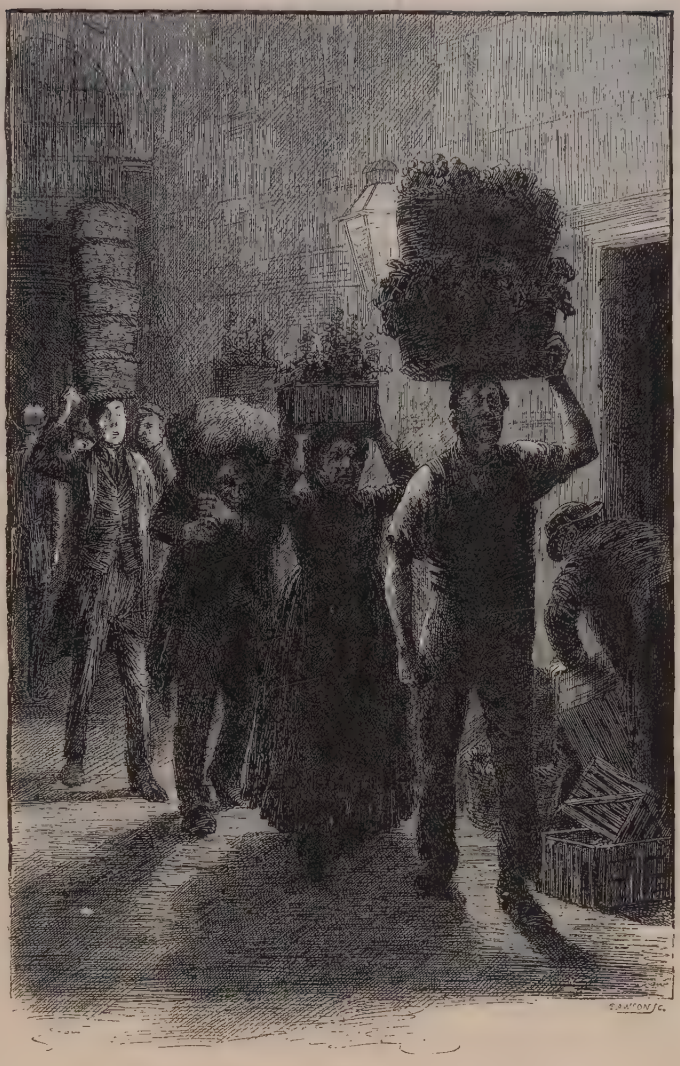
COVENT GARDEN—THE AVENUE IN THE AFTERNOON.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

house. It was at Button's that Philips hung up the legendary rod that was to chastise Pope for his perfidies in the *Guardian*, and it was here, too, that as a post-office to the same paper, was set up the lion's head letter-box upon the Venetian pattern which is still preserved at Woburn Abbey. When Button's

COVENT GARDEN—AN AUCTION.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

was taken down, this grotesque relic was transferred to the Shakespeare's Head; thence it passed to the Bedford, where it was used for the *Inspector* of Fielding's rival, Dr. Hill. Finally it came into the hands of Mr. Richardson, whose son sold it to its present possessor, the Duke of Bedford. Higher up Russell Street on the opposite side was "Will's," an older house than either "Button's" or "Tom's." "Will's" dated from the Restoration, and is mentioned by Pepys. Its centre of attraction was Dryden, who visited it regularly until his death. In winter his seat was by the fire; in summer his chair was moved to the balcony. Cibber could recall him there "a decent old man,

arbiter of critical disputes;" and it is supposed that when Pope saw him in his last years it must have been at "Will's." "*Virgilium vidi tantum*," Pope said to Wycherly, but he nevertheless remembered that the author of the *Fables* was "plump, of a fresh colour, with a down look and not very conversable." He was, however, not unwilling to talk about himself, if we may trust an anecdote in Spence. "The second time that ever I was there" [*i.e.* at "Will's"], says Dean Lockier, "Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. 'If anything of mine is good,' says he, ''tis *Mac Flecknoe;* and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in Heroics.' On hearing this, I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, that '*Mac Flecknoe* was a very fine poem; but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way.' On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long I had been a dealer in poetry, and added, with a smile, 'Pray, sir, what is it that you *did* imagine to have been writ so before?' I named Boileau's *Lutrin*, and Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita*, which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. 'Tis true,' said Dryden, 'I had forgot them.' A little after Dryden went out, and in going spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly, and was well acquainted with him after, as long as he lived."



COVENT GARDEN—THE AVENUE. EARLY MORNING.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

At No. 20, Russell Street, once lodged Lamb, commanding from his windows, to his intense satisfaction, both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, while Davies, the bookseller and quondam actor, whose "very pretty wife" survives in a couplet of Churchill, had his shop on the south side, opposite "Tom's." It was in Davies' back parlour that Boswell was first introduced to Johnson, and it was here, also, that the "great Cham of Literature" might have been heard inquiring the price of a thick stick (such as were sold in the neighbouring Piazza) in order to protect himself against the insolence of Foote. Here, too, came the arrogant Warburton (in a coach "sprinkled with mitres"), and Goldsmith and Reynolds, and Beauclerc and Bennet Langton. But we must turn once more into Covent Garden.

The "Hummums" has already been described; and about that portion of the south-

eastern side once occupied by the extension of the Piazza burned down in 1769 there is little to say. At the extreme end of it, where Tavistock Row begins, stood that highly popular puppet-show of the younger Powell, to which—witness the sexton's letter in No. 14 of the *Spectator*—the public used to flock whenever the bell of St. Paul's tolled for morning and evening prayers. "I have placed my Son at the *Piazzas*," writes the worthy man, "to acquaint the Ladies that the Bell rings for Church, and that it stands on the other side of the *Garden;* but they only laugh at the Child." Powell's show went by the name of "Punch's Theatre," and seems to have included set pieces such as "Whittington and his Cat" and the "History of Susanna; or, Innocence betrayed" (with a "Pair of new Elders"). At the same house was exhibited another popular show—Mr. Penkethman's "Pantheon: or, the Temple of the Heathen Gods," where, as per advertisement, "the Figures which are above 100, move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fingers so exactly to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another, like living Creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age."

Tavistock Row, mentioned above, runs halfway along the southern side of the market, where of yore went the old garden wall of Bedford House. At No. 4 lived Lord Sandwich's mistress, the unfortunate Miss Reay, whom, in a fit of ungovernable jealousy, Hackman shot as she was returning from Covent Garden Theatre. In the same house died Macklin. But Tavistock Row seems to have been most patronised by artists. Vandevelde the younger, Zincke, Nathaniel Dance, and Thomas Major, the engraver, all had abodes in this little range of houses.

In front of Tavistock Row, according to J. R. Smith's plan, stood a shed or building, which, by artistic license, Hogarth, in his picture of *Morning*, has placed under the portico of St. Paul's. This was the coffee-house, "well-known," says Arthur Murphy, "to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown," which went by the name of "King's," or "Tom King's." Fielding refers to it in *Pasquin* (his "comic poet" is arrested as he is leaving this questionable resort), and it frequently occurs in eighteenth-century literature. King, its first proprietor, had been an Eton boy, but he is not enrolled among Sir Edward Creasy's "eminent Etonians." At his death his widow continued the business, ultimately retiring, after an ill-spent life, to Haverstock Hill, where, facing Steele's cottage, she built three substantial houses, long known as "Moll King's Row." Mr. Edward Draper, of Vincent Square, Westminster, has a picture of her, attributed to Hogarth, in which she is represented as a bold, gipsy-looking woman, with a cat in her lap. Southampton Street, with its recollections of Nance Oldfield, and Henrietta Street, sacred to Kitty Clive, need not long detain us. In Henrietta Street lived Nathaniel Hone, the painter, extracts from whose interesting diary for 1752–3 have recently been published in the *Antiquary*, and the engravers Strange and McArdell; while it was in the Castle Tavern that Richard Brinsley Sheridan fought the memorable duel with Captain Mathews (afterwards so discreditably repeated at Bath) for his beautiful "St. Cecilia," Miss Linley. A few steps bring us once more to the portico of St. Paul's, and the tour of Covent Garden is at an end.

Austin Dobson.

THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.
From a Drawing by H. RYLAND.

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

"Upon the green
I saw coming of ladies nineteen,
In royal habit, a full easy pace."
—*The Legende of Goode Women.*

IN the beautiful introduction to his *Legend of Good Women*, Chaucer brings a charge against himself, or rather admits its truth when brought by others, that has been taken, I think, rather too seriously by his commentators. The charge is, that in his previous poems he had offended against the laws of gallantry by presenting too exclusively the unfavourable side of woman's character. The introduction is indeed of remarkable interest, from its autobiographical material. The poet enumerates most of his already existing poems. He mentions, among others, the *House of Fame*, the *Boke of the Duchess*, the *Story of Palamon and Arcite*, afterwards to be known as the *Knight's Tale*, and the *Legend of Saint Cecilia*, afterwards the *Second Nun's Tale*, in the *Canterbury Tales*. Some of the other stories in this latter series may also have been already written, for the poet speaks generally of having produced besides "many a lay and many a thing." But it is not in the poems just enumerated that the offence admitted by Chaucer had been given. It was in having translated the famous French satirical allegory of the *Romaunt of the Rose*, in which the faults of the female sex were treated so frankly, and in having presented in his *Troylus and Cresside* a picture of feminine perfidy, the effect of which (it is alleged) must be to establish a totally false idea of woman's constancy. For this treason against the sex, Chaucer is commanded by a lady, who appears to him in a dream, and who turns out to be Alcestis, a typical example of wifely devotion and self-sacrifice, to make atonement by telling the stories of the "goode women" of the world. As he had provided the bane, he should now be required to supply the antidote.

As I have said, this charge has been accepted too seriously. Chaucer dearly loved a framework—a machinery—for his scattered poems, such as he was afterwards to use with such success in the Canterbury series. He was fond of writing short detached narratives in verse of the lives and fortunes of those who had suffered. The *Monk's Tale*, in the *Canterbury Tales*, is one such series, built upon the *Falls of Illustrious Men* of Boccaccio. He evidently wanted a connecting link, something that should give unity to this collection of female portraits, and he found in the circumstances of his two longest poems just the opportunity he wanted. And by combining this idea with his favourite machinery of a dream, and by the aid of his favourite flower, the daisy, he obtains the delightful and picturesque combination of the God of Love, the Poet, and the saintly Alcestis, which forms the prologue to these legends. The alleged penitence of Chaucer

for his sins against the feminine ideal is in truth altogether fantastic. After all, he had but translated, not originated, the satirical lines of the Frenchman, Jean de Meung. He had not imagined, he had only given currency to, the character of Cressid in the famous mediæval Troy legend; and when taxed with his want of gallantry, he might well have pointed to others of his existing poems as proof that he could present, and had presented, with equal earnestness and effectiveness the other side of the picture. It is difficult not to believe that this reflection had occurred to the poet himself when he enumerates those other poems. The picture of Emily, the lady for whom the "two noble kinsmen" suffered and struggled; the life and death of the saintly Cecilia; and, above all, the elaborate and detailed portrait of the Duchess Blanche, might well have been pleaded as a set-off against the charge upon which he was found guilty.

Chaucer lived some eighteen years after the prologue to the *Legende of Goode Women* was written, and if in that interval the remaining stories in the Canterbury series were composed, the poet might in his last hours comfort himself with the reflection that he had made still further amends for previous shortcomings, if only in three such portraits of feminine excellence as Griselda, Constance, and Dorigen; and Chaucer might have taken still more comfort to himself had he foreseen that in the years far distant it would be by the stories in which these characters appear that he would be chiefly known, and that thousands would read and delight in them for one who ever threaded the intricacies of the *Romaunt of the Rose*. It is by the *Canterbury Tales* that Chaucer has mainly lived, and will live; and when we estimate him by his treatment of women in these, we have no hesitation in placing him very high in the list of those who have exalted our ideal of the womanly character. Womanliness is indeed the characteristic feature of Chaucer's women. He uses the adjective "womanly" very often. It evidently conveyed a definite idea to him, and moreover something distinct from any other single quality of the sex. The typical virtues of woman, in Chaucer's view, are mainly those of the saintly order. Purity, constancy, meekness under suffering, religious resignation, these form the staple. From the point of view of the present day, the ideal no doubt leaves much to be desired. Those who are at present seeking to claim for woman her true place in the economy of the world would admit perhaps that Chaucer's ideal is very well as far as it goes, but that it needs many additions. The feminine ideal is in our days "under revision," and we know not what changes may be finally introduced into the version hitherto "authorised" by our great imaginative writers. Indeed, we may frankly admit that Chaucer's type even falls short of that of a writer so comparatively behind the age, in the respect of female emancipation, as Wordsworth. The modern poet has drawn for us a memorable and exquisite picture of what in his view constituted womanliness. In it occur the lines:—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

It must be granted that there is something here indicated which is not to be found in Chaucer's women. There is in these last two lines, an image of woman's "taking the initiative" which hardly suits with the women of the older poet. In truth, the feudal conception of society and the Church's ideas of saintliness were still dominant, and Chaucer's idea of woman could not fail to be affected by them. The only wonder is that he should, by the force of his art, have made his heroines so individual within the limited range of qualities which he allowed them.

In one important respect, of course, Chaucer did not create his own types. His stories and allegories and visions are none of them wholly original, and some are, as regarding the minutest details of narrative and dialogue, literal translations from Boccaccio, or Ovid, or the French fable writers and romancists. Without having the originals at hand, the reader cannot at first tell how much of the simple invention, in character and incident, is due to Chaucer, and how much to his original. But after a little while, the Chaucerian touch becomes absolutely distinct and unmistakable. As we turn from pathetic narrative to humorous, from allegory to fable, however the interest and incidents vary, there is found one undeniable Chaucerian power, or rather combination of powers, of observation, of humour, of dramatic and narrative skill. All questions of originality become simply superfluous; Chaucer's own hand and voice betray themselves at every turn. Take his simile of the two cousins, Palamon and Arcite, met at last face to face, fully armed, to contend for the lovely Emily:—

> "And in the grove, at tyme and place i-set,
> This Arcite and this Palamon been met.

THE SECOND NONNE'S TALE—ST. CECILY.

From a Drawing by H. Ryland.

Then changen gan the colour in their face.
Right as the hunter in the realm of Thrace
That standeth at the gappé with a spere,
When hunted is the lyon or the bear,
And heareth him come rushing in the groves,
And breaketh bothé boughés and the leaves,
And thinketh, 'Here cometh my mortal enemy,
Withouté faile, he must be dead, or I ;
For either I must slay him at the gappe,
Or he must slay me, if that me myshappe ;'
So fared-en they, in changing of their hewe."

Or the description of Constance, in the *Man of Lawe's Tale*, on her defence for the murder of which she is wickedly and falsely accused :—

"Have ye not seen some tyme a palé face,
Among a press, of him that hath been led
Toward his death, where he hath found no grace
And such a colour in his face hath had
Men mighté know his face, that was bysted,
Amonges alle the faces in that rout :
So stands Constance, and looketh hir about."

In reading such versions as these—whatever the originals—who thinks for a moment of asking how far Chaucer was indebted to his original for the simile he used? Where he found his material is of little consequence—what is certain is that in the power here shown of grasping the paramount interest and the vital moment of a situation, Chaucer shows his rank among the greatest literary artists of the world.

But, to return to our immediate subject, Chaucer's pictures of women. The word picture seems always inevitable if only because he *paints* his personages for us in such glad colours. This is our first introduction to Emily, in the *Knighte's Tale* :—

"It fel oonès in a morrow of May
That Emilie, that fairer was to seene
Than is the lilie on her stalké green,
And fresscher than the May with flowers newe,
For with the rosé colour strove her hue,
I know not which was fairer of them two—
Ere it were day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight ;
For May will have no sluggardy anight.
The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,
And waketh him out of his sleepe to sterte,
And saith 'Arys, and do thine observaunce.'
This makede Emely have remembraunce
To do honóur to May, and for to ryse.
I-clothéd was she fresshe for to devyse.
Her yellow hair was broidered in a tresse,
Behynde her bak, a yardé long, I gesse.
And in the garden at the sonne upriste
Sche walketh up and down, and as her list
Sche gathereth flowers, party whyte and red,
To make a sotel garland for her heed,
And as an angel hevenlyche she sang."

Who can wonder that both Palamon and Arcite, when this "phantom of delight" first broke upon their vision, were "stongen unto the herte," and that there was no remedy till their claims had been put to the stern arbitrament of battle? It is curious how little prominent the heroine is in this story of passionate love and rivalry. It is hardly possible to construct a character of Emily out of the rare occasions in which she appears. Infinite pity for the suffering, and willingness to accept meekly whichever of the two "poure bachelers" should survive the furious contest for the possession of her, this is all that is indicated. The interest of the story centres in the two men, not in the woman, as the authors of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* were not slow to perceive.

In Griselda, on the other hand, we have a character the peculiarities of which are worked out in most careful detail—we cannot say to the bitter end, for the end is happy—but to the verge of what promises to be the crowning disaster of all. Griselda is the "beggar-maid" to this King Cophetua, the Marquis of Saluce. She dwells in contented poverty with her old father, whom she labours to support. Her beauty, industry, and contentment with her lot, are told in a charming stanza :—

"But for to speke of vertuous beautee
Then was she oon, the fairest under sonne ;
For poureliche yfostred up was she,
No idle lust was through her heart y-ronne ;
Wel ofter of the well than of the tonne
She drank, and for she wolde vertu please,
She knew wel labour, but none ydel ese."

But though she was "so tendre of age," the poet tells us,—

"Yet in the brest of her virginitee
There was encloséd rype and sad corage,"—

a beautiful phrase, when we have translated it, in thought, into its essential meaning. She was young, but she had a strength of heart, riper than her years might warrant, and with it the seriousness that comes from having thus early to be the prop and staff of a house. All that follows is an expansion of this text, and shows how her "rype and sad corage" is proof against every attempt to sour the sweetness of her nature, and crush her resolute endurance. The narrative follows closely the Latin of Petrarch, but a few words of the Latin prose are often expanded, and made to fill a whole stanza, though by a process the very reverse of diluting—and the purest touches of all in the poem are Chaucer's own. For instance, when the "stupid" husband (there is no worthier name for him) tells Griselda that he has chosen a new wife, and that she must now leave him, taking

with her only such dower (but a few ragged clothes) as she originally brought him, the revulsion of feeling that follows on her reference to this circumstance is simply superb, and owes nothing to any suggestion in the original :—

"But whereas ye me profer such dowáire
As I first brought, it is wel in my mynde
It were my wretched clothés, naught more fair,
Which now, I fear, were hard for me to find.
O goode God ! how gentil and how kynde
Ye seméd by your speche and your viságe
The day that maked was our mariáge :—"

and a little later, when Griselda hints that the marquis had better not treat a second wife as he has treated his first, we see what a true poet can make of a mere suggestion in his original. Petrarch's version makes Griselda say to her husband, "One thing only in good faith I beseech and counsel you : not to harass this woman with the stings with which you have harassed *one other*." This is delicate and pathetic ; but as Professor Skeat has well remarked, Chaucer would not be outdone in delicacy, and while retaining the exquisite *finesse* of the original, he is able to add to it without weakening it : there is no anti-climax in the four lines that follow :—

"One thing beseech I you and warn alsó,
That ye ne prikké with no tormenting
This tendre mayden, as ye have done mo—"

("As ye have done to *more* than her"—that is, to *others*.)

"For she is fostred in her nourishing,
More tendrely, and, to my supposing,
She coude not adversitee endure,
As coude a pouré fostred creatúre."

Perhaps there is nothing in English literature that better illustrates the power of the humanising touch to commend and make conceivable the most unpromising material. In the bare outline of the story of Griselda, there is everything to repel, and even to disgust. The brutal stupidity of the husband is only less distasteful than the senseless endurance of the wife. And yet by a few lines here and there, such as those just cited, Chaucer makes the incredible narrative almost credible ; the woman's character almost to be admired ; and the conduct of the husband to be justified by its success. No wonder that the climax of wifely devotion is reached in these lines, and that the husband here at last abates his "sturdiness," and takes her to his arms, and avows that all his trials of her patience were but experiments, and that the second wife is nothing but a name—

"Now knowe I, deré wyf, thy steedfastness ;
And her in armes he took, and gan her kiss."

It is a triumph of art—whether due to Chaucer, or Petrarch, or Boccaccio, or to some still earlier embellisher of the story—that the hard husband is at last melted—not by the wife's boundless capacity for taking blows without returning them, but by her generosity—her thought of others, at the moment when her own condition is the most abject and forlorn. It is generosity, not weakness reduced to its unworthiest shape, that keeps the story sweet and wholesome.

This same quality of generosity makes the charm of Chaucer's story of Dorigen, the virtuous wife, in the less familiar *Franklin's Tale*. The story is indeed so much less familiar that it may be given here in outline, without need of apology. In Armorique (so runs the tale) there dwelt a noble knight, Arviragus, who woos and wins a no less admirable woman, Dorigen. The love of adventure and military glory takes the husband away to Britain, and the poor wife is inconsolable for his absence. Her beauty and worth have long worked havoc in the breast of a young squire, by name Aurilius, who at last discloses to her his passion. She rejects his suit with proper indignation, and declares she will be a true and faithful wife to her life's end. But at last, to rid herself of his importunity, she imposes on him in jest a condition of supposed impossibility. While wandering along the sea-shore she has been continually alarmed by the sight of the dangerous rocks along the coast which might so easily be the destruction of her husband's ship, should he return in unfavourable weather. So much has this preyed upon her mind that at last, harassed by this double anxiety of her husband's danger and her lover's ardent attentions, she one day promises that on the day when he shall have removed all the perilous rocks from the coast of Brittany, she will return his affection :—

"I say, when ye have made this coast so clene
Of rokkès, that there is no stoné seen,
Then wol I love yow best of any man—
Have here my trouthe, in all that ever I can ;
For wel I wot that that schal never betide."

(For, at least, I am sure—that is to say—that *that* will never come to pass.)

"Let such folie out of youre herte glide."

And she hopes, with this final answer, to give the young man his dismissal for good and all. But he is not to be so shaken off. He goes away to a learned clerk among his friends,

who is skilled in magic, who undertakes for a handsome consideration (a thousand pounds) to effect the required result. By his knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and an application of the arts of the astrologer, he succeeds in bringing about an abnormally high tide, the effect of which is, not to remove the rocks from the coast, but to cover them, and so give the appearance of their removal :—

"And through his magik, for a week or tweye,
It semed that the rokkés were aweye."

And told him all, as ye have herd before—
This housband with glad chiere in goodé wyse,
Answerd and sayd, as I schal you devyse.
'Is ther aught else, my Dorigen, but this?'
'Nay, nay,' quod sche, 'as God my counsel is—
This is too much—were it not Goddés will.'
'Yea, wife,' quoth he, 'what can't be helped,
keep still—
All may be well, perchance, for us to-day—
You shall your truthe holden, by my fay.
For God so wisely have mercy on me,
I to the heart would sooner stikkéd be
For very love which that I to you have,

THE COURT OF LOVE—PHILOGONET AND ROSIAL.
From a Drawing by H. RYLAND.

Meantime Arviragus is returned, safe and sound to his faithful wife, and when Dorigen has learned that the promise she had given to Aurilius is claimed, upon what seems irrefragable proof of the conditions being fulfilled, she is in despair. Her husband finds her weeping, and asks her the cause :—

"And she gan wepe ever longer the more.
'Allas'! quod sche, 'that ever was I born!
Thus have I sayd,' quod she, 'thus have I
sworn,'
But that ye should your trouthé keep and save,
Truth is the heighest thing that men may keepe,
But with that word he gan anon to wepe."

The unhappy wife, thus far exonerated from blame, repairs weeping to her lover, and tells him her husband's decision. Aurilius is deeply touched, in his turn, by this signal instance of respect for the sacredness of a promise, and considering that it would be indeed a "churlish wretchedness" to persist in his claim, he releases the wife from her bond, to

show (as he says) that the humbler member of society will not be outdone in generosity by his superior :—

> "Thus can a squyer doe a gentil dede
> As well as can a knight."

But then begin the poor squire's own embarrassments. He has pledged himself to pay a thousand pounds to the learned clerk who worked the magical charm upon the elements. And now he knows that he cannot discharge this debt without parting with his heritage. He goes in fear and trembling to explain his position to his learned friend, but that friend is so affected by the turn that things have taken that he wipes out the debt upon the spot, to show, as he says, that a clerk can do "a gentil dede" as well as a squire. Thus all are released from the predicament into which circumstances have brought them, and the story ends with the happiness and content of all concerned.

In reading of the preposterous bond concerning the rocks and their removal, one is reminded of the central incident of the Merchant of Venice. In both cases an "immoral contract" is entered into, in merry sport, because the promiser conceives of the proposed conditions as impossible of fulfilment. In Shakespeare's play the contract becomes almost too painful for contemplation. In Chaucer we are still more deeply pained because there is something at stake even more sacred than human life. Added to which, the introduction of the supernatural element —the astrology and the magic—still further increases the unreality of the story. But yet the air of the romance is so filled with sweetness from the rivalry in generosity among all the personages ; the reverence for faithfulness and truth is so genuine, however Quixotic ; in a word, the *human touch* is so dominant over the absurdities of the situation, that at the close of the story one is actually richer in faith as to the possibilities of good in human nature. This is the triumph of ingenuousness. "The pity of it—the pity of it, Iago," is the sweet, sad note that rings through all, and purges the story of all dross of improbability and absurdity. And in the combination of fidelity, guilelessness, and playfulness, there is no figure in English literature more delicately indicated than Dorigen, until we come to Shakespeare's Imogen.

There is a certain family likeness, it must be admitted, in Chaucer's heroines, due in part to the conventional estimate of the period, as to what constituted true "womanhede," and in part to Chaucer himself emphasising, after the manner of writers, such of these qualities as were most dear to himself. But in one poem, at least, he has drawn for us a character with such fulness of detail, such distinctive traits of individuality, that we become aware of a power in him of drawing from the model, and not merely reproducing the same type continually. We possess from his hand a portrait, and one drawn under circumstances that made it impossible for him to deal exclusively in generalities. John of Gaunt, Edward the Third's fourth son, owed his title ("Time-honoured Lancaster") to his marriage with the Lady Blanche, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. He married her while only a boy of nineteen, and enjoyed ten years of great happiness with his wife. In the autumn of 1369 the Duchess died, and Chaucer, probably at the request of his intimate friend and patron, the bereaved husband, wrote a long elegy in her honour—the remarkable poem which has come down to us under the title of the *Boke of the Duchess*. Here, it might have been thought, it would be impossible for Chaucer to translate other poems, or even borrow from other poets ; and yet it is in this poem that some of his most noteworthy feats in this kind have been achieved. In his own age Chaucer had the title among his contemporaries of the "noble Translatour," but he was also no less noble a *borrower*. Like Molière, Chaucer made a rule of taking "*son bien*," wherever he found it, and it is strange that it has been left for a countryman of Molière, the eminent French critic, M. Sandras, to disallow almost all merit to this particular poem, on account of the numerous "conveyals" (as the wise might call it) from other poems that it contains. It is on this ground chiefly that M. Sandras holds the *Boke of the Duchess* one of the weakest of Chaucer's productions, and "a servile imitation" of the French fourteenth century poet, Guillaume de Machault. It is certain that from two of Machault's extant poems, the *Dit de la Fontaine Amoureuse*, and the *Remède de la Fortune*, Chaucer borrowed for this poem several passages, and translated them with a frank literality that make it clear he was not ashamed of his action. But the truth is that in Chaucer's day, and until long afterwards, the crime of plagiarism had no existence. To have skilfully borrowed was part of a writer's literary merit, and the transference of a striking passage from the French language to the English was no wrong to the original producer of it, but

rather a compliment and a tribute. Of course, if a poem like the *Boke of the Duchess*, of some thirteen hundred lines, were made up chiefly of other men's thoughts, conveyed in a literal translation of their words, it would cease to have any claim to originality. But "servile imitation" is too strong a phrase, in any case, where the passages imitated form apparently only about a tenth part of the whole. M. Sandras quotes some of the stolen portions, and having a case to make out, we must assume that he gives us the most striking of these. He shows us that not only from Machault, but from that famous storehouse of imagery and allusion, the *Roman de la Rose*, Chaucer freely borrowed; but, after the manner of critics, he lays little or no stress upon those passages in Chaucer's poem that do NOT seem to have been taken from any French original. Nor does he seem to recognise that in Chaucer's day, or Shakespeare's, or even in our own, it is not so much what a man borrows, as the use he makes of his borrowed material, that determines his claim to be accounted an original writer. It seems possible indeed that the idea of the poem was suggested to Chaucer by his patron, and that he sat down in the first instance to his task work in somewhat of a perfunctory spirit. He adopts almost as an inevitable condition his favourite machinery of a dream. He (Chaucer) represents himself as reading in bed. In default of being able to sleep, he has naturally turned to that story-book of never-failing delight, the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid; until at last he falls asleep over the story of Ceyx and Alcyone, just as Shakespeare (who knew his Chaucer well) makes his Imogen fall asleep over the story of Tereus. Ovid's story is one of the faithful love of husband and wife, crowned by death, and when Chaucer, with this subject fresh in his mind, at length prevails upon the sleep-god Morpheus to grant him the boon he most sorely needs, it is natural that the dream accompanying that sleep should concern itself with the death of that faithful wife, who had been so gracious a friend to the poet. In his dream he is near a beautiful castle—Windsor, one can well believe—though the king who is out hunting in the neighbourhood of it, proves to be no English king, but the mythical Roman Emperor, Octavian. Chaucer (in his dream) takes horse and joins the hunting party, only to find that the hart which they were hunting had got away. The scent was lost, and the master-hunter had sounded upon his horn the notes that told that the sport for the present was over.

The poet had taken up his station at a particular tree, and at this moment the incident is introduced which leads with admirable skill to the intended subject of the poem. It must be told in Chaucer's own lines:—

"I was go walkéd fro my tree,
And as I went, there came by mee
A whelpe, that fawned me as I stoode
That hadde yfolowed, and koude no good."

(*i.e.* that had tried to follow the rest of the pack, but had been unsuccessful).

"It came and crepte to me as lowe,
Right as it haddé me yknowe:
Held down his head, and joined his ears,
And leyde al smoothé down his hairs.
I wolde have caught it; and anon
It fleddé, and was fro me gone."

Chaucer has drawn the dog and man with a precision and clearness that leaves nothing for a painter to add—else, what a subject for Mr. Briton Riviere! The whelp goes its way, but there is something in its manner that makes the poet curious to see what the dog will do, and he follows it till it leads him to a retired part of the wood, where he becomes aware—

"Of a man in blak
That sate, and had yturned his bak
To an ooke—an hugé tree.
'Lordé!' thought I, 'who may that be?
What ayleth hym to sitten here?'
Anoonė righte I wentė nere.
Then found I sitting, evene uprighte
A wondre welfaringé knighte,
(By the maner me thoughte so)
Of goode size, and right yonge thereto,
Of the age of foure and twentye yere,
Upon his berde but little hair,
And he was clothed al in blake."

Chaucer hears the stranger, who is utterly woe-begone, chant a song implying the death of some much-loved lady, and when it is ended, he ventures to address the strange knight, who replies courteously, and the two enter into conversation. Chaucer urges him, with charming delicacy and feeling to confide to him his trouble, and after some preluding, the stranger (who is of course Chaucer's friend, John of Gaunt) proceeds to narrate his falling in love and wooing, and to describe in fullest detail the beauty and charms of the lady. On a day, it seemed, the young man had fallen in with a company of fair ladies, and among these one had struck him to the heart, and determined his lot for ever. "I saw one," he says, "that was lyke noone of the route." He was caught, he adds, so

THE FRANKELEYNE'S TALE—DORIGEN AND AURILIUS.

From a Drawing by H. RYLAND.

suddenly, that he took no further counsel, save of her look, and of his own heart; for his own thought told him,

"It were better to serve her for nought,
Than with another to be wel."

I do not suppose Burns ever read a line of Chaucer, but he has something very like this:—

"'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside, Jessie!"

And indeed the lover proceeds to draw such a picture of her varied gifts and graces that we are not surprised at this hyperbole. Like Wordsworth's women, she had the two-fold gift of seriousness and playfulness, and in either mood was charming:—

"She hadde so stedfaste countenaunce,
So noble porte and meyntenaunce."

And yet, for all this:

"I saw her daunce so comelely,
Carole and synge so swetély,
Laughe and playe so womanly,
And loke so debonairly;
So goodely speke and so frendly,
That certes I trowe that nevermore,
Was seene so blissful a tresore."

The hair upon her head—he knows not how to call it—it was neither red, nor yellow, nor brown:

"Methought most liké gold it was."

And then what eyes "my lady hadde"!—"debonaire, good, glad, and sadde"—a combination of the serious and the playful, the earnest with the merry, that Chaucer handed down for Shakespeare to use, and none so well, in his Rosalinds and Violas and Perditas. Her look, the lover goes on to say, was so sweet and ingenuous to all, that presumptuous fools thought when she smiled upon them that she "meant something"—that she had singled them out of the crowd of admirers for special favour. But it was nothing of the sort; it was no individual that she had thus marked by her preference. Dulness was "of her adrad." *Dulness was afraid of her!* Surely nothing was ever said more consummate than this, unless it be a few lines later on, where the lover, after the common-place praise that she was the very ensample and type of nature's most perfect workmanship, adds this vigorous climax,

"be it never so darke,
Me thinketh I see her ever mo,"

—a compliment which Sir Thomas Wyatt repeated, without improving it, a hundred and fifty years afterwards,

"Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;
So followeth me remembrance of that face."

I wish I had space to transfer to these pages the whole of this incomparable picture of the ideal English lady. Her speech was so "goodely and softe"; so true, so free from scorn, that for all her wit and playfulness,

"there was never yet through her tongue
Man nor woman greatly harmed,"

and her "simple record" was as much to be trusted as any other person's bond. Then she was so *good*, that even "Hester in the Bible" did not surpass her. And her goodness was not the cheap innocence of *ignorance*:—

"I seye not that she had not knowing
What harmé was, or elles she
Hadde known no good, so thinketh me."

Indeed, she loved *right* so dearly, that she could wrong no man living. No one could bring shame to her—

"She loved so wel her *owné name*,"

that is, her name of Blanche, emblem of all innocence and purity.

Then, too, she had none of the little coquetries of her sex, which might almost have been venial in such a woman. She was not one of those young ladies who send gentlemen off upon fools' errands to Prussia and Turkey and Tartary, to test their devotion. She used no such "smale knakkes" as these. But why go on? asks the lover; sufficient to say she was—

"that swete wife,
My suffisaunce, my luste, my life,
Myn happe, myn hele, and al my blisse,
My worldes welfare, and my goddess,
And I hooly hers, and every del."

And then on being further encouraged by Chaucer to continue his story, the sorrowful lover goes on to tell how he wooed and won this charming creature; how he loved, but was afraid to tell his passion (he durst not, for all the world, tell her his thought): and how, to keep himself from idleness, he learned to make verses. The following were the first lines he wrote, he says, and he can't remember whether they were better or worse than the rest:—

"Lord! hyt maketh myn herte lighte
When I think on that sweet wight,
That is so seemly on to see.

And wishe to God it might so be
That she wolde holde me for her knyghte,
My lady that is so fair and bright."

Certainly worse lines than these have been written in the early stages of many a courtship! But even writing these valentines did not advance matters much. The time must come when the awful word must be spoken, and the awful question asked. Indeed, it must come soon, for he could not bear the suspense much longer; and it came into his thoughts that a lady so beautiful and good could not have been left without pity in her composition:—

"So, at the lasté, sooth to seyen,
I bethoughte me that Nature
Ne formed never in creature
So moché beauty trewely
And bounte, wythoute *mercy*."

So, on this happy thought he spoke. But his courage and nerve failed him so utterly, that of all his carefully prepared address he could command no syllable when the moment came:—

"For wytte, maner, and al was gone,
I seyde 'Mercy'—and no more."

The *thought* that had given him courage to declare his love was the one thought left him when the moment came for him to speak! He cried *Mercy*, and then broke down. But, by and by, his courage revived and his self-possession:—

"I gan her beseeche
That she wolde be my lady sweet;"

and he swore, with "almost all the holy vows of Heaven,"

"Ever to be stedfast and true
And love her alwey fresshly newe,
And never other lady have
And all her worship for to save,
As I best could: I swere her this
For youres is alle that ever ther is
For evermore, myn herte sweet!"

But, alas! when he had told his tale:—

"God wote, she counted not a straw,
Of all my tale, so thoughté me."

I cannot counterfeit her exact words, adds the poor knight, but the "grit" of her answer was *nay!* and he attempted no rejoinder. He durst say no more "for pure fear," but stole away to bear his anguish as he might. No need for him, he says, to *seek* for sorrow. He found it fresh every morning when he awoke.

But faint heart never won fair lady. He allowed a year to elapse, and then thought that he would recall to her his patient sufferings, and see whether she might not even yet be merciful. He resolved to tell her that he willed nothing but good, and worship, and to keep her name above all things; and that seeing he was so bent on this, and was so "busy to serve" her, and that after all he meant no harm, it seemed a pity that he should die!

"And pitee were I shuldé sterve
Syth that I willed none harm, iwis."

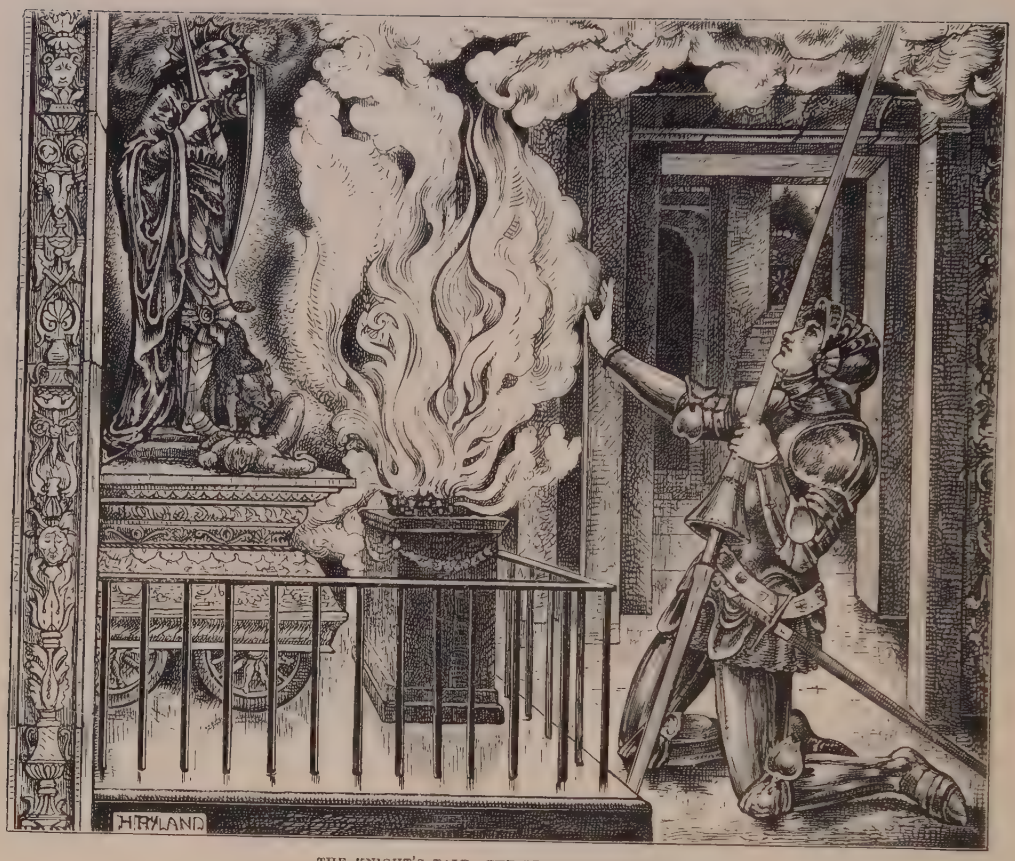
And this last delightful plea was successful. The lady could hold out no longer, but gave him then and there "the noble gifte of her mercy." No need to ask if I was happy, adds the knight. So help me God, I was like a man raised from death to life, and my future existence was the happiest and gladdest that can be conceived. For I was a mere boy, but she took my foolish youth into her governance; and whenever (as often enough chanced) I was in the wrong, and she in the right, she would always forgive me with such a sweet grace! Our joy was every morning new, and our hearts so "even a pair," that when joy or sorrow came we bore it together in perfectest accord:—

"And thus we lived full many a yere
So wel, I kan not tellé how."

Up to this point the young man and his questioner had been at cross purposes. The lover had spoken vaguely of some happiness that had passed from him for ever, but how or why, he had not given his newly found friend to understand. But the *dénoûment* cannot longer be concealed. Chaucer asks the fatal question:—

"'Sir!' quoth I, 'where is she now?'
'Now?' quoth he and stopped anoon;
Therewith he waxe as dead as stone,
And seyde, 'Allas! that I was bore!
That was the losse! and here before
I toldé thee what I had lorne.
Bethinke how I seyde here beforne,
Thou know'st full little what thou meanest,
I have loste more than thou weenest.
God wot, alas! right that was she.'
'Allas! sir, how? what may that be?'
'She is dead:' 'Nay?'—'Yes, by my truth!'
'Is that your loss? By God, it is ruth!'"

At this juncture the Castle bell struck twelve (still in his dream) and therewith the poet woke, to find himself lying in his bed,



THE KNIGHT'S TALE—THE PRAYER OF ARCITE.
From a Drawing by H. RYLAND.

and the book open at the story of Ceyx and Alcyone, still in his hand.

Chaucer never did anything better than this, even with the maturer hand that framed the *Canterbury Tales*. Whatever hints he may have taken from Machault and others—whatever actual passages he may have translated bodily in order to gratify the foreign tastes of the day, the portrait of the lady here drawn must have been in substance taken from the life, or it could never have pleased and satisfied the widowed husband. The graces and virtues of the lady may have been heightened and idealised, but no enumeration of female traits, because they had occurred in some poem of Machault, would have been any compliment to her or John of Gaunt. We must assume that Chaucer was here drawing from a model; and most certainly he has produced a picture which may rank with the most famous in English poetry—nothing like or second to it appeared in poetry until Shakespeare began the matchless series of his heroines. And yet here is a poem which not one in a thousand even of intelligent lovers of poetry in our day has ever read or heard of.

Like other great humorists, Chaucer has two distinct methods of presenting the feminine character, and obtains many of his happiest effects by the expressed or implied contrast between woman as she is and woman as she ought to be. Excellent opportunity for this is afforded him in the *Canterbury Tales* by the circumstance that the host of the Tabard, Harry Bailey, and other members of the cavalcade form a kind of chorus or running commentary on the various tales as they are told. Such characters as Griselda and Constance and the wife of Melibeus not unnaturally suggest to certain of the married men among the company that their own homes would be made happier by the transference to their atmosphere of some of that wifely patience which marked the heroines of the respective stories. And even where the

story has been of a different complexion, these gentlemen have the chance of expressing their sad assent to the type of female imperfection there presented. The merchant, in prefacing his own contribution to the entertainment of the company, frankly admits that his wife at home is the worst that can be imagined :—

"For though the fiend to her y-coupled were,
She wold him overmatch, I dare well swear."

He had only been married two months, he says, and yet he was certain that no bachelor at the end of his days could tell a tale of so much sorrow as he could of these two months. And when he has taken his part in the day's story-telling the host finds himself obliged to say "Ditto to Mr. Burke," and to admit that woman's nature is full of "slights and subtleties," and that though his own wife is a model of propriety in other ways, she is a "labbing shrew" and has a variety of other faults too numerous to mention. Under these circumstances so many tales illustrative of feminine meekness and forbearance as are told by his companions could not but have been very galling to the host, and indeed when he has heard the tale of Melibeus and his patient wife, he is provoked to a very detailed description of the stern realities of his own domestic life. I wish my wife could have heard this tale, he says. She certainly might have taken a lesson from the lady. Why, when I have occasion to correct my apprentices she brings out the great "clubbed staves" and cries, "Slay the dogs, every man jack of them! Break their backs and their bones!" And if any neighbour fails to pay a proper salute to my wife when they meet in church, she comes home, raises such a storm, requires me to resent the affront, and pick a quarrel with my neighbours, and, if I hesitate, taunts me with being a cowardly loon, that is afraid to stand up for his own wife. This, it must be admitted, is the dominant tone in which Chaucer speaks of the ladies of real life, as contrasted with the ideal ladies of fiction, and from Chaucer's time onwards the type has been reproduced again and again by our humorists, by Shakespeare and Fielding and Jerrold and Dickens. Mrs. Quickly is of a thoroughly Chaucerian type, though treated with that greater fulness which a dramatist has at his command. And so are Mrs. Chick (when she tells Mr. Chick if he wishes to trample on her with his boots he had better do it) and Mrs. Raddle. The conventional *real* woman (if the contradiction in terms may be allowed) is pretty much the same in all times. The affected lady who minces her words, and in whose mouth butter will hardly melt; the lady who feeds her spaniel on French rolls and cream; the inveterate tendency to henpeck, and the extreme sensitiveness on points of social precedence—all these are found in Chaucer, as they are in all humorists and satirists since, down to John Leech and George du Maurier. It is startling to read in the *Boke of the Duchess* of the young ladies who send their admirers on distant errands out of sheer mischievous coquetry, and to find the same thing recorded of Miss Pecksniff at Mrs. Todgers's dinner party, who (we read) was cruel and capricious, and sent gentlemen on messages to other gentlemen, and forgot all about them before they could return with the answer, and invented a thousand tortures, rending their hearts to pieces. But for a purely humorous treatment of the female subject there is nothing in Chaucer more admirable than the fable of the Cock and the Fox—the *Nun Priest's Tale*. The cock Chanticleer, and his wife Pertelote, are a kind of ornithological Mr. and Mrs. Caudle—with a difference. The cock has had an ill-omened dream, and the contrast between the superstitious husband, who is certain something will happen, and the rationalistic wife who persists that it is only the result of indigestion, is simply one of the most delightful things in any language. The fable must surely be little known in this age, or it certainly would have been included in the published manifestos of the Psychical Society. Indeed the enumeration by the cock of the dreams he had read of which had turned out true, reads exactly like some recent articles in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is in this fable that the cock so far forgets himself as to quote Latin to his wife :—

"Mulier est hominis Confusio,"

which he at once, however, gallantly translates :—

"Madame, the sentence of this Latin is
Woman is mannes joy, and all his bliss."

The late R. H. Horne, when editing a modernised version of certain of Chaucer's poems forty years ago, announced that he had met with much sympathy and encouragement in his enterprise save from one gentleman "of literary eminence," who objected to any process of the sort being applied to the poet. He did not want Chaucer made easy. He wished, he said, to keep Chaucer for himself and a few friends. There is a fine epicurism in this avowal that commands

respect, though it is clear that its author was far from having appropriated the teaching of his favourite writer in the noble line,

"And gladly wold he learn, and gladly teach;"

—one of the few lines of Chaucer, by the way, that have become household words beyond the circle of the "few friends" indicated. The literary gentleman might have spared himself any anxiety. After forty years it may truly be said that every admirer of Chaucer has still but a limited number of friends to share his enthusiasm. Thanks to the labours of Mr. Morris and Mr. Skeat, the students in our universities, and even the boys and girls in our best schools are coming to be aware what a treasure of poetry and humour is open for their enjoyment. But to the general reader, the "very indifferent spelling" which Charles Lamb's friend noticed in the old black-letter volumes still proves a fatal obstacle. It is in fact the spelling that keeps Chaucer from being read. In the extracts I have given I have done little more than modernise the spelling, and here and there alter a word or grammatical form that has become wholly unrecognisable. Experience shows that it is mainly *to the eye* that Chaucer is obscure, and that when read aloud intelligently his language needs little other elucidation. In this respect of being neglected for his obscurities of diction, Chaucer's fate has been curiously like that of another great English poet, separated from him by four hundred years. A parallel might indeed be drawn between Chaucer and Burns on other grounds. For in these two poets we have the two greatest masters of pathos and humour that Great Britain has produced among her non-dramatic writers. In colour, movement, and lightsomeness, there is nothing in our literature superior to the description of the farmyard (in the *Nun Priest's Tale*) when the cry of "Fox" is raised, till we come to the days of *Tam o' Shanter*. Yet neither Chaucer nor Burns is known to the average English poetry-lover. Ample proof is afforded of this in the circumstance how little one or the other is quoted. Five or six phrases from Burns, two or three from Chaucer, make up the number. If ever it should become the *fashion* to know Chaucer, the intelligent reader will discover that two days' study of his English will be all that is necessary to the ample enjoyment of him.

"I take unceasing delight in Chaucer," said Coleridge. "His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakespeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well do we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakespeare!" The other leaders of the poetical renaissance of this century were also, like Coleridge, devoted to Chaucer. Scott was a true Chaucerian; so were Wordsworth and Southey; so were Keats and Leigh Hunt. It was while waiting one day in Cowden Clarke's lodgings that Keats found a copy of the *Flower and the Leaf* (which, if it is not Chaucer's, is certainly by one of the most sympathetic of his imitators) and read it through, and wrote on the blank page at the end the delicate sonnet beginning,

"This pleasant tale is like a little copse:
The honeyed lines so freshly interlace
To keep the reader in so sweet a place."

Later on Keats adds the beautiful line which may seem to many to express the most characteristic feature of Chaucer's poetry:—

"Oh! what a power has white simplicity!"

No doubt this simplicity—*naïveté*, we are fond of calling it—is one of the first delights that every reader experiences on his first introduction to Chaucer. But, as the latest and best of Chaucer's biographers has remarked, this *naïveté* belongs at least as much to the age as to the particular poet. It was a time when for literary purposes all nature was fresh and unused, and when the describer of men and things never paused to ask himself whether the things he observed and noted had been observed and noted before. The poet wrote with no fear of the professional critic before his eyes. But there is nothing in simplicity to secure the vitality of a work of art. It has been no such negative quality that has kept Chaucer's poetry eternally sweet. When we have exhausted the effect of this first, and doubtless surprising charm, we may go on to note Chaucer's transcendent gifts of pathos and humour, and a dramatic instinct which, if he had lived two centuries later, might have added to our list of dramatists a name second only to Shakespeare

ALFRED AINGER.

CRICKET.

From a Picture by F. Hayman, R.A., *belonging to the Marylebone Club.*

CRICKET.

"Doubtless Heaven might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly Heaven never did," says the good English divine. Doubtless, we may alter the phrase—man might have developed a better game than cricket, but certainly man never did. This we say without regard to the feelings of tennis-players. Their pastime is indeed "the sport of princes," but for that very reason we cannot deem it "the prince of games." Tennis, like the Game Laws, private property in land, the House of Lords, Covent Garden Market, and other notorious abuses, is a feudal survival of an exclusive and aristocratic character. The very disposition of the court, with its pent-house and grille, speaks of its origin in the court of the mediæval castle. Now mediæval castles have a notoriously bad character. "Castelas he let wyrcean, and earme men swencte;" "castles he built, and made it rough for poor men," says the *Peterborough Chronicle.* While the villein was being sat upon by the baron, in a box half full of rough stones,[1] the baron's sons were playing tennis in the castle court. Thus tennis, like highway robbery, was the sport of princes such as Henry V. in his salad days; Henry V. who received that famous present of tennis balls from the King of France. Even now there are probably not more than two or three hundred tennis players in England. It is a game of a closed-in court and a stuffy smoky *dedans*, and, with all its excellent qualities, can never be popular. Cricket, on the other hand, is the game of the people. Wherever you see two or three English boys with a ball and a stick, their amusement naturally takes the shape of a rude kind of cricket. In the parks the little street-boys pile their coats up to make a wicket, and show a fine natural tendency to hit to square leg. Even little girls make a wicket of a tree, in Kensington Gardens, and bowl slows with soft balls. Every open space has its own small match going on, and on all that is left of village greens you always see the worn marks of the wickets. I speak of the south of England, the north has kicking and other diversions—the north, that is, far from the influences of Sheffield and Manchester.

"How much are we to get by the hour for this?" said the Northumbrian swains,

[1] See Lingard, Freeman, Florence of Worcester, *The Peterborough Chronicle, Thaddeus of Warsaw,* &c.

when their squire presented them with a ground, wickets, bats, balls, and an oration explanatory of the rules. But even in Northumberland cricket is being planted chiefly by curates. Even in the remote parts of Scotland, "the country of the wild Scots," cricket is being introduced. Moral reformers hope that it will partially take the place of the favourite local pastime, "to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame," a diversion not found to elevate the character of the parish.

slackens before luncheon, and how, after luncheon, the bowlers, like men refreshed with beef and beer, mow down the wickets. Mr. George Meredith is not wrong—cricket requires beer and beef for its noble nurture. The writers on this topic have usually had the sportsman's love of a bit of learning, of a bit of Latin, but they have not been really serious scholars. Scientific study has not bent itself to the question of the origin of cricket; and the weather is too warm, as Nimrod found "the pace too good

A FAMILY GROUP.

From a Drawing by J. DOWNMAN, A.R.A., *in the British Museum.*

Granting, then, the popularity and pre-excellence of the noble game, what is its origin, and what its history? Of course no one invented cricket. Like almost everything else, cricket was evolved. We have but lately moved away from the state of mind of Herodotus, who tells us that the Lydians invented games during a famine to occupy their minds, and prevent them from feeling hungry. The Lydians could not have played cricket without having their meals regular. Look how the bowling always

to inquire." Certainly the Phæacians, described by Homer in his *Odyssey* did not know cricket. Had they known it they would not have diverted their guests by empty exhibitions of their dexterity in holding catches. No; they would have pitched the stumps, and displayed their national address at cricket. Chapman, however, in his translations, shows that he imagines Homer to have known stool-ball, from which amusement I shall attempt to derive the origin of cricket. In truth, Homer only

THE ROYAL ACADEMY CLUB IN MARYLEBONE FIELDS.
From a Picture by F. HAYMAN, R.A., *belonging to the Marylebone Club.*

says that Nausicaa played at ball with her maidens, but Chapman puts it thus :—

> "Nausicaa
> With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
> Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by,
> Nausicaa, with her wrists of ivory,
> *The liking stroke struck.*"

Here "the liking stroke" answers to our old "trial ball," which is an exploded institution. Chapman goes on, "The queen now for the upstroke struck the ball," a technicality of which the meaning escapes us. But before considering stool-ball in particular, let us notice the various natural species into which all sport with balls and bats differentiates itself. First the players may return the ball to each other across a barrier, such as a net. Hence comes tennis, and the "tennis without chaces," which the Spaniards found among the Aztecs, and *balloon*, and lawn-tennis. Next, each side may endeavour to drive the ball to a goal guarded by the opposite party. Hence come hockey, *La Crosse*, the Red Indian game, the Persian *tsigan* (whence *chicane*), and our polo. Again, the game may be to see which party will drive the ball into certain holes, or through certain hoops, in the smallest number of strokes. Hence comes the old Jeu de Malle, or Pell Mell, and hence come golf, and the modern form of pell mell—croquet. Again, the object may be to strike the ball to such a distance as will enable the player to traverse a given space before the ball can be returned by the other party. If the ball be thrown or bowled to the striker, this game develops into rounders, base-ball, or the old stool-ball. A stool (which could be carried about and pitched anywhere in a moment) took the place of our wickets. I have played cricket with a camp-stool for wicket, I am sorry to say, in the market-place of Zug, it was excellent sport till a tremendous slog over the bowler's head went straight for the Burgomaster's windows. Again, if the ball be not thrown to the striker, but hit off the ground by himself, perhaps with the aid of some simple mechanism, we have the games of *knur and spell; trap, bat, and ball*, or, substituting for the ball a short piece of wood,

sharpened at the ends, we have tip-cat. Every one has seen tip-cat played in the streets. The street-boys are constantly hitting the cat into the eye of the wayfaring man.

Now, as far as we can ascertain, cricket seems to have been evolved out of stool-ball, and tip-cat, or as it was called, *cat and dog*. From stool-ball was borrowed the primitive wicket—a stool, or *cricket*—which (perhaps) gave its name to the pastime. From stool-ball, too, we have the custom of tossing or bowling the ball to the striker. From *cat and dog* we borrow that part of the game which consists in running between two fixed points while the ball (at *cat and dog* the cat, or piece of wood) is being fielded or returned, by the other side.

Cat and dog is in one sense a classical game. Bunyan tells us that he was playing at it, and was just about to strike the *cat*, when he heard a supernatural voice bidding him forbear. I remember reading this passage in childhood, and fancying that Bunyan was torturing a poor puss, and that his heart was suddenly wrung by a sense of his own cruelty. But Bunyan was merely affected by a consciousness of the wickedness of primitive cricket. It seems that in some districts, *cat and dog* was less like knur and spell, or trap, bat, and ball, than I have supposed. The cat was not hit up and then knocked away by the player, as in *tip-cat*, but was thrown or bowled to him, as at cricket. *Cat and dog*, as played in Scotland of old, is thus described in Jamieson's *Dictionary:* "Three play at this game, who are provided with clubs; they cut out two holes each, a foot in diameter and seven inches in depth. The distance between them is twenty-six feet. One stands at each hole with a club; these clubs are called *dogs*. A piece of wood, called a cat, about four inches long, and one inch in diameter, is thrown from one hole to another by a third person. The object is to prevent the cat from getting into the hole. Every time that it enters the hole, he who stands at that hole loses the club, and he who threw the cat gets possession of the club. If the cat be struck, he who strikes it changes places with the person who holds the other club, and as often as these positions are changed one is counted in the game by the two who hold the clubs, and are viewed as partners." This is simply double wicket cricket, with holes in place of stumps, and a bit of wood for a ball. As every one knows, there was a hole between the two primitive stumps at cricket, till the middle of the eighteenth century. The question rises, is *cat and dog* an economical Scotch debasement of cricket, or are the stumps and ball later improvements on the prehistoric cat and hole in the ground? It may be argued either way. The shoeblack in *Ravenshoe* played fives with a brass button. But fives did not begin with the use of brass buttons, and I fancy balls are older (the Phæacians used them) than cats, and that cats were a rustic substitute for a better article. A ball and club appear in the often copied Bodleian MS. of 1344, quoted by Strutt. However we settle this question, it is certain that "cat and dog," and stool-ball, between them, have all the elements of cricket, except, perhaps, the "catching out" of players. Stumping was certain to come in, for human nature, on the side of the *cat*-thrower, would rise up against the holder of the *dog*, when he ran in too far.

As to the antiquity of the name of cricket in application to a game, we know very little, and do not seem likely to learn more. The chief argument for the lateness of the game is the absence of reference to cricket in the lists of sports which, in old times, were formally recommended or prohibited. In the fortieth year of Elizabeth a piece of ground at Guildford was claimed as public property, because boys had always played cricket on it when it was not being used for bear-baiting. About 1630, it is recorded (by a Puritan) that Maidstone was "formerly a very prophane town," where "stool-ball, cricketts," and other games were practised on the Lord's Day. Thus, at that early date, a distinction was already taken, even by a Puritan who was no sportsman, between cricket and stool-ball. Then we hear, I really don't know on what evidence—but all the cricket books give the story—of "crickitt" played by the crews of English ships at Antioch, about 1680. The annals of Warwick declare that a match was played there in 1715. Very early in the eighteenth century the Artillery Ground, in Middlesex, was a home of cricket, whence the sport migrated to the White Conduit Ground, the grandmother of the M.C.C. Pope, Gray, Walpole, are all familiar with cricket. Sir Horace Mann, Walpole's friend, was a distinguished bat. Walpole congratulates himself that, even in his boyhood, he can "remember finer things" than a game of cricket, or a battle with a bargee. The bargee would probably, like his successor in *Codlingsby*, have "liked wopping" young Horace. In 1743 an Ass wrote thus in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—his stupid wisdom is valuable, because it proves that our noble game was by 1742 thoroughly recognised in

the highest circles—"Cricket is certainly a very innocent and wholesome exercise. Yet it may be abused if either great or little people make it their business. It is greatly abused when it is made the subject of public advertisements, to draw together great crowds of people who ought all of them to be somewhere else." Why, where could they be better, than watching the cricket of that time, the huge curved bats, some of them five pounds in weight, the game which knew not of blocking, and the hitting "blooming hard, blooming high, and blooming often"? But the thoughtful writer in the *Gentleman's*

VIEW OF HARROW SCHOOL.
From the "European Magazine," Nov. 1802.

Magazine was right in one point. Cricket was then, like racing now, a medium of speculation. Big matches were always played for very high stakes, betting was general, matches were sold, professional players were corrupted, and the harmless cricket-field was little better than the nefarious turf of to-day. The contemporary poet complained that

"Our well-bred heirs
Gamesters and jockeys turn, and cricket players."

The cricket of that date is best understood by aid of old pictures and prints, several of which we engrave. A fine full-length view of the bat may be got from the little portrait group after Downman of a boy with his sisters. Downman was a nomadic artist who used to visit the houses of the nobility and gentry, and sketch their children in the pleasant water-colour drawings of which there is a portfolio in the British Museum. A friend of my own once had an interview, a *tête-à-tête*, I may say, with a burglar, in awkward circumstances. The burglar, though only a provincial practitioner, was armed with a "grievous crab-tree cudgel" like Bunyan's Giant Despair, whereas my friend had no weapon of any description. Looking round him for a tool, his eye fell on a bat, with which he gently but firmly induced the burglar to take his departure, and saw him off the premises. But he complained that a bat was really an awkward, unhandy sort of weapon, not to be trusted in an affair of arms by reason of the thinness of its handle. Now the bat in the sketch on page 748 is as grievous a cudgel as a householder (who did not wish to "give the point") could desire to have handy. Observe the gradual thickening from the handle through the curved pod to the lump at the end. Here are none of the

well-marked neat shoulders of the modern bat. No fear that the handle of this bludgeon will yield. But what an extraordinary, obsolete style of play does this bat indicate! The curved blade is not meant to stop a length ball—using this instrument you could not play with a straight bat, the very essence of the modern game. Again, compare the bat with that in the hands of the hitter in the print from a picture by Hayman. This bat is even still more crooked at the end, in fact it is an exaggerated hocky stick. The inference is that the crook of the primitive bat was made for hitting a grounder, grub, sneak, or daisy cropper, a ball which rarely rose off the ground in its course from the bowler's hand to the wicket. Indeed we see that this kind of delivery is being offered by the bowler in the picture. Every one knows how easy it is to hit a ball lying on the ground with the crook of a stick, and how little can be done with the other end. Therefore we may infer from the oldest bats alone, if we had no other evidence, that sneaks were the only style of bowling in times past, and that the batter, with his crooked, heavy club, tried to punish the sneaks as hard as he possibly could, without thought of defence, which was scarcely possible in the circumstances. The picture we have been criticising represents a single wicket affair among country fellows. The fields are probably set rather at random, as the artist happened to prefer. Indeed we must not rely too much on the evidence of art. Even in popular modern periodicals, sketches of cricket are often drawn by men who manifestly know nothing of the sport. There is much more method in our next engraving from a very fine picture by Hayman of the Royal Academy Club in Marylebone Fields, which was exhibited some years ago at Burlington House. Here, as in the sketch last noticed, we find that the old short two stumps and the single bale are still in use, though both pictures are subsequent to the date when the hole between the stumps became obsolete. As every one knows, the third stump was added about 1775, because it was observed that the straightest balls went between the wickets without removing the bale. This, people may say, would at once have occurred to the feeblest capacity. But mark the conservatism of the human mind, and the march of evolution. There was originally no middle stump, because the batter, when regaining his ground after a run, placed his bat in the hole between the stumps, itself a survival from cat and dog. The hole was filled up, and a crease (cut at first, not marked in whitewash, as at present) was substituted, to prevent the bat from coming down on the hands of the wicket-keeper, as he put down the wicket by placing the ball in the hole. Yet, though men had got rid of the hole, they did not at once add a third stick, custom and use were too strong for them, and we see the old unfair two stumps in both the designs before us. Indeed they appear as late as 1793, in a picture of a match between Lord Winchilsea and Lord Darnley for £1,000 a side. Mark also the height of the wickets. Their lowness, like the shape of the contemporary bat, testifies to the habit of bowling grubs. A modern ball would rise high over these wickets, which could only be knocked down by a shooter or a Yorker, or perhaps a half volley. Next observe the dispositions of the field. There is a man out in the long field on, a mid on, and a square leg far out. There is a wicket-keeper, long stop, point, third man, long hit off, mid off, and cover point. Apparently hard, straight driving on the off side was not expected. The bowler holds the ball to his eye, like the immortal trundler of Dingley Dell. The game, in spite of odd wickets, odd bats, and low underhand deliveries, required a disposition of the field not unlike that to which we are accustomed. The long stop, of course, would now be superfluous among good players. The quaint little cut of cricket at Harrow in the old times teaches us very little, as the boys are not engaged in a formal game, and the fielders are set anyhow. Modern cricket was well under way towards its present perfection when (1774) a committee of noblemen and gentlemen met at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall and settled the laws. The stumps were still but twenty-two inches high, and only one bale was used. Nothing is said in these early laws about l.b.w. Obstructing the ball's progress to the wicket with the leg is first heard of in the scoring sheets towards the close of the century.

Here is a queer rule: "When the ball is struck up, either of the players may hinder the catch in his running ground, or if she is hit directly across the wickets the other player may place his body anywhere within swing of his bat so as to hinder the bowler from catching her, but he must neither strike at her nor touch her with his hands." By way of a final lesson from the old engravings we should note, in our second illustration, the scorer sitting at point, a sufficiently dangerous position, and "notching" each run with a knife on a bit of lath. No minute scores were then kept, and even in much later times,

A YOUNG CRICKETER.

From a Picture ascribed to GAINSBOROUGH, *belonging to the Marylebone Club.*

as when Byron played (with Shakspeare) for Harrow, the name of the bowler from whom catches were made is seldom given. Perhaps bowlers then rarely bowled for catches.

The great authority on the middle period of the game, between the age of "sneaks" and curved bats, and the age of round-hand bowling, is Nyren, whose *Cricket Tutor* is a very amusing and instructive little volume. Richard Nyren was born in 1764, and died in 1837. His father was a Hampshire yeoman, a great player in the old Hambledon Club, and Nyren had practical knowledge of the game, as a looker-on or player, from the time of Sir Horace Mann to the youth of George Parr. Nyren was not a highly educated man, but he had a natural gift of writing, a keen eye for character, and a love of whatever is honest, manly, and good humoured. "I learned a little Latin when I was a boy, of a worthy old Jesuit," he says, "but I was a better hand at the fiddle, and many a time have I taught the gipsies a tune during their annual visits to our village, thereby purchasing the security of our poultry yard." To the historical novelist looking out for a singular characteristic figure of old England, one may recommend

the yeoman's son, with his Jesuit tutor, his fiddle, and his gipsy friends. Nyren says vaguely, that the use of the straight bat, with all that it involves, came in "some years after 1746," when Lord John Sackville captained Kent in a match against England. The scores were very small in these days, when Prince Charles was shaking the throne of the House of Hanover. Kent got 40 and 70, England 53 and 58. But we have seen even smaller scores made by good men on wet wickets, as when the Australians for the first time played M.C.C. Nyren well remembered the introduction of the third stump. A single-wicket match between the Hambledon Club and England was played on May 22, 1775, and Small went in, the last wicket, to get fourteen runs. These he knocked off, but Lumpy's balls several times passed between his stumps, and the absurdity of this led to the change. Many feared it would shorten the game, but Nyren said it would make the batter redouble his care, and would improve the defence. Why Nyren was "consulted by the Hampshire gentlemen," when, on his own showing, he was but eleven years of age, it is difficult to guess. Probably the veteran's memory was a little confused. In any case he was right about the third stump. The year after its introduction, Aylward, going in last but one for Hambledon against England, made 167, then considered a prodigious score, against the bowling of the redoubtable Lumpy. Between 1746, then, and 1776, cricket became all that it could be without round-hand bowling. Nyren speaks of Tom Sueter, who would stump men even off "the tremendous bowling of Brett, and who was the first to "leave the crease to meet the ball" when batting. "He would get in at it, and hit it straight off, and straight on, and, egad! it went as if it had been fired." Tom was "the pet of all the neighbourhood; so honourable a heart that his word was never questioned by the gentlemen who associated with him, and a voice which, for sweetness, power, and purity of tone (a tenor), would, with proper cultivation, have made him a handsome fortune." Hambledon must have been a pleasant place in the days of these old worthies, with their cricket, their fiddles, their tenor voices, and honourable hearts. The old "Bat and Ball" tavern is there still; Nyren's house, the bricks are alive to testify to it; but where is the cricket, and where are the fiddles? "Many a treat have I had," says Nyren, "in hearing Lear and Sueter join in a glee at the 'Bat and Ball' on Broad Halfpenny," the old cricket ground. Where is Broad Halfpenny now? — "where's Troy? and where's the May Pole in the Strand?" When we think of these ancient times we must not suppose that all men played in cocked hats and yellow nankin tights, though Mr. Budd, to the last, clung to these vestments, and disclaimed pads. No. White was the wear as much in the days of the Hambledon Club as in our own. What says the Rev. Mr. Cotton, of Winchester, in his essay, lauding Broad Halfpenny above the plains of Alpheus and the Cronian Hill?

"The parties are met, and *arrayed all in white;*
Famed Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight;
Each nymph looks askance at her favourite swain,
And views him, half stript, both with pleasure and pain."

This costume was more sensible than the tall hats and rolls of flannel which a famous writer, Miss Mitford, derided when she saw them clothing stiff middle-aged cricketers at Lord's. But what caused the emotions of pain in the breasts of the Hambledonian nymphs when they viewed their admirers? Probably they trembled for the manly shins exposed, without the protection of pads, to the tremendous bowling of Brett. In much later days Mr. Budd played Mr. Brand, the swift bowler, a single-wicket match. Budd was so hit about the legs that he twice knocked down his own wicket, lest his wounds should stiffen in the night, if the game were prolonged into the second day. Under-hand bowling can certainly be very fast, and the swiftest amateur I ever knew was even more dangerous to life and limb when he bowled under-hand than when he bowled round-hand. But there was little "work" (except what came from accidents of ground) on the old bowling. Lambert, in his *Guide to Cricket*, gave directions for twisting the ball, but Nyren did not believe the twist could be communicated intentionally. He admitted, however, that Lambert possessed a twist "just the reverse way from the off stump into the leg. He was the first, I remember, who introduced this deceitful and teasing style of delivering the ball."

But it is time to turn from these old days, when Sir Horace Mann walked about the ground in great excitement, "cutting the daisies with his stick," and when Lord Frederick "dashed down his white hat in a rage," because he could not bowl Tom Walker. The said Tom Walker "began the system of throwing instead of bowling, now so much the fashion." Of course, Nyren

thought that all was over with cricket, that the game would degenerate into horse-play, all slogging on one side, and all swift wide balls on the other. No doubt there was room for apprehension. Most young bowlers aimed only at pace. Length and spin were neglected. But time has proved the best judge. All the *à priori* arguments were against over-hand. All the facts are on its side. If we want proof that cricket is better than of old, look at the long scores, and look at the bowling and wicket-keeping. So straight is the swiftest bowling, and so good the wicket-keeping, that long-stop's occupation is gone, and he can be placed wherever he is wanted in the field. It must be admitted that the number of byes on this system is occasionally excessive. For example, in the dull weather-spoiled match between the Australians and England, played at Manchester on July 11 and 12, the byes were too many in the second innings of England, namely, 18 out of 180. But, in the 182 of the Australian innings, there were no byes at all. Considering that Ulyett was one of the bowlers, this speaks very highly for the wicket-keeping of Pilling. Tom Sueter, with his sweet tenor voice and honourable heart, could not have rivalled Pilling's performance, I presume. There were only five byes in the innings of 403, when Aylward made 167 for Hambledon against England, but then England must have had a long-stop; they never dreamed of playing without one. The great attention now paid to the state of the wicket, of course, makes the labours of the wicket-keeper more easy, and compels the bowler to get as much work as possible on to his balls. Nyren marvelled at Lambert's break back as a kind of miracle; now a bowler will often make the ball twist from either side at will, as Attewell did, with remarkable success, when the rain just saved the Australians from a prodigious beating at Huddersfield.

ETON AND HARROW AT LORD'S—SOME BOYS WHO HAVE LEFT SCHOOL.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

It is impossible to speak of the cricket of to-day without thinking at once of the Australians. They give the game an interest which it used to lack in most cases. Who cares very much whether Surrey beats Middlesex, or Middlesex beats Surrey? We are not depressed, such of us as bear the grand old name of gentleman, if the players lower the proud banners of our Order at Lord's. But we do care, and we are depressed, when the Kangaroo defeats the British Lion, and drives him, as in the nursery rhyme, "all through the town"; or, at least, all

over the ground. Australia *v.* England is even more exciting than Oxford *v.* Cambridge, or Eton *v.* Harrow. I daresay the old boys who are designed here, and who occupy the best seats at the public school matches, would rather see their school defeated than their country vanquished. When one's University beats both Cambridge and the colonists, *then* a man can hold his head up. But, of the two, I would rather be beaten by Cambridge, if only England can cause wailing by the banks of the Yarra Yarra and the Murrumbidgee. The Australians this year seem to have begun by "playing low." Perhaps they did not quite get into their best and true form at once. At Oxford, and when so terribly defeated by M.C.C., they seemed to lose heart. "There were eight captains in the field," and the batting was slovenly, when it was seen that the runs could not be made. At Huddersfield, too, when Scotton, Mr. Hirst, Attewell, and others hit so furiously, the Australians seem to have begun by taking matters too easily. But they quite recouped themselves when they beat the Gentlemen at the Oval. They won the match against the Players by the execrable fielding of the Professionals. But then the Colonists had lost the match against the North of England by their own bad fielding. You cannot give Mr. Hornby six lives with impunity. The real strength of the Australians lies in a department where no labour will enable us to equal them. The bowler is born, not made, and the Australians are born bowlers. Bowling is in the air of the land of the spear and the boomerang, their native missile weapons. Englishmen who have played there say that a good style and plenty of twist are qualities common to all the bowlers, even in obscure country towns. These qualities, with endurance and hard work, are extremely remarkable in men like Mr. Spofforth, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Giffen, and Mr. Boyle. We have nothing quite like them in England. Our amateur fast bowlers are seldom very difficult. Mr. Christopherson, who is still very young, seems the best and most promising. Our professional fast bowlers have their day, but you never can depend so absolutely on them as on Mr. Spofforth and Mr. Palmer. Now we can no more make bowlers than we can make poets: to be sure, our bowlers are better than our modern poets, but they are not quite good enough. Again, the Australians can all bat. Now if we except Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who scarcely ever finds time to play, and Mr. Kemp, what wicket-keeper have we to win

COUNTRY CRICKET—THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

a match by stubborn defence and hard hitting, as Mr. Blackham can do? Can we expect a long score in an emergency from Pilling or Sherwin, or, among bowlers, from Peats, though none of these men are bad bats? Such are the advantages of the Australians. They have the pull in bowling, and in the universal power of run getting which pervades the team. In fielding they are nearly on our own level, certainly not better, though we naturally howl out when our own men drop catches, and only feel relieved when the Australians do so. In batting, I venture to think that our representatives excel. Their style is more finished. In Macdonnell and Bonner the Australians have fine hitters; in Bannerman and Murdoch stubborn defence. Moreover, the hitters do not lack defence, nor the "strikers" power to hit. But, for a brilliant combination of all a batsman's best points, with pluck and judgment, perhaps no Colonial player can equal Mr. Steel, as we saw him in the second innings of the Gentlemen at Lord's; or Mr. Grace, or Ulyett on his day, though that day, somehow, does not dawn when it is most desired. However, the decisive matches between England and Australia have still to be played at the moment when these lines are written. Let us hope that England will show more pluck than in that hideous exhibition at Manchester, when the last five wickets only scored eight runs, and when Mr. Lucas went in too late. Neither Flowers, Attewell, Mr. C. T. Studd, nor Mr. Alfred Lyttelton played on that occasion, nor has Mr. J. G. Walker been tried, while many other names occur. We have about thirty excellent players after the first five or ten, and if we could only see, with the eye of prophecy, which is in his best form, we might easily beat the proud invader. But cricket must always be very much a game of chance, depending on weather, on umpire's decision, on the accidents of light and wind, of health and digestion. Accident, however, will not help a team to win three decisive matches, and let us hope that the draw at Manchester may be set aside, and the three great events played out after all. These are the things the country really and undeniably cares about; whether it cares very much about that other match between Lords and Commons we only learn on the authority of professional politicians. So let us say farewell to cricket in the words of the old song of the old Hambledon Club, a somewhat stoical and pagan song for a clergyman to have written:—

"And when the game's o'er, and our fate shall draw nigh,
(For the heroes of cricket, like others, must die),
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vexed,
And give up our wickets to those that come next.
Derry down, &c."

A. Lang.

FRIEDE: A Village Story.

THE village lay gasping, so to speak, in the blazing August sunshine; the sky was bright blue, with never a cloud to be seen over the distant hills; the dust was an inch thick on the *chaussée;* it was splendid harvest weather. Friede boasted a church (with a high-pitched roof and a massive tower), several shops, a pump, and one house of some pretensions, where dwelt Herr Ernst Fintelmann, a landed proprietor of consideration in the neighbourhood, and the owner of six cows and as many oxen and horses as he needed for the cultivation of his fields. The houses in Friede were all built after the same fashion: wooden frames with beams across and slanting-ways were filled up with brick or rubbish, according to the taste of the owner, or the length and depth of his purse; they had high roofs and small windows, and in most cases a courtyard at the back, where the cocks and hens roamed at their will, where the crops were stored, and the pigs lived during that short period of their existence, when they were not asleep in the street or being driven to find their dinners in the open country.

To-day the village was nearly deserted, the thrifty, hard-working peasants had been up since daybreak, working on their tiny plots of land, which lay stretched along the *chaussée* for more than a mile—a strip of barley, a strip of tobacco, a mere slice of a potato field, making the landscape look like a piece of magnified patchwork spread out in the sunshine. The women with their baskets strapped to their backs were as busy or busier than the men; they smoked no pipes, and took less time to eat their dinners, and in the short intervals of rest, that they allowed themselves, the bright knitting needles were brought out, and the blue stocking grew an inch or so in length.

The *chaussée* was planted with fruit trees, and the apples and pears hung in clusters on the branches: all round the valley rose the stately hills, clothed with thick forests.

It was late in the afternoon. Frau Gotthelf stood at the door of her house and shaded her eyes from the dazzling light. The shouting of children and the cackling of geese had brought her away from the washtub, to enjoy a few moments' leisure and to look out for her little daughter Anna. A cloud of dust was being blown along the street, and running, waddling, screaming, and chattering, the geese advanced in an imposing army, while a few more venturesome spirits spread their broad wings and flew, high over the heads of their companions, to the further end of the town. Frau Gotthelf's was a corner house, and here the geese divided, some of them filing off to the right, while the others sought their homes in the wider street. That each bird knew its own doorstep there could be no doubt, for the children in charge of the flock were far behind, and there was no one to interest himself concerning the safety of his neighbour's property.

At length, before the noise and the dust had fairly subsided, two majestic geese separated themselves from the others, and with long-stretched necks, strutted slowly past Frau Gotthelf into the back premises. Almost at the same moment a flaxen-haired child came running up to the house.

"Aennchen!" cried the mother, "come, thy coffee awaits thee; but——" casting a look down the street and another on the rosy face of her child, "only two? What hast thou done with the fat grey goose? Just Heaven! To think of returning without the grey goose that is to buy us firing for the winter!"

"She will come in good time, mother," said the child; "she walked so slowly. I left her out beyond the old apple tree. It is so hot!"

"Hot!" repeated the angry mother, hardening her heart to Anna's coaxing tones. "What an idea! a great maiden of seven years to stand and talk of the heat, when she has left the best goose in Friede to wander into the wide world alone! Go back and bring her home before you touch your supper. Quick!" She shut the door with a bang, and little Anna must perforce retrace her steps through the village and along the dusty road. She was a happy-tempered, healthy child, who had a character for being brave and headstrong beyond her years, the very first to lead the other children into mischief whenever it was possible. She trotted along, holding her stick tight in her hand, listening for the voice of the grey goose, and anxious for the sight of her broad back.

In vain Anna called and shouted. The road ran straight as a dart towards the next town, but there was no sign of the grey goose, on which the mother set such store. After a few seconds' reflection, she turned off along a footpath, that led across the fields to the forest. "I shall find her here," she said to herself and ran faster and faster.

Truly it was very hot, the bare fields offered no shelter from the rays of the setting sun; and it was with a sigh of relief that Anna entered a cutting, where the trees grew close on the bank, and threw a delightful shadow on the ground. The hill was very steep, the path was a long one, but the peasant child knew no fear, she loved the wood and the great beech trees, and the mosses and ferns that met her eyes on either side. By this time, she had entirely forgotten her errand, and she stopped to pick the flowers and to look at a long-tailed squirrel that darted across the path. It was getting late as she reached the clearing at the top of the hill; below her was the village with the smoke curling up into the clear sky; it looked so close, as if you could throw a stone into the wide street, she could see the carts and the neighbours coming home from the fields. Anna was tired now. She flung herself on the ground and leant against a ruined wall; often and often she had been up here at the Grafenstein; the ruined walls and the forest round them belonged to Herr Fintelmann—so Peter Wessels had often told her, and Peter ought to know, for he was Herr Fintelmann's nephew, and sometimes was asked to drink coffee with him on Sunday afternoon. Peter had told marvellous stories of the Grafenstein; once there had been a great castle close by, and a wicked Graf had lived there, who had quarrelled with his beautiful wife and ill-treated his children, and when he had driven them away from him, he came and lived alone on the hill, and saved the money that his sons should have had, and packed it in iron boxes and buried it. Then he died, and nobody knew where the money was hidden, though a great many people had come to look for it; and the story went on to say, that it could only be found at sunset, by some one who had suffered many things, and had been betrayed by his friends. Certainly this part of the legend was utterly incomprehensible to little Anna, who had suffered nothing in her short life except a good scolding now and then, when she tried her mother's patience beyond its limits; and then the dear mother always made up for it afterwards by a little extra petting. Anna felt sure that on her return there would be a nice warm supper ready for her, and she was—yes, she *was* very hungry. A bright beam of light shone on the stone wall. What a pity that there should be so much gold stowed away underground; if Aennchen could only find some now, or even a few groschen, how delightful it would be to go home and say: "Mütterchen, look what I have found for thee up on the hill!" She dropped her flowers and her stick. There was a narrow crack in the wall opposite, she would go and see what was on the other side of it. The little maiden pushed her way bravely through the grass and underwood, that grew thick round the wall. A bramble flew back in her face, almost blinding her for the moment, then she felt the ground give way beneath her feet; she struggled and clung to the bushes, but the effort was worse than useless. She had stumbled unknowingly upon a long disused lime kiln. The loose earth (rendered dry by the intense heat) crumbled away under her weight, and she slid down some ten or twelve feet, to find herself unhurt, indeed, but alone in the cold and darkness, with just a gleam of daylight overhead.

Peter Wessels had been sent with a letter to a farm beyond the hill; his direct way home was past the Grafenstein. Peter, too, had had his dreams about the chests of gold, though he was a tall boy who would be ten years old next new year; once he had consulted his uncle on the subject, and his uncle had laughed and said, "As far as I am concerned the whole treasure of the Grafenstein is welcome to you." But that was more than a year ago, and he knew *now*, that it was only his uncle's nonsense, and that the story

of the Grafenstein was not true—not a word of it. He did not believe that there had ever been a Graf, or that he had—— A cry, which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, caused him to stand stock still and listen. The whole splendour of the landscape, glowing with the colours of sunset, was at his feet, but he heeded it not; it required all the courage of his nearly ten years to prevent him from flinging down his basket and running home at full speed, but he stood his ground.

"Mütterchen! Come, help!" cried a piteous voice.

"Who is there?" shouted Peter.

"Anna Gotthelf. I will never leave the grey goose again. I cannot get out of the dark!"

Then Peter knew what he had to do; he plunged through the bushes and speedily stood by the side of the hole into which his little schoolfellow, Anna, had fallen in her search for gold. Peter was strong and handy; it did not take him long to find his way to a projecting stone, half way down the wall, and from here he could seize Anna's hand and drag her safely to the top.

"*Ach*, Peterchen!" she sobbed, looking at her stained and torn dress, "what will the mother say to me? and I only wanted to find the gold!"

"Stupid nonsense!" said Peter; "that is a fairy tale. Sensible girls do not believe such stories." Then, as she put her hand confidingly into his, he began to feel ashamed of his roughness. "Shall we walk home together, Aennchen?" he asked. "Thou art tired, and I will help thee a bit."

That evening the children got the best supper they had had for many a long day; Frau Gotthelf could not do enough to show her joy at Anna's safe return and her gratitude to Peter. Not a word was said about the torn frock. As it turned out, the grey goose had come home by herself long ago, and was resting comfortably after the fatigues of the day, when Anna left the *chaussée* to look for her.

* * * *

Herr Fintelmann had the reputation of being a miser; he lived a very quiet life in the sleepy village, and kept a sharp look-out on his work-people. The only relaxation he ever allowed himself, was an occasional game of dominoes with the parson, when in the long winter evenings, they smoked their pipes in company, or talked politics over a glass of thin beer.

It therefore caused some sensation in the place when it began to be rumoured that Ernst Fintelmann had bought new curtains for his sitting-room; that he had spoken to Ludwig Dorn, the carpenter, about repairing the shutters that had hung loose on their hinges for years; that he had been seen at a shop in Rosenheim asking the price of a bran-new set of tables and chairs. Without doubt, said the village gossips, without doubt, the Herr Fintelmann had thoughts to bring home a wife: such a fine man, and still in the prime of life, perhaps the apothecary's Ida had found favour in his sight. For once they were right in their surmise, but wrong, entirely wrong, as to the name of the bride-elect.

Frau Gotthelf had been Herr Fintelmann's neighbour for the last sixteen years, ever since her husband had died and left her with little worldly wealth, but with a fair share of brains, to bring up their only child as best she could. And affairs had prospered with her on the whole; her little strip of land bore as good crops as any in the parish, she had won the reputation for making the best butter in Friede, and for cooking the best dinners. When this fact became known, she soon gained a circle of patrons, who sent for her far and wide to help in the kitchen when any out-of-the-way dainty was required. Foremost on the list stood Ernst Fintelmann, and after a time, it was an understood thing that Frau Gotthelf should come every Sunday to prepare his mid-day meal—and where Frau Gotthelf came, of course, Anna came too. Thus, the two families had glided into friendship, and it was now a good three months since the idea had struck Ernst Fintelmann, that Anna Gotthelf was the hardest working girl in the village, and that he would do well to make her his wife. As yet, Anna had received no formal declaration of his suit—indeed, it was difficult to find her in a mood in which to approach so serious a subject with due solemnity. To-night as he passed her, chatting with a group of young people gathered round the pump, a nod and a smile was the only greeting that he had obtained in answer to his sweeping bow.

Anna was tall and upright as a young fir tree; her hair growing low above her straight eyebrows, was parted on either side of her forehead and plaited tightly to her head. Her grey eyes were very bright. She was a maiden whom no man need be ashamed to love, and win (if he could) for his wife.

"Six of our people go this week to C—— to serve their time in the regiment," observed Ida, who stood next to Anna; "have you heard that Peter Wessels goes also?"

No, Anna had not heard; would he not be missed at home?

"As well this year as next," said the girl, shrugging her shoulders; "Peter is quick, he will work well, and get off with twelve months' service. You shall see."

"Not like the idle Ludwig," said Anna in her clear voice, as a couple of young men joined the maidens. A laugh went round at the expense of Ludwig Dorn, known to be the slowest and most indolent workman in Friede, despite his broad shoulders and great height. Ludwig, if he was slow, had his feelings and could not take a joke; he scowled at Anna, and went his way muttering. His companion, too, a younger and slighter man, looked somewhat downcast and unhappy, as he approached Anna and wished her "good evening."

"Good evening, Peter," replied the girl, as she filled her pitcher with an air of studied indifference.

"I will help you," said Peter, putting her on one side, "and carry the water home for you."

"As you will," was the answer, and they walked off together.

"It is a beautiful evening," said Peter, when he had deposited the pitcher on Frau Gotthelf's door-step, "will you go with me as far as the old apple-tree? It will be our last walk for a long time."

Anna paused and looked at him doubtfully; just then a gruff voice fell on her ear, through the open door.

"Your uncle comes very often to see my mother," she said, with a sudden smile that showed her white teeth and lighted up her young face into beauty; "his stories, and talk of his riches, weary me. I would rather walk with you, Peter, than go in."

Fain to be content with this unsatisfactory acceptance of his invitation, Peter strode for some minutes in silence by her side; then, he burst out indignantly—

"Anna!"

"Peterchen!"

She was laughing at him, he knew, but he didn't care, he was determined to go on now.

"Anna! Why are you so cruel to Ludwig Dorn? It is not right; besides you make an enemy of him for life. He bears malice, he almost hates you!"

"So? And a few short weeks back, he almost loved me, or would have me believe he did."

Anna was getting angry too, and her face was red and hot.

"I have not heard that—I did not know," stammered Peter; "but certainly, Anna, you gave him no encouragement?"

"You seem to be very positive about my words and actions," replied Anna, pertly, looking away from him across the dark hills; "supposing that I have done so?"

"He is not worthy," sighed Peter. "I am forced to say of my friend, that he would make no woman happy as his wife. Better I could have borne to hear that old Carl Wolff's tale is true, and that you are betrothed to my uncle Ernst."

They were walking quickly, and the village was left far behind. There was no sound except the lowing of the oxen, who were making their way home after the day's toil.

"Aennchen," said Peter, after waiting in vain for an answer, "you were kinder to me when you were a little child. This is my last week in Friede—I may be sent away any time; why must we always quarrel?"

"It is a pity I do not please you. Perhaps we had better go back, my mother will wait for me."

"And my uncle," exclaimed Peter, savagely.

"If you will have it so, good!"

"I will not have it so!"

"But you said——"

"*Ja wohl!*" cried the young man driven almost beside himself, "do not be so hard on me, Aennchen! Have you not known for years that I love you, that I loved you when you were a little girl, and that I love you to-day a hundred times better than any Ludwig Dorn or Ernst Fintelmann?"

Turning sharply towards her, he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Herzchen!" he whispered, quite softly, "give me thy hand, and after a year I will come again for an answer."

"Canst thou trust me, Peter?" she asked, and her voice was full of tenderness.

"I will trust thee, come good or bad fortune; I will trust thee to my dying day!"

The village was quiet at last, and the harvest moon was shining on the row of quaint houses, that threw a hard black shadow along the street. Anna had gone to the door to put up the shutter and make all safe for the night. It was late, and the watchman was blowing his whistle and calling "the clock has struck ten," at the farther end of the street, for he always began with the parson. As Anna paused to listen, Peter came hurrying up the steps.

"Aennchen, I have come to bid thee farewell. I have orders to depart immediately. Look, I have brought a keepsake for thee;

it is a groschen with a hole in it, and I have made an A on one side, so that there can be no mistake."

"I will put a ribbon through it, and if I tire of it—or of you," she said, with a sparkle of mischief, "I will send it back without a word!"

"*Kind*, what are you doing?" cried the mother from the kitchen, and Peter was forced to take his leave.

Things were altered since the morning, and he could afford to laugh at Anna's threat; had she not kissed his keepsake before she shut the door? He would prove himself the most efficient *Recrut* in the regiment, he would pass a first-class examination, and return in a year, and work so hard at the smithy, that before long there would be a home ready for his wife, and she should want for nothing. Deep in meditation, he never noticed a man slouching in the shadow of the houses. It was Ludwig Dorn who had been a witness of the little farewell scene.

The next morning Peter Wessels left with the other young men, and the horses of Friede had to get shod as best they might, for it was three miles' distance to Rosenheim, and Carl Wolff, the old smith, was not so active by any means, as he used to be.

It was Christmas, a bitterly cold wind was driving down the valley, and the good folks of Friede were prophesying a long and hard winter. Great preparations were going on at Herr Fintelmann's; Frau Gotthelf had been engaged for the last three days baking cakes and white bread. The servant girl was nearly driven distracted by the amount of cleaning and polishing and rubbing that *must* be got through by the first feast day.

Herr Fintelmann stood about giving directions, scolding the servant and hindering Frau Gotthelf; he was in a state of some agitation and considerable astonishment at his own liberality. He was going to give a ball! The *Saal*, which had never been used since his father's funeral, was thrown open, and Ludwig Dorn was nailing yards of glazed calico to the walls by way of a tasteful and suitable decoration. In the kitchen, where Frau Gotthelf was deep in the mysteries of cakes and tarts, Anna and two or three other girls were weaving garlands of ivy and fir branches.

"Fräulein Anna," said Herr Fintelmann, rubbing his fat hands and addressing her with marked politeness, "you surpass yourself in weaving wreaths; let me beg of you and of your worthy mother to be punctual this evening. I should like the dancing to begin punctually at six o'clock."

Herr Fintelmann had expressed his wish on this subject some half-a-dozen times already, but Anna received his speech with a good-natured laugh, as she held the long wreath at arm's length, and threw back her head to see the effect of her handiwork. "As you will, Herr Fintelmann," she said. "and I hope that you have kept one dance at least for me?"

Frau Gotthelf dropped her spoon into the basin, so horrified was she at her child's audacity, thus to address the master of the house! Times were changed indeed, since she was young.

However, Herr Fintelmann was not offended, on the contrary, he took the greatest pains to explain to the pretty wreath-maker, that his dancing days were over—sorry as he was to disappoint her—but that he had no doubt, that he could provide her with partners, he would do his best. Anna tossed her head; why for a week past she had been teased by would-be partners! Ludwig had begged so hard for a dance that she had promised him two at least. At any rate, whatever the other girls did, *she* meant to enjoy herself to her heart's content.

The ball was in full swing, the musicians were playing admirably, and the room was full of whirling couples. Every man there was performing his very best step, every maiden was steadfastly bent upon getting, if possible, her fair share of the amusement that she loved. The wooden floor creaked with the vehemence of the dancers, each couple tried to surpass the next in energy and powers of endurance. They all kept good time; and if the waltz step most fashionable at Friede was not that of a Parisian *salon*, the young people were, nevertheless, thoroughly happy.

It was almost supper-time; Ludwig Dorn (generally admitted to be the best dancer) had succeeded in getting his second waltz. Daintily tripping in time to the music, with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with excitement, Anna flew round and round the room in her partner's strong arms. When he desired, it would seem, the idle Ludwig could be as lively as any other young man; he could talk too, and say pretty things in the pauses of the dance, which Anna was by no means unwilling to hear. Herr Fintelmann was watching her, she knew, and, as Peter was not here, she would find her pleasure as she best might. Having come to this conclusion, she left her partner's side with a little shriek of joy. Herr Fintelmann

was standing at the door, talking to a newcomer; Anna knew him before he turned his face towards her. It was Peter. He looked sun-burnt and well (handsome too, she thought, in his fine uniform), but a cloud of vexation and displeasure was on his forehead. She saw how he pushed his uncle on one side, and strode across the room between the dancers, hardly stopping to answer the questions and greetings that were showered upon him on the way.

"Good evening, *lieber* Peter, how is it that you are here?" asked Anna, smiling her welcome.

"I have leave for two days, and I have travelled all the afternoon to spend the feast days in Friede."

"That was good and kind; have you just arrived?"

"I have been in this house about a quarter of an hour," he said, grimly. "You appear to amuse yourself well"—in my absence, he would have said, but her pained glance stopped him.

"I am sorry that you are vexed, Peter. Get a partner. There is Ida sitting down!"

"*Bewahre, I* dance only with my bride!" said Peter beneath his breath, but Anna heard him. A flush of annoyance rose to her cheek; much as she liked him, she was in no way bound, and his temper was sometimes unbearable. At that moment, Ludwig interfered with a nod to Peter, in which triumph and ill will were curiously blended. He put his arm round Anna's waist; "Another turn!" he said.

"Anna!" cried Peter, indignantly, "you will dance with me."

Had he but condescended to plead! She was longing to make it up with him and send Ludwig away, but to be spoken to like a child—her high spirit could not brook such treatment! Without another word she turned her back on Peter and flung herself into the enchantment of the dance. Having once decided upon her line of conduct, she was determined to go on with it; let him make the first step towards reconciliation! By and by, the guests began to flock into the kitchen, where supper was spread, and Anna, to her own surprise, was selected by Herr Fintelmann, to take a seat near him at the head of the table. If it had not been for the unlucky squabble she would have refused such an honour, but now she was glad of an opportunity of showing Peter that in the eyes of his uncle, at least, she was a person of importance. The supper was excellent, her host showed her every civility in his power, but Anna longed for the moment when she might get up and go away. At the other end of the table, Peter was joking and drinking with Ludwig and some older men; the fun seemed to be waxing furious, she heard Peter's laugh and the clink of glasses. At last the musicians rose, followed by the younger people, and retiring into the *Saal*, struck up a polka.

"You promised to dance this with me, Fräulein Anna," said Wilhelm Dorn, a cousin of Ludwig's, who thought a great deal of his powers of persuasion.

"I am not sure," said Anna, hesitating. She knew that Peter was close behind.

"Stuff and rubbish," exclaimed Ludwig, with an oath, making his way past his cousin; "she shall be my partner." His face was crimson, and he had been drinking freely.

"*I* have something to say to that," said Peter, and with a dexterous push he flung his comrade aside. "Listen, Anna," he whispered, as a crowd began to gather round them, "it is thy last chance, shall we not dance this polka together?"

"What is this? What is the matter?" asked the host, getting up from his seat. "Fräulein Anna, are the lads too noisy for you? Come, I must break my rule, and lead you out myself."

Peter turned passionately on his uncle, his lips white with rage. "Thou hast no right to rob me of my partner. I will not allow it!"

"*Donnerwetter!*" roared the old man, "will the boy be master in my house? Allow me, Fräulein Anna."

She slipped her arm into his, and never so much as deigning a look at Peter, went back into the *Saal*, where Herr Fintelmann (well pleased, in spite of some shortness of breath) danced the polka to his great satisfaction, for the first time for thirty years!

The ball was kept up till a late hour, but Peter Wessels left the house directly after the village beauty's open rejection of his suit. He was nearly mad with jealousy and anger; all that day and the greater part of the previous week, he had been laying his plans for taking her by surprise. The people of Friede were not great letter-writers; the news of the intended ball had not reached him at his barracks; he had expected to find Anna sitting at home with her mother, or may be, she had been asked to spend the evening with a neighbour. He had pictured to himself her start of pleasure as he entered, how she would run to meet him with tender and loving words. The disappointment was too great to be borne with patience—and

Peter was not by any means a patient man. As he flung himself in hot anger across the street, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning, with a smothered imprecation, he found himself face to face with the cousins Ludwig and Wilhelm.

"We are loath to have offended thee, old comrade," began Ludwig, taking no notice of Peter's rudeness; "come with us. Shall we go to the *Grünen Eiche* and smoke a pipe together? Young Wilhelm bears no malice. Thy uncle is an unmannerly churl; and as for the women, wise men know better than to heed their quips and cranks."

Peter accepted the invitation somewhat ungraciously, but still, he went with the young men, and was received with open arms by the host of the *Grünen Eiche*. The room into which they were shown, was bare and comfortless enough, with its white-washed walls and sandied floor, but it was warm after the cold street, and Peter was in no mood to go home to the old blacksmith's and be questioned as to the doings of the evening. So he stayed, and Ludwig ordered *Schnapps* and pipes; and after a time, the party grew noisy, and their mirth waxed so boisterous that the host (a nervous old man) sent his son in search of the police; he could not afford to risk the good name of his house by encouraging a *Recrut* in breaking the law.

Peter drank deep. He was not going to be outdone by Ludwig Dorn, who had sat below him at school when they were boys together. Wilhelm, too, was quarrelsome and lost his temper when Peter contradicted him, while Ludwig sat by, pretending to mitigate the dispute, but in reality fanning the flames. At last Wilhelm, waving the bottle on high, called insolently upon the party to drink the health of old Fintelmann and his future wife. Then Peter's long-stifled wrath burst bounds; he flung the contents of his wine-glass full in the boy's face, threw Ludwig on the ground for attempting to interfere, and found himself the next moment struggling in the grasp of two policemen, whom the host had summoned to put an end to the quarrelling of his guests.

Peter passed the rest of the night in the lock-up; a *Recrut* on leave for two days, he had been guilty of drunkenness and brawling, and of assaulting an officer of the law.

It was twelve o'clock the next morning, the church bells were ringing, the village was all alive and bustling with men and women in their holiday clothes, carefully patched coats, and gay-coloured shawls. Curious glances were cast on the Gotthelfs, as they walked up the principal street in company with the ever-officious Herr Fintelmann. He had met them on their way back from church, and was anxious to know that Fräulein had not fatigued herself at the ball.

Anna laughed at the notion of fatigue after a few hours' dancing. It was nothing, she would like to dance again to-night; Herr Fintelmann was very kind to trouble himself about her, but she never felt better. Presently she fell back to wish the apothecary's Ida "good morning."

"Have you heard of Peter's mishap?" asked Ida, never waiting to exchange a greeting.

"Indeed, no!" answered Anna with dignity.

"So? I believed you to be more interested in him; he will get a year's imprisonment, Carl Wolff thinks, or perhaps be shut up for life. The poor lad! But he would struggle and fight; Ludwig said he could not hinder him. Look, there they come!"

Anna looked. A file of soldiers and two policemen were escorting the prisoner; he walked between them hand-cuffed, his face was set and hard, he looked neither to the right nor to the left. It was impossible to tell from that stony expression, whether he was ashamed or defiant, or simply indifferent.

With a cry of pity and distress Anna broke away from Ida, and ran into the middle of the street.

"Peter!" she cried, "Peter! speak to me."

There was a little hesitation on the part of the policemen; one of them had known the lad from childhood, and was sorry for his misfortune. He would have allowed him to pause for a few seconds and say "good-bye;" but Peter gave no sign of having heard the maiden's entreaty, nor did he turn his glance in her direction.

"Peter," she said once more, and by this time she was joined by her mother and the astonished Herr Fintelmann, "forgive me!"

No answer;—no, not so much as a look.

"Come away at once, child," said Frau Gotthelf, seizing her by the arm. Anna obeyed dumbly. The sunshine had died out of her young life. So dire a punishment for a few short hours' trifling, was more than she could bear; she could not believe her own senses. He had promised to trust her. One word—if he had said but one word, it would have been enough!

"Forward!" cried the sergeant.

The little scene had hardly taken three minutes to enact. "Forward!" and the prisoner continued his march to the station in stolid imperturbation.

Frau Gotthelf hurried her daughter into the house, overwhelming her with mingled caresses and reproaches. "*Ach!* that she had lived to see this day—she who had striven so long and hard to hold her head up with the best! Had she survived so many cares to see her daughter make herself the talk of the country with her wild acts? Thou just Heaven! that her girl had stopped to speak to a prisoner, a young man who had thrown away excellent prospects and brought trouble on his relations—a young man with an uncle whom the whole village respected. Yes, yes, it was like Peter Wessels to get himself into mischief, he was always hot-tempered and foolhardy, but it was steadiness that one wanted in a husband, and a comfortable home also was not to be despised, as she knew who had come to an age to feel the want of it!"

"Mother!" cried Anna, who had sat motionless, listening to this outburst, "I will work night and day rather than you should want!"

"That perhaps," answered Frau Gotthelf with tearful tenderness, "would not, might not be needful: one only had to hold out a little encouragement." Here she paused, and pretended to occupy herself with the dinner. She knew of old that it was unwise to press Anna over much. In a few days the whole story of the scuffle at the inn, was known in every cottage for miles round the village. The good character that Peter Wessels had hitherto borne, stood in his favour, but military law was strict, he had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and there was now not the remotest chance of his passing his examination and returning to his work in the autumn. The evil news fell like a thunderbolt on the village; nearly every one had something to say about Peter's mad freak, either that they had expected it all along, or that this came of his being so hasty, and putting himself on a level with his uncle. There were others, however, who bemoaned his hard fate, and told stories of his many good-natured acts; amongst this class was Carl Wolff, who could not speak of his favourite apprentice without tears. Ludwig Dorn became all at once popular, as an eye-witness of his comrade's extraordinary behaviour. He was a sufferer too, for had he not been felled to the ground for trying to throw oil on the troubled waters?

Herr Fintelmann alone was strangely reserved on the subject of his nephew's disgrace, but the mystery was soon to be solved. One cold afternoon, when the streets were white with snow, he knocked at Frau Gotthelf's door, and was received by her with rapture. The little room with its scanty furniture was warm and cosy. He took the seat that was offered him, and looked round, not ill-displeased at the simple meal that was spread upon the table. Anna was knitting, the needles flew fast in her skilful fingers: how handsome she was in her dark dress with a handkerchief pinned about her throat, what hair the girl had, and what a pair of eyes, if she would but have looked off her work a little oftener! However, Herr Fintelmann prided himself upon being straightforward, he had come on business, and not even Anna's charms should deter him from saying what he had come to say.

He had been turning it over in his mind, he began, for a long time, and he was resolved to bring a wife home, to share his riches and his comforts. Rumours had reached him that Anna Gotthelf had been betrothed to his nephew Peter, in all probability it was not true. Rumour was often another word for lies—here Frau Gotthelf fidgeted and looked embarrassed, but the steady clinking of her daughter's needles never ceased—if there had at any time been some truth in the report, naturally no sensible maiden would think of such an ill-advised match now; Peter had disobeyed the law wantonly, and insulted his relations, by his own free will he had forfeited all right to a share in his (Ernst Fintelmann's) property. Herr Fintelmann paused, put a hand on each knee, looked across to Anna, and continued his speech.

"Fräulein Anna, I am your true friend, and have ever been."

"*Ja wohl!*" exclaimed Frau Gotthelf, clasping her hands in ecstasy, but the elderly lover frowned her into silence and went on:

"My wife will have a good roof over her head, good clothes to wear, good food to eat, and a good husband; likewise her mother—I mean, at least," becoming suddenly confused, "that I am not the man to separate mother and daughter. Give me your consent, Fräulein Anna, and I will speak to the parson to-morrow morning."

"My child, my dear daughter!" sobbed Frau Gotthelf. Anna rose from her chair and walked across the room. There was a bright colour on her face, and such a strange light in her eyes, that (much as he admired her) it occurred to Ernst Fintelmann, not for the first time, that it might have been as well, if he had sought the apothecary's Ida in marriage, or some other maiden, who was a trifle less stately in manner. And yet, what a triumph to win Anna for his wife—the best knitter, the best worker for miles

round—when half the young men in Friede were madly in love with her.

"Herr Fintelmann," said Anna, and to his astonishment she spoke quite quietly, neither cried, nor threw herself into his arms (which he had half hoped she would do), "I thank you for your kindness to my mother and to me. Do not hurry me; give me time, give me a month's time to think of it, and then you shall have your answer."

Ludwig Dorn was walking leisurely along the *chaussée*, when he heard a step on the crisp snow, and felt a hand on his arm.

"I have watched and waited for you," panted Anna.

"So?" he asked, looking with mingled hate and admiration on her face.

"You are good," she said hurriedly. "I have misjudged you. You would have helped him—Peter—on that terrible evening. Tell me, will you help me? I have no other to ask."

"Yes," said Ludwig, his heart beating fast at the thought that his revenge might be even more complete than he had imagined. Had she not mocked and insulted him? Let her suffer for her folly.

She took a letter from her pocket

"I do not know if he may receive letters, or where to write to him. I have put no address."

"I will arrange it for you. I have an acquaintance who has much influence."

"Beg him to use it for me," pleaded Anna. "Will he be allowed to answer my letter?"

"Yes," replied Ludwig, "after some days, if my acquaintance wills, and I ask." (He was resolved to humble her to the uttermost.)

"Pray ask this for me," she said, "and you will prove yourself my friend, as you are his. I am so ignorant."

A compliment rose to his lips, but she forced the letter into his hand, and was gone before he could speak.

The letter was very short—only a few lines—praying her dear Peter, for love of Heaven, to let her know, before a month was up, if he still thought her worthy to be his bride.

It was blotted and ill written, but Ludwig read it every word before he tore it into a hundred pieces, and scattered them on the snow-covered ground.

* * * *

Frau Gotthelf did not fail to note that Anna was recovering her spirits; her footstep was lighter than it had been for many a long day. She laughed oftener, and talked and joked with her companions, instead of stealing away alone. These were favourable signs. After all, she had not set her heart on Peter Wessels, and her good sense would lead her in the right path. Herr Fintelmann, too, was pleased, though he judiciously kept out of the way, thinking that his turn would come soon enough. To leave the women to each other's society, and to hold his tongue till affairs were settled according to his wishes—that was the course of action that he determined to pursue, not without uttering a curse on the head of his nephew Peter whenever he happened to remember his existence.

Half the month was gone; twice a day the *Post* rattled through the village, the postman lustily blowing his horn to call attention to his arrival, and twice a day Anna Gotthelf left her work to stand at the window and wait for the letter, that never came. Once, as she turned away with a gesture of despair, she caught sight of Ludwig Dorn, who was working at a shop opposite. She beckoned to him, and he came slouching across the street.

"Are you certain that he received the letter?" she asked.

"Certain?" he repeated with a wondering air, "as certain Fräulein Aennchen, as that you are the handsomest maiden in the province!"

There was a spice of impertinence in his tone that made Anna turn away from him abruptly, half regretting that she had taken him into her confidence.

The wind blew from the west, and melted the snow; there was a breath of spring in the air. How gladly would she have flung off the weight of care that was on her heart! If only Peter would let her know by letter or message, that he held himself bound to his word, she had courage enough to brave the disapproval of the village, and to bear her mother's disappointment. She was free as yet for three days longer, then she must make her decision for good and all. It was easy to see with whom the mother sided, and for herself she cared not; as well make two people happy if it were possible——and yet, would he write?

The last day came all too soon. Anna was up early, and busy about the housework. By eleven o'clock she had changed her dress, fresh plaited her yellow hair, and thrown a shawl over her head and shoulders.

"Mütterchen," she said, putting her arm round her mother's neck with the familiar gesture of her childhood, "I am going towards the hill; I will return in good time,

and Herr Fintelmann shall have my answer, if he is still of the same mind. I am resolved to consent to the betrothal."

"My dear, good child!" exclaimed Frau Gotthelf, bursting into ecstasies of delight, and entirely forgetting the reproaches with which she had overwhelmed her daughter a few weeks ago; "thou hast been my stay and comfort ever since thy birth!"

A smile of pleasure was on Anna's face, as with a parting embrace, she bade her mother farewell, and went out into the street.

Close to the house she met the postman, carefully carrying his scanty bundle of letters and newspapers.

"Any letter for me?" she asked, thinking, "It is for the last time."

"Not to-day," replied the postman, doffing his hat politely; and with quick steps she passed him, making her way into the open country. It was cold on the *chaussée*, but Anna was young and strong; she only wrapped her shawl more closely round her, and walked as fast as she could towards the wood, which had been the scene of Peter's vows of constancy. Here she paused at last, too hurried to notice the changing lights on the stems of the trees, and the fresh green of the young grass, that was coyly peeping through the dead leaves.

Some fifty yards off, a neighbour's little son was collecting sticks and brushwood for firing. She took no heed of the child beyond a nod and a short "good morning." She had made up her mind; the struggle was over, and her mother should enjoy a comfortable, happy old age. She had not come here to indulge in vain regrets; she had now to turn her back on the past and start fresh. Feeling under the folds of her shawl, she untied a faded ribbon that she wore round her neck; the battered silver groschen was still fastened to it—she *could* not send it back to Peter.

For a moment Anna hesitated; for a moment, as she looked at her keepsake (so lovingly cherished), a mist of tears rose to her eyes. Then, as if ashamed of her weakness, she raised her arm and flung the ribbon and the treasure far, far away among the dead leaves, where it would be lost to sight for evermore.

She did not wait any longer, but turned her face in the direction of home, her heart full of weary longing to finish the work that she had begun, and receive her suitor with due civility and respect.

The wind swept wildly down the valley; behind her she heard the rustling of leaves and the creaking of branches. Once she stopped, thinking that some one called her by name; it must have been fancy. She was not wont to be fanciful, so she went on with her journey, walking with such good will that, when she put her hand on the latch, the clock had not yet struck twelve.

The neighbour's little son, running home to his dinner some ten minutes later, held something tightly clenched in his hand, from which a ribbon dangled. Just outside the village he met Ludwig and Wilhelm, laughing and talking together.

"Have you seen Anna Gotthelf?" he gasped.

"Not I, my boy," answered Wilhelm, while Ludwig asked slowly, his eyes resting on the draggled ribbon—

"She has gone home. What do you want?"

The boy half opened his hand to show the contents. "She has left this in the wood; I believe it is money, and I saw it shine. I called after her, but she would not hear me."

"The maiden carries herself so high that a groschen more or less is nothing to her, it would seem," said Wilhelm. "Give it to me, you young rascal."

"Let it be," interrupted Ludwig, "he will leave it with me—*nicht wahr?*—and I will return it to Anna immediately."

Wilhelm laughed and shrugged his shoulders, declaring that his kinsman was crazed about the foolish maiden.

The boy went off contented, and Ludwig, with a low chuckle, pocketed the groschen; he had not forgotten the little scene between the lovers, of which he had been a witness the night before Peter's departure.

The betrothal of Anna Gotthelf and Ernst Fintelmann was celebrated with suitable festivities, and the wedding was fixed to take place on Whit Monday. Frau Gotthelf was as busy as busy could be, sewing and spinning, and laying deep schemes for baking more cakes than had ever been seen in the village before. Herr Fintelmann visited his bride twice a week, he looked after his workpeople with unflagging zeal, and drove constantly to Rosenheim, where he would spend hours chatting with the lawyer, or ransacking the shops for the best goods at the lowest possible prices. Sometimes he would invite Frau Gotthelf to accompany him, and it would have been hard to say which was the happier, he in his fussy patronage, or she in her exalted position, driving along the *chausée* by the side of so worthy and wealthy a son-in-law.

On one of these occasions, as the chaise

rattled down the street, Ludwig Dorn knocked at the Gotthelfs' door, entering almost before Anna (busy with her work) had time to say "Come in." When she did look round he was standing close beside her; he had dressed himself in his best clothes, and his manner was defiant and full of assurance.

"I wish to speak with you," he said, in answer to Anna's look of inquiry; then glancing round on the rolls of linen and various bits of finery on the table, he went on in the familiar tone of admiration that was so hateful to her—"Have you still the intention to marry Ernst Fintelmann?"

"*Ja wohl!*" said Anna, standing bolt upright and facing him. She had not even asked him to sit down.

He laughed mockingly. "You are wiser than I thought you, Fräulein Anna. Riches and fine clothes attract you as they do other maidens who are not so handsome. Stay!"—for she had made a movement towards the door—"though you have made fun of me and jeered at me, I am worth fifty of your boy lovers, and your old husbands. I have come to tell you this, and to persuade you to leave this wretched hole to-night. I have brains enough when I choose to use them, and I have heard of a fine opening in America. Will you be brave and come with me—will you be my wife? Anna, I love you."

He was in earnest now; he spoke rapidly as he strode across the room and tried to seize her hand. She wrenched it away from him.

"For shame, Ludwig Dorn! I am betrothed to another man!"

"If it is money you want," he urged, "I have plenty, and know where to get more."

"If you had all the gold in Germany," she cried angrily, "I would not come. Why do you insult me?"

The lines round his mouth grew harder, and his eyes flashed; she met his glance fearlessly, standing there by the side of the little round table. It added to his rage to know that she was not the least afraid of him; he had no power to influence her one way or the other. He took his stick and broke it in two, tossing the pieces on to the ground. "You are a heartless coquette," he said at last, with an oath, "and will make no man happy. Do you ever think of Peter Wessels, or speak of him to old Ernst Fintelmann?"

"At least, Ludwig Dorn, I have done you no wrong!" exclaimed Anna, smitten with sudden remorse.

"Nonsense!" he cried angrily; "a man may look in your face, and believe that you are an angel, but when he comes to himself he knows otherwise!" She gave him no answer, and he went on, changing his tone to one of cynical impertinence. "I wish you all happiness, *mein* Fräulein, you and your elderly consort; still I believe that you will live to regret the day when you refused to hear Ludwig Dorn!"

She forced herself to say a few words of farewell, but he would not listen. Turning on his heel he dashed out of the cottage, with jealousy and revenge rankling in his breast.

A day or so later, the village was ringing with a piece of news of such interest, that the fact of Ludwig Dorn having set off to America to make his fortune, faded into comparative insignificance. There had been a robbery at Herr Fintelmann's—as much, it was said, as two hundred thalers in money had been stolen, besides a clock and other valuables: and the police could discover no trace of the thief. There were those in Friede who shook their heads, and said that it was as well that Peter Wessels was safely locked up behind prison walls—as well for the sake of his character and the peace of the neighbourhood.

Ernst Fintelmann was sorely put out by the loss of his property; both health and temper had failed him of late, and his daily walk round the fields became a trial instead of a pleasure. He returned home one day wearied and ill; the heat oppressed him, he had been vexed by the negligence of one of his people, he would rest for an hour or so before he paid a visit to his bride. It had always been his custom to appear at his best before her. He sat back in his arm-chair, and dozed and slept away the afternoon. His friend the parson coming in to smoke a pipe, felt alarmed, and insisted upon sending for the doctor.

The doctor recommended quiet, and talked of a shock to the system; and the very next morning the news reached the Gotthelfs that Ernst Fintelmann was seriously ill and confined to his room. With many tears, and the strictest injunctions as to the sewing of the linen, Frau Gotthelf left her daughter, and went to take up her place at the sick man's side. He was pleased to have her there, and every day he sent a message to his bride, asking her to come and see him to-morrow, and "to-morrow" never came.

The wedding-day that should have been was gone, the summer was passing by, and Ernst Fintelmann did not recover. It was a dreary time for Anna; she was much alone, and her mother, when at home, could only

talk of the patient's health and her grief that the marriage was put off so long. Anna had to do the whole work of the house now, and to see after the little plot of ground; her sewing had been finished long ago, and the new clothes were packed away in the big chest. She grew pale and thin, and the neighbours showing their sympathy only too openly, commiserated with her on her misfortune. Anna had just come back from fetching water from the pump, and was thinking of sitting down to her solitary meal when the postman looked in at the open door.

"I am sorry to disturb," he said, "but this must be, the postmaster thinks, for you."

She took the letter. It was directed to Frau Anna Fintelmann, *geborene* Gotthelf.

"From some friend abroad who has not yet heard the sad tidings," continued the postman. "Poor girl, it is a sad trial for you, as my wife says. How is the worthy Herr Fintelmann to-day?"

Anna shook her head, the answer was always the same—"no better," and with a few more words of sympathy the postman went away, to her great relief. Well, he had meant kindly by her, she was sure of that, and now she must see what was in the letter from this unknown correspondent.

The house was very quiet, but through the open window came various noises to which she was well accustomed, the hammering at the smithy, and the shouts of the many children who were playing in the street, and the rattle of returning carts. She opened the letter. It had no beginning and no signature after the fashion of all other letters she had received. The few short sentences ran thus:—

"It may be a pleasure to you to learn, now that it is too late, that the silver groschen was safely received by Peter Wessels immediately on his release from prison. He has had no explanation from you (were you quite wise to intrust your letter to one whom you had persistently insulted?), and believes you to be, with truth, the most faithless jilt in all Germany. You have been successful in robbing him at once of his bride and his inheritance. Farewell, may you be happy!"

There was no address and no date.

The last cart had passed along the roughly paved street, the geese had come cackling home, the white mist was stealing up from the river—still Anna sat with the open letter on the table before her, taking no heed of the hour; the colour had fled from her lips, and her eyes looked large with horror; she did not pause to wonder who the nameless correspondent might be, or on what authority he wrote. Again and again there passed before her excited imagination the events of the last year: Peter had never heard from her, she had been the cause of all his suffering; if she had been patient and waited, he might have come back to her. Thank Heaven, it was not quite too late—not quite—she would go to Herr Fintelmann's, and insist upon seeing him. He would understand when he heard the truth—he *must* understand. A hurried step on the threshold, and her mother entered with outstretched arms.

"Mother!" said Anna, starting as if from a dream, "I was coming to seek thee."

"Anna, my dear child!" cried Frau Gotthelf, "how can I tell thee? It is all over, alas, alas! After my thought and care for my only daughter! The good Herr Fintelmann is no more, and thou art left to mourn the worthiest and the wealthiest bridegroom that maiden's heart could desire. The linen and the fine sewing is all in vain, Anna, my child, my afflicted child!"

* * * *

Two years had passed by, and the village had not yet grown weary of discussing the topic of Ernst Fintelmann's illness, his death, and his extraordinary will. Within the memory of man such a bit of good luck had not fallen to the lot of any girl for miles round, as this of Anna Gotthelf's. It was hard on her, poor thing, that she should lose her bridegroom, but then affairs were ordered from above, the parson said; and what an advantage to be left heiress of so large a house, and such an income (when the harvest was fair) as would secure her a husband straight-away, if she did but hold out her hand for one! There was no suitor in Friede good enough for her now, that was the truth; and it was not to be wondered at, she, who had always been a bit proud and spoilt. What a fortune for a young maiden to spend as she chose, with but one condition, that she should not marry the old man's luckless nephew.

There were many kind hearts that still cherished a feeling of affection for Peter Wessels. It was a sad life he had had so far, and now that his time of service was over, what would he do? No one had heard from him—not even Carl Wolff; his only relative had cast him on one side for the sake of a pretty face. Poor Peter! The village heiress and her mother still lived in their old home; Anna could not bear the notion of moving into Ernst Fintelmann's

house, and Frau Gotthelf refrained from pressing her, though the lawyer frequently remonstrated, affirming that it was a foolish piece of sentiment. Why should she not enjoy what was her own? In other respects, he admitted that she was a pattern proprietress, and looked after the people and the accounts with almost as keen an eye to business as the old man had done himself. To her mother, fast failing in health after her hard-working life, Anna was full of tenderness and consideration, nursing her skilfully, and listening patiently to her long and garrulous discourses.

The summer had been hot and fine, and the harvest was a plentiful one. Already the ripe fruit had been picked from the heavily-laden trees, and each house in the village was decorated from the door to the uppermost window with long strips of green tobacco, which would shortly dry and be ready for sale. The corn on the Fintelmann fields was carried at last, and there had been no drop of rain to spoil it. It was evening when the last cart, beautified with branches of trees and bunches of flowers, made its way into the yard. The labourers, the maidens, and children were standing about with eager, smiling faces, shouting and chattering; the corn was in at last safe and sound; to-morrow they were to have a dance and supper. Truly, though one worked hard in Friede, one had one's pleasures, and knew how to enjoy them.

Frau Gotthelf was peacefully napping in her arm-chair after the excitement of the day; the smith's wife bustled to and fro, from one room to another; she was there most afternoons now, for Anna did not like her mother to be left alone.

The western sky was glowing with fast-changing colours, red, green, yellow, while up above, the heavens were clear and blue, without a sign of cloud or wind, and the great hills encircled the valley like sleeping giant guardians. The sun had still power enough to make it hot work climbing the Grafenstein, but Anna Gotthelf was bent upon reaching the top before it should grow dusk. The path was rough and sandy, here and there a tree had begun to change the colour of its leaves; in another month the whole forest would be tinted with crimson and golden sheen. To the country-bred maiden the silence and the loneliness were delightful after the worries of her day's work. Up here, on the mountain, she could breath freely, and be alone; there was no one to watch her, or to wonder why she should choose to linger in this deserted spot, gazing with wistful eyes on the view that she had seen a thousand times before. In the valley at her feet the shining river wended its way with many a curve through field and wood, till it was lost to sight behind a mighty hill. She had climbed the steep path in haste, and was fain to rest under the shade of a tall beech tree. A faint breeze fluttered the folds of her dress, the fragrance of wild thyme was in the air, and the sweet scent of the fir trees. She leant her head back against the trunk of the beech, and, wearied out at last, fell fast asleep.

A footstep on the path, and the noise of a rolling stone that went leaping down the hill side, woke her with a start. Before her, full in the light of the setting sun, stood Peter Wessels. He was thinner and paler than of old, but he carried himself erect, and his bearing was that of a proud, self-reliant man. The boy with whom she had played and trifled had vanished, and here was a new Peter, sadder, perhaps wiser, and possessed of a certain dignity that seemed strange to her. He carried a knapsack, and wore a rough suit of clothes hardly suited to the season and the place.

Anna had time to notice all this before she jumped to her feet.

"I have come back," he said, without any form of greeting, "to bid farewell to Carl Wolff. I had not expected to find you here."

"I am fond of the Grafenstein," stammered Anna. "Tell me, Peter, will you stay in Friede? I have wished to speak with you." In spite of her agitation she spoke calmly, nay, even coldly. "Your uncle, Herr Fintelmann——"

"I have heard of my uncle's death, and his last will," interrupted Peter with a flash. Then, as if ashamed of his change of tone, he went on: "I have found a friend in my colonel. If you care to hear, he has offered me a place as *Jäger* on his estate in Silesia. I leave Friede early to-morrow morning."

"I am sorry," said Anna simply. "I hoped that you would stay a while at your uncle's house."

"For heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed Peter, ungraciously. "I come to do what little I can for my old friend Carl, and then farewell to Friede for good and all."

Anna made no answer. The ox-eyed daisy that she held in her hand dropped to the ground. He stooped and picked it up without so much as looking at her.

"You intend to settle in Silesia?"

"You are too kind to interest yourself in my plans. I shall stay till I have saved

money enough to join a friend who has started farming in America."

"Your uncle would have wished it; will you have the money that is necessary now? Lawyer Becker would give it to you at once, or send it? There is enough."

"That is also impossible to me, Anna," and his reply was more gentle than the former one. "I am not expected over there just yet."

"*Who* is your friend?" she asked suddenly.

"Ludwig Dorn."

"Do not trust him, Peter," she cried breathlessly. "Do you remember, once you warned me against him. He will deceive you, if you trust him!"

"Who will not?" asked Peter with a sneer. And she was too proud to put the question that she was longing to have answered: did Ludwig ever send him her letter?

The sun was sinking lower and lower, the golden glow from his rays spread far and wide over the valley, and lighted the Grafenstein into fresh beauty.

The two had walked almost to the edge of the clearing, when Anna turned and faced him.

"There have been many mistakes for which I am sorry, Peter Wessels: it is now too late to make them good; but this much I must say to you before we part—there are reasons which I cannot give for what I say—your uncle's property should have belonged to you by right. *Nein!* do not interrupt me; you will take some share, and not leave the whole of the burden longer on my shoulders."

"Is it so tiresome to you, *mein* Fräulein, to be wealthy?" and the tone of incredulity jarred on her every nerve.

"The dear Lord knows," she exclaimed passionately, "that if it were not for my mother, growing old and feeble, I should long since have left this place and all my so-called fortune, to work for my living as I have been used!"

"Anna, why have you returned my token without a word?"

"I have not."

"Not? and I received it from the hands of Ludwig Dorn more than a year since, at the same time that I heard of your betrothal."

"Let me have it again, Peter! I never sent it; you have been cheated on all sides."

"What will you give me for it?" asked Peter, grasping her hand, and holding it firm and fast; "what is it worth?"

"Is it, perhaps, worth all Herr Fintelmann's fields and money?" asked Anna, with a touch of the old fun; "more I have not to give."

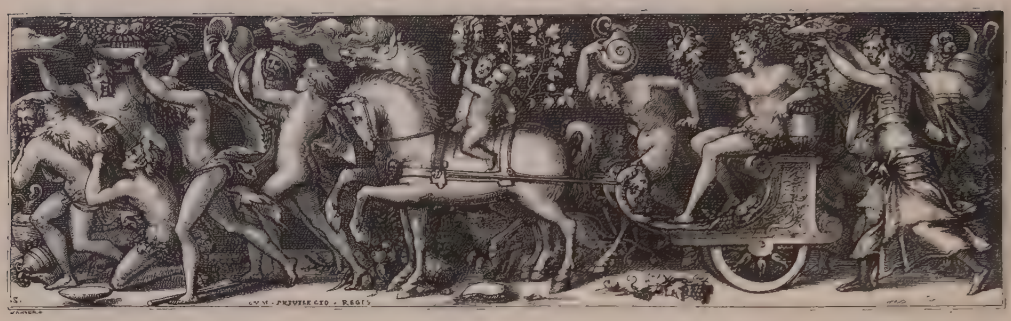
"Yes," he said, "Aennchen, thou canst do more for me than that."

"Then, I will," she answered, slowly turning her head towards him.

He looked straight into her loving eyes, and the last shred of doubt faded away. In his pride and jealousy he had suffered much; he had been cast off by his family, deceived and befooled by the man who called himself friend. Nevertheless, at this moment, his heart was full of thankfulness and joy. Here, on the Grafenstein itself, within sight of the ruined castle walls, he had found the treasure that he had believed was lost to him for evermore: had not the old legend come true at last?

The slanting sun-rays burnished the landscape with gold, the valley was flooded with a glorious light, as, hand in hand, the lovers descended the mountain path, and sought the quiet village.

MARY E. HULLAH.



GREECE IN 1884.

FEW men there are who having once visited Greece do not contrive to revisit it. And yet when the returned traveller meets his ordinary friend who asks him where he has been, the next remark is generally: "Dear me! have you not been there before; how is it you are so fond of going to Greece?" There are even people who imagine a trip to America far more interesting, and who at all events look upon a trip to Spain as the same kind of thing—southern climate, bad food, dirty inns, and general discomfort, odious to bear, though pleasant to describe afterwards in a comfortable English home.

This is a very ignorant way of looking at the matter, for, excepting southern Italy, there is no country which can compare with Greece in beauty and interest to the intelligent traveller. It is not a land for creature comforts, though the climate is splendid, and though the hotels in Athens are as good as those in any European town. It is not a land for society, though the society at Athens is excellent, and far easier of access than that of most European capitals. But if a man is fond of the large effects of natural scenery, he will find, in the Southern Alps and fiords of Greece, a variety and a richness of colour which no other part of Europe affords. If he is fond of the details of natural scenery, flowers, shrubs, and trees, he will find the wild flowers, and flowering trees of Greece more splendid than anything he has yet seen. If he desires to study national character, and peculiar manners and customs, he will find in the hardy mountaineers of Greece one of the most unreformed societies, hardly yet affected by the great tide of sameness which is invading all Europe, in dress, fabrics, and usages. And yet, in spite of the folly still talked in England about brigands, he will find that without troops, or police, or patrols, or any of those melancholy safeguards which are now so obtrusive in England and Ireland, life and property are as safe as they ever were in our most civilised homes. Let him not know a word of history, or of art, and he will yet be rewarded by all this natural enjoyment; perhaps also, if he be a politician, he may study the results of a constitution made to order, and planted in a nation of no political training, but of high intelligence.

Need I add that as to Cicero the whole land was one vast shrine of hallowed memories —*quocunque incedis, historia est*—so to the man of culture this splendour of associations has only increased with the lapse of time and the greater appreciation of human perfection. Even were such a land dead to all further change, and a complete record in its ruins of the past, it were difficult for any man of reflection to satisfy himself in contemplating it. Were he to revisit the Parthenon, as it stands, every year of his life, it would always be fresh, it would always be astonishing, whenever he beheld it. But Greece is a growing country, both in its youth and in its age. The rapid development of the nation is altering the face of the country, establishing new roads and better communications, improving knowledge among the people, and making many places accessible which were before beyond the reach of brief holiday visits. The insecurity which haunted the Turkish frontier has been pushed back to the north; new Alps and new monasteries are brought within the range of Greece.

And this is nothing to what has been done in recovering the past. Every year there are new excavations made, new treasures found, new problems in archæology raised, old ones solved; and so at every visit there is a whole mass of new matter for the student who feels he had not yet grasped what was already there.

The traveller who revisits the country now after a lapse of four or five years will find at Athens the Schliemann museum set up and in order, where the unmatched treasures of Mycenæ are now displayed before his astonished eyes. He will find an Egyptian museum of extraordinary merit—the gift of a patriotic merchant of Alexandria—in which there are two figures—that of a queen, in bronze and silver, and that of a slave kneading bread, in wood—which alone would make the reputation of any collection throughout Europe. In the Parthenon museum he will find the famous statuette, copied from Phidias' Athene, and the recent wonder, an archaic bust on which the brightness of the colours is not more astonishing than the fine moulding of the figure. And these are only the most salient novelties, seeing that the Acropolis alone is still affording so much novelty. It is indeed plain that were not the new city covering the site of the old, discoveries at Athens might be made perhaps every year, which would reform and enlarge our knowledge of Greek life and history.

But Athens is rapidly becoming a great and rich city. It already numbers 100,000, without counting the Piræus; accordingly, except in digging foundations for new houses, it is not possible to find room for any serious excavations. House rent is enormously high, and building is so urgent that the ordinary mason receives eight to ten francs per day. This rapid increase ought to be followed by an equal increase in the wealth of the surrounding country, where all the little proprietors ought to turn their land into market-gardens. I found that either they could not, or (as I was told) they would not, keep pace with the increased wants of the city. They are content with a little, and allow the city to be supplied—badly and at great cost—from Salonica, Syra, Constantinople, and the islands, while meat comes in tons from America. How different is the country round Paris and London! But this is a digression into vulgar matters, when I had merely intended to inform the reader what intellectual novelties he would find in revisiting Athens.

If he makes excursions, he will naturally go to Eleusis, where the Greek *savants* have laid open, and at last explained, the whole plan of the temple. The work is not yet concluded, but enough is laid bare to show that the shrine had strange peculiarities. And this is exactly what we should expect. For although no people adhered more closely to traditional forms in their architecture, no people were more ready to modify these forms with a view to practical requirements. Thus, as a rule, the cella, or inner chamber of the temple, only contained the statue of the god, and was consequently small and narrow. In the temple at Eleusis has been found a great inner chamber, hewn out of the rock in the rear of the edifice, and capable of accommodating a large assembly. Here then it seems the initiated—probably those of the higher degree, *epoptæ* as they were called—witnessed those services "which brought them peace in this world, and a blessed hope for the world to come."

The way into the temple was adorned with two Propylæa—one of the great period, and by Pericles' architects, another set up by a Roman, after you had passed through the former. The great temple, raised upon a natural platform, looks out towards Salamis, and the narrow line of azure which separates it from the land. Turning to the left as you stand at the temple front, the eye wanders over the rich plain of Eleusis, now dotted over with villages, and coloured (in April) with the rich brown of ploughing, and the splendid green of sprouting wheat. This plain had multiplied its wealth manyfold since I last saw it, and led us to hope that the peasants were waking up to the great market which is near them at Athens. The track of the old sacred way along the Thriasian plain is often visible, for much of the sea-coast is marshy, so the road was cut out in many places along the spurs of the rocky hill of Daphne. The present road goes between the curious salt lakes (Rheitoi) and the shore—salt lakes full of sea-fish, and evidently fed by great natural springs, for there is a perpetual strong outflow to the tideless sea. I know not whether this natural curiosity has been explained by the learned.

The trip to Eleusis is but a short and easy drive, and yet what interest does it afford! I have spoken of the temple, and the curiosities of the plain, but before the traveller reaches even so far, he passes through the groves of Academe, the Cephissus, and its olive forest, then up the pass of Daphne, from which he has the most splendid view of Athens, with Hymettus in the background, and he stops at that wonderful old Byzantine church which reminds us of the mediæval

splendour of the country. Enough of the rich paintings on the inner walls remains to show what a curious "symphony in black and gold" must have been there—tiers of saints with name and attribute adorning even the hidden nooks over the high and narrow arches. People are so busy with classic memories in Greece that they will hardly deign to look at the Christian remains. And yet in the very heart of Athens are several tiny gems of Byzantine architecture, which anywhere else would attract many a pilgrim student, though the modern Greeks have talked of removing them from their thoroughfares. This remark applies, perhaps less strictly, to the fine remains of mediæval castles at Karytena, Mistra, Kalamata, Kyparissia, and many other places in the Morea, which tell of the occupation of the Frankish knights, and of the Venetian Republic, as well as of the Turkish domination.

But let us return to the recent excavations in Greece, from which this digression has been made, for which I might ask pardon, were not my account to consist chiefly of digressions, as all travelling for pleasure should do. Indeed nothing is more slavish in modern travel than the inability the student feels, for want of time in long journeys, or want of control over his conveyance, to stop and examine something which strikes him beside his path. And that is the main reason why Oriental—and as yet Greek—travelling is the best and most instructive of all travelling. You can stop your pony or mule, you can turn aside from the track which is called your road, you are not compelled to catch a train or a steamer at a fixed moment. When roads and rails have been brought into Greece, hundreds of people will go to see its beauty and its monuments, and will congratulate themselves that the country is at last accessible. But the real charm will be gone. There will be no more riding at dawn through orchards of oranges and lemons, with the rich fruit lying on the ground, and the nightingales, that will not end their long hours of song, still outsinging from the deep-green gloom the sounds of opening day. There will be no more watching the glowing east across the silver-grey glitter of dewy meadows; no more wandering along grassy slopes, where the scarlet anemones, all drenched with the draughts of night, are striving to raise their drooping heads, and open their splendid eyes to meet the sun. There will be no more watching the serpent and the tortoise, the eagle and the vulture, and all the living things whose ways and habits animate the sunny solitudes of the south. The Greek people now talk of going to Europe, and coming from Europe, justly too, for Greece is still, as it always was, part of the East. But the day is coming when enlightened politicians, like Mr. Tricoupi, will insist on introducing, through all the remotest glens, the civilisation of Europe, with all its benefits forsooth, but with all its shocking ugliness, its stupid hurry, and its slavish uniformity.

The next point of interest among newly-discovered sites is the great temple and theatre of Epidaurus, which I did not visit, on account of an epidemic of small-pox—εὐφλογία they call it, euphemistically. The very journey to this place is worth making, on account of its intensely characteristic features. You start from Athens in a coasting steamer full of natives, who carry with them their food and beds, and camp on deck where it pleases them, regardless of class. You see all the homeliness of ordinary life obtruded upon you without seeking it, instead of intruding upon others to find it, and you can study not only the country, but the people, at great leisure. But the ever-varying beauty of the scene leaves little time for other studies. The boat passes along Ægina, and rounds the promontory of Kalaruia—the death-scene of Demosthenes—into the land-locked bay of Poros, where lay the old Trœzen and Hermione along the fruitful shore, surrounded by an amphitheatre of lofty mountains. The sea is like a fair inland lake, studded with white sails, and framed with the rich green of vines and figs and growing corn. Even the rows of tall solemn cypresses can suggest no gloom in such a landscape. From here it is but a short ride to the famous temple of Æsculapius, though most people go from Nauplia, as I once did in former years, before the discoveries were made which now attract the student.

The excavations of the Greek archæological society have laid bare at least three principal buildings in connection with the famous spot; the old temple of the god, the theatre, and the famous *tholos*, a circular building, in which those who had been healed of diseases set up votive tablets. The extraordinary size and splendour of the theatre—Pausanias says it was far the finest in Greece—rather contrasts with the dimensions of the temple, and suggests that most of the patients who came were able to enjoy themselves, or else that many people came for pleasure, and not on serious business. The remains discovered are particularly valuable for the good preservation of the stage, but of this I can only

speak at second hand. So also the circular building, which was erected under the supervision of the famous Polycleitus, the great Argive sculptor, a rival of Phidias, has many peculiar features, and shows in one more instance that what earlier art-critics assumed as modern, was based on older classical models. Circular buildings supported on pillars were thought rather Græco-Roman than Greek, but here we see that like the builders of the Odeon of Pericles, so the Epidaurians had this form before them from early days. Inside the outer row of Doric pillars was a second circle of apparently Ionic pillars as to proportions and fluting, but the capitals were Corinthian, so that this feature also in architecture has a venerable antiquity, and was not Græco-Roman, as was once supposed. For a long time the so-called Lantern of Demosthenes built for Lysicrates at Athens in 335 B.C., when Alexander was leading his army into Asia, was considered the oldest, and perhaps the only pure Greek example of the Corinthian capital. People began to hesitate when a solitary specimen was found in the famous temple of Bassæ, where it could hardly have been imported in later days. Now the evidence is completed, and in this respect the histories of art are correcting the rash generalisation of their predecessors.

The traveller is at first disposed to complain that even the portable antiquities found in various parts of Greece are not brought to Athens, and gathered into one vast national museum. Further reflection shows such a proceeding to be not only impossible, but highly inexpedient. I will not speak of the great waste of objects of interest, when they are brought together in such vast masses that the visitor is rather oppressed than enlightened. Any one who has gone to the British Museum will know what I mean. Nor will I give the smallest weight to the selfish local argument, that compelling visitors to wander from place to place brings traffic and money into the country. Until proper roads and clean inns are established such an argument is both unfair and will hardly produce results worth considering. But fortunately most of the famous things in Greece are sites, ruined buildings, forts which cannot be removed from their place, if at all, without destruction, and of which the very details cannot be understood without seeing the place for which they were intended. Even the Parthenon sculptures in London would have lost most of their interest, if the building itself at Athens did not show us their application, and glorify them with its splendour. He who sees the gold of Mycenæ at Athens, knows little of its meaning, if he has not visited the giant forts where its owners once dwelt and exercised their sway, and if some patriotic Greek had built a safe museum at Mycenæ to contain them, they would have become more deeply interesting and instructive than they now are.

Leaving Epidauros, the traveller has only six or seven hours' ride to reach Nauplia, the best starting-point in many directions through the Morea, but now of peculiar consequence on account of its neighbourhood to Tiryns. Dr. Schliemann will make the fortune of this country. In former years it was the port for Mycenæ, which is some ten miles inland, and every traveller worthy the name goes still to see the place where he found those splendid stores of gold, and those beautiful designs, which now are the chief glory of the museum at Athens. But lately the centre of attraction is not ten, but two miles from Nauplia, on the great prehistoric fort of uncut rocks known by the curious name of Tiryns. For Tiryns is no proper Greek word; it should be Tirys, or perhaps Tirynthos, and no respectable Greek author would write down such a form. There are, I believe, some coins of the Macedonian period found there, upon which the legend Tiryns is found, and this is probably the authority for the name. Classical authors only mention the oblique cases. Though 400 Tirynthians appeared among the assembled Greeks at Platæa, it was argued long ago by me that these were homeless exiles, and that their town, as well as Mycenæ, and other towns in the Argive plain had been absorbed by Argos, as Athens absorbed the towns of Attica in very ancient times. Every new research confirms this argument. Had Tiryns and Mycenæ been destroyed after the Persian War in 468 B.C., we should certainly have found inscriptions, coins, Hellenic pottery, and all the well-known marks of Hellenic civilisation of the sixth and early fifth century. On the contrary, nothing pre-Macedonian has been found either at Mycenæ or Tiryns which is not clearly pre-historic, and separated by a long interval from the days of inscriptions and of coins. Every day may tell us of some novelty in pre-historic life from Tiryns, for while I write the excavations are yet proceeding. But this much I can report as an eye-witness, that a great part of the top of the fort was occupied by a building with pillars, of which we found the smoothed stone bases at both sides of the fort, and on different levels. One Doric capital of a very ancient pattern was turned up in the very

days when I was there, and since that time there have been found portions of the walls, painted within with bright colours, and of a pattern found (in relief) in the Treasury of Orchomenos by Dr. Schliemann some years ago. The whole style of the building points to a residence not destroyed in 468 B.C. or any such time, but perhaps 500 years earlier.

In the pottery, the obsidian knives, and other remains of early life there seemed as yet nothing peculiar, nothing to distinguish the place from any other pre-historic site, but when so strange a feature existed as painted walls, we may well expect that something else very peculiar will turn up, so that we feel on the verge of another important step in the rediscovery of the culture which foreran Hellenic civilisation in Greece. The Homeric poems used to be accepted as the only and the best evidence of this period. We have now come to regard them as nothing more than the imagination of early Greeks, based on uncertain traditions, and filling up the picture with conjectures rather poetical than scientific. Dr. Schliemann's excavations have supplied us with very different evidence; it comes from a period when the ruins which the Homeric poets probably saw in ruins, as we see them, were still the homes and fortresses of rich royalties—cultivating an art widely different from any Hellenic art, possibly speaking a language unintelligible to any historical Greeks. But as yet our materials are scanty and fragmentary, and our conjectures, as they are infinitely less poetical, so they may be far less accurate than the pictures of Homer upon which I have been casting these grave doubts. All I will insist on now is this, that the question is open, and in progress of being resolved, not by the pen and the genius of the poet, but by the spade and the patience of the archæologist.

I will add a warning to the latter, and one which applies to all amateurs who go to visit these excavations, and cannot see what has been reported by the actual excavators. As no one is able to see what the evidences of digging are, except the trained man, who knows not only archæology, but architecture, and who has studied the accumulation of soil in various places and forms, so the observer who comes to the spot after some years, and expects to find all the evidences unchanged, commits a blunder of the gravest kind. As Dr. Dörpfeld, now one of the highest living authorities on such matters, observed to me, if you went to Hissarlik expecting to find there clearly marked the various strata of successive occupations, you would show that you were ignorant of the first elements of practical knowledge. For in any climate, but especially in these southern lands, nature covers up promptly what has been exposed by man; all sorts of plants spring up along and across the lines which the cutting when freshly made showed clear and precise. In a few years the whole place turns back again into a brake, or a grassy slope, and the report of the actual diggers remains the only evidence till the soil is cut open again in the same way. I saw myself, at Olympia, important lines disappearing in this way. Dr. Purgold showed me where the line marking the embankment of the stadium—it was never surrounded with any stone seats—was rapidly becoming effaced, and where the plan of the foundations was being covered with shrubs and grass. The day for visiting and verifying the Trojan excavations is almost gone by. That of all the excavations will pass away, if they are not carefully kept clear by some permanent superintendence; and to expect this of the Greek nation, who know they have endless more treasures to find in new places, is more than could reasonably be expected. The proper safeguard is to do what Dr. Schliemann does, to have with him not only the Greek ephorus or superintendent—generally a very competent scholar, and sometimes not a very friendly witness of foreign triumphs—but also a first-rate architect, whose joint observation will correct any hastiness or misprision, and so in the mouth of two or more witnesses every word will be confirmed. In passing on I cannot but remark how strange it is that among the many rich men in the world who profess an interest in archæology, not one can be found to take up the work as Dr. Schliemann does, to enrich science with splendid fields of new evidence, and art, not only with the naive efforts of its infancy, but with forgotten models of perfect and peerless form.

J. P. Mahaffy.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT IN ORKNEY.

Set low between green banks the long loch lies
Gleaming across the shadowy Northern night,
Its little rippling splashes, and the sighs
Of winds among the reeds, where gleams of white
Betray the sleeping swans, and cries that might
Be echoes of a water spirit's song,
Come low and soft up through the dim soft light;
Far overhead the mallard's pinion strong
Rings through the deepening dusk the quivering air along.

Out on a wave-washed sandspit to and fro
A troop of curlews wander lazily,
Their whistle rises tremulous and low,
Tender as starlight on a windless sea;
Then all the waters touched to melody
Wake with strange calls of divers dumb by day;
A startled plover, piping plaintively
Speeds to the misty moorland far away
And through the bending reeds coots dive in clumsy play.

In a wide rush-grown pool upon the sands,
Like a dark soul that some forgotten crime
Has struck to hopeless gloom, a heron stands
A silent shadow gray and gaunt as Time.
From the long grasses, white as if with rime
Where the pale mists cling low along the shore
Clear bell-like notes burst in sweet sudden chime
And over all Earth's voices evermore
Roll the deep thundertones of Ocean's solemn roar.

D. W. R.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INVASION.

"What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?"—SCOTT.

NO Giles Headley appeared to greet the travellers, though Kit Smallbones had halted at Canterbury, to pour out entreaties to St. Thomas, and the vow of a steel and gilt reliquary of his best workmanship to contain the old shoe which a few years previously had so much disgusted Erasmus and his companion.

Poor old fellow, he was too much crestfallen thoroughly to enjoy even the gladness of his little children, and his wife made no secret of her previous conviction that he was too dunderheaded not to run into some coil when she was not there to look after him. The alderman was more merciful. Since there had been no invasion from Salisbury, he had regretted the not having gone himself, and he knew pretty well that Kit's power lay more in his arms than in his brain. He did not wonder at the small gain, nor at the having lost sight of the young man, and confidently expected the lost ones soon to appear.

As to Dennet, her eyes shone quietly, and she took upon herself to send down to let Mistress Randall know of her nephew's return, and invite her to supper, and to hear the story of his doings. The girl did not look at all like a maiden uneasy about her lost lover, but much more like one enjoying for the moment the immunity from a kind of burthen; and, as she smiled, called for Stephen's help in her little arrangements, and treated him in the friendly manner of old times, he could not but wonder at the panic that had overpowered him for a time like a fever of the mind.

There was plenty to speak of in the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and the transactions with the knights and nobles; and Stephen held his peace as to his adventure, but Dennet's eyes were sharper than Kit's. She spied the remains of the bruise under his black curly hair; and while her father and Tib were unravelling the accounts from Kit's brain and tally-sticks, she got him out into the gallery, and observed, "So thou hast a broken head. See here are grandmother's lily-leaves in strong waters. Let me lay one on for thee. There, sit down on the step, then I can reach."

"'Tis well nigh whole now, sweet mistress," said Stephen, complying however, for it was too sweet to have those little fingers busy about him for the offer to be declined.

"How gatst thou the blow?" asked Dennet. "Was it at single-stick? Come, thou mayst tell me. 'Twas in standing up for some one."

"Nay, mistress, I would it had been."

"Thou hast been in trouble," she said, leaning on the baluster above him. "Or did ill men set on thee?"

"That's the nearest guess," said Stephen. "'Twas that tall father of mine aunt's, the fellow that came here for armour, and bought poor Master Michael's sword."

"And sliced the apple on thine hand. Ay?"

"He would have me for one of his Badgers."

"Thou! Stephen!" It was a cry of pain as well as horror.

"Yea, mistress; and when I refused, the fellow dealt me a blow, and laid me down senseless, to bear me off willy nilly, but that good old Lucas Hansen brought mine uncle to mine aid——"

Dennet clasped her hands. "O Stephen, Stephen! Now I know how good the Lord is. Wot ye, I asked of Tibble to take me daily to St. Faith's to crave of good St. Julian to have you all in his keeping, and saith he on the way, 'Methinks, mistress, our dear Lord would hear you if you spake to Him direct, with no go-between.' I did as he

bade me, Stephen, I went to the high altar, and prayed there, and Tibble went with me, and lo, now, He hath brought you back safe. We will have a mass of thanksgiving on the very morn."

Stephen's heart could not but bound, for it was plain enough for whom the chief force of these prayers had been offered.

"Sweet mistress," he said, "they have availed me indeed. Certes, they warded me in the time of sore trial and temptation."

"Nay," said Dennet, "thou *couldst* not have longed to go away from hence with those ill men who live by slaying and plundering?"

The present temptation was to say that he had doubted whether it would not have been for the best for himself and for her, but he recollected that Giles might be at the gate, and if so, he should feel as if he had rather have bitten out his tongue than have let Dennet know the state of the case, so he only answered—

"There be sorer temptations in the world for us poor rogues than little home-biding house-crickets like thee wot of, mistress. Well that ye can pray for us without knowing all!"

Stephen had never consciously come so near love-making, and his honest face was all one burning glow with the suppressed feeling, while Dennet lingered till the curfew warned them of the lateness of the hour, both with a strange sense of undefined pleasure in the being together in the summer twilight.

Day after day passed on with no news of Giles or Will Wherry. The alderman grew uneasy, and sent Stephen to ask his brother to write to Randall or to some one else in Wolsey's suite to make inquiries at Bruges, while through the many comers and goers to and from Calais, he instituted inquiries there, but nothing was heard until the return of Ambrose with Sir Thomas More, from Calais, some six weeks later. There a small packet had been handed to Ambrose. It was tied up with a long tough pale wisp of hair, evidently from the mane or tail of some Flemish horse, and was addressed, "To Master Ambrose Birkenholt, menial clerk to the most worshipful Sir Thomas More, Knight, Under Sheriff of the City of London. These greeting—"

Within, when Ambrose could open the missive, was another small parcel, and a piece of brown coarse paper, on which was scrawled—

"Good Ambrose Birkenholt,—I pray thee to stand my friend, and let all know whom it may concern, that when this same billet comes to hand, I shall be far on the march to High Germany, with a company of lusty fellows in the Emperor's service. They be commanded by the good knight Sir John Fulford.

"If thou canst send tidings to my mother, bid her keep her heart up, for I shall come back a captain, full of wealth and honour, and that will be better than hammering for life—or being wedded against mine own will. There never was troth plight between my master's daughter and me, and my time is over, so I be quit with them, and I thank my master for his goodness. They shall all hear of me some of these days. Will Wherry is my groom, and commends him to his mother. And so, commending thee and all the rest to Our Lady and the saints.

"Thine to command,

"Giles Headley,

"*Man-at-Arms in the Honourable Company of Sir John Fulford, Knight.*"

On a separate strip was written—

"Give this packet to the little Moorish maid, and tell her that I will bring her better by and by, and mayhap make her a knight's lady; but on thy life, say naught to any other."

It was out now! Ambrose's head was more in Sir Thomas's books than in real life at all times, or he would long ago have inferred something—from the jackdaw's favourite phrase—from Giles's modes of haunting his steps, and making him the bearer of small tokens—an orange, a simnel cake, a bag of walnuts or almonds to Mistress Aldonza, and of the smiles, blushes, and thanks with which she greeted them. Nay, had she not burst into tears and entreated to be spared when Lady More wanted to make a match between her and the big porter, and had not her distress led Mistress Margaret to appeal to her father, who had said he should as soon think of wedding the silver-footed Thetis to Polyphemus. "Tilley valley! Master More," the lady had answered, "will all your fine pagan gods hinder the wench from starving on earth, and leading apes in hell?"

Margaret had answered that Aldonza should never do the first, and Sir Thomas had gravely said that he thought those black eyes would lead many a man on earth before they came to the latter fate.

Ambrose hid the parcel for her deep in his bosom before he asked permission of his master to go to the Dragon court with the rest of the tidings.

"He always was an unmannerly cub," said Master Headley, as he read the letter. "Well, I've done my best to make a silk purse of a sow's ear! I've done my duty by poor Robert's son, and if he will be such a fool as to run after blood and wounds, I have no more to say! Though 'tis pity of the old name! Ha! what's this? 'Wedded against my will—no troth plight.' Forsooth, I thought my young master was mighty slack. He hath some other matter in his mind, hath he? Run into some coil mayhap with a beggar wench! Well, we need not be beholden to him. Ha, Dennet, my maid!"

Dennet screwed up her little mouth, and looked very demure, but she twinkled her bright eyes and said, "My heart will not break, sir, I am in no haste to be wed."

Her father pinched her cheek and said she was a silly wench; but perhaps he marked the dancing step with which the young mistress went about her household cares, and how she was singing to herself songs that certainly were not "Willow! willow!"

Ambrose had no scruple in delivering to Aldonza the message and token, when he overtook her on the stairs of the house at Chelsea, carrying up a lapful of roses to the still room, where Dame Alice More was rejoicing in setting her step-daughters to housewifely tasks.

There came a wonderful illumination and agitation over the girl's usually impassive features, giving all that they needed to make them surpassingly beautiful.

"Woe is me!" was however her first exclamation. "That he should have given up all for me! Oh! if I had thought it!" But while she spoke as if she were shocked and appalled, her eyes belied her words. They shone with the first absolute certainty of love, and there was no realising as yet the years of silent waiting and anxiety that must go by, nay, perhaps an entire lifetime of uncertainty of her lover's truth or untruth, life or death.

Dame Alice called her, and in a rambling, maundering way, charged her with loitering and gadding with the young men; and Margaret saw by her colour and by her eyes that some strange thing had happened to her. Margaret had perhaps some intuition; for was not her heart very tender towards a certain young barrister whom her father doubted as yet, because of his Lutheran inclinations. By and by she discovered that she needed Aldonza to comb out her long dark hair, and ere long, she had heard all the tale of the youth cured by the girl's father, and all his gifts, and how Aldonza deemed him too great and too good for her (poor Giles!) though she knew she should never do more than look up to him with love and gratitude from afar. And she never so much as dreamt that he would cast an eye on her save in kindness. Oh yes, she knew what he had taught the daw to say, but then she was a child, she durst not deem it more. And Margaret More was more kind and eager than worldly wise, and she encouraged Aldonza to watch and wait, promised protection from all enforced suits and suitors, and gave assurances of shelter as her own attendant as long as the girl should need it.

Master Headley, with some sighing and groaning, applied himself to write to the mother at Salisbury what had become of her son; but he had only spent one evening over the trying task, when just as the supper bell was ringing, with Master Hope and his wife as guests, there were horses' feet in the court, and Master Tiptoff appeared, with a servant on another horse, who carried besides a figure in camlet, on a pillion. No sooner was this same figure lifted from her steed and set down on the steps, while the master of the house and his daughter came out to greet her, than she began "Master Alderman Headley, I am here to know what you have done with my poor son?"

"Alack, good cousin!"

"Alack me no alacks," she interrupted, holding up her riding rod. "I'll have no dissembling, there hath been enough of that, Giles Headley. Thou hast sold him, soul and body, to one of yon cruel, bloodthirsty, plundering, burning captains, that the poor child may be slain and murthered! Is this the fair promises you made to his father—wiling him away from his poor mother, a widow, with talking of teaching him the craft, and giving him your daughter! My son Tiptoff here told me the spousal was delayed and delayed, and he doubted whether it would ever come off, but I thought not of this sending him beyond seas, to make merchandise of him. And you call yourself an alderman! The gown should be stript off the back of you, and shall be, if there be any justice in London for a widow woman."

"Nay, cousin, you have heard some strange tale," said Master Headley, who, much as he would have dreaded the attack beforehand, faced it the more calmly and manfully because the accusation was so outrageous.

"Ay, so I told her," began her son-in-law, "but she hath been neither to have nor to hold since the—"

"And how should I be to have or to hold by a nincompoop like thee," she said, turning round on him, "that would have me sit down and be content forsooth, when mine only son is kidnapped to be sold to the Turks or to work in the galleys, for aught I know."

"Mistress!" here Master Hope's voice came in, "I would counsel you to speak less loud, and hear before you accuse. We of the City of London know Master Alderman Headley too well to hear him railed against."

"Ah! you are all of a piece," she began, but by this time Master Tiptoff had managed at least to get her into the hall, and had exchanged words enough with the alderman to assure himself that there was an explanation, nay, that there was a letter from Giles himself. This the indignant mother presently was made to understand—and as the Alderman had borrowed the letter in order to copy it for her, it was given to her. She could not read, and would trust no one but her son-in-law to read it to her. "Yea, you have it very pat," she said, "but how am I to be assured 'tis not all writ here to hoodwink a poor woman like me."

"'Tis Giles's hand," averred Tiptoff.

"And if you will," added the alderman, with wonderful patience, "to-morrow you may speak with the youth who received it. Come, sit down and sup with us, and then you shall learn from Smallbones how this mischance befel, all from my sending two young heads together, and one who, though a good fellow, could not hold all in rule."

"Ay—you've your reasons for anything," she muttered, but being both weary and hungry, she consented to eat and drink, while Tiptoff, who was evidently ashamed of her violence and anxious to excuse it, managed to explain that a report had been picked up at Romsey by a barefooted friar from Salisbury that young Giles Headley had been seen at Ghent by one of the servants of a wool merchant, riding with a troop of Free Companions in the Emperor's service. All the rest was deduced from this intelligence by the dame's own imagination.

After supper she was invited to interrogate Kit and Stephen, and her grief and anxiety found vent in fierce scolding at the misrule which had permitted such a villain as Fulford to be haunting and tempting poor fatherless lads. Master Headley had reproached poor Kit for the same thing, but he could only represent that Giles, being a freeman, was no longer under his authority. However, she stormed on, being absolutely convinced that her son's evasion was every one's fault but his own. Now it was the alderman for misusing him, overtasking the poor child, and deferring the marriage, now it was that little pert poppet, Dennet, who had flouted him, now it was the bad company he had been led into—the poor babe who had been bred to godly ways.

The alderman was really sorry for her, and felt himself to blame so far as that he had shifted the guidance of the expedition to such an insufficient head as poor Smallbones, so he let her rail on as much as she would, and the storm exhausted itself, and she settled into the trust that Giles would soon grow weary and return. The good man felt bound to show her all hospitality, and the civilities to country cousins were in proportion to the rarity of their visits. So Mrs. Headley stayed on after Tiptoff's return to Salisbury, and had the best view feasible of all the pageants and diversions of autumn. She saw some magnificent processions of clergy, she was welcomed at a civic banquet and drank of the loving cup, and she beheld the Lord Mayor's Show in all its picturesque glory of emblazoned barge on the river. In fact, she found the position of denizen of an alderman's household so very agreeable that she did her best to make it a permanency. Nay, Dennet soon found that she considered herself to be waiting there and keeping guard till her son's return should establish her there, and that she viewed the girl already as a daughter—for which Dennet was by no means obliged to her! She lavished counsel on her hostess, found fault with the maidens, criticised the cookery, walked into the kitchen and still-room with assistance and directions, and even made a strong effort to possess herself of the keys.

It must be confessed that Dennet was saucy! It was her weapon of self-defence, and she considered herself insulted in her own house.

There she stood, exalted on a tall pair of pattens before the stout oaken table in the kitchen where a glowing fire burned; pewter, red and yellow earthenware, and clean scrubbed trenchers made a goodly show, a couple of men-cooks and twice as many scullions obeyed her behests—only the superior of the two first ever daring to argue a point with her. There she stood, in her white apron and cuffs, daintily compounding her mince-meat for Christmas, when in stalked Mrs. Headley to offer her counsel and aid—but this was lost in a volley of barking from the long-backed, bandy-legged, turnspit dog, which was awaiting its turn at the wheel.

She shook her petticoats at him, but Dennet tittered even while declaring that Tray hurt nobody. Mrs. Headley reviled the dog, and then proceeded to advise Dennet that she should chop her citron finer. Dennet made answer that father liked a good stout piece of it. Mistress Headley offered to take the chopper and instruct her how to compound all in the true Sarum style.

"Grammercy, mistress, but we follow my grand-dame's recipe!" said Dennet, grasping her implement firmly.

"Come, child, be not above taking a lesson from thine elders! Where's the goose? What?" as the girl looked amazed, "where hast thou lived not to know that a live goose should be bled into the mince-meat?"

"I have never lived with barbarous, savage folk," said Dennet—and therewith she burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter, trying in vain to check it, for a small and mischievous elf, freshly promoted to the office of scullion, had crept up and pinned a dish-cloth to the substantial petticoats, and as Mistress Headley whisked round to see what was the matter, like a kitten after its tail, it followed her like a train, while she rushed to box the ears of the offender, crying.

"You set him on, you little saucy vixen. I saw it in your eyes. Let the rascal be scourged."

"Not so," said Dennet, with prim mouth and laughing eyes. "Far be it from me! But 'tis ever the wont of the kitchen when those come there who have no call."

Mistress Headley flounced away, dish-cloth and all, to go whimpering to the alderman with her tale of insults. She trusted that her cousin would give the pert wench a good beating. She was not a whit too old for it.

"How oft did you beat Giles, good kinswoman?" said Dennet demurely, as she stood by her father.

"Whisht, whisht, child," said her father, "this may not be! I cannot have my guest flouted."

"If she act as our guest, I will treat her with all honour and courtesy," said the maiden; "but when she comes where we look not for guests, there is no saying what the black guard may take it on them to do."

Master Headley was mischievously tickled at the retort, and not without hope that it might offend his kinswoman into departing.

Meantime if the alderman's peace on one side was disturbed by his visitor, on the other, suitors for Dennet's hand gave him little rest. She was known to be a considerable heiress, and though Mistress Headley gave every one to understand that there was a contract with Giles, and that she was awaiting his return, this did not deter more wooers than Dennet ever knew of, from making proposals to her father. Jasper Hope was offered, but he was too young, and besides, was a mercer—and Dennet and her father were agreed that her husband must go on with the trade. Then there was a master armourer, but he was a widower with sons and daughters as old as Dennet, and she shook her head and laughed at the bare notion. Also a young knight came who would have turned the Dragon court into a tilt yard, and spent all the gold that long years of prudent toil had amassed.

If Mistress Headley deemed each denial the result of her vigilance for her son's interests, she was the more impelled to expatiate on the folly of leaving a maid of sixteen to herself, without giving her a good step-mother, or at least putting a kinswoman in authority over her.

The alderman was stung. He certainly had warmed a snake on his hearth, and how was he to be rid of it? He secretly winked at the resumption of a forge fire that had been abandoned, because the noise and smoke incommoded the dwelling house, and Kit Smallbones hammered his loudest there when the guest might be taking her morning nap, but this had no effect in driving her away, though it may have told upon her temper; and good-humoured Master Headley was harassed more than he had ever been in his life.

"It puts me past my patience," said he, turning into Tibble's special workshop one afternoon. "Here hath Mistress Rickhill of the Eagle been with me full of proposals that I would give my poor wench to that scape-grace lad of hers, who hath been twice called to account before the guild, but who now, forsooth, is to turn over a new leaf."

"So I wis would the Dragon under him," quoth Tibble.

"I told her 'twas not to be thought of, and then what does the dame but sniff the air and protest that I had better take heed, for there may not be so many that would choose a spoilt, misruled maid like mine. There's the work of yonder Sarum woman. I tell thee, Tib, never was bull in the ring more baited than am I."

"Yea, sir," returned Tib, "there'll be no help for it till our young mistress be wed."

"Ay! that's the rub! But I've not seen one whom I could mate with her—let alone one who would keep up the old house. Giles would have done that passably, though he were scarce worthy of the wench, even without—" An expressive shake of the head denoted the rest. "And now if he ever come home

at all, 'twill be as a foul-mouthed, plundering scarecrow, like the kites of men-at-arms, who, if they lose not their lives, lose all that makes an honest life in the Italian wars. I would have writ to Edmund Burgess, but I hear his elder brother is dead, and he is driving a good traffic at York. Belike too he is wedded."

"Nay," said Tibble, "I could tell of one who would be true and faithful to your Worship, and a loving husband to Mistress Dennet, ay, and would be a master that all of us would gladly cleave to. For he is godly after his lights, and sound-hearted, and wots what good work be, and can do it."

"That were a son-in-law, Tib! Of whom speakest thou? Is he of good birth?"

"Yea, of gentle birth and breeding."

"And willing? But that they all are. Wherefore then hath he never made suit?"

"He hath not yet his freedom."

"Who be it then?"

"He that made this elbow-piece for the suit that Queen Margaret ordered for the little King of Scots," returned Tibble, producing an exquisite miniature bit of workmanship.

"Stephen Birkenholt! The Fool's nephew! Mine own prentice!"

"Yea, and the best worker in steel we have yet turned out. Since the sickness of last winter hath stiffened my joints and dimmed mine eyes, I had rather trust dainty work such as this to him than to myself."

"Stephen! Tibble, hath he set thee on to this?"

"No, sir. We both know too well what becometh us; but when you were casting about for a mate for my young mistress, I could not but think how men seek far, and overlook the jewel at their feet."

"He hath nought! That brother of his will give him nought."

"He hath what will be better for the old Dragon and for your Worship's self, than many a bag of gold, sir."

"Thou sayst truly there, Tib. I know him so far that he would not be the ingrate Jack to turn his back on the old master or the old man. He is a good lad. But—but —I've ever set my face against the prentice wedding the master's daughter, save when he is of her own house, like Giles. Tell me, Tibble, deemst thou the varlet hath dared to lift his eyes to the lass?"

"I wot nothing of love!" said Tibble, somewhat grimly. "I have seen nought. I only told your worship where a good son and good master might be had. Is it your pleasure, sir, that we take in a freight of sea-coal from Simon Collier for the new furnace? His is purest, if a mark more the chaldron."

He spoke as if he put the recommendation of the son and master on the same line as that of the coal. Mr. Headley answered the business matters absently, and ended by saying he would think on the counsel.

In Tibble's workroom, with the clatter of a forge close to them, they had not heard a commotion in the court outside. Dennet had been standing on the steps cleaning her tame starling's cage, when Mistress Headley had suddenly come out on the gallery behind her, hotly scolding her laundress, and waving her cap to show how ill-starched it was.

The bird had taken fright and flown to the tree in the court; Dennet hastened in pursuit, but all the boys and children in the court rushing out after her, her blandishments had no chance, and "Goldspot" had fluttered on to the gateway. Stephen had by this time come out, and hastened to the gate, hoping to turn the truant back from escaping into Cheapside; but all in vain, it flew out while the market was in full career, and he could only call back to her that he would not lose sight of it.

Out he hurried, Dennet waiting in a sort of despair by the tree for a time that seemed to her endless, until Stephen reappeared under the gate, with a signal that all was well. She darted to meet him. "Yea, mistress, here he is, the little caitiff. He was just knocked down by this country lad's cap —happily not hurt. I told him you would give him a tester for your bird."

"With all my heart!" and Dennet produced the coin. "Oh! Stephen, are you sure he is safe? Thou bad Goldspot to fly away from me! Wink with thine eye—thou saucy rogue! Wottest thou not that but for Stephen they might be blinding thy sweet blue eyes with hot needles?"

"His wing is grown since the moulting," said Stephen. "It should be cut to save such mischances."

"Will you do it? I will hold him," said Dennet. "Ah! 'tis pity, the beauteous green gold-bedropped wing—that no armour of thine can equal, Stephen, not even the little King of Scots'. But shouldst not be so silly a bird, Goldie, even though thou hadst thine excuse. There! Peck not, ill birdling. Know thy friends, Master Stare."

And with such pretty nonsense the two stood together, Dennet in her white cap, short crimson kirtle, little stiff collar, and white bib and apron, holding her bird upside down in one hand, and with the other trying to keep his angry beak from pecking Stephen,

who, in his leathern coat and apron, grimed, as well as his crisp black hair, with soot, stood towering above her, stooping to hold out the lustrous wing with one hand while he used his smallest pair of shears with the other to clip the pen-feathers.

"See there, Master Alderman," cried Mistress Headley, bursting on him from the gallery stairs. "Be that what you call fitting for your daughter and your prentice, a beggar lad from the heath? I ever told you she would bring you to shame thus left to herself. And now you see it."

Their heads had been near together over the starling, but at this objurgation they started apart, both crimson in the cheeks, and Dennet flew up to her father, bird in hand, crying, "O father, father! suffer her not. He did no wrong! He was cutting my bird's wing."

"I suffer no one to insult my child in her own house," said the alderman, so much provoked as to be determined to put an end to it all at once. "Stephen Birkenholt, come here."

Stephen came, cap in hand, red in the face, with a strange tumult in his heart, ready to plead guilty, though he had done nothing, but imagining at the moment that his feelings had been actions.

"Stephen," said the alderman, "thou art a true and worthy lad! Canst thou love my daughter?"

"I—I crave your pardon, sir, there was no helping it," stammered Stephen, not catching the tone of the strange interrogation, and expecting any amount of terrible consequences for his presumption.

"Then thou wilt be a faithful spouse to her, and son to me? And Dennet, my daughter, hast thou any distaste to this youth—though he bring nought but skill and honesty?"

"O, father, father! I—I had rather have him than any other!"

"Then, Stephen Birkenholt and Dennet Headley, ye shall be man and wife, so soon as the young man's term be over, and he be a freeman—so he continue to be that which he seems at present. Thereto I give my word, I, Giles Headley, Alderman of the Chepe Ward, and thereof ye are witnesses, all of you. And God's blessing on it."

A tremendous hurrah arose, led by Kit Smallbones, from every workman in the court, and the while Stephen and Dennet, unaware of anything else, flew into one another's arms, while Goldspot, on whom the operation had been fortunately completed, took refuge upon Stephen's head.

"O Mistress Dennet, I have made you black all over!" was Stephen's first word.

"Heed not, I ever loved the black," she cried, as her eyes sparkled.

"So I have done what was to thy mind, my lass?"

"Sir, I did not know fully—but indeed I should never have been so happy as I am now."

"Sir," added Stephen, putting his knee to the ground, "it nearly wrung my heart to think of her as belonging to another, though I never durst utter aught"—and while Dennet embraced her father, Stephen sobbed for very joy, and with difficulty said in broken words something about a "son's duty and devotion."

They were broken in upon by Mistress Headley, who, after standing in mute consternation, fell on them in a fury. She understood the device now! All had been a scheme laid amongst them for defrauding her poor fatherless child, driving him away, and taking up this beggarly brat. She had seen through the little baggage from the first, and she pitied Master Headley. Rage was utterly ungovernable in those days, and she actually was flying to attack Dennet with her nails when the alderman caught her by the wrists; and she would have been almost too much for him had not Kit Smallbones come to his assistance, and carried her, kicking and screaming like a naughty child, into the house. There was small restraint of temper in those days even in high life, and below it, there was some reason for the employment of the padlock and the ducking stool.

Floods of tears restored the dame to some sort of composure; but she declared she could stay no longer in a house where her son had been ill-used and deceived, and she had been insulted. The alderman thought the insult had been the other way, but he was too glad to be rid of her on any terms to gainsay her, and at his own charge, undertook to procure horse and escort to convey her safely to Salisbury the next morning. He advised Stephen to keep out of her sight for the rest of the day, giving leave of absence, so that the youth, as one treading on air, set forth to carry to his brother, his aunt, and if possible, his uncle, the intelligence that he could as yet hardly believe was more than a happy dream.

THE END.